Kansas historical collections

Section 354, Pages 10591 - 10620

This seventeen volume series is the first serial published by the Kansas State Historical Society from 1875 until 1928. The publication of the Kansas Historical Quarterly followed in 1931. Volumes 1-10 were officially titled the "Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society." The title changed to "Collections of the..." beginning with volume 11. The series contains addresses and papers delivered at the annual meetings, biographical sketches, compiled historical information, and transcriptions of select collections in the Historical Society's holdings. The first seven volumes contain biennial reports of the board of directors. Beginning with volume 8 the biennial reports were published separately. Searchable tables of contents and indexes for each volume are forthcoming.

Creator: Kansas State Historical Society

Date: 1875-1928

Callnumber: SP 906 K13

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 221606

Item Identifier: 221606

www.kansasmemory.org/item/221606

and their tasks but with time to glance aside. Shy, interested, and cloaking both emotions under their native stoic indifference. And now, arriving on horseback, bearded, mud-stained men, loud-talking, louder-laughing, rabid of statement toward the free-state people, free with their use of whisky and profanity, deeply determined to make Kansas a slave state.

Thomas Johnson was elected president of the council and not permitted to decline. His anxious, futile, attempts at promoting peace and understanding were ignored. It was with gravest doubts and misgivings that he saw himself committed definitely for the time to the cause of slavery.

The laws enacted were practically a copy of those of Missouri, with a few additions and many adaptations. Newspapers and publications speaking against slavery were to be suppressed. A man who helped a fugitive slave escape was to be severely punished. The laws all favored the proslavery party, of course. And equally a matter of course, the Missourians immediately started a campaign for their enforcement.

The legislature redoubled their demands for the recall of Governor Reeder, with charges of speculation and disloyalty to the interests of the territory. Thomas Johnson, himself personally convinced of Reeder's dishonesty, signed the petition sent to President Pierce. President Pierce recalled the governor.

The old quiet life of the Mission was gradually becoming a thing of the past. The peace and serenity of the chapel and the school was disturbed by the turmoil that raged so fiercely outside the gates. Men fought savagely over the question of a free or a slaveholding Kansas—literally "bleeding Kansas" in those sad days. Disorder and strife and death were abroad. Fair means or foul, it mattered little which was used, to the embittered contestants. Guerilla warfare stalked the heels of hectic politics and terrible suffering followed in their train.

Nevertheless, Thomas Johnson fought a game fight to hold the shrinking coterie of pupils and converts together in the safety of the Mission. But the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, suffering herself from lack of money, could now give very little aid. The United States government, concerned with larger affairs and crowded for money, ran far behind in its promised payments to the Mission. On the security of the Mission land itself, Thomas Johnson advanced to the school his personal belongings in a series of loans.

Bad white men and worse whisky were at work among the Indians. Again the land they occupied was craved by the insatiable whites. Treaties were proposed and sales discussed. The Indians, under this constant influence, and viewing the war among their white neighbors, began to forsake the Mission and its talk of the White Christ with His message of peace and good will. It all seemed an absurdity in the face of the concrete happenings of the day. What use was there in learning to work, to know a trade, when white men offered easy money for their land, and whisky for the money? And the white man was then taking any property he found to his liking without pay. What, then, was the use of producing property?

In 1854 the Indians made a treaty taking part of their land in severalty and selling the balance to the government. Each Indian received two hundred acres and $110 in cash, per year, for ten years.

The treaty of 1854 marked the close of the manual training part of the school. The shops were dispensed with and disappeared. In 1855 but two

tribes besides the Shawnee had children in attendance at the Mission—the Ottawas and the Wyandottes.

Thomas Johnson's last report as superintendent of the Mission is headed "Shawnee Manual Labor School, Kansas, September 6, 1862," and contains the following information:

"During the past year, closing with the present month, fifty-two Shawnee children were in attendance—twenty-six males and twenty-six females—ages from seven to sixteen; taught ordinary English branches; health unusually good. The parents and guardians manifest an interest in the children. The average attendance has been thirty. Among the names are those of Wm. W. Whiteday, John Bigbone, Hiram B'ackfish, Martha Prophet, Wm. Prophet

Residence of the missionary, Shawnee Mission. One of the three buildings now standing.

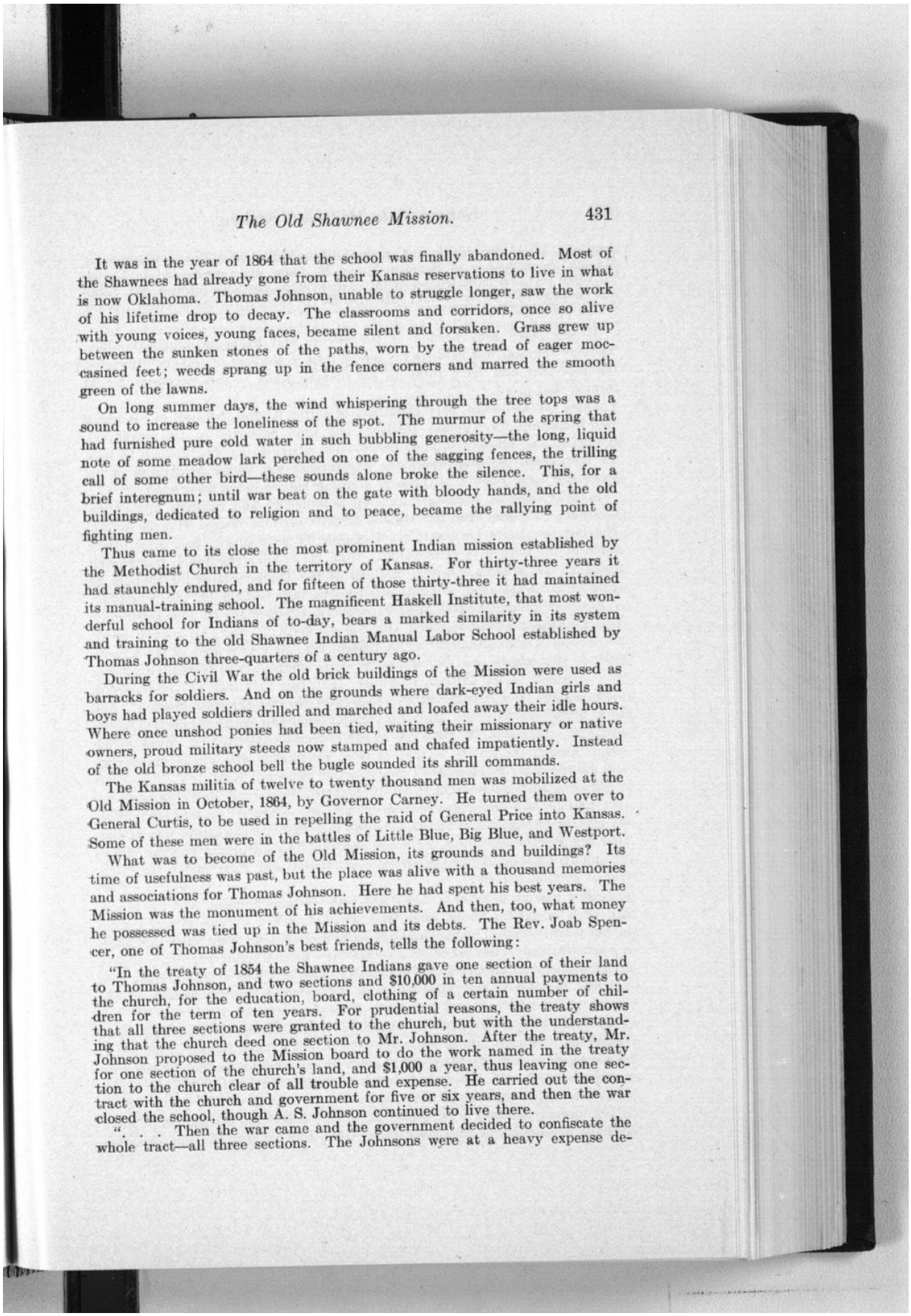
[grandchildren of the great Shawnee Prophet] and Emma Chick (Emma Chick Moon, daughter of Wm. Chick, of Glenwood, Kan.)"

Major James B. Abbott, the Indian agent of that time, gives the following interesting statement for that year:

"I found the children tidy, well clothed, and apparently well fed. Their head teacher, Mr. Meek, appeared to possess their confidence and affection. They appeared happy and contented, take a deep interest in their studies, and will compare favorably with white scholars. This school is sustained entirely out of the Shawnee school fund."

One year later, Major Abbott reported:

"There are no regular missionaries in this agency now, but there is preaching almost every Sabbath from the Methodist denomination. There are also three or four Shawnees who preach occasionally to their brethren in their own language."



It was in the year of 1864 that the school was finally abandoned. Most of the Shawnees had already gone from their Kansas reservations to live in what is now Oklahoma. Thomas Johnson, unable to struggle longer, saw the work of his lifetime drop to decay. The classrooms and corridors, once so alive with young voices, young faces, became silent and forsaken. Grass grew up between the sunken stones of the paths, worn by the tread of eager moccasined feet; weeds sprang up in the fence corners and marred the smooth green of the lawns.

On long summer days, the wind whispering through the tree tops was a sound to increase the loneliness of the spot. The murmur of the spring that had furnished pure cold water in such bubbling generosity—the long, liquid note of some meadow lark perched on one of the sagging fences, the trilling call of some other bird—these sounds alone broke the silence. This, for a brief interegnum; until war beat on the gate with bloody hands, and the old buildings, dedicated to religion and to peace, became the rallying point of fighting men.

Thus came to its close the most prominent Indian mission established by the Methodist Church in the territory of Kansas. For thirty-three years it had staunchly endured, and for fifteen of those thirty-three it had maintained its manual-training school. The magnificent Haskell Institute, that most wonderful school for Indians of to-day, bears a marked similarity in its system and training to the old Shawnee Indian Manual Labor School established by Thomas Johnson three-quarters of a century ago.

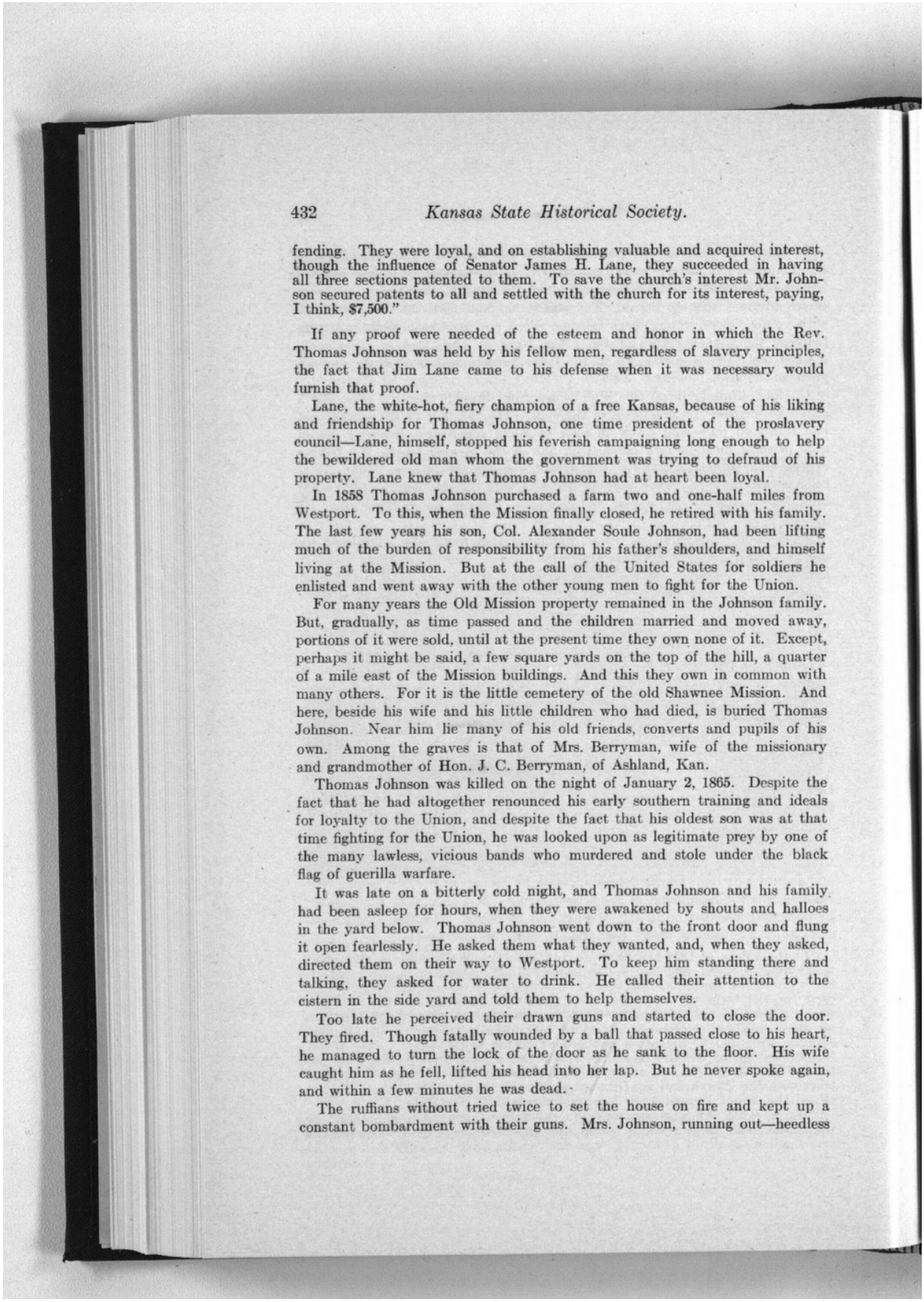
During the Civil War the old brick buildings of the Mission were used as barracks for soldiers. And on the grounds where dark-eyed Indian girls and boys had played soldiers drilled and marched and loafed away their idle hours. Where once unshod ponies had been tied, waiting their missionary or native owners, proud military steeds now stamped and chafed impatiently. Instead of the old bronze school bell the bugle sounded its shrill commands.

The Kansas militia of twelve to twenty thousand men was mobilized at the Old Mission in October, 1864, by Governor Carney. He turned them over to General Curtis, to be used in repelling the raid of General Price into Kansas. Some of these men were in the battles of Little Blue, Big Blue, and Westport.

What was to become of the Old Mission, its grounds and buildings? Its time of usefulness was past, but the place was alive with a thousand memories and associations for Thomas Johnson. Here he had spent his best years. The Mission was the monument of his achievements. And then, too, what money he possessed was tied up in the Mission and its debts. The Rev. Joab Spencer, one of Thomas Johnson's best friends, tells the following:

"In the treaty of 1854 the Shawnee Indians gave one section of their land to Thomas Johnson, and two sections and $10,000 in ten annual payments to the church, for the education, board, clothing of a certain number of children for the term of ten years. For prudential reasons, the treaty shows that all three sections were granted to the church, but with the understanding that the church deed one section to Mr. Johnson. After the treaty, Mr. Johnson proposed to the Mission board to do the work named in the treaty for one section of the church's land, and $1,000 a year, thus leaving one section to the church clear of all trouble and expense. He carried out the contract with the church and government for five or six years, and then the war closed the school, though A. S. Johnson continued to live there.

". . . Then the war came and the government decided to confiscate the whole tract—all three sections. The Johnsons were at a heavy expense de-



fending. They were loyal, and on establishing valuable and acquired interest, though the influence of Senator James H. Lane, they succeeded in having all three sections patented to them. To save the church's interest Mr. Johnson secured patents to all and settled with the church for its interest, paying, I think, $7,500."

If any proof were needed of the esteem and honor in which the Rev. Thomas Johnson was held by his fellow men, regardless of slavery principles, the fact that Jim Lane came to his defense when it was necessary would furnish that proof.

Lane, the white-hot, fiery champion of a free Kansas, because of his liking and friendship for Thomas Johnson, one time president of the proslavery council—Lane, himself, stopped his feverish campaigning long enough to help the bewildered old man whom the government was trying to defraud of his property. Lane knew that Thomas Johnson had at heart been loyal.

In 1858 Thomas Johnson purchased a farm two and one-half miles from Westport. To this, when the Mission finally closed, he retired with his family. The last few years his son, Col. Alexander Soule Johnson, had been lifting much of the burden of responsibility from his father's shoulders, and himself living at the Mission. But at the call of the United States for soldiers he enlisted and went away with the other young men to fight for the Union.

For many years the Old Mission property remained in the Johnson family. But, gradually, as time passed and the children married and moved away, portions of it were sold, until at the present time they own none of it. Except, perhaps it might be said, a few square yards on the top of the hill, a quarter of a mile east of the Mission buildings. And this they own in common with many others. For it is the little cemetery of the old Shawnee Mission. And here, beside his wife and his little children who had died, is buried Thomas Johnson. Near him lie many of his old friends, converts and pupils of his own. Among the graves is that of Mrs. Berryman, wife of the missionary and grandmother of Hon. J. C. Berryman, of Ashland, Kan.

Thomas Johnson was killed on the night of January 2, 1865. Despite the fact that he had altogether renounced his early southern training and ideals for loyalty to the Union, and despite the fact that his oldest son was at that time fighting for the Union, he was looked upon as legitimate prey by one of the many lawless, vicious bands who murdered and stole under the black flag of guerilla warfare.

It was late on a bitterly cold night, and Thomas Johnson and his family had been asleep for hours, when they were awakened by shouts and halloes in the yard below. Thomas Johnson went down to the front door and flung it open fearlessly. He asked them what they wanted, and, when they asked, directed them on their way to Westport. To keep him standing there and talking, they asked for water to drink. He called their attention to the cistern in the side yard and told them to help themselves.

Too late he perceived their drawn guns and started to close the door. They fired. Though fatally wounded by a ball that passed close to his heart, he managed to turn the lock of the door as he sank to the floor. His wife caught him as he fell, lifted his head into her lap. But he never spoke again, and within a few minutes he was dead.

The ruffians without tried twice to set the house on fire and kept up a constant bombardment with their guns. Mrs. Johnson, running out—heedless

—desperate—each time extinguished the fire. At last she told them what they wanted to hear—that her husband was dead. And then they mounted and rode away. They were a remnant of Quantrill's band.

Thomas Johnson's grave is near a clump of evergreens in the little burial place. A marble shaft, erected by his family at the close of the war, bears the following inscription:

REV. THOMAS JOHNSON,
THE DEVOTED INDIAN MISSIONARY,
BORN JULY 11, 1802,
DIED JAN. 2, 1865.

He built his own monument, which shall stand in peerless beauty long after this marble has crumbled into dust: *A Monument of Good Works.*

The Old Mission as it stands to-day is a most forlorn memorial to a heroic past. For years it has been neglected. At one time is was rented to a group of truck farmers. It has been let, in separate sections to different tenants. One of the more ambitious of these latter ran a road house within the walls of the large hall.

So to-day the three original brick buildings and one small stone house still stand. They are in poor condition. Particularly is this true of the one on the north side of the road, which a few years ago was considerably damaged by a cyclone. This is the building in which executive offices for the territory were housed, during the time the Mission served as a capital. However, the main edifice—the one in which the legislature held its session—is in much better repair.

But the original foundations and walls and partitions of all the structures still stand as staunchly as the day they were built. The historic little group could easily weather centuries with the proper care and attention—an attention of which they are most surely wholly worthy. With the expenditure of a little effort they could all be restored to their former dignity and beauty.

The grounds that surround them offer infinite possibilities to the landscape artist. Groups of old trees, old, sunken stone-flagged paths half lost in the tangled grass, a singing spring of crystal water, long graceful slopes and terraces—an obscured beauty, its outline blurred by neglect, waiting for the understanding hand and eye, that it may emerge into triumphant blooming life again.

Several years ago a group of citizens of Johnson county, deploring the neglect and destruction of the old buildings, organized the Shawnee Mission Association for the purpose of securing the property for the state, that it might be properly preserved and cared for. The property owners refused to sell at any price, and in 1921, a general condemnation statute was enacted, which allowed the state to condemn property possessing unusual historical interest, providing for proper appraisal and payment to the property owners. For several years after this general law was enacted, efforts were made to secure an appropriation from the state for this purpose. The Shawnee Mission Association, the Kansas State Historical Society, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other patriotic organizations and persons, worked earnestly to accomplish this end. Although apparently defeated each session, sentiment was slowly growing for the preservation of the Old Mission by the state, and it only needed the vigorous campaign of the Society of Colonial

Dames of Kansas, begun immediately following the election of 1926 and enthusiastically prosecuted through the entire session of 1927, to secure the indorsement and assistance of other patriotic societies of the state and bring final victory for the cause. And on the last night of the 1927 session of the Kansas legislature, $48,230 was appropriated for the purchase of the property, damages and court costs in acquiring it.

The purpose of this move on the part of the state of Kansas is the construction of a memorial park on this site. It is the plan to repair and restore the buildings and to surround them with a lovely setting of garden and woodland. And then to open them, under the proper guardianship, to the people of Kansas, and of the nation at large. To give the historic Old Mission, with its atmosphere of the great Kansas epic in which it played so large a part, to all men for all time to come.

And this is as it should be. For patriotism is a fire that must be constantly and carefully tended by the generations of a country, lest it die. To be a good patriot to a whole country, it is necessary that the citizen of it should love and hold in deepest veneration some particular locality in that country.

The child whose early life is surrounded by the tangible evidences of the history and great deeds of his country grows into the man who is rooted in that country. As he grows, the visible memorial of his countrymen who have lived and conquered life is an answer to that eternal query of youth, "Why should *I* try to do—to achieve?" As a man, the memories of his own childhood and youth are so interwoven with the local background and its magnificent history as to be inseparable.

Patriotic societies and organizations do a great work for good. They plan elaborate ceremonies and programs, celebrations and pageants to keep the love of country alive and vigorous. But these events are of necessity short and soon dimmed by the swift rush of life of to-day.

So, something to keep in mind the lessons they teach is a necessity. And just such a constant mute reminder will be the park of the Old Shawnee Mission.

Until within the last few decades, the West has been too young for many landmarks. The events of its history have transpired too recently to have acquired any of the romantic mellowing of time. And so the people of the West, to satisfy the instinct for memory-sacred spots, have turned to the older East and South, and either envied or admired their historic past. In return for which the two localities have called the West "crude" and new. They have derived some amusement from the frank and open longing of the West to associate herself with their own pasts, even though they could not deny to her the heritage of their memories.

And now, the people of the West have at last awakened to the value of their own romantic history; to the crashing saga, marking a few short years of the Great Plains with their wild, red-skinned rovers and their thundering buffalo herds metamorphised into the huge, rich, commerce-swaying country that it is to-day. The western people see that they have taken the history of the East and South for a foundation and have built over it for themselves a glorious structure of magnificent history.

The pioneer men and women of the West are being honored to-day. Land-

marks to perpetuate the memory of their joys and their sacrifices are being erected.

The word "landmark," by its too common usages, has come to lose much of the significance it once carried. It has grown almost meaningless by constant repetition. Yet it carries with it the association of something infinitely worthy of commemoration; of some spot set apart because of events that have transpired there, and because of brave lives that have touched it; because of its atmosphere and its memories.

And in this truest sense of the word, the Shawnee Mission Memorial Park is a great landmark. May the people of Kansas ever keep it so.

THE OREGON TRAIL THROUGH POTTAWATOMIE COUNTY.

By William E. Smith.*

THE earliest ways of travel in this western country were called trails. These trails did not follow a straight course, but followed the line of least resistance and usually kept to the ridges, going around ravines where possible, and only crossing streams when inevitable. These trails had a starting place and naturally had an objective.

It is thought by some that the French trappers from St. Louis were the first to mark the Oregon Trail. By some this is doubted. Doctor Say, zoölogist of Major Long's expedition, endeavored to find a short cut from Fort Osage, in Jackson county, Missouri, to the Platte river in 1819. It is not thought any

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* William E. Smith, formerly of Kansas City, Mo., and now practicing law at Wamego, Kan., is one of three brothers, all of whom have had careers of more than ordinary success in Kansas. His brother, Fred R. Smith, is judge of the district court at Manhattan, and the other brother, Frank H. P. Smith, is well known in the oil industry at Wichita.

His father, Harvey M. Smith, was born in Ohio, son of a Baptist minister. During the Civil War he was a corporal in Company I, 180th Ohio volunteer infantry, and was in Sherman's march to the sea and a number of skirmishes and battles. While never wounded, the hardships of the service undoubtedly contributed toward his early death. In 1882 he left Waynesville, Warren county, Ohio, and came to Kansas, buying a farm near Oxford in Sumner county. Two years later he died, being only thirty-seven years of age. Harvey M. Smith married Miss Irene H. Phillips, a native of Ohio, and daughter of John and Jane (Harlan) Phillips, both Quakers. She died in 1913 at the age of sixty-five. She was a teacher for over twenty years.

William E. Smith was born at Waynesville, Ohio, and was ten years of age when brought to Kansas. He attended the Oxford high school, and also the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, graduating in 1893 with the degree of bachelor of science. For five and a half years his work was education, and during the last two years he was principal of the Manhattan high school. While there he also served as a member of the board of education. Mr. Smith read law with Hon. Frank L. Irish, of Manhattan, was admitted to the bar in 1900, and for fifteen years practiced at Kansas City, Mo., where for four years he was secretary of the bar association of that city. After the death of his partner, Mr. Irish, he practiced with I. N. Watson and Frank Hagerman, and for four years was local attorney of the Union Pacific Railway Company. For four years he was clerk of the circuit court of Jackson county, Missouri, at Independence, and became one of the recognized leaders in the Republican party of that county, acting as chairman of the county central committee of Kansas City and of Jackson county, Missouri, in the campaign of 1916. Mr. Smith, in 1917, having disposed of his interests at Kansas City, located at Wamego, Kan., where he enjoys an extensive practice, specializing in corporation and railway law. He has served ten years as city attorney, and in 1924 was candidate for the office of district judge of the thirty-sixth judicial district of Kansas. During the World War he was a member of the legal advisory board and chairman of the home service section of the Red Cross.

Mr. Smith has been vice president of the Wamego Commercial Club, is a Royal Arch Mason, past noble grand of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and has attended grand lodge sessions of both orders, and is now master of Wamego lodge, No. 75, and worthy patron of O. E. S., Wamego, Kan. He has served as president of the Wamego Country Club for five years and is a member of the Manhattan Country Club. He is a member of the Kansas State Historical Society. He married at Gallatin, Davies county, Missouri, in May, 1904, Miss Carolyn Wynne, daughter of James and Sarah M. Wynne, who went to Missouri from Virginia. Her father was a soldier in the Mexican War and a Confederate soldier in the Civil War, and died in 1893. His wife passed away in 1905.

trapper made the trip over this trail before 1825 or 1826. Doctor Say followed up the Kaw river to the Big Blue, then up this stream for several miles, where he was attacked by Pawnee Indians. They stole all his horses and he was compelled to return.

General Ashley, who was associated with Major Long in the fur business, claimed to have taken a two-wheel cannon over this trail to the mountains and to have made the first wheel tracks on what afterwards became that great transcontinental trail, the Oregon Trail, in 1826.

Jedediah Strong Smith, William Sublette and David E. Jackson, Ashley's

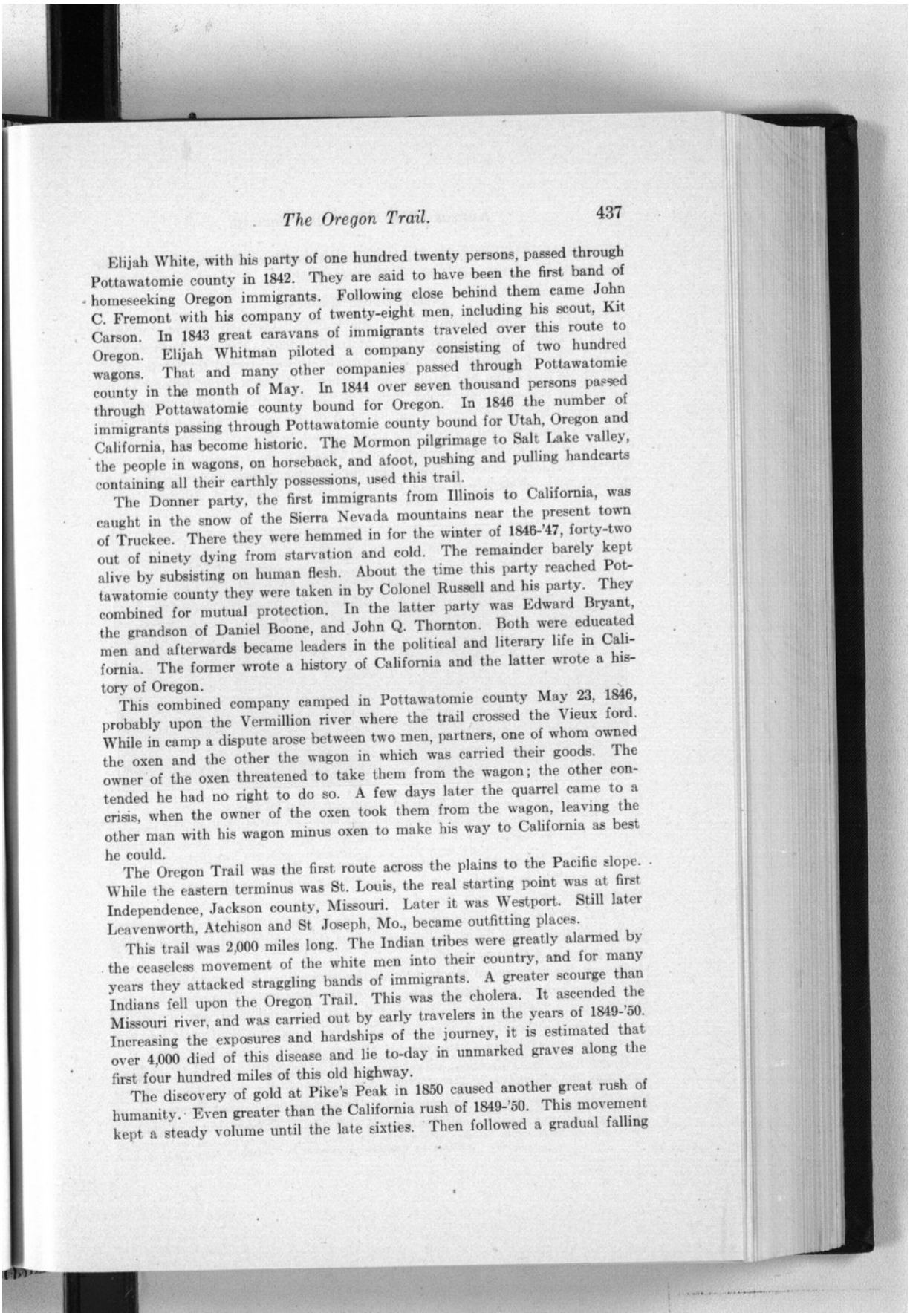
W. E. SMITH, of Wamego.

great lieutenants and mountain pathfinders, bought Ashley's fur business in July, 1826. It is positively known, from their report to the secretary of war, that William Sublette, of this firm, with eighty-one men mounted on mules, ten loaded wagons each drawn by five mule teams, two Dearborn buggies, a milk cow and twelve head of steers, left St. Louis on July 10, 1830, for Wind river, in the Rocky Mountains, over this natural road, soon after to be known as the Oregon Trail.

The wagons and buggies brought out by Sublette were the first to reach the mountains by this route. Up to this time goods had been carried on pack mules and horses. This first use of wheeled vehicles was regarded as one of the most remarkable events in the history of the trail, and worthy of a report to the secretary of war.

Captain Bonneville's expedition to the Columbia river passed over this trail in 1832. It is immortalized in Washington Irving's "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

Kansas historical collections



Elijah White, with his party of one hundred twenty persons, passed through Pottawatomie county in 1842. They are said to have been the first band of homeseeking Oregon immigrants. Following close behind them came John C. Fremont with his company of twenty-eight men, including his scout, Kit Carson. In 1843 great caravans of immigrants traveled over this route to Oregon. Elijah Whitman piloted a company consisting of two hundred wagons. That and many other companies passed through Pottawatomie county in the month of May. In 1844 over seven thousand persons passed through Pottawatomie county bound for Oregon. In 1846 the number of immigrants passing through Pottawatomie county bound for Utah, Oregon and California, has become historic. The Mormon pilgrimage to Salt Lake valley, the people in wagons, on horseback, and afoot, pushing and pulling handcarts containing all their earthly possessions, used this trail.

The Donner party, the first immigrants from Illinois to California, was caught in the snow of the Sierra Nevada mountains near the present town of Truckee. There they were hemmed in for the winter of 1846-'47, forty-two out of ninety dying from starvation and cold. The remainder barely kept alive by subsisting on human flesh. About the time this party reached Pottawatomie county they were taken in by Colonel Russell and his party. They combined for mutual protection. In the latter party was Edward Bryant, the grandson of Daniel Boone, and John Q. Thornton. Both were educated men and afterwards became leaders in the political and literary life in California. The former wrote a history of California and the latter wrote a history of Oregon.

This combined company camped in Pottawatomie county May 23, 1846, probably upon the Vermillion river where the trail crossed the Vieux ford. While in camp a dispute arose between two men, partners, one of whom owned the oxen and the other the wagon in which was carried their goods. The owner of the oxen threatened to take them from the wagon; the other contended he had no right to do so. A few days later the quarrel came to a crisis, when the owner of the oxen took them from the wagon, leaving the other man with his wagon minus oxen to make his way to California as best he could.

The Oregon Trail was the first route across the plains to the Pacific slope. While the eastern terminus was St. Louis, the real starting point was at first Independence, Jackson county, Missouri. Later it was Westport. Still later Leavenworth, Atchison and St Joseph, Mo., became outfitting places.

This trail was 2,000 miles long. The Indian tribes were greatly alarmed by the ceaseless movement of the white men into their country, and for many years they attacked straggling bands of immigrants. A greater scourge than Indians fell upon the Oregon Trail. This was the cholera. It ascended the Missouri river, and was carried out by early travelers in the years of 1849-'50. Increasing the exposures and hardships of the journey, it is estimated that over 4,000 died of this disease and lie to-day in unmarked graves along the first four hundred miles of this old highway.

The discovery of gold at Pike's Peak in 1850 caused another great rush of humanity. Even greater than the California rush of 1849-'50. This movement kept a steady volume until the late sixties. Then followed a gradual falling

off of travel. This, coupled with the invasion and use of railways, caused the abandonment of the trail in the early seventies.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

The old Weston blacksmith shop, which is still standing on the southwest corner of Liberty and Kansas streets, at Independence, Mo., was built in 1827, the year that Jackson county was organized. It was erected by Samuel Weston, whose real name was Samuel McCutchen. He came from Ireland to aid the United States against Great Britain in the War of 1812. He changed his name upon landing in America and enlisted in the army of the United States. Upon his death he bequeathed this shop and lot to Robert Weston, his son.

Perhaps the greatest movement ever witnessed in front of this old shop was the California rush of 1849. The old building, which was constructed at the early date of 1827, still stands. Across from it, defaced by storms of many

THE WESTON BLACKSMITH SHOP, OF INDEPENDENCE, MO.
Outfitting place for Oregon, California and Santa Fe trails; built in 1827; still standing.

years, is still discernible the old sign, "Weston's Wagon Shop." It is to-day used as a shop for welding and repairing, and until recently was used as a blacksmith shop.

It was in this shop that wagons were made and repaired and oxen shod, oxen that drew these prairie schooners across the western plains and over the perilous trails of the mountains.

Robert Weston, son of the builder of this shop, lived for seventy-five years in Independence, from 1824 to the end of the century. This shop was the starting point for trappers, traders and troops that fared their way across the plains over the three trails that led to the Far West, the Southwest and the Northwest—to wit: The California, the Oregon, and the Santa Fe Trails.

It was here that steamboat travel ended and overland travel began. Armies and detachments of troops, on their marches into the wilderness, received their final preparations at Weston's shop. It is said that Robert Weston never joined an excursion into New Mexico or California or Oregon, but was content

at home, with his anvil. He died in 1899. For the history of this old shop I am indebted to W. L. Webb, of Independence, Mo.

THE FREMONT EXPEDITION.

John C. Fremont[1], in his report of his exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842, states that his expedition left a point near the mouth of the Kansas river on June 10, 1842, which happened to be Friday. With this expedition was the famous scout, Kit Carson. They followed west on the south side of the Kansas river and reached the ford on the Kansas river late in the afternoon of June 14. Here the river was 230 yards wide. Fremont wrote, "By our route, the ford was 100 miles to the mouth of the Kansas river." He followed the Santa Fe Trail from Choteau's landing, near the mouth of the Kansas river, to about where the town of Gardner now stands. Thence he passed along the Oregon Trail to the ford. This ford referred to by Fremont was near Topeka. Somewhere I have read that the trail crossed the Kansas river in the vicinity of the Rock Island bridge in Topeka. However, I am unable to give the reference now. Dawson also gives the distance from Westport to the Kansas river crossing as being seventy miles.

A great deal of difficulty was experienced in making the crossing. A rubber boat was used, which capsized. This boat was twenty feet in length and five feet broad. On it were placed the body and wheels of a cart with its load. Also three men with paddles. Two of the men came near drowning.

The expedition remained in camp on the north side of the Kansas river until the 18th of June. Then it traveled west, following the foot of the hills which bordered the Kansas valley—usually about three miles wide. After entering what is now Pottawatomie county he wrote:

"I rode for some miles to the left, attracted by the appearance of a cluster of huts near the mouth of the Vermillion. It was a large but deserted Kansas village, scattered in an open wood along the margin of the stream on a spot chosen with the customary Indian fondness for beauty of scenery. The Pawnees had attacked it in the early spring. Some of the houses were burned and others blackened with smoke; the weeds were already getting possession of the cleared places. Riding up the Vermillion river I reached the ford in time to meet the carts, and crossing, encamped on the western side."

This refers to the Louis Vieux ford.

"We breakfasted the next morning at half past five, and left our encampment early. Quitting the river bottom I rode along the uplands over the rolling country, generally in view of the Kansas, from eight to twelve miles distant. Many large boulders of a very compact sandstone, of various shades of red, some of them four or five tons in weight, were scattered along the hills. We traveled nineteen miles and pitched our tents at evening on the headwaters of a small creek, now nearly dry, but having in its bed many fine springs. The morning of the 20th was fine with a southerly breeze and a bright sky. The country to-day was rather more broken, rising still, and

1. "This exploration of 1842 by Fremont seemed to fix very definitely in literature the course of the Oregon Trail through Kansas. There was a sort of notoriety or reputation attaching to the exploration of Fremont which it is hard to understand at this day. The South Pass had been discovered nearly twenty years when Fremont set out on his first expedition. Women had ridden horseback through it nearly ten years before, and just ten years previous to his passage through it Captain Bonneville had driven his park of wagons through it and far beyond it. Yet Fremont was later credited in the popular mind with having discovered the South Pass. This probably arose from the fact that his reports and maps were promptly published by the government, and they carried the first definite information of the Oregon trail to the people at large."—Connelley's "History of Kansas," vol. I.

covered everywhere with fragments of siliceous limestone, particularly on the summits, where they were small and as thickly strewed as pebbles on the shore of the sea. We crossed at 10 a. m. the Big Vermillion. Making our usual halt at noon, after a half day's march of twenty-four miles we reached the Big Blue."

This is the substance of John C. Fremont's report of his expedition crossing Pottawatomie county.

The Indian village referred to is located on the east side of the Vermillion river and one mile north of U. S. highway No. 40. This farm was allotted to Nah-nim-nuk-skuk and purchased from him by Ben Huey, and is now owned by Henry Shortt, of Topeka. It is described as the south one-half of the northwest one-fourth of section 32, township 9, range 11 east of the sixth principal meridian, in Pottawatomie county, Kansas. (Report of the exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, 1842, by Capt. John C. Fremont.)

Many people have said that John C. Fremont did not cross the Kansas river until he was near the town of Wamego, Kan. That there he built a cairn on the south side of the Kansas river in Wabaunsee county, on Fremont's Peak, as a marker and guide. Also that he buried one of his men by this cairn.

His report as given above seems to indicate that he crossed the Kansas river near the north side of Topeka and that he did not cross to the south side of the river again. Neither does he mention in his report the loss of any men from the mouth of the Kansas river until he crossed what is now Pottawatomie county.

I do not know how he measured distances. But he speaks of its being one hundred miles to the crossing. Dawson says it was seventy miles to the crossing.

Again Fremont states that after leaving camp at the Louis Vieux ford on the Vermillion river, "we traveled 19 miles and pitched our tents at evening on the headwaters of a small creek, now nearly dry, having in its bed many fine springs." Again it appears that he may be in error as to distance traveled (nineteen miles), because the next morning he crossed the Big Vermillion in Marshall county at 10 o'clock. I do not know what creek he referred to, with so many fine springs in it, unless it is Spring creek, in Spring Creek township. This, in all probability, would be a day's drive from the Louis Vieux ford, or twenty-five miles. From there he could easily reach the Big Vermillion in Marshall county by 10 o'clock a. m.

The length of the trail across Pottawatomie county is approximately forty-five miles. From the point where the trail enters St. Marys township to the Louis Vieux ford would be approximately fifteen miles. So that Fremont would still have had twenty-five miles to travel in Pottawatomie county, instead of nineteen. If he traveled but nineteen miles he probably camped at the Scott spring at the bridge over Rock creek at Westmoreland. This was a famous camping place on the old trail.

The trail in Pottawatomie county passes through the following sections, townships and ranges: Sections 14, 10, 9, 4, 5, 6, 31 and the east half of 36, in St. Marys township; range 12 east. The west half of section 36, 35, 26, 27, 28, 21, 20 and 19 in Belvue township, range 11 east. Sections 24, 28, 14, 15, 10, 9, 4 and 5 in Louisville township, range 10 east. Sections 32, 30, 25, 24,

14 and 11 in Union township, range 10 east. Sections 10, 3, 4, Pottawatomie township, range 9 east. Sections 33, 28, 21, 16, 17, 8, 5 Rock Creek township, range 9 east. Sections 32, 29, 20, 17, 8, 5 Clear Creek township, where the trail left Pottawatomie county and entered Marshall county.

SONGS OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

Below are mentioned some of the folk songs of the western pioneers, as well as those songs and parodies sung around the camp fires of the forty-niners.

"A generation ago our popular literature was filled with tales of scouts, plainsmen and pioneers from the time of Daniel Boone down to that of Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill. We read of immigration trains, of frontier camps, of lone prospectors. There were plenty of bowie knives and revolvers, many buffalo hunts, much Indian fighting and the lifting of scalps. But I do not remember that any great stress was laid on singing," wrote R. W. Gordon in the New York *Times Magazine*.

It would seem that the pioneers and the forty-niners had very little time for song, yet this is not absolutely true. Those who have read "The Covered Wagon" or seen the moving picture of it will remember the song "Oh, Susannah!" The forty-niners had another song which was similar to "Oh, Susannah." A company from Salem, Mass., who traveled the trail in 1849 had the following parody of this song:

I came from Salem City,
With my washbowl on my knee,
I'm going to California
The gold dust for to see.
It seemed all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry.
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Oh, brothers, don't you cry.

Chorus:

Oh! California,
That's the land for me.
I'm going to Sacramento,
With my washbowl on my knee.

I soon shall be in Francisco,
And then I'll look around,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick them off the ground.
I'll scrape the mountains clean
I'll drain the rivers dry.
A pocket full of rocks bring home,
So, brothers, don't you cry.

Another favored song of the forty-niners was "Joe Bowers," of which I quote the last stanza.

It said my Sal was fickle,
That her love for me had fled;
That she'd married with a butcher
Whose hair was awful red!
It told me more than that—
Oh! it's enough to make one swear!
It said Sally had a baby,
And the baby had red hair.

But if you want to arouse the emotions of a group of real old timers, let them hear the refrain, "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

For want of space I quote only the last stanza.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy,
So fond of getting tight,
And whenever he got on a spree
He was spoiling for a fight.
One night he ran against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Kline,
And over Jake we held a wake
In the days of forty-nine.

There were many other songs sung by the pioneers and the forty-niners.

TRAGEDIES OF THE TRAIL.

But at the time of the first great tragedy of the trail in Pottawatomie county there was no singing or merriment there. It was in the huge caravan which was camped around the Louie Vieux ford in the northwest quarter of section 24, in Louisville township, on the Vermillion. And it was in May of the year 1849. This spot was the first great camping ground on the Oregon Trail in Pottawatomie county. It was close to plenty of good water, good grazing, and good timber.

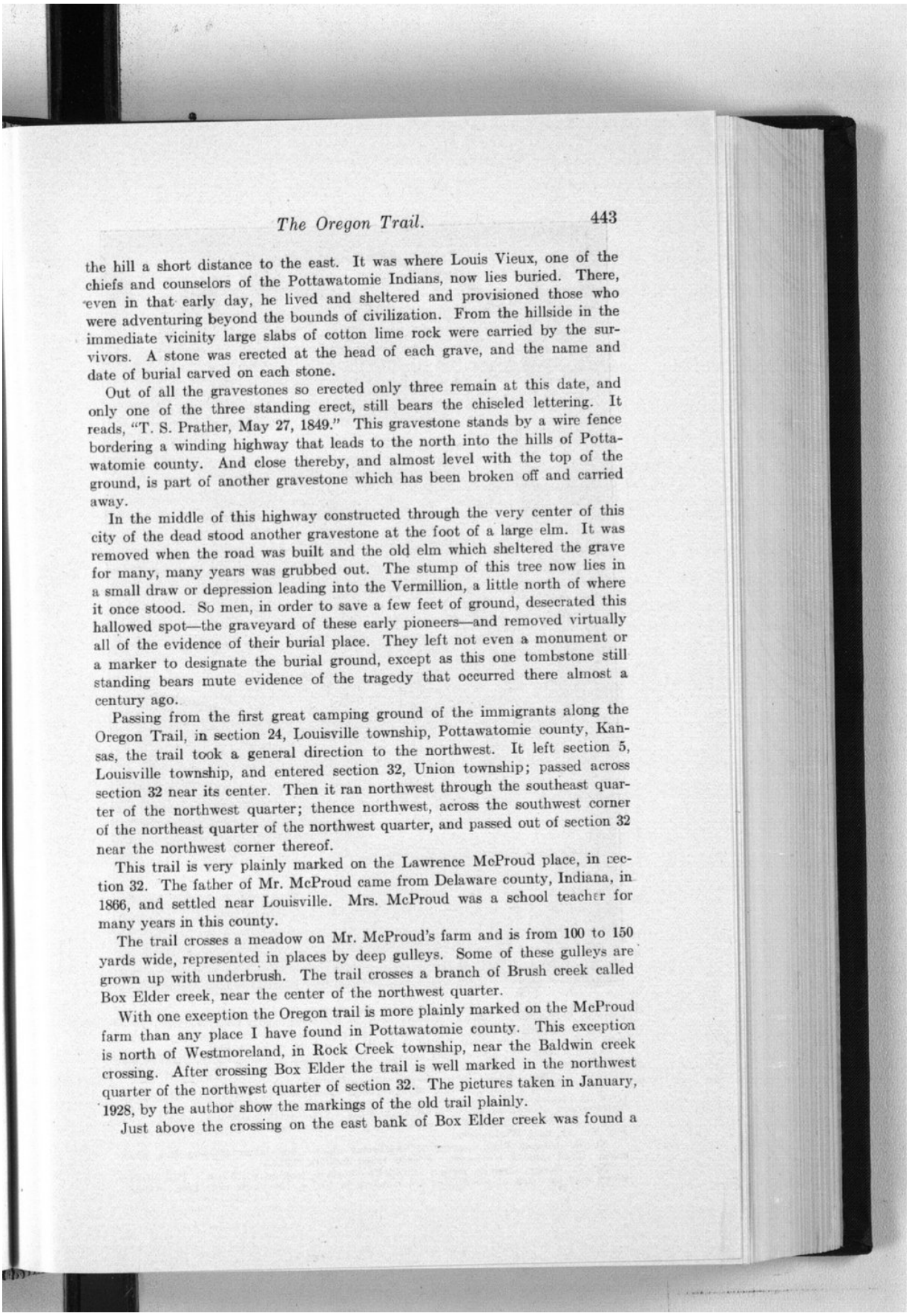
In May, 1849, the dread scourge of Asiatic cholera[2] came up the Missouri river with the immigrants and followed West over the trail, taking its toll from among the travelers. Of all the many tragedies that occurred throughout the course of the old Oregon Trail in its infancy, the one that happened on the east bank of the Red Vermillion, in what is now Pottawatomie county, Kansas, seems the most cruel and disheartening.

These were brave men who, in their anxiety to reap the harvest of gold awaiting them at the end of their journey, had schooled themselves in the best methods of fighting off the lurking bands of Indians that might beset them throughout the course of the long trail ahead of them. They had prepared themselves to battle with the elements, the drought and scarcity of water in the Great Plains region they were soon to traverse. And in the event that their journey's end should not be reached before the snows of winter filled the passes of the Sierra Nevadas, they were prepared to face cold and hardship.

But they were not prepared for the messenger of death that overtook them on the banks of the Red Vermillion in the form of Asiatic cholera. With hopes high, head erect, and the eye steadily gazing toward the setting sun, the little caravan had slowly trudged its way to the point on the Oregon Trail on the east bank of the Vermillion. It was some three-quarters of a mile east of where the trail from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Riley left the Oregon Trail, bearing to the southwest. The Oregon Trail bore to the north and west.

Here some fifty of the brave pioneers succumbed to the cholera. They were all buried on the east bank of the Red Vermillion in the shadow of

2. "In 1855 Alexander Majors and William H. Russell, both of western Missouri, formed a partnership for freighting across the plains under the name of Majors & Russell. This firm carried all the freight to the posts west of Fort Leavenworth that year. Cholera prevailed on the plains, especially between Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley. Major A. E. Ogden, quartermaster at Fort Leavenworth, died at Fort Riley of the disease. Many emigrants died of this scourge, which followed all the trails over the plains. The cholera affected the freighting business, but Majors & Russell made profits amounting to three hundred thousand dollars in 1855 and 1856. This will serve as an index to the volume of the freighting done over the Oregon Trail in those years. For there were many other freighting firms in the business over the trail, transporting goods to Utah."—Connelley's "History of Kansas," vol. I.



the hill a short distance to the east. It was where Louis Vieux, one of the chiefs and counselors of the Pottawatomie Indians, now lies buried. There, even in that early day, he lived and sheltered and provisioned those who were adventuring beyond the bounds of civilization. From the hillside in the immediate vicinity large slabs of cotton lime rock were carried by the survivors. A stone was erected at the head of each grave, and the name and date of burial carved on each stone.

Out of all the gravestones so erected only three remain at this date, and only one of the three standing erect, still bears the chiseled lettering. It reads, "T. S. Prather, May 27, 1849." This gravestone stands by a wire fence bordering a winding highway that leads to the north into the hills of Pottawatomie county. And close thereby, and almost level with the top of the ground, is part of another gravestone which has been broken off and carried away.

In the middle of this highway constructed through the very center of this city of the dead stood another gravestone at the foot of a large elm. It was removed when the road was built and the old elm which sheltered the grave for many, many years was grubbed out. The stump of this tree now lies in a small draw or depression leading into the Vermillion, a little north of where it once stood. So men, in order to save a few feet of ground, desecrated this hallowed spot—the graveyard of these early pioneers—and removed virtually all of the evidence of their burial place. They left not even a monument or a marker to designate the burial ground, except as this one tombstone still standing bears mute evidence of the tragedy that occurred there almost a century ago.

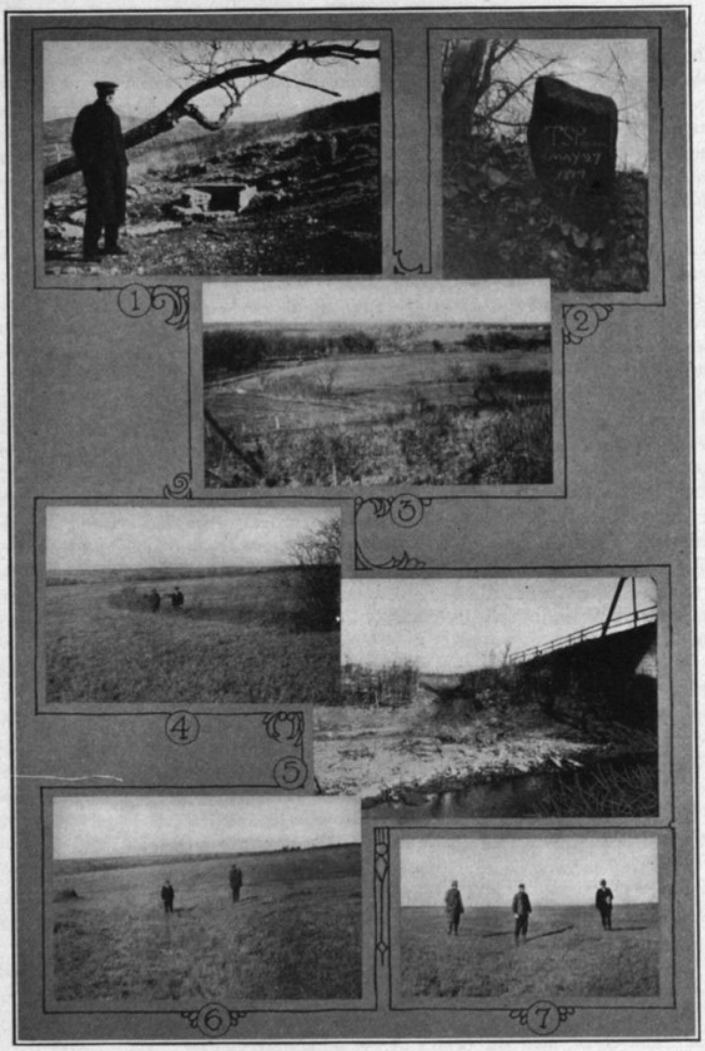
Passing from the first great camping ground of the immigrants along the Oregon Trail, in section 24, Louisville township, Pottawatomie county, Kansas, the trail took a general direction to the northwest. It left section 5, Louisville township, and entered section 32, Union township; passed across section 32 near its center. Then it ran northwest through the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter; thence northwest, across the southwest corner of the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter, and passed out of section 32 near the northwest corner thereof.

This trail is very plainly marked on the Lawrence McProud place, in section 32. The father of Mr. McProud came from Delaware county, Indiana, in 1866, and settled near Louisville. Mrs. McProud was a school teacher for many years in this county.

The trail crosses a meadow on Mr. McProud's farm and is from 100 to 150 yards wide, represented in places by deep gulleys. Some of these gulleys are grown up with underbrush. The trail crosses a branch of Brush creek called Box Elder creek, near the center of the northwest quarter.

With one exception the Oregon trail is more plainly marked on the McProud farm than any place I have found in Pottawatomie county. This exception is north of Westmoreland, in Rock Creek township, near the Baldwin creek crossing. After crossing Box Elder the trail is well marked in the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 32. The pictures taken in January, 1928, by the author show the markings of the old trail plainly.

Just above the crossing on the east bank of Box Elder creek was found a



No. 1. The famous Scott spring on the Oregon Trail at second great camping place in Pottawatomie county. Robert Scott in left foreground. (Jan., 1928.)

No. 2. Grave of T. S. Prather, died May 27, 1849. He and 45 or 50 others all died of cholera in May, 1849, buried in N. W. ¼, sec. 24, at Vieux ford.

No. 3. From just above Scott spring. View of second camping spot. Right center, bridge across Rock creek on state highway No. 11 at old ford. Looking northwest, the town of Westmoreland. (Photo taken January, 1928.)

No. 4. Oregon Trail, section 32, McProud place, looking northwest. Box Elder creek in distance. At right of where trail crosses creek, grave of Henry Rouschi of Ill. This portion of trail grown up with buck brush. (Photo taken January, 1928.)

No. 5. Where Oregon Trail crossed Rock creek just west of bridge on state highway No. 11, near Westmoreland.

No. 6. Oregon Trail, section 32, McProud place. Just after crossing Box Elder creek. Trail running northwest. (Photo taken January, 1928.)

No. 7. Oregon Trail in section 32, McProud place, looking northwest. This picture shows trail just east of where men are standing in No. 4, 150 yards wide here. (1928.)

lone grave. There was a headstone for this grave, and upon it was crudely carved the following: "Henry Roushi, Ill., May 8, 1849."

Mr. McProud has known of this grave for thirty-two years, and likewise the trail across his farm. He found the grave thirty-two years ago in a plum thicket. The plum thicket has been cleared away and the ground farmed for many years. The stone was removed from the grave many years ago and now lies upon the bank of the creek by a tree. It has been broken, only the "y" of the first name being left. The date, also, is not as plain as formerly,

"HENRY ROUSHI OF ILL. died May 8th, 1849."
Buried near center of N. W. ¼ of sec. 32, Union township, Pottawatomie county, Kansas. Farm of Lawrence McProud.

but Mr. McProud assured me that the name and date upon the stone was as I have given it.

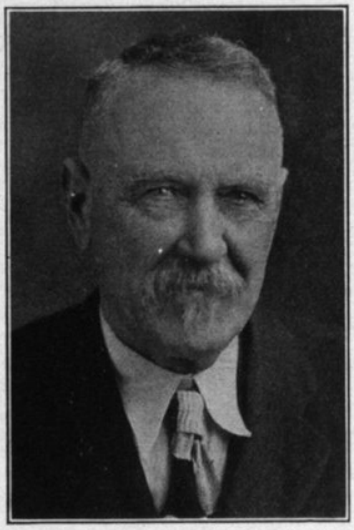
I call attention to the date, May 8, 1849; also to the date of death of Prather, which was May 27, 1849. This is evidence that the Asiatic cholera was demanding toll from many travelers of the trail in May, 1849.

Thus we pass from another tragedy of the trail, but before passing it would seem proper that some tribute be paid to Henry Rouschi, who may have left a wife or sweetheart in the state of Illinois when he started out upon the long trail of gold.

The following lines are dedicated to his memory by Whitelaw Saunders, of Wamego, who is a member of the Poetry Society of America. There are but four members of this society in the state of Kansas.

FROM THE OREGON TRAIL.

Where now the dust of this adventurer
Whom black disease, in swift, unequal fight,
Gave, as a spoil, to death? It does not know
The licking, black flames of an endless night!
Moon after moon he slept upon this hill,
His burial blanket fingered by the wheat,
And all the prairie's gold scattered about
To mock the lust of gold that brought defeat.
The hungry years with paws of shining plows
Have scratched with eagerness his bit of ground,
And in the market place the curious see
The fragment of his stone that chance has found.
Nor may Time place a period to the tale
As long as singing winds are on the trail.

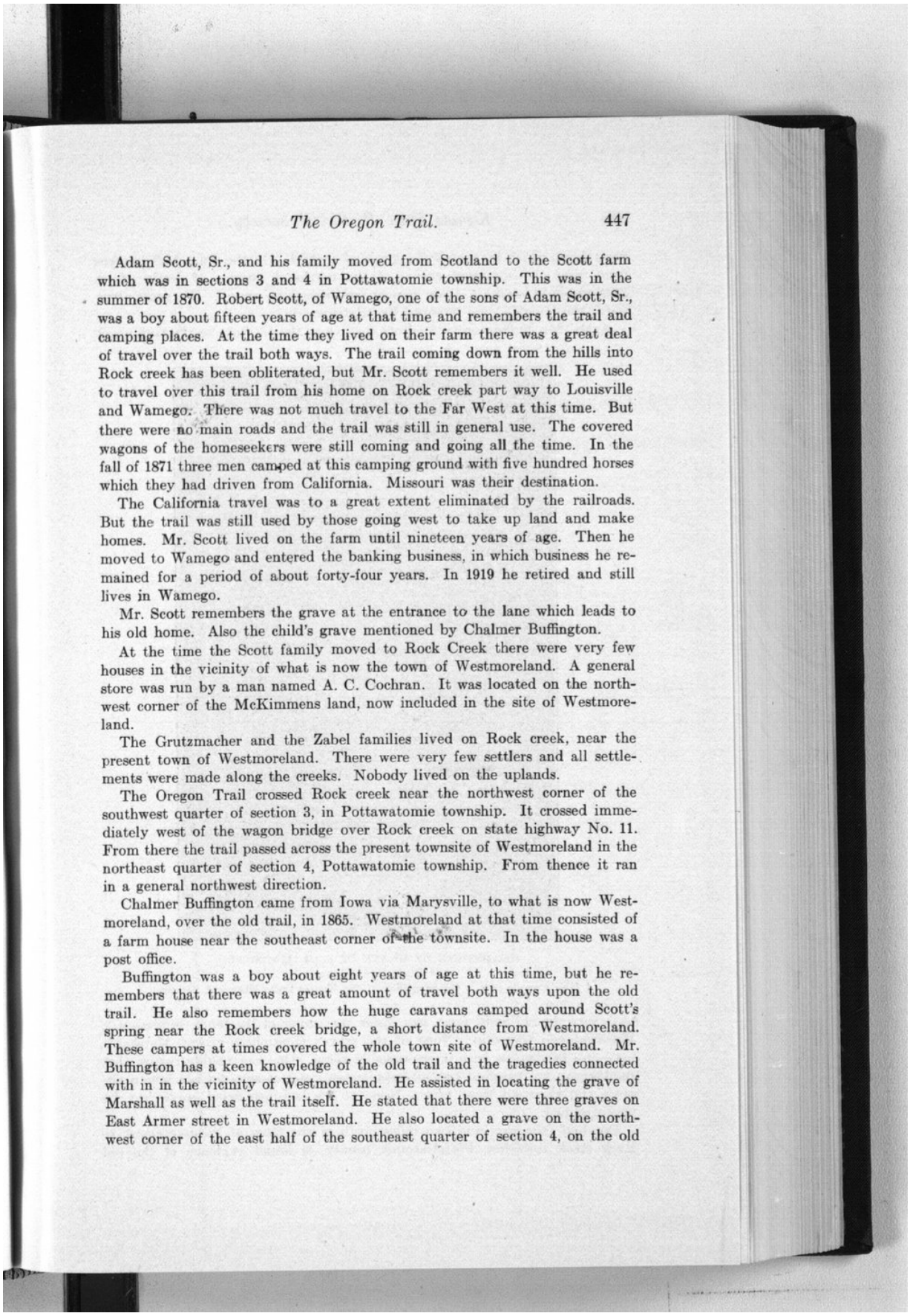


ROBERT SCOTT,
Wamego, Kansas.

The second great camping ground on the Oregon Trail in Pottawatomie county was in the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of section 3, also the southeast quarter of section 4. It was near the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of section 4, on Rock Creek, where the present bridge crosses the creek on the state highway No. 11, about three-quarters of a mile southeast of Westmoreland, near what is known as the Scott spring.

This camping ground was about eighteen miles from the first camp at the Louis Vieux ford on the Vermillion. There is also another large spring west of the present courthouse in Westmoreland, which was used as a camping place. This spring is about three-quarters of a mile northwest of the Scott spring.

Kansas historical collections



Adam Scott, Sr., and his family moved from Scotland to the Scott farm which was in sections 3 and 4 in Pottawatomie township. This was in the summer of 1870. Robert Scott, of Wamego, one of the sons of Adam Scott, Sr., was a boy about fifteen years of age at that time and remembers the trail and camping places. At the time they lived on their farm there was a great deal of travel over the trail both ways. The trail coming down from the hills into Rock creek has been obliterated, but Mr. Scott remembers it well. He used to travel over this trail from his home on Rock creek part way to Louisville and Wamego. There was not much travel to the Far West at this time. But there were no main roads and the trail was still in general use. The covered wagons of the homeseekers were still coming and going all the time. In the fall of 1871 three men camped at this camping ground with five hundred horses which they had driven from California. Missouri was their destination.

The California travel was to a great extent eliminated by the railroads. But the trail was still used by those going west to take up land and make homes. Mr. Scott lived on the farm until nineteen years of age. Then he moved to Wamego and entered the banking business, in which business he remained for a period of about forty-four years. In 1919 he retired and still lives in Wamego.

Mr. Scott remembers the grave at the entrance to the lane which leads to his old home. Also the child's grave mentioned by Chalmer Buffington.

At the time the Scott family moved to Rock Creek there were very few houses in the vicinity of what is now the town of Westmoreland. A general store was run by a man named A. C. Cochran. It was located on the northwest corner of the McKimmens land, now included in the site of Westmoreland.

The Grutzmacher and the Zabel families lived on Rock creek, near the present town of Westmoreland. There were very few settlers and all settlements were made along the creeks. Nobody lived on the uplands.

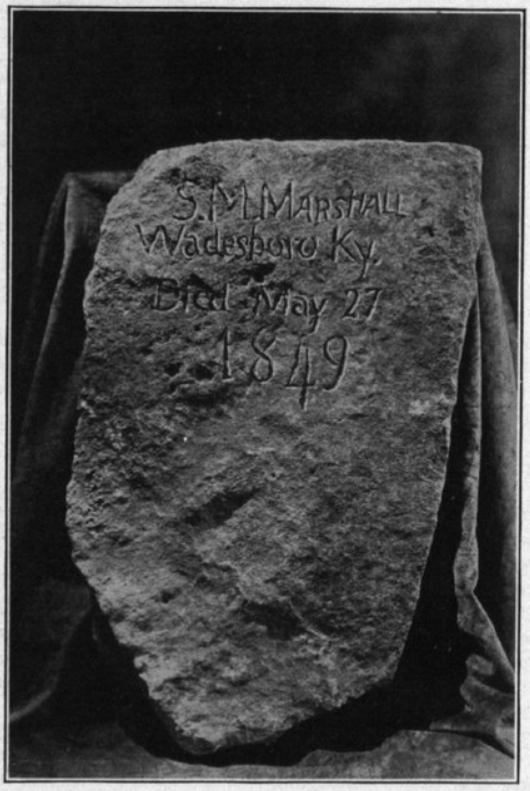
The Oregon Trail crossed Rock creek near the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of section 3, in Pottawatomie township. It crossed immediately west of the wagon bridge over Rock creek on state highway No. 11. From there the trail passed across the present townsite of Westmoreland in the northeast quarter of section 4, Pottawatomie township. From thence it ran in a general northwest direction.

Chalmer Buffington came from Iowa via Marysville, to what is now Westmoreland, over the old trail, in 1865. Westmoreland at that time consisted of a farm house near the southeast corner of the townsite. In the house was a post office.

Buffington was a boy about eight years of age at this time, but he remembers that there was a great amount of travel both ways upon the old trail. He also remembers how the huge caravans camped around Scott's spring near the Rock creek bridge, a short distance from Westmoreland. These campers at times covered the whole town site of Westmoreland. Mr. Buffington has a keen knowledge of the old trail and the tragedies connected with in in the vicinity of Westmoreland. He assisted in locating the grave of Marshall as well as the trail itself. He stated that there were three graves on East Armer street in Westmoreland. He also located a grave on the northwest corner of the east half of the southeast quarter of section 4, on the old

Scott farm, which he says is the grave of a child. On the John McKimmens farm, near the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of section 4, in Pottawatomie township, there were at one time three graves. But years afterwards the remains were removed by relatives.

Again, Mr. Buffington pointed out a grave at the entrance to the lane which



HEADSTONE OF GRAVE OF S. M. MARSHALL,
of Wadesboro, Kentucky.
This stone is now in the possession of the Kansas State Historical Society.

leads into the old Scott farm, just inside the corner of the fence, in section 3, Pottawatomie township. None of the graves mentioned, except Marshall's, have any headstones with inscriptions on them. One can readily realize that Buffington, as a barefoot boy of eight or ten years of age, did not fail to observe and know all these facts. None of the last-mentioned graves can be photographed.

One-half mile west and two miles north of the town of Westmoreland, in Rock creek township, Pottawatomie county, is found evidence of the old

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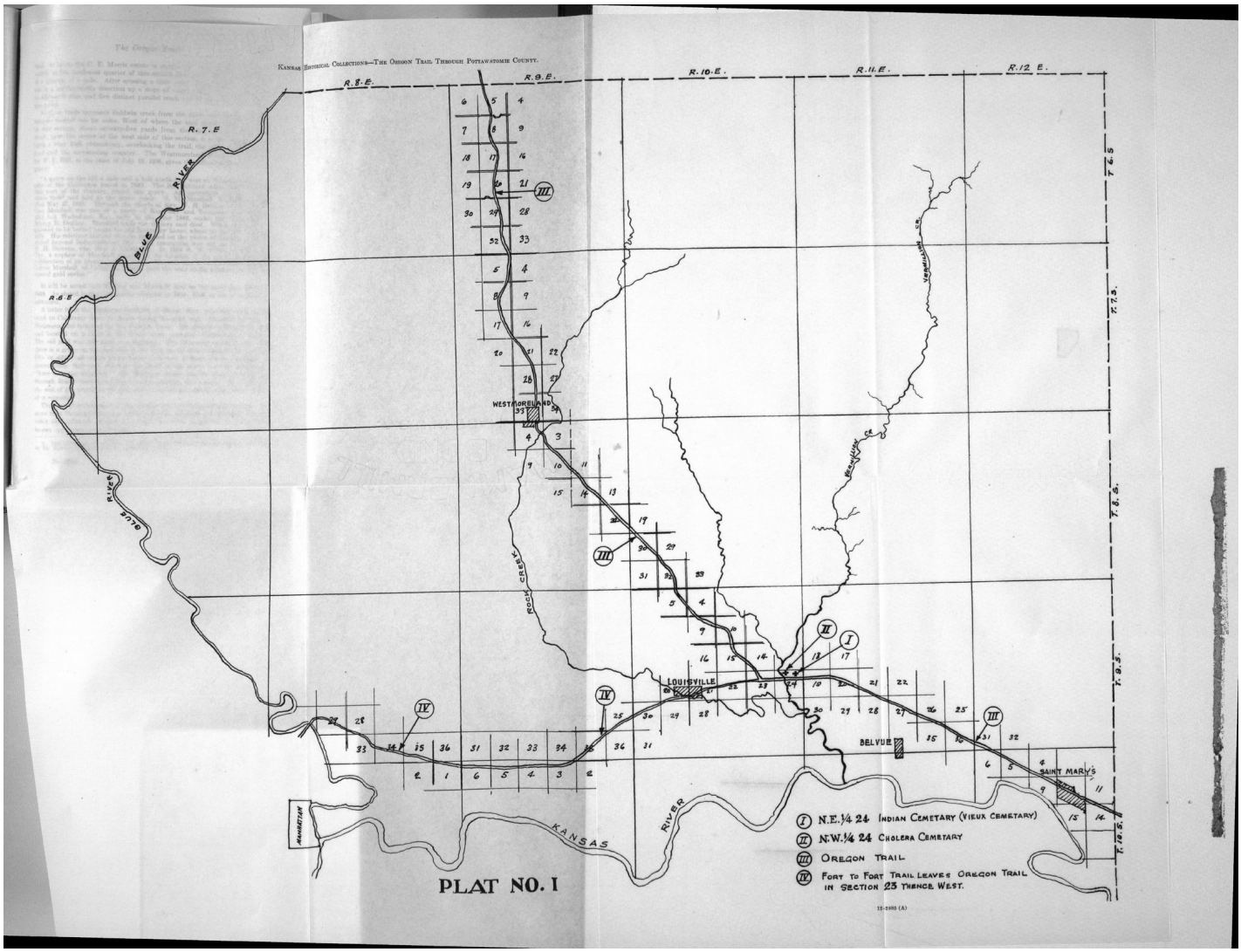

trail. It is on the C. E. Morris estate in section 21. The marks are plainly visible in the northwest quarter of this section and can be seen at a distance of a quarter of a mile. After crossing a little creek called Baldwin, the trail ran in a northwesterly direction up a slope of virgin prairie. It was from 100 to 150 yards wide and five distinct parallel roads can be noted in the trail at this point.

As these trails approach Baldwin creek from the north they become deeply rutted—washed out by rains. West of where the trail crosses Baldwin creek in this section, about seventy-five yards from the road running north and south, near the center of the west side of this section, is a lone grave. It is upon a very high promontory, overlooking the trail, the town of Westmoreland and the surrounding country. The Westmoreland *Recorder*, published by W. F. Hill, in the issue of July 19, 1906, gives the following history of the grave:

"A grave on the hill a mile and a half north and west of Westmoreland is a relic of the California travel in 1849. The first settlers, when they came to this part of the country, found this grave. An inscription cut on a limestone rock[3] and laid at the grave reads: 'S. M. Marshall, Wadesboro, Ky., died May 27, 1849.' Through the efforts of Rev. W. H. Brown, it was learned that Marshall was one of a party of Kentucky and Tennessee gold seekers that left Wadesboro, Ky., early in the year 1849, under the leadership of Ripley E. Dunlap. Marshall took the cholera and died. When dying he requested to be buried facing his old Kentucky home, where he had left a young wife. His relatives learned that he had died on the plains of Kansas, a week's travel beyond Independence, Mo. The inscription was cut on the stone by R. H. Stevens, who died in California. In 1904 R. W. Pirtle, of Cleburne, Tex., a nephew of Marshall, learned of the location of the grave through the publication of an account of the grave. He said that he and another nephew, James Marshall, of Lafayette, Tenn., were the only living relatives of the deceased gold seeker."

It will be noted that Prather and Marshall died on the same day, May 27, 1849. As stated before, all deaths occurred in May, 1849, so far as can be ascertained.

A letter from the Hennessy brothers, of Blaine, Kan., says that their father went to California from St. Louis during the gold rush. He went by way of Nicaragua and returned by the Panama route. He moved to Kansas in 1878 and located on a farm in the Clear creek township, Pottawatomie county. The old trail was still used as a highway. The Hennessy brothers state that there is a grave on the east side of the trail on the James Quigley farm, about fifty or sixty rods south of his house in section 4, Rock Creek township. A native stone that once stood at the head of the grave bore the inscription, "Here rests the unknown." Mr. Hennessy knows exactly where the trail ran through Rock Creek and Clear Creek townships, this county. He joins with the rest of the people in the idea that it should be marked while some vestige of it remains.

Thus we close tragedies of the Oregon trail in Pottawatomie county. For more than three-quarters of a century Prather, Rouschi and Marshall, and the other and unknown victims of a cruel fate, have slumbered "in the narrow houses appointed for all living."

3. This tombstone was given to the Kansas State Historical Society February 28, 1928, by Mr. Billings, on whose land the grave was located.

A PRAIRIE GRAVE.

He wore a pack in which he kept his dreams
Safe from the greedy, clawing hands of scorn,
And bundled with them were his scribbled themes
For songs . . . starved words and melody unborn.
Some gold he had, fine gold the moon had spilled
And he had gathered it with laughing jest,
And with his poled and shouldered pack so filled
He turned with flaming ardor to the West.
Out on the prairies where his trail unrolled
A leaping arrow, like an adder's tongue,
Rifled his pack of dreams, of shimmering gold,
And all the thin, sweet words of songs unsung.
But on his grave a wild plum thicket grows
With songs and dreams and beauty in its snows.
—*Whitelaw Saunders.*

THE POTTAWATOMIES.

History says that the Pottawatomie Indians took part in two great battles with the whites in the early settlement of the Northwest territory. The first of these was Saint Clair's defeat, and took place in what is now the northern boundary of Darke county, Ohio, near the Indiana line.

General Saint Clair, in 1790, with about 2,300 men, exclusive of militia, established a military post at the Miami Indian village at the junction of the Saint Mary and St. Joseph rivers. It is now Fort Wayne, Ind. There were intermediate points of communication between it and Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) to curb the Indians in the country and so to prevent further hostilities.

Fort Saint Clair was established in 1791. It was a stockade and was located about one mile west of the present town of Eaton, in Preble county, Ohio. The site is now owned by the state of Ohio and has been converted into a beautiful park. This fort was one of a chain that General Saint Clair built. The location of the old stockade is still well marked, and evidences of it may be seen to this day.

Late in October, General Saint Clair left Pittsburg and met the Indians in battle under Chief Little Turtle, and other distinguished chiefs. The conflict was at the place previously indicated and there he suffered a disastrous defeat. He was, however, honorably discharged from all blame by a committee appointed by congress to inquire into the causes of the failure of the expedition.

The number of Indians engaged in this battle has been variously estimated from one thousand to three thousand. The principal tribes in the battle were the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandottes, Ottawas, Chippewas, and some Pottawatomies.

Later in 1793 General Washington sent Mad Anthony Wayne to the Northwest territory to fight the Indians. His route from Fort Washington followed up the Little Miami river about thirty miles into what is now Warren county, Ohio. There he camped on a stream known as Camp Run. Afterwards a town was laid out at this point and named Waynesville in honor of Mad Anthony Wayne.

In the summer of 1794, near the site of Saint Clair's defeat, Mad Anthony Wayne met the Indians in battle. He was victorious and on the third of August, 1795, a treaty of peace was concluded with the Indians, at Greensville,

in Darke county, Ohio. The number of Indians present were 1,130, to wit: 180 Wyandottes; 381 Delawares; 143 Shawnees; 45 Ottawas; 46 Chippewas; 240 Pottawatomies; 13 Miamis; 12 Weas; and 10 Kickapoos. The principal Indian chiefs present were Blue Jacket and Little Turtle. At this time the Indians were determined to make permanent peace with the "thirteen fires" as they called the federal states, and the basis of the treaty was that hostilities were to cease and friendship be restored.[4] Thus ended the last battle in which the Pottawatomies fought against the whites. Later, part of them moved to Council Bluffs, Iowa. The rest of them settled on Sugar creek, in Allen and Linn counties, on the Eastern borders of Kansas.

LEGEND OF "POTAWATOMI."

There is some confusion among historical writers over the proper interpretation of the name "Potawatomi."[5] An old legend states that bitterness existed among certain tribes of Chippewas and Ottawas over territory that is now the state of Ohio. On the night following a battle a warring chief went to sleep under a very large oak tree. Later in the evening an enemy chief decided to sleep under the same tree, and a third chief also chose that spot to slumber. It was discovered the next morning that one had slept on the south, one on

4. Regarding the Pottawatomies, William E. Connelley, in his "History of Kansas," writes as follows: "There is reason to believe that the Pottawatomies, the Chippewas and the Ottawas originally formed one tribe. As one people they lived in that country about the upper shores of Lake Huron. The separation into three parts probably occurred there, and the Jesuits found them at Sault St. Marie in 1640. In 1670 the tribe, or some portion of it, was living on the islands at the mouth of Green Bay. They were gathered about the Mission of St. Francis Xavier. The movement of the tribe was to the southward, and by the year 1700, or about that time, they were seated around the south end of Lake Michigan. Some of them lived far down in what is now the State of Indiana. They were active in the interest of the French to and through the French and Indian War. In the Revolution they were on the side of the British, and they were against the United States until after the close of the War of 1812. They lacked unity of action always, and when settlers crowded in upon them they scattered in various directions. They sold their lands in small lots and realized little from them. They are yet scattered abroad. By the year 1840 most of them were west of the Mississippi. That portion of the tribe which settled in Iowa became known as the Prairie band, while those in Kansas were known as the Pottawatomie of the Woods. The Prairie band first moved to the Platte purchase, in western Missouri, and their agency was near the present city of St. Joseph. From that point they were removed to what is now Pottawatomie county, Iowa, their chief settlement being at and about Council Bluffs.

"Their Kansas reservation resulted from the treaty of 1837, by which they ceded their lands in Indiana. For these they were to have a tract on the Osage river, just west of Missouri, 'sufficient in extent and adapted to their habits and wants.' Pursuant to the terms of this treaty a tract of land about thirty-six by forty-two miles in extent was surveyed for the Pottawatomies. It was located some eighteen miles west of the Missouri line. Its south line was the north line of the lands assigned to the New York Indians, and passed about nine miles north of the present town of Iola. The north line of the tract ran about six miles south of Ottawa. The reservation contained about fifteen hundred square miles. Some of the tribe moved to this tract of land, settling along the Osage, and on what came to be known as Big and Little Osage creeks. Also on Sugar creek and on Pottawatomie creek, in Miami county. The Iowa band had not disposed of the lands held about Council Bluffs. It was clear that there never could be a united nation under those conditions.

"In June, 1846, a treaty was held with the two divisions of the tribe. It was concluded at the Pottawatomie agency, near Council Bluffs, on the 5th day of June with the Iowa or Prairie band; and on the 17th of June with the Kansas band, on Pottawatomie creek. In this treaty there was an attempt to bring together the tribes formed by the ancient division of the Pottawatomies. It provided that the various bands of the Pottawatomie Indians, known as the Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies, the Pottawatomies of the Prairie, the Pottawatomies of the Wabash, and the Pottawatomies of Indiana, being the same people by kindred, by feeling, and by language, should unite and be consolidated into one people to be known as the Pottawatomie Nation. Their Kansas and Iowa lands were ceded to the United States. In lieu of these lands they were assigned a new reservation in Kansas, described as follows:

"'A tract or parcel of land containing five hundred and seventy-six thousand acres, being thirty miles square, and being the eastern part of lands ceded to the United States by the Kansas tribe of Indians, lying adjoining the Shawnees on the south, and the Delawares and Shawnees on the east, on both sides of the Kansas River.'"

5. "The Handbook of American Indians," Bureau of Ethnology, Report 30, gives the following:

Potawatomi: J. B. Bottineau, speaking Chippewa and Cree fluently, gives Potawatamink or Potawaganink, *i. e.*, "People of the place of the fire," as the primary form of the name.

the north, and one on the east. Two of them were very old and the third was very young. They came together under the big oak. They agreed that peace should be restored and the young man was commanded to start a fire from which the peace pipe might be lighted. They called the young chief "Potawatomi" and the name was afterwards applied by the different tribes of the Central Plains to the official pipe lighter.

The tribe now bearing the name of "Pipe Lighter" is a mixture of the Chippewa and Ottawa. Their original home was the territory bordering on the Great Lakes as far south as central Indiana and Illinois. Tribal troubles broke out and as many as 4,000 insurgents separated from the mother tribes. As the Indians described it they "built a new fire." As the legend of the meeting of the three warring chiefs under the huge oak was still fresh in their minds, the insurgent chief and his followers took the name "Potawatomi" or "one who builds a fire for himself."

THE INDIAN KLANS.

The Indians had klans.[6] As many as fifteen existed at one time among the Pottawatomies. There were the Fish klan, the Eagle klan, the Bear klan, the Wolf klan, and many others. These klans were much like our present-day fraternal orders. Each klan had its secret oath obligation. The klans regulated society and controlled the morals of the tribe. Marriage and divorce were referred to them. Because of differences between Pottawatomie chiefs the tribe separated into three bands, the Prairie band, the Pottawatomie of the Woods, and the Wabash band. Later they more or less united. At this time, June 5, 1846, the government concluded a treaty with the three branches at Council Bluffs, Iowa. They agreed to move back to Kansas on a reservation thirty miles square. This tract lay in the present counties of Shawnee, Wabaunsee, Jackson and Pottawatomie. It has diminished to the present reservation in Jackson county, eleven miles square, and there they are to-day.

These facts were compiled by A. R. Snyder, formerly superintendent at Mayetta.

When the Pottawatomies united in 1846 and later moved to the reservation in Pottawatomie county a large number of them came from Council Bluffs,

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This derivation is strongly confirmed by the Huron name Asistaguerouon (Champlain, 1616), for Otsista geronno, likewise signifying "People of the place of fire," which was applied by them to their enemies who dwelt in 1616 on the west shores of Lake Huron. The Jesuit Relations for 1671 (42, 1858) has the following passage: "Four nations make their abode here, namely, those who bear the name Puans, (*i. e.*, the Winnebago), who have always lived here as in their own country, and who have been reduced to nothing from being a very flourishing and populous people, having been exterminated by the Illinois, their enemies; the Potawatomi, the Sauk, and the Nation of the Fork (la Fourche) also live here, but as strangers (or foreigners), driven by the fear of Iroquois (the Neuters and Ottawa) from their own lands which are between the lake of the Hurons and that of the Illinois." The Jesuit Relations employ the expression "Nation of Fire," until in the one for 1670 (p. 94) occurs the first use of "Makskouteng," who are represented as living then on Fox river in what is now Wisconsin. Hence, it seems clear that the term "nation of fire" was originally applied to the Potawatomi and their close neighbors, the Sauk and the "Nation of the Fork," dwelling on the west shore of Lake Huron. And since a part at least of the Pottawatomi tribe bears the name Maskotens, officially known as the "Prairie Band," and the tribe as a whole was a part of those who were called "People of the Fire," a natural confusion arose as to the application of these two names, and so the term "Fire Nation" at last became permanently affixed to a people whose proper name was "People of the Small Prairie," latterly known as the Mascoutens.—*Hewitt.*

6. In regard to the Pottawatomi klans William E. Connelley, in his "History of Kansas," gives the following:

"The Pottawatomies have the social organization found in the tribes of the Algonquian family. The clans or gentes of the tribes are as follows: (1) Wolf; (2) Bear; (3) Beaver; (4) Elk; (5) Loon; (6) Eagle; (7) Sturgeon; (8) Carp (Golden Carp); (9) Bald Eagle; (10) Thunder; (11) Rabbit; (12) Crow; (13) Fox; (14) Turkey; (15) Black Hawk."

Iowa. Still others came from Sugar creek, in Linn and Allen counties, in 1847 and 1848. The following is quoted from volue VII, "Kansas Historical Collections":

"St. Marys Mission, among the Pottawatomie Indians, was originally established on Sugar creek in July, 1841, by Father Christian Hoeken. When the tribe moved to the reservation in northern Kansas, in the fall of 1847, the mission was transferred to the Kansas valley in the spring of 1848 and permanently located at the present site under the charge of Father Morris Gailland. Father Duerinck came to the mission in 1849. It continued as a mission school up to 1869."[7]

St. Mary's Mission was moved from Sugar creek in 1848. The remainder of the Pottawatomies, that had been living at the trading post on Sugar creek, then settled in what is now southeastern Pottawatomie county. Others from Council Bluffs, Iowa, also came. Soon they began to till the land. Thus the first settlers or pioneers of Pottawatomie county were the Pottawatomie Indians. They settled from St. Marys west to the Vermillion river, along the Oregon Trail.

MRS. JAMES S. MERRITT.

Among the first of the early pioneers and settlers that came from Sugar creek, in what is now Allen and Linn county, Kansas, was Mrs. James S. Merritt. She has been a resident of Wamego, Kan., for many years. She became the wife of Hon. James S. Merritt, now deceased. He was a lawyer and at one time a member of the Kansas legislature from this county. Mrs. Merritt's father, Joseph Bertram, was a government interpreter for the Pottawatomies. The part of the tribe that lived in Linn and Allen counties, Kansas, was that which had moved from Sugar creek to this county in 1848. Mrs. Merritt was about four years of age at that time. The Pottawatomies came from Linn county to the Oregon Trail. They were on the south side of the Kansas river and came along the trail west to the crossing called "Union Town," which was on the present site of Topeka. The trail crossed the Kansas river to the north side at this point. The river was sometimes crossed by ferry, but most of the time it was forded. After crossing the Kansas river at Union Town, they followed the Oregon Trail to their destination, St. Mary's mission, which had been organized this same year.

Mrs. Merritt remembers well the old trail. She traveled over it from St. Marys to the old Louis Vieux farm, when a young woman. She remembers the huge covered wagons and the many spans of oxen that drew them westward. She also remembers Chief Nah-nim-nuk-skuk, who is now said to be 118 years old. He lived just across the Vermillion on the farm formerly owned by Ben Huey. He was one of the spokesmen for his people in their negotiations for their rights with the representatives of the government, and was noted as an Indian orator. His interpreter was Joseph Bourassa.

7. William E. Connelley, in his "History of Kansas," makes the following statement about the mission at St. Marys:

"The Catholics also founded a mission among them. This mission was at the junction of the three forks of the Wakarusa. It had been commenced on Sugar creek, on the old first Kansas reservation, in 1837, by Father Christian Hoecken. He came north with one of the first parties, and in 1847 began the erection of mission buildings at the forks of the Wakarusa, in 1847. Some twenty log cabins were erected at that point. It was soon discovered that the mission was south of the reservation line, and on the Shawnee land. As the Pottawatomies could not collect their annuities until they had moved on to their own land, they abandoned their houses and moved north of the Kansas river. The Catholic fathers established themselves at a beautiful site, now the town of St. Marys. The mission has grown into one of the principal Catholic institutions of the West."

Mrs. Merritt remembers well the battle between the Pawnees and the Pottawatomies, fought some place in what is now Pottawatomie county. The exact location of the battlefield she does not know because she was so small when it occurred. The Pottawatomies whipped the Pawnees in this battle. Mrs. Merritt was at that time a small child. She and the other children of the mission were very much afraid to go out of doors at night after this battle.

Mrs. Merritt is now past three score years and ten, yet she is healthy, hearty and alert, her mental faculties retaining all their keenness. She is a fine, rugged character, typical of the pioneer women who have contributed so much towards making Kansas a great state.

LOUIS VIEUX, SR.

Closely connected with the Oregon Trail in this county is the life of Louis Vieux, Sr., who was born on the 30th day of November, 1809. Where he was born no one seems to know, but probably he was born on the shores of Lake Michigan, where the present city of Chicago now stands, as the Pottawatomies were living there in 1809. Later he moved with a portion of the tribe to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and in 1846 went with that same portion of the tribe to Indianola.

Indianola was located where North Topeka stands to-day. There were no buildings in either North or South Topeka at that time, and the Pottawatomies lived in the timber, after the manner of Indians.

In 1847 or 1848 Louis Vieux moved from Indianola to his allotment of land in section 24, township 9, range 10 east, in what is now Pottawatomie county, Kansas. This allotment was about fifteen miles north and west of St. Mary's Mission. He raised a family of five daughters and two sons, only two of whom are now living. Mrs. Rachel Thurber, living in Shawnee county, near Rossville, and Mrs. Sophia Johnson, living in Oklahoma, are his daughters.

The Vieux allotment was located on the Oregon Trail just east of where it crossed the Vermillion river. Immigrants forded the river at this point for many years. After Mr. Vieux had constructed his log cabin on his allotment, near the ford, he built a toll bridge and operated it for many years. This toll bridge was located at approximately the same place where the wagon bridge, sometimes known as the St. John bridge, now spans the river. Louis Vieux sometimes made as much as $300 a day revenue from his toll bridge. He charged only $1 for each outfit that crossed.

Mr. Vieux also furnished hay and grain to travelers. The old Fort to Fort trail, established in 1852, also traversed the Oregon Trail past the Vieux farm. So, for many years, when stages were running between Fort Riley and Fort Leavenworth, there was a stage stable located on the Vieux farm, where the horses were changed.

Louis Vieux, Sr., as the name indicates, was of French descent. He was a big man among the Pottawatomie Indians; business agent for the tribe, interpreter, and named a chief. He made many trips to Washington on behalf of the Pottawatomies, and on one of these trips he had his picture taken in Washington. This is the only picture of Louis Vieux, Sr., extant.

He became very wealthy and owned much property when he died on May 6, 1872. The town of Belvue, and the town of Louisville, which was formerly the county seat of this county, were both named for Louis Vieux. Mr. Vieux at one time owned and bequeathed in his will to his wife and children, nearly the whole town site of Louisville. He was buried in what is known as the

Vieux cemetery, sometimes called the Indian cemetery. It is located on a knoll about 100 yards north of where the old cabin stood and about the same distance north of the present home of August Uhlrig. It is in the northeast quarter of section 24, township 9, range 10 east (?), in Louisville township,

LOUIS VIEUX
Chief of the Pottawatomies. A good citizen. The only photograph of him in existence. Taken in Washington, D. C.

in Pottawatomie county. This cemetery dates back into the fifties. Apparently all of those buried there were of the Catholic faith. The graves were at one time all marked with headstones, some of which had been manufactured by "Quinton & Geraughty," of Leavenworth, Kan. Some of the headstones were the original limestone. On one stone I found the inscription, "Tusand Trumble, died March 9, 1867, age 97 years." The largest and most imposing

monument in this cemetery is that of Louis Vieux, Sr. The inscription on the west side of his monument is given below.

To the Memory of
LOUIS VIEUX
Died
May 3, 1872
Aged
62 yrs., 5 mos., 3 das.
His worthy deeds within our hearts
shall live beyond the tomb.
Requiescat in pace—Amen.

On the east side of his monument is the following:

For many years one of the leaders of the Pottawatomies, influential in their councils.

Just and kind with them in his dealings, he won their confidence, which he never betrayed; and their affection, which he never despised. A man of strict integrity, he never forgot his word; of great benevolence, he never turned the hungry away; public spirited, he gave largely to promote improvement. He died loved and mourned by a wide circle of friends.

Immediately south of his monument is another stone the inscription of which reads:

CHARLOTTE,
wife of Louis Vieux,
died April 13, 1857,
age 37 years.

This was his first wife and the mother of his children. Immediately north of his monument is the stone of his second wife. Its inscription reads:

MARY
wife of Louis Vieux,
died April 11, 1859,
age 37 years.

Later in life he married again, and his wife's name was Mary L. Vieux. She was buried in the Catholic cemetery a mile north of Wamego.

The names of his children are as follows: Louis Vieux, Jr.; Jacob Vieux; Sophia Vieux Johnson; Arcange Vieux; Madeline Vieux; Ellen Vieux; and Rachel Vieux Thurber.

The Indian cemetery where the ashes of Louis Vieux repose has been neglected for many years. It is unfenced. Stock has been permitted to run through it with the result that many of the grave markers are thrown down and broken. Some have been carried away. The markers should be replaced as nearly as possible, and the cemetery fenced. Though this ground has passed into the hands of strangers I am sure that the present owner would agree to let this work be done. Why should not Pottawatomie county see that this historic spot be preserved?

RACHEL VIEUX THURBER.

Rachel Vieux Thurber was born December 26, 1844, at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She was eighty-three years of age in December, 1927. She lived for many years on her father's farm. She remembers the long caravans of covered wagons pulled by oxen. Sometimes there were as many as six pairs of oxen to the wagon. Some of the wagons had painted across them "Pike's Peak or Bust."

Her earliest recollection of St. Marys was a small church and a small school-

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