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John Jurnegan: An autobiography of travels to Fort Laramie over the Oregon and California Trail and along the Santa Fe Trail (1851-1868).

Edited by Joy L. Poole

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Introduction by Joy Poole

During an orientation tour of the library at the Nebraska Historical Society in Lincoln, Nebraska I noticed the traditional card catalog. As the librarians told me about their collections I casually asked, “Do you have anything on the Santa Fe Trail?” Their response, “I’m not certain, but you are welcome to search our card catalog.” I sorted through the subject index and discovered the following entry on the Santa Fe Trail. The hierarchical entry stated John Jurnegan, followed by Santa Fe Trail freighter and written in prison. Obviously the latter entry sparked my interest! They kindly accommodated my request and immediately retrieved manuscript #1171, a biographical sketch written by Jurnegan with the title A Warning to the Young which was intended for publication.

The autobiography was evidently handwritten by John Jurnegan when he was incarcerated for the second time at the Missouri State Penitentiary. A Warning to the Young is not the full story of Jurnegan’s life. The sketch of his life briefly highlights his childhood. The remaining portion of the autobiography describes his adventures from the time he was 11 – 28 years old, which spans 1851 – 1868. When I first read the memoir, I questioned his remembrances. However as I researched his account, I find they were for the most part authentic in terms of people remembered, places visited and times revisited. What follows is an annotated compilation from his autobiography and incorporating research records from the Missouri State Archives in Jefferson City, MO.

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Preface Autobiography

John Jurnegan wrote his autobiography in 1868 when he was imprisoned a second time at the Missouri State Penitentiary under the assumed name of John Davis. He titled the autobiography A Warning to the Young and wrote this brief foreword. *“Waywardness cannot prosper in life and this inevitable fact will be found fully set forth in the checquered scenes of prosperity and of adversity, here in recorded in the Biography of the writer.”* Jurnegan intended that his autobiography would be published.

John Jurnegan was born September 6, 1840 in Osceola, St. Clair County, Missouri. He was the eighth child born to the Jurnegan family. When he was five his mother died and his elderly father decided to find separate homes for each of his children. According to John he was *“his father’s pet, the family’s favorite.”* When they parted his father took young Johnny between his knees his eyes overflowing with tears. He said, *“Johnny my son you and your papa must part, you will go like a good boy to your uncle and live with him. He will be a good uncle to you and will teach you how to pray, as have your papa and mama, I shall come to see you often and shall want to know that you are a good boy and have learned to pray, - then your father will love you, and God will love you, and when you die God will take you to that good home in heaven, where you will see your good mother again.”* The next day John went to live with the family of his uncle on his mother’s side, John E. Morgan, who was then the sheriff of St. Clair County in Missouri. Within a year his aunt, Mrs. Morgan took sick and Mr. Morgan was advised to move his wife to Tennessee. On the day they were leaving with others in the wagon train a group

of neighbors assembled to bid goodbye. Amongst the crowd of well wishers were two of John's sisters. There at a crossroads in Missouri, John embraced his sisters and tearfully said goodbye. He wouldn't see them again until decades later. Within a year of their arrival in Tennessee Mrs. Morgan, to whom John had grown attached, died. His uncle Mr. Morgan arranged for his wealthy cousins Richard and Arabella Parker to take care of young John and returned to Missouri. The Parkers adored John but unfortunately they both died of cholera during the epidemic of 1849. John was once again for all practical purposes an orphan. John Morgan, who had remarried, arranged for his brother Dan Morgan of Nashville to locate John and bring him back to Missouri. Dan Morgan found young John but their trip to Missouri was delayed. As a result, ten-year-old John spent the winter in the city of Nashville with his other uncle Dan where he profited from experiences and *"the opportunities offered youth to learn folly and vice in the large city."* Upon their return to Missouri his uncle was farming and also conducting business as a merchant in Bates Co. MO. John was given a calf to fatten and through trade within a year he was the owner of 16 head of young cattle. Some misunderstanding occurred between young John and Mr. Morgan's brother in law. After losing a fist fight he was upset and, given his bruised ego, he decided to *"run away and find a home in California."* He packed up a bundle, threw it out the window and hid it until after Sunday breakfast. Then on the 4th of July 1851 on his way to church he just turned west, not knowing where his wanderings would take him.¹ Within a day or two he *"met a gent in a buggy he was an agent for [David] Waldo & [William] McCoy, freight agents of Independence,"* who was hiring hands to go west on the Oregon – California Trail to Fort

Laramie. After his first night sleeping on the open prairie Jurnegan was sent by the wagon master to see Mr. McCoy who thought he was *“too small for the trip.”*

McCoy’s clerk asked Jurnegan, *“Well my little man do you want to hire?”*

“Yes Sir.” Jurnegan replied,

“Well what do you think you can do on the plains?”

“I don’t know sir till I try. I have started to hunt fame as others do.”

“Good my boy, I will give you \$15.00 per month, and hire you as a cook for No. 2 mess.”

Growing up on the Midwestern frontier of Missouri, watching steamboats going up and down the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers and seeing wagon trains coming and going along the western trails must have inspired a sense of adventure. Like Kit Carson before him, an unhappy and angry John Jurnegan ran away seeking adventure. By today’s standards he was approaching adolescence but in the early 1850s on the American frontier he was considered a young man. John Jurnegan seems to have been brought up with a sense of right and wrong and a strong fear of God. He felt strongly about commitment and commented about his stance on those soldiers who subsequently changed their minds after the Civil War. *“... for me principle is principle, right_ is right_ yesterday_ today_ tomorrow _ and forever submission to might is not surrender of right, I will yield to the one but shall never yield up to the other.”*

He was given the opportunity for a good education but given his various guardians, I am uncertain how much of a formal school education John received. *“When at home a small boy just beginning to read, I took a great delight in reading novels and sketches of great frontier adventures of the mountaineers.”* His vocabulary indicates he had a verbal

command of the English language. During the spring and into the winter of 1852 at McCloskey's Post near Fort Laramie, Mr. McCloskey, a Scotchman, instructed him in French and "*a regular course of other studies.*" Jurnegan was a Democrat and along with his relatives since he was from western Missouri had secessionist leanings. His writings reveal that in some respects he could be considered a scoundrel or rascal, but in other instances he demonstrated the courage of his convictions. He was a risk taker and had the instincts of a survivor. He states in his autobiography, "*In my boyhood while at my happy home I had heard and read of men who had attained to renown and fame upon the borders of the far west, and that fro a very obscure starting point, until I almost imagined myself one among them, and I not naturely [naturally] craved the name of fame, thereby becoming very disobedient and unruley, I could not bear the thought of an insult, feeling myself almost superior to any one, and in the state of mind made my first and fatal step in leaving home, and at the age of 12 years only I fixed my mind with a determination never to rue thus I penetrated the very remotest parts of the west among the savages in se[a]rch of fame.² And it is very true I attained to a certain highth of renown such as no one of my age before had ever reached, and there in receiving due esteem and applaud of the little band of mountaineers with whom I was associated, but this did not satisfy me, my applaud was too much confined and smothered up, among the few, I wanted it to spread far and wide over the world, but with all my energy courage and determination it seemed to me bound down as by iron fetters to the limited little circle around me, opportunit[i]es and chances for wealth continually surrounded me, but to this I paid no respect, I desired not fame by wealth, I sought it only by daring and bold adventures, never for once thinking of obtaining riches, and so on I continued for*

eight years, trying first one thing and then another failed in them all, I give up in almost despair, and at the end of the eight years found if anything myself further farther from fame than the day I began and returned to the civilized world.” During the winter 1852, Jurnegan had decided to join a hunting and trapping party and despite objections from the experienced trader Mr. McCloskey, Jurnegan wrote, *“I made my first statement that I believed my life would be one of trouble, but that what ever my destiny was, it would be fulfilled, for I felt I was a child of fortune, subject of misfortune.”* From an early age he was confident of himself, and seemed to live by the seat of his pants, often looking for opportunities to take advantage of any situation. He didn’t possess a hearty Midwestern work ethic for farming as characterized later in the autobiography when he is hired to mow a meadow with a scythe and states, *“Well, a hungry cow could of eat it faster than I mowed it.”*

His age is difficult to determine despite Jurnegan’s biography, historical sources, and a comparison of previous events with known dates. Jurnegan himself says he was born in 1840. On Christmas Eve Day and Christmas Day in 1854, Chief Tierra Blanca and his starving band of Utes warriors raided and killed settlers along the Arkansas River.

Jurnegan was living and working in present Southern Colorado and survived the Pueblo Massacre which occurred in 1854. Given these two facts it appears he would have been 14 years old in 1854. However, John’s 1860’s prison record from his first incarceration indicates he was 23 years old. The archivists have indicated his age would have been written into the record when he entered prison the first time in 1860. Given this information it is difficult to know whether he was 14 or 17 years old when he survived

the Pueblo Massacre of 1854. He entered prison the first time after he along with two soldiers, Jesse Locke and John Snoderly, all of whom had deserted from the military in New Mexico were found guilty of grand larceny. Jurnegan and his companions arrived in Missouri via the Santa Fe Trail during the summer of 1860 whereupon his companions stole a dozen yoke of oxen as compensation for back wages Jurnegan thought he was owed while previously employed by William Russell of the firm Russell, Majors and Waddell. Russell refused to pay Jurnegan. After he was pardoned and released from prison the first time [1863] he married Eliza Jane Hutton [March of 1864], but marriage did little to suppress his wanderlust. His wife soon became pregnant and John left her with relatives but his wife returned home to live with her parents where she had a little girl. During this Civil War era, John worked various jobs and became a recruiter for the Confederate States of America in Illinois and Missouri.

After the Civil War he was in St. Louis, MO and once again found himself “*in the wrong place at the wrong time.*” He became involved in an argument with a persistent drunk that escalated into a fight which ultimately resulted in Jurnegan being arrested and charged with assault to kill someone. When arrested he gave the authorities the name of John Davis and was convicted and sent back to prison a second time but under the fabricated name of John Davis. Oddly, the dates (February 1866 – February 1868) that he states he was in prison under the name of John Davis do not match the dates (September 11, 1872 – September 11, 1874) from existing prison records with the name of John Davis and the coinciding charge of assault to kill. Jurnegan writes at the end of his autobiography that his cell mate was Sydney Kilgore. Mr. Kilgore was convicted and

sentenced to prison twice on Grand Larceny charges, the first time from April 1860 to April of 1863 and the second time from June of 1864 – June 1869. I conclude therefore, that Jurnegan was in prison as he states from February 1866 – February 1868 despite the corroborating records.

A search of the 1880 federal census for Jurnegan and his wife indicates that John's wife, 36 year old Eliza Jane Hutton "Journeygan" was working as a servant and living with her 15 year old daughter Almira L. "Journeygan" at the home of her parents in Pleasant Hill, Illinois. Her marital status in the census record was listed as widowed. Although Eliza and or the census worker spelled Jurnegan differently, Eliza is John's wife. Whether John Jurnegan had indeed passed away by 1880 or whether he simply abandoned Eliza after he was released from prison a second time we will probably never know.

Editorial Treatment: Jurnegan's cursive penmanship is legible. While the spelling is fairly accurate, I have in various instances inserted corrections in square brackets.

Jurnegan's use of written Spanish is nearly impossible to accurately decipher. Although the memoir says he could speak Spanish, the Spanish words are written phonetically. By his own admission he was able to speak and write French.

To assist the reader, I have edited the handwritten document by inserting periods and deleting punctuation mostly commas. Sentences and paragraphs have been created. Styles of capitalization varied in the 19th century. Jurnegan often capitalized nouns or what he thought were important words throughout the memoir. These capitalizations have been standardized and capital letters have been inserted to the beginning of sentences to aid the reader's comprehension. I have inserted quotations in passages when Jurnegan recalled dialogues or past conversations. Abbreviations such as

- Rev'd for Reverend,
- govt for government
- Sergt for Sergeant
- Col for Colonel
- Commdr for Commander
- Capt for Captain
- Gent for gentleman or gentlemen

have been retained as Jurnegan wrote them since they are easy to comprehend.

Descriptive headings titled as “Part I, II, III...” have been inserted to break up the lengthy narrative into readable sections. The descriptions indicate location, circumstances with time frames recalled by Jurnegan or dates of known historical events.

John Jurnegan: An autobiography of travels to Fort Laramie over the Oregon and California Trail and along the Santa Fe Trail (1851-1868).

Part I – Some time during the year 1852 near Scotts Bluffs, Nebraska.

On the 5 [th] day of our stay in [an Arapaho] camp, or rather in the Indian village, the village scout, who is always on duty could be seen riding to a high hill in the prairie, drew rein but did not dismount. In lieu, - after his presence there had attracted attention, He started and rode round and around, in a circle, waving his Buffalo robe signifying that Buffalo was, near the village. Instantly there was a grand scamper for horses, and I joined in the hunt, that ensued. Arriving in proximity to the Buffalo herd we dismounted, and the medicine pipe, was produced filled and smoked and then we remounted, and away in full speed for the fun I was not the last to reach the herd, and I soon had two layed [laid] ready for skinning. We returned to the village and two days afterwards, Bateise³ [Baptiste] and myself were escorted to the trading post at Scotts Bluff, (The American Fur Company station) in charge of old Mr. Papen [Papin]⁴ of St [L]ouis, MO, and we soon had rehearsed our story of horror. I hired to the Co at a salary of \$75.00 per month as [I]ndian trader and was soon back at the Arrapaho village with two wagon loads of goods. I remained and traded till spring [of 1853] when I returned to the post, received my pay, and started for my old home near Mr McCluskey's⁵ [McCloskey's] post. When arriving I found that Mr. John Shaw⁶ now owned the post, and in him I found another friend true and worthy, Capt. Shaw formerly of the old [T]wilight steamer who is well known to the majority of river men and they will appreciate my testimony to his generous noble heartedness. Mr. Shaw engaged my services and put me to clerking in his store, and here I had ample opportunity to pursue my retarded studies. Capt S. now sent me with a

stock of goods to the Willow Springs,⁷ N. [of] the North [P]latte river to trade, and buy up worn out stock from the emigrants. At the close of the season I returned, bringing several hundred head of cattle, of which I got a portion which brought me nearly \$4000 as my own profit. [I]n the fall Capt S started for the States, and now I was a youn[g] lad with a good sum of money and several fine horses to call my own, but restless and dissatisfied, wanting something, I knew not what, and certain, apparently very friendly gamblers, tried their utmost to persuade me to indulge a few games, of Draw poker, or as they would play it, put in but draw nothing, but they did not succeed for at that time I had never turned a card, and was comparatively ignorant of their use. I discovered a party⁸ proposing a tramp thro the rugged mountains and I determined to join them for I had learned to love adventure. A more jolly party than we were on starting [there] never was, numbering about twenty all told, and carried our plans thro with success. From Fort Laramie⁹ we bent our course to the Yellowstone mountains¹⁰, and thence back to the [W]ind [R]iver¹¹ mountains from there to the head waters of the Humboldt river.¹² Our trip was enlivened by several little brushes with the [B]lackfeet Indians,¹³ but we suffered no loss thereby, regarding human life on our side. (My old Dear friend,) my little grey pony was killed and I valued him more than aught I had. It is not a discription [*sic*] of country I feel will interest my reader, and therefore I shall not trouble my readers with an account, of the very beautiful romantic scenery thro which we passed, for I know it is almost exclusively that human life and its personal experience – in connection with dangers and adventures that alone gives zest to a biography of travel. Our route was directed down the [H]umboldt, to fort tejon¹⁴ [Tejon] at the mouth of rio genero, thence southward to Tusone,¹⁵ [Tucson] and from there we started, and reached Santafee [Santa

Fe] in New Mexico, and here we stayed a few weeks and had a regular gala time. A Mexican bantered me for a horse race, for the fun of the thing, I made the race for the sum of \$400 and won the race easily, which so exasperated the Mexican that he attacked me with a bowie knife, and to save my own life I was compelled to shoot him with my revolver but as I am now happy to say, he afterwards recovered. By degrees I learned to gamble, and at last I found myself pecuniarily embarrassed - my money all spent. The remainder of the party had all started for the States, and I was left alone in a country that surpasses all others for wickedness of every description. Finely [Finally] came across a Dutchman and hired to him, who lived on the Arkansas River, and arrived at the old purbalo [Fort Pueblo, Colorado] in due time. It was situated near the mouth of a small river called the Fountain de la bouya, [Fontaine-qui-Bouille or translated fountain that boils] on the western bank of the [A]rkansas beautifully sheltered, My employer was kind and liberal, and gave me a very good salary, and after a season [in the year 1854] of cattle trading at a point 15 miles south of the head of Cherry Creek, (upon which Denver City¹⁶ now stands,) on the old main road to Calafornia [California], I found myself again in possession of a nice snug little sum of money, I determine to invest this in the purchase of cattle, knowing that in the traffic, money was to be made.

But by the way I was in love and that deeply with a very beautiful young girl [Trenidar] ½ French, ½ Mexican, as to parentage, and I felt that all the beautie [*sic*] tending to make a lady fascinating pertained to my lovely sweetheart. I made a determination to abandon my roving life, marry my loved one, and settle down, and become a little domesticated. To this intent I jealously bent myself and becoming acquainted with a large herder, I turned my stock over to his corral, and accepted the position of hunter for the settlement

for the winter, intending as soon as winter was over to complete my intentions – But the course of true love never does run smooth, and here after my love had consented to be mine for life, and the consent of the old folks had been obtained, I found a hindrance which could only be alleviated by a journey of several hundred miles, to secure the services of a Catholic priest, as on no account would they permit our marriage to take place, other than according to the rites of the Catholic church. My disappointment told heavily upon me. Day after day passed and my usual good luck seemed to forsake me. I could no longer bring in – as had been my wont a sufficiency of game for the settlement, and as a consequence I was jeered at by all for my lack of success. One day I set out fully equipped as usual, and several days passed and no return. My friends fearing some misfortune had befallen me and true to the instinct of generous fellowship, a party soon prepared themselves to make search for me. Days passed and they had yet discovered no track of me, until one evening when just about to give the hunt up for a bad job, one of the party discerned a solitary horseman far in the distance. Old Ben Rider [Ryder]¹⁷ an old mountain trapper was not long in stating his firm belief that the solitary horseman was he whom they sought, and said he,

“I see it all now, he is worrying bout that [th]ere gal, and he wont stop wandering till some cursed Red Skin lifts his hair. We must catch up with him tonight, He’s steering for Beaver Branch, and Ill bet He’ll build a fire for he’s too crazy to fear danger, and so now if the Utahs [Utes] don’t find him first, we will soon be with him.” Many were the objections raised as to reaching me ere next day.

“Why said one “we cant do it afore dark, and jest as sure as we go up to him, he will shoot, friend or foe, and not wait to ask any questions.”

“To the devil with you, you cowardly hound”, roared old Ben Rider [Ryder]. “I’m going to bring that boy back to his gal or die. You go back and don’t stop ere you go to hell where you ought to be long ago. I wish such as ye were whar he is. I like to get up close to ye and see some red skin lift yer har. It do me a nuggins worth of good thet it would old hoss.”

As old Ben had prohesied [prophesied] it was not long ere the blue curling smoke ascending to the clouds evinced the fact that I had lighted a fire. Forward pushed those of the party who coincided with old Bens views of the matter, and at last after a tedious descent of the mountain they were within reach and speaking distance of me. Old Ben dismounted and handed the reins of his horse to Stringfellow,¹⁸ of the party.

“Now watch me while I get the young gals pet into safe hands.”

Crawling close up to me and assuring himself as to the position of my fire arms. He seized both my wrists in his hands, with a lion like grasp which of course instantly make me, and I struggled for freedom, but all in vain.

“Quick, quick Boys,” said Ben,

“Be quiet my boy. Don’t you know me, the little gal sent me after you, she wants ye home, Help here ye durned Skunks, Bring them cards, Darn it the boy is eating me up worse ne’er a wildcat”

Cautiously they approached and I was pinioned. Summoning Stringfellow who had charge of their horses, and who was found to have retreated several rods, old Ben again cursed him for his cowardice, and the party placed me on horseback tying my feet under the horse, and off we started, arriving back home in just 12 days from the time I started

away. I was several days before I recovered proper use of my mental faculties, and I resumed my old occupation as hunter.

Part II – Pueblo Massacre, in Southern Colorado – Christmas of 1854.

Early in the winter I had a presentiment that something serious was about to happen, and it weighed so very heavily upon my mind that I determined to caution all the [Pueblo] settlement – of course my warnings was laughed at, but that did not shape my belief, which ultimately became so strong, that I refused to go on my regular hunts. [C]hristmas came, and we were to have a sort of a public dinner, but we were out of meat, I was persuaded to go out for one or two antelope and consented providing that Dick Huddon¹⁹ [Wootton] would accompany me. Accordingly we saddled up and struck out. Dick proposed that for better success we separate meeting at call or at a point beyond. We did so, and Dick had no sooner lost sight of me than he made back tracks for home, I had not proceeded far before I secured my first antelope, and a few rods further brought my 2nd. Not seeing any signs of Dick, I dismounted and began to skin my game. Looking up I spied coming towards me at full gallop four horsemen, I did not require a 2nd look to convince myself that they were neither, Whites, Mexicans nor friendly Indians. Especially as the wind which was blowing caused the frills of the dress to float distinctly visible, I quickly drew in and coiled up my larriat,[lariat] and gathered my rifle sprang upon my horse altho they were within 300 yards of me, I believed that I could very easily get out of their way. The Indians²⁰ at once uttered their war whoop, and gave chase. I thought my horse had not an equal but a two mile heat, showed me that they were gaining upon me. I drew my knife and severed the cords by which my meat was tied to my saddle & tossed it to the ground, Then drawing my revolver I opened fire, and succeeded in keeping them at a respectable distance, and I made my entrance into the little barricaded

settlement,²¹ about 80 yards in advance of them, followed by a shower of arrows. There I cried out,

“Do you see that, I am not hurt, but now we have it, prepare to suffer massacre, that’s what that means. There are some 500 more of them coming and they will try to gain entrance peaceably if possible,-let them if you dare. That’s all I have to say. Am I crazy now think you? Where is old Ben?”

“Here I am cl[e]aning my old double and twist,” (as he called his rifle)

“Shut the gate!” cried Col Mcgruder [McGruder],²² (the only entrance to our barricade,) “for they are coming.”

Cool advice was given by Col Mcgruder, “steady nerve Boys if we have to fight.”

Up they came highly painted and singing, and halted about 180 yards from our fort, - a nice fine sight distance for a good rifle shot, and instantly the simultaneous crack of seventy five rifles was heard. At least 40 of the Red Skins doubled up in their saddles, and the rest of the force wheeled and retired taking their dead and wounded with them, at the same time driving off about 600 head of cattle – which were grazing upon the prairie, which were owned between us all. Just as we were debating as to our pursuing them, a Mexican²³ from the purbalo [Pueblo, Colorado], 3 miles above came running breathless and nearly dead with excitement. As soon as he could speak he muttered three words and fell back dead. But those three words was

“all are murdered,”

which spoke volumes.

“Who will volunteer to go up to the purbalo [Pueblo]?” cried the old Col.

“I will.” I answered with a trembling voice now, - for my heart sank within me as I thought of the horrible fate of my darling girl,

“My Dear Trenidar. She is gone.” I cried, “who lived there”.

I felt that should I find her dead – killed at the hands of the accursed red skins. I should have naught to live for, and vowed to spend my life in taking sweet revenge for the loss of my treasure which heaven alone could only repay. Six of us started mounted on the best horses, and we soon reached the purbalo [Pueblo]. Oh what a terrible [terrible] sight met our eyes. Our gaze fell upon the murdered bodies of 23 men and 3 females,²⁴ and one of them her for whom I would gladly have given my own life, I bound from my horse and rushed to her side, but, oh heaven protect her, she was cold in the grasp of death. So intense was my grief, while upon my knees, her hand clasp[ed] in mine, I could not smother it and was lost to surroundings till summonsed by Col Mcgruder to immediate action as the Indians were all ready in sight to charge upon our little party. Not a moment to lose if I wished to live to revenge my darling one, I must go and must leave her exposed to the air, to the gaze of fiendish redskins for a time at least. - By dint of speed we arrived safely at our little Fort again, and now the Col considered it best for us to go out and show fight, driving them from our vicinity. We were 75 strong as we marched out and yet the [I]ndians seemed not to fear us, - but it was not many seconds, ere, they found themselves no match for the white face mountaineers. After we have driven them away a short distance the Col called a council of war, and I was one of the number present, and after stating to us that it was very generally said by both French and Mexicans that Americans cannot stand a hand to hand contest with Indians.

“Boys I want to show them they don t know all. Shall we do it?”

“Yes sir.” said I, “We will stick and fight to the last.”

After considerable talk, the Col asked me if I could take men and make a successful and undiscovered flank movement,

I answered, “I could [take] twenty five of them.”

After warning me against impetuosity and rashness the Col gave me 24 men and instructions how to proceed to successfully reach their rear, and that upon arriving in sight of them I should open fire and so attract and keep their attention in my direction as to permit of a rapid charge being made by the rest of our little army. I took with me 8 Frenchmen, the same number of Mexicans and Americans arriving in due time in their rear, I found myself much nearer than I had anticipated, and stinging under the loss of my darling girl, I could not hold back long enough to fire, but finding that my men were all willing. I drew my revolver, & said in French,

“en avant Dieu Defend le droit,” Forward, god defend the right,

and away we went rite [right] into their midst, throwing them into a perfect demoralized crew, which was only rendered worse by the sudden appearance of Col Mc[Gruder] and party, from an opposite direction. After all the uninjured redskins had hastily taken their leave, leaving all their store behind them, The Colonel called us all together & addressing himself to me said,

“John you certainly deserve credit for your meritorious charge but you did not obey orders, and in 9 cases out of 10 your disobedience would have cost you the life of every man depending on you. It is against the laws of military tactics to even hazard the life of one man when it can be avoided. It was lucky for you that we lost no time in coming to your aid.”

We found 60 defunct Indians and captured about 150 good horses and lost not a single man, three wounded only. The order to mount fall in double file and forward was given and homeward we went. Little sleep was done that night, & old Ben seemed to never tire of relating the merits of his Boy John as he called me. Morning came and showed us that the Indians had not yet all left the vicinity, and the skulking stragglers occasionally seen told us they were still bent upon further mischief, and it was determined to send to New Mexico for a detachment of soldiers, and the Col at once offered \$800.00 in gold to any who would volunteer to go for them. Charles Carson – nephew of Kit Carson, and a Mr. Atwood²⁵ were the two who at once accepted of the offer but their courage failed, - Charles Stuart and myself then volunteered, but to this none would consent, (as we were the two youngest of them all). Others volunteered but returned badly wounded bringing in most exag[g]erated reports, that the Settlement was surrounded by a large army of Indians, and that a rabbit could not pass outside their lines. Seeing that none seemed willing or able to make the trip, Stuart and myself again stated we had determined to go, whether it suited or no, and so after dark we saddled up mounted in the yard, and each inhabitant of our little settlement came out to bid us fare well, expecting it might be the last, shake of the hand between us, but praying for our safety, and charging us to return within 12 days if we lived, which of course we promised. The gate was thrown open, and out we went, feeling perfectly confident of our success. We proceeded about a mile, when we left the road and took the open prairie, riding cautiously and slowly listening closely for the slightest cause of alarm. Our attentiveness was not in vain, for we distinctly heard the heavy tramp of a body of a horsemen, dismounting and placing our

ears to the ground we were perfectly satisfied as to the correctness of our suspicion and shortly we heard the snort of a horse, clearly bespeaking redskins near us.

“Now Charley,” said I, “We must be perfectly still. They are passing ahead of us over to the river, and might otherwise discover us.”

We quietly held our horses noses not tightly though, and patiently awaited events. Hearing no further noise, we concluded immediate danger had passed. We started forward on foot leading our horses by the bits, now & then adopting our former precaution of listening per means of the earth as a conductor of sound. At last we reached the summit of the ridge and now felt safely outside their posts, and congratulated ourselves upon our lucky start, but we must not delay as our time was valuable- not so much to us as to those whom we left, behind us. We went rapidly forward, I acting as guide from my more intimate knowledge of the country, and I flattered myself that in two nights travel we should reach the fort. Our route of travel was lonesome dangerous and difficult, but we got safely thro' all difficulties, resting by day and travelling only b[y] night. On our arrival at Fort Massachusetts²⁶ we were hospitably received by it[s] commdr, Capt [Andrew] Bo[w]man and to him we handed our petition for aid. He read it, carefully, shook his head and said, he had barely sufficient men to protect the Fort, and advised us to proceed to Fort²⁷ [Cantonment Burgwin] con yather 125 miles further on, 12 miles beyond the city of Fernando New Mexico.²⁸ We²⁹ hurried forward but received no better hopes of succour³⁰ or assistance as there were but two co [companies] there, Co. 2nd dragoons, and one Co. of the 3rd infantry³¹ and the dragoons had just been out and returned off a scout after the appatches [Apaches] over the Taos mountains, their horses

jaded down and many of their men wounded, so with sorrowful hearts we set out on our return for Fernando city.

That night - a deep snow fell which hindered us from returning over the mountains to our friends in danger at the settlement. We were detained away by the snow 26 days, leaving the city and nearing Fort Mass [Massachusetts] we met some Mexican hunters who told us that the snow had settled so as to admit of our crossing the mountain. They told us also that the St. [C]harles settlement³² had broken up and moved down to Huerfano town³³ 10 miles below [east of the St. Charles Settlement] and that we should find it safer travel to leave the route going by [G]reenhorn [Mountain]³⁴ and St. Charles to our left, and strike the Huerfano³⁵ creek near the mouth of cottonwood branch, or at the hole in the rock 40 miles above the settlement, down which the main road ran. Thankfully receiving this advice we acted upon it and saw no trouble till within 15 miles of home, when our hearts and spirits felt cheerful, - we were jogging along, talking over our reception and meeting with our friends, and just ahead of us were two flag swamps running out from the creek and extending into the prairie across the road, with some three hundred yds of ground between them, as we reached the middle of this little yanno [llano or plain], between the swamps off to the left of the road a few rods a large flock of crows rose up into the air.

“Let us,” (said I,) “Charley see what those crows have there, no harm in our still being careful. We are not home yet.”

And acting on the impulse I rode over and there lay part of an antelope, certainly not long killed. I dismounted and put my finger into the blood, and cried out,

“Gracious Charley, the blood is yet warm. The Indians are now looking at us.

Come,” I said, and remounting my horse, I pointed ahead and said,

“Charley the Indians are right in that swamp. They’ve seen us first this time, now we must make that ridge as quick as heaven will let us, and then we are good for home. We shall have to run and fight too I see that plain. Do you see those tracks Charley? They alone tell us that Indians killed that game.”

And off we dashed at full speed. My eyes never moving from the swamp,

“Look, Look, oh heavens Charlie [Charley], there must be a hundred of the red devils and they are trying to cut us off. Draw your revolver, we will have to fight, and we will sell our lives as dear as possible.”

We reached the summit in safety, but here fell before our eyes a new cause of alarm.

Ahead of us were about 20 red skins with lances tomahawks and their bows and arrows, bearing down full sloop upon us, & yelling like demons. Choosing still to make it a running fight, we halted not a moment but charged right into our foremost enemies, reins between our teeth, and a revolver in each hand and our triggers were not pulled without due effect, for not an Indian after our first shot would venture within lance distance. Just as we thought we had everything our own way, Charlie slackened his horse very slightly falling a short distance in my rear, when a stragging arrow, found its accursed way into my poor comrades vitals. A faint,

“Oh.”

caused me to turn my head just in time to see the poor boy fall from his horse. As he was going down with the courage of the bravest he cried out,

“Fight your way thro John I am killed.”

And thus ended the life of that brave young boy, of only 16 years of age, Charles Stuart of Kentucky.³⁶ Maddened by the loss of my comrade, I turned in my saddle, gritting my teeth in an agony of mind and pulled the trigger of my pistol with force enough to break it as though I wished to send the leaden messenger of death with double force into the vitals of the nearest red skin I still pushed forward and landed safely at the settlement once more - I shall never forget that meeting with Col Mcgruder, - after I had related the story of Charlies [Charley's] death a party started at once to recover his body, but alas it was never found and it was generally supposed to have been burned, - as Kit Carson.³⁷ (then Indian agent) was informed that the red skins had lost seven warriors in that running skirmish with Charlie [Charley] and myself.

Part III – Spring of 1855 – The Duel.

The spring had now opened and the settlers³⁸ having become so much alarmed for their own safety, all determined to move into New Mexico arriving at Maxwells³⁹ ranch early in the spring. Some settled there [in Cimarron, NM] whilst others moved onward to Mauro [Mora] and [L]as [Ve]gas. With the former party I remained sometime, and one day whilst playing a social game [of] cards with a man named Henry Carter, some passing remark caused a dispute, ending in a quarrel. My opponent cut me with the point of his pocket knife in one corner of my mouth splitting it fully ½ an inch. Now I naturally considered this adding injury to insult and I determined to avenge myself. I drew from my pocket a ball of lead- almost the size of a hens egg, - having a strong thong pass thro' it, making it a most formidable slungshot, and the first blow laid Mr. Carter full length on the ground, I must here mention that Carter was a very large heavy man, & endowed with muscular force in proportion. The bystanders urged me to challenge him to fight a duel, and arrangements were made, pistols being the weapons chosen. At the appointed hour we both put in appearance, and found our duel was to be witnessed by some 6 or 700 persons. Conditions of the fight were fifteen paces distance, and at the word, wheel, Fire and advance, till one of us fell. I guess it would have been hard to tell which of us was the most willing to apologize, but no move in that direction was made. The command was given and we both wheeled and fired steadily advancing, Carter meanwhile emptying the contents of his revolver as fast as he could pull trigger, and his shots flying far wide of their intended mark. Seeing my advantage I retained my shots and coolly advanced upon Carter. He now starts to back and at last amidst the jeers of the crowd, started to run as fast as his legs would carry him, to save as he thought his sweet

life. Of course the matter ended satisfactorily for me, but I think I should I have had a little more fun at poor Carters expense had I known as I afterwards learned, that we were both using blank cartridge only, but neither of us knowing it the fight was of course in good earnest.

Part IV – Jurnegan obtains a government job at Fort Union and heads east on the Santa Fe Trail.

I had been for some days enjoying a gay time, till at last I found myself left with only a 10¢ silver coin to call my own, and here was a dilemma and after thinking the matter over. I concluded to hire to the government as a teamster and accordingly I started for Fort Union⁴⁰ 20 miles distant, but arriving there I was doomed to find all vacancies filled. Mr. John McBroom⁴¹ permitted me to remain a few days at the teamsters quarters and my silence consequent upon thinking of my position soon caused the Boys to let me down as a dead head or greenhorn. One day strolling into the sutlers store leaning against the counter I overheard Major Cunningham⁴² U.S. Paymaster enquire of the sutler,⁴³ if he knew a young man who would make a good paymaster Clerk, and who could speak Spanish pretty well. That he had been ordered to Leavenworth⁴⁴ city and was then on his way, and would leave in the course of a couple of hours and as he intended to keep Mexican servants, he wanted a clerk who could act as an Interpreter, to whom he would pay good wages. I said nothing but started down to the quarters, and opening my carpet sack donned my best attire of black cloth, and otherwise making myself presentable, went back to the store, and enquired for the major. Being informed he was out, I called for a cigar paying for it my last dime, and by the way it was the first cigar I ever smoked in my life, and I had quite a long conversation with the sutlers clerk, and had to prevaricate considerably from strict truth to avoid, betraying myself that I was the late applicant for work as teamster especially as now I had risen so high in my own estimation – at any rate our tête à tête closed by his telling me that Major C[unningham] would doubtless be glad to secure my services. I soon met Major C. told him,

“I was just arrived from Fernando city, and as seeking a situation whom the sutler referred me to him.”

“Well have you acted as clerk before;

“Oh yes sir, for Mr. Solomon⁴⁵ for over one year, and can talk Spanish well.”

“Come back to the store then for I must start in a very few minutes.”

Ah thought I he wants to see my handwriting or catechise [catechize] me in mathematics and I felt unnerved, for I knew they would detect my inefficiency, and at once deal with me as a swindler if not worse. But there was no go[ing] back now, my foot was in it, and said I, “Here goes my head.” So back we went to the store.

“Where is Mr. Green,⁴⁶ your interpreter?” asked the Major,

“Here at your service Major”.

“Green try this young man if he can speak Spanish,”

After exchanging a few words, Green turned to the Major & said,

“Yes Major he can perfectly.”

“Good!” said the Major, I shall give you \$60.00 for the first month – and your salary duly progressing- Get your things quick now, and put them in the ambulance. We must be off.”

I was now happy as could be, and we were soon comfortably installed in our seats inside the ambulance, and leaving behind us the teamsters who thought me unable to make my way in the world. The Major was not very talkative, at which I was not at all sorry, for I knew if I could avoid exposing my neglected education, there would be no call for clerical duty ere we reach the city of Leavenworth. The Major was fond of good liquor and a good cigar, and frequently during the day would he say,

“Well John lets take a drink and a smoke.”

And the two indulgences soon placed me hors du combat, matters progressed very finely till we arrived at Council Grove,⁴⁷ and there we found that the train conveying the Majors trappings had gone by way of Kansas City in lieu of Leavenworth. Major C then informed me when we reached Westport, He should remain there sending me to Kansas city, to ship up his goods by boat. This suited me exactly as I did not desire to go to Leavenworth, choosing rather to vamoose than stand the Majors indignation when he found I was not capable of performing a clerk’s duties. but the free ride did not satisfy me. I wanted to get the six weeks pay. Whilst ruminating as to the probabilities both pro and con of success in my packet, I became acquainted with a discharged soldier – a [G]erman, I asked him,

“Can you write a good hand?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Why?” he asked, (evidently thinking me almost a paymaster myself,)

“Well can you keep a secret?”

“Yes certainly I can sir.”

“Well now don’t betray me and I will tell you a snap I am in, and I want you to help me out of it, I am bound to make a confidential friend of some one, or I fear trouble.”

“[A]h well go on let me hear it.”

“Well as to my clerkship,” said I, “is a hoax. I was flat broke and wanted to come in to the States, and so I played my hand for all it was worth, and I now have \$90.00 due me and I want to get it and get off, without letting the Major know

how slick he had been duped. I want you to write me a letter as if writ[t]en by my mother, stating that my Father is dead and mother wants me home, at once being all alone, and the property needing attention.”

“All right my Boy I understand it all now, I will do it but why don’t you go home?”

“Heavens man,” said I, “I’ve got no home, all my people are dead I suppose, excepting my youngest sister and I don’t know where she is, but I do not forget her.”

“Well,” said Miller, (for Miller was his name,) “now John if I write this letter for you and keep your secret, will you promise me to go back to where you last heard of your sister, and try to find her, and take care of her.”

“No sir, I will not.” I answered. “[L]et providence work out its own ends. I have always felt that the joy of our meeting would be paralyzed [paralyzed] by intense sorrow and I have no desire to hasten the time.”

“Well,” said M. “your ideas are peculiarly your own, I think no sane man would hold back on any such theory, and now I can’t but give you credit for the way you have taken in the Major, although it is a little like rascality, it has earned your salary, and as I am going back to New Mexico, I shall meet some of the Major’s old friends and manys the laugh we shall have at his expense. I am going to clerk for your old supposed employer Mr. Solomon and should you ever come out there again you must call and see me.”

“I will indeed and shall if I live be there this fall, sure.”

And so for the time we parted, and journeyed on. When arriving at Westport, Mo, I called at the office and received the drop[p]ed letter for which I had begged, writ[t]en in a beautifully neat Ladys handwriting. Shall I quote the letter? It ran thus:

Osceola Mo May 5 1855

My only beloved Son,

It is with a sorrowful heart that your heart broken mother endeavors to convey to you sad news but which you must know sooner or later. Your Dear father took sick and died, somewhat unexpectedly on the 12 of March last, leaving me alone without protection so long as you continue absent. Come home to your poor mother. Have you not wandered enough? There is enough here for you to supply your every caprice, but the property needs attention. You can have no plea for continued disregard of your mothers wish, and I am sure that providence will not smile upon your continued disobedient course, if this summons reaches your hands and you fail to comply at once with its request. I address this letter to Westport hoping that you will be there this spring as I have heard you would, if you need money. Send me word and I will forward you any amount. Heaven guard my Boy and restore him to his Devoted, Sorrowing mother Mary E. Jurnegan

Was not this letter enough to touch the heart of any man, so thought the Major as after handing him the receipt for the shipment of the goods as per his order. I tendered him the letter urging my inability to proceed further with him, but agreeing to abide by his

decision after his perusal of my letter. Taking the letter and carefully reading it, His first remark was

“Bad Boy, you must go home at once. Here is \$90.00 if that is not enough I will double it, but look here my Boy if your mother can spare you when you have got all things straightened, come back to me, and I will make your place worth to you \$140 per month. Here take this address and be sure to write to me, and I will see if we can’t make a man of you. You had better take the 12 oclock stage, and you must hurry to be ready. So good bye my son. Be a good Boy. Be kind to your poor mother.”

And so ended my brief, brief clerkship (certainly a Time cure it was) but it did I hope learn the old Major a lesson, while it shows his good heartedness in the confidence he reposed in me on a short acquaintance.

Part V – Departing from Missouri along the Santa Fe Trail in the mid 1850’s.

Soon as out of sight of the Major, I entered a [J]ew store and purchased a hickory shirt, and a pair of stoga boots⁴⁸ [work boots] and struck out for the plains, arriving at Brush Creek.⁴⁹ I fell in with Dan Koker, a youth from Westport and in the course of conversation I asked him who was the best wagon master then camped on the prairie, Said he,

“Keep out of John Dawsons⁵⁰ train, and you are all right. He is a villain of the Deepest dye. He abuses his men, and thinks little of shooting them down.”

“Ah!” said I,

“He’s the very man I want to go with. Is that his camp?”

“Yes, all right I’ll make Mr. Dawson’s acquaintance. Suppose we both hire to him? I’ll wind him up a little.”

“No Sir, a man could not get me there, unless Russell⁵¹ would hire another wagon master.”

“Russell did you say?” I asked,

“Yes.”

“Well I’ll go see him. You need not go,” for I inwardly thought, young man you are a coward. So I met the Gent in question, and offered to hire.

“Can you drive a team?” he asked,

“Yes Sir.” I replied,

“I guess you’re like some others can drive at it.” said he,

“I don’t know as to that perhaps, I can handle a team or a train equally as well as you can.”

“Hows that?” said he, “Do you know who you are talking to?”

“Yes I do and you keep your shirt on.”

“It’s not off.” said he,

“Well I can take it off, if you cut your swell around me.”

Dawson laughed and said, “How often have you crossed the plains?”

“Oh” said I, “I have been on the plains and in the mountains ever since 1850.”

“Well then I will give yo[u] \$50.00 per month as you are a good hand.”

“I’ll take it sir.” And out the train moved shortly afterwards, Soon after we had passed [C]ouncil [G]rove, Dawson commenced his abuse of the men at the same time watching me as closely as a hawk. But my eye was equally observant of his movements, and I said to one of the boys (who was one of Dawson’s victims,)

“Jim, why don’t some of you take him down a few notches.”

“I would.” said Jim, “If I thought some one would back me.”

“Back you? I’ll do that,” said I, “and if he ever kicked me as I’ve seen him do you, I’d raise his wages and his hair at the same time.”

Our conversation was overheard and reported to Dawson,

“I’ll attend to it.” said he but he kept aloof till reaching [P]awnee [F]ork where we had great trouble in crossing, and he had heightened his bad temper with Monongahela⁵² and was abusing some of the hands shamefully. I yelled out,

“Dawson you cowardly whelp, why don’t you talk to a man once in a while.” at the same time drawing my revolver. This brought him after me with a volley of oaths fearful to hear. I leveled my pistol at his head and said,

“Halt, move a step and I’ll finish your gas, once and forever. Do you surrender?”

“Yes.” cried he,

and I ordered Jim to take his pistol and tie his hands to the wagon wheel, which was readily done.

“Now Mr. Dawson,” said I “You shall have your dues fully measured and interest thrown in. Can you stand 200 lashes?”

“For god sake boys,” he cried, “I can’t stand it.”

“Well we will see.”

“Get that bull whip I guess you can stand more than that.”

“I’ll never abuse another man, if you’ll let me down.”

“Come Jim.” I cried, “Let’s see your nerve. Put 25 rite [right] over his big shoulders – for a start, we will show him how to abuse men, for nothing eh,”

Poor Dawson as he yelled moaned and groaned. Think you any pitied him? Nay not one- and the more he begged - the heavier fell the blows till 25 were given.

“Give me that whip,” said I, “Well Dawson do you not recollect how I said, I would make you rue it, if you did not stop your abusing your men?”

Now I am as good as my word, but I called another of his victims and made him ply the whip, till Dawson had received 115 lashes, when the 2nd wagonmaster Van Epp⁵³ begged his release, and I let him down, telling the men that if ever they submit to be kicked around in that manner again, they deserved thrice the amount that Dawson had

received. We placed him in a wagon and there he remained till we reached Col
[William] Bents Fort, where I left the train minus my wages as Dawson had no money
with him.⁵⁴ I was advised to return to the states, but that was not my intention by any
means. And so I pushed on till I reached Fernando City New Mexico again where I met
my old friend Mr. Miller, (the author of the maternal letter,) who it will be remembered
personated my mother in the writing so auspiciously received, - in my last days of
clerkship, with him I had a good time, until I accepted the invitation of Mr. John
Francisco⁵⁵ residing some 10 miles from Fernando city, to come and stay with him, -
here I found the Mexicans were more treacherous than Indians. They had repeatedly
threatened to clean out the gringos, as they called the Americans. We were about 12 in
number in the little town, and one evening the most of them met at a store. and
determined, that night to give the greasers, (as we called the Mexicans) a little fun.
They notified me to prepare my self and come down to the Fandango. I loaded my brace
of revolvers and took with me a good slungshot, and about dark started down, I found
none of the boys there, I seated myself determined to wait. One o'clock and still they
came not. But in lieu, a seniorito [señorita] came in and said the Mexicans were all drunk
and searching the house to find Americans and begged me to don female attire as the
only way to save my life. I thanked the kind seniorito, [señorita] but refused her offer,
telling her my clothing consisted of [jee or gee] and that I could not be guilty of so far
forgetting I was a man. Rising I boldly walked into the Hall, where they all were seated,
- that being my only way of exit, and was immediately attacked, the Mexicans yelling
“here is a gringo (an American) let us kill him,” and then the yell was echoed through
the hall, “(ar ke Star uno gringo,) [*Aqui estar uno gringo – Here is an American*]” – at

the same time reaching for me, as they at once expected me to deliver myself up to my death without any effort at self preservation. But of course I could not see it in that light, - and at once brought my slungshot into requisition and that with good effect, for the face of the greaser who reached for me certainly was hardly recognizable after one blow. The rest congregated around the door on the inside, and I at once drew my revolver levelled it at the crowd, and shouted, “(Ketetta ombas). [*Quítate hombres*] out of the way men.” Elevating the muzzle of my pistol slightly I fired to show them I would shoot if obstructed in my path. My shot had its effect, and I with a desperate bound or two lit out side the door, and was surprised to find myself at once in the iron grasp of two muscular greasers whose presence I had not even suspected. Useless were my efforts to free myself from their embrace. The drunken fenies [fiends] held me tightly, cursing, yelling and threatening. I found myself speedily carried forward for the purpose of being butchered at their hands. As we passed along they pointed to a lofty bluff, upon the brink of which, distinctly visible by the light of the moon stood a large wooden cross, and saying to me,

“There at the foot of that bluff you must die gringo.” –

I replied, I thanked them for killing me as they intended at the foot of the cross of Christ, for I do not forget the suffering of [C]hrist upon the cross.

“See, see yonder he is waiting to waft my soul to god who gave it.”

As my reader may know Mexicans are generally all [C]atholics and they will not pass a cross, without uncovering their heads, and that they are also very superstitious, and just as I was speaking they came to a halt, - removing their hats, - and one of them said,

“Let that man go for he talks like a [C]hristian.”

And they instantly released their hold upon me, and left me alone, as they were about to return, who should come running up to me but Alfred Bent⁵⁶ Gov [Charles] Bent's son, a half breed who had been informed by the Seniorito [*Senorita*], of my fate, and was hastening to my rescue. He immediately said to them.

“Ah men it is well you harmed him not. Go home now and be guilty of no more such outrages as this.”

I was glad indeed to get back to my own quarters which I speedily did, throwing myself upon my bed ruminating on the cowardly conduct of those who had been the means of inducing me to risk my life, and then failed to support me, I set it down as another lesson learned by experience, and then fell asleep. That night I had a very peculiar dream. I thought that my body was in a wretched condition covered with sores, and that whilst I lay in this suffering condition, some good Samaritan approached me with a waiter containing vials and bottles of some drugs or medical preparation, saying,

“Take of these and be cured and give to fellow humanity likewise.”

I shall never no never forget that dream.

Part VI - Trying to make a quick buck in New Mexico c. 1855.

The next morning I determined to go on to Santa Fee [Fe] and on arriving put up at the Santa Fee [Fe] exchange. Supper over the Monte⁵⁷ table was spread and the gamblers fell to their work. The Mail stage⁵⁸ from alpasso [El Paso] had that evening arrived and with it were several Texan rangers, who stood closely observing each turn of the cards. One of the number was a little worse for liquor, and placed his first bet a doubloon on the jack of clubs, and of course lost it. He swore he was cheated and drawing his revolver commenced to empty its contents right into the crowd apparently [apparently] not caring who he hit. The room was soon cleared with the exception of a sturdy old [E]nglishman who stood his ground valiantly. Seeing that two others trying to escape by the door were lying bleeding on the floor, John Bull⁵⁹ then charged upon the ranger made fast his pistol and called for help, which was soon on hand, & the ranger was securely bound, with strong cords. He was left there for the night with a guard detailed to watch him, but in the morning our ranger was found hanging by the neck to a beam at the end of the hempen cord. An inquest was held and the verdict was that the man was insane and had hanged himself. I thought to myself that the people there were rather a tough set, and that it was best for me to hunt other quarters as fast as possible leaving Santa Fee [Fe]. I arrived at Alburkurka [Albuquerque]⁶⁰ where soon after my arrival I was taken sick with the small pox and I offered \$100.00 to be taken into the Govt Hospital as the army post Surgeon was the only one in the place. But my offer was refused as it was contrary to orders. I was determined to secure medical attendance, even if it were by a sharp trick only, and as that was my only show, I at once went over to the quarters of company H, 2^d U.S. Dragoons,⁶¹ and meeting Sergt Ball orde[r]ly Sergt offered to enlist.

“All right.” said the Sergt, “It is too late to have you Sworn in this evening, but come in we can give you a good bed and attend to that in the morning.”

That suited me to a T. as I did not intend to be sworn in, hoping that morning would find me too sick to get up from my bed, and true enough I was sick.

“Why,” said the Sergt, “you are taking the small pox.”

And he forthwith called for the Surgeon.

“Dr.” said he,

“Here is a young man who wants to enlist, he came here last night but it was too late to have him sworn in. What shall we do about it?”

The Dr. turning to me he said, “Do you want to enlist?”

“Yes Sir,” said I,

“Well Sergt take him up to the hospital, and when he gets well tis time enough to swear him in.”

That was just what I wanted, so I was good for medical attendance anyhow. I was detained in the hospital one month and fifteen days and the first thing I recollected after being removed to the hospital was seeing the steward with a tray full of vials, going his morning rounds in the ward. Then I recollected my dream, and spoke of it aloud,

“What dream is that?” said the Steward,

and as I related it to him, I gave little thought to the subject of enl[i]sting as I did not propose to do it. One day I was talking to the Steward and asking him if there was much Sickness about.

“Yes.” said he, “all down the Rio Grande⁶² and no doctors to wait upon the sick.”

“Well Steward,” said I, “now would not it pay a doctor?”

“Yes indeed enormously well.”

“Why don’t you try it?”

“Oh I cant, I am a Soldier.”

“Well. Can you not fill me out such medicines as are needed, most in regular doses with full directions, and I will pay you say \$50.00. Can you have it all ready by the time I am well?”

“Yes,” said the Steward.

And so all went on finely till one day the Doctor and an officer presented them selves before me, the officer carrying a large book under his arm, and asked the Steward,

“[W]here is that man who has been sick and waiting to enlist?”

“Here.” said I,

“Are you nearly well?”

“Yes Sir,”

“Well, I have come to swear you in, are you ready?”

“No Sir, I am not, I think now I would rather be sworn out.”

So I received very short notice to clear out, and did so, and the same evening the Steward brought me my box of drugs and I paid him his money, I next day hired a Mexican & a small Bur[r]o – or jackass, and fastened my baggage upon him, and upon the top of it I mounted, and down the Rio Grande we went, and I thought that now my dream was fulfilled surely. I reached Las loonus [Los Lunas]⁶³ opened a little sort of a doctors shop, and soon the news spread, that a real doctor had arrived for the purpose of locating among them, and I opened practice at once. My price was \$10.00 a visit, and I received

produce in lieu of cash if preferable – my success, was astonishing, I had my own way with the ignorant Mexicans, and continued a flourishing practice for over a month, curing the chills and fever with mustange [*sic*] liniment, & c, when another one horse quack arrived and he threatened to have me arrested by Military authority upon false pretence charges, and of course I thought that would not do, So I told the old Doctor to keep cool as I intended to leave anyhow. I hired some 20 Mexicans on the same evening with the carrettos [*carretas*]⁶⁴ to take my corn and wheat up to Alburkurka [Albuquerque], and the next morning we set out – driving with us my flock of sheep about 50 head, all the proceeds of my late successful practice. The Gov[ernmen]t purchased my stock and grain, giving me a very good price for it, and I found myself in possession of about \$900⁰⁰ in gold. I now determined to set out for the States, and at once headed for Mr. Maxwells ranche [*sic*] on the Rio [Cimarron] w[est], arriving there in five days travel. Here I met a young man, George McCowen from VA who was agent for Mr. Logwood of St. [L]ouis, Mo, and who had returned from up the Arkansas River where he had been on a trading expedition among the [I]ndians. He had sold out at Bents old fort to Mr. Tibbits and Atwood,⁶⁵ and had taken in payment a lot of Indian – ponies, which he proposed to bring to the States, and he was now endeavoring to obtain saddles. He offered me a partnership and I accepted to an entent [extent] and immediately purchased all the ponies I could find, and we set out quite a little caballo yather for Westport Mo, arriving in the latter part of March 1856. Our ponies were poor and unfit for sale, and Mc[Cowen] desiring to go home hired me to attend to his interests in common with my own. So I pitched me a tent on Brush Creek,⁶⁶ [Jackson County, Missouri] and hired me a Mexican boy to herd them, all went on well for awhile, when one evening whilst on my way from

Westport to my camp, I was unexpectedly knocked from my horse, robbed of my money which was only \$7.50 and the same night my ponies all run off.

Part VII - Jurnegan becomes a Border Ruffian in Kansas – Spring of 1856.

I now determined to go to war against these Kansas Yankees⁶⁷ who I supposed had served me thus, for thought I, I did not expect to lose my only property amongst civilized people, ple[d]g[e] them they are as bad as Indians. If I had of thought it I should have been prepared. A Mr. McGee,⁶⁸ William I believe, Milton, McS, Brother, in an interview with me one day offered if I wanted to go to fight against the Yankees, to furnish me a full equipment. I accepted and joined Captain Pate's⁶⁹ company at Westport, and the following day we started thirty five 35 strong for Kansas, in as high glee spirits and pluck as ever were. Our first days march brought us to Hickory Point,⁷⁰ and at the edge of the woods there is a spring,⁷¹ and of course we all proceeded to refresh our canteens. Feeling a little dubious of such a movement I addressed our Capt and asked if he did not propose to leave some one to mount guard as a picket, on the ridge while the rest were down in the valley.

“Why” said he “I see no harm nor danger in all going.”

“Now Capt[ain]” said I, “There is always danger in times of war, and precaution sometimes saves many lives.”

“Ah well,” he replied, “They won't be long getting water come on.”

And just as I had anticipated here came the yanks crowding over the ridge –

“Now Capt[ain]” said I, “Look at that we are in for it and no show for escape.”-

“Fall in boys we will see what they are worth to fight,” said Capt[ain],

and at the same time the voice of [General] Jim Lane⁷² reached us.

“Surrender or we will shoot the last man of you.”

Every man with the exception of Capt[ain] Pate, and myself, at once threw down their arms, and begged for their lives.

“Oh” said I, “just what I expected.”

“Now,” said Pate, “shall we give up?”

“Not if you will fight them in my style Capt[ain].” said I,

“Well quick how is that?”

“Just mount your horse and let us charge them.”

“No siree by Jupiter I will not do that, no heavens they’d kill us before we got started.”

“Surrender!” cried Lane the 2^d time.

The whole Yankee line, bringing their guns to bear upon us, and no opening being left us I hoisted my white han[d]kerchief. While the other boys took from Capt[ain] his arms, and we surrendered ourselves prisoners. We were now marched off to Lawrence [C]ity and there formed into line in front of the Lawrence Hotel. What they proposed to do with us none of us know, and whilst we were pondering over our fate, up comes General Sumner U.S.A. in command of a large detachment of Dragoons, and we were at once set at liberty, and ordered to return home, and it was not long before I was on my way perfectly disgusted with my experience in that campaign.

Part VIII – Heading out west along the Santa Fe Trail

Rearriving at Westport I hired to John Campbell⁷³ to drive Bulls across the plains. Broke again, and here I met one of the Soldiers who were our escort at the time of my engagement with Major Cunningham.

“Halloo there John, last year paymaster clerk - this year Bull driver. How’s that my boy? What has happened?”

“Oh nothing sir, you see my friend there is nothing like a man having the ability and being prepared for emergencies, or of getting promoted, and having a disposition that will rest easily, contented with in high or low positions. I was nothing when I became P.M. clerk, and now I am promoted back to my old position, nothing then, and nothing still.”

“Bully for you! Go in my Boy you will make a man yet.”

“Well I don’t know, I am begin[n]ing to think that is very doubtful.”

Our teams now moved out, headed for the Fort Lyon, [CO] and arriving there Campbell sold his cattle to a Mr. Reese⁷⁴ of Tualota, [Tecalote]⁷⁵ New Mexico and I was engaged to pilot the stock across the Rattone⁷⁶ [Raton] Mountains. From the foot of these mountains there is a beautiful little stream, putting forth running away upon the open plain called the Picketwaire [Picketwire] near the head of which is a great place for good pasturage and most noble hunting ground. And as I needed a little recuperation and wanted to see a little fun I proposed to Mr. Reese to let the stock rest a few day[s]. To this he assented, so taking my rifle I determined for a fine time shooting game. A couple of green hands wanted to go with me. I imposed the conditions that my orders were to be strictly obeyed, and consented to their accompanying me. Striking down a little branch

we were soon some distance from camp. We espied some deer on the opposite side, of the creek.

“Now Boys you stay here and watch that no dirty redskins don’t slip on to me while I am slip[p]ing upon the deer, and you watch my movements, and I will show you how it is done. Don’t make any noise unless you see [I]ndians and then call out to me.”

I had taken much pains in order to approach near enough, and had just raised my rifle when all at once the Boys commenced yelling at the top of their voices. I lowered my rifle, and leaving the game already within easy Rifle Shot, turned and faced the shelter expecting every leap to be my last. Nearing the edge of the brush, and seeing the boys did not move, I stop[p]ed and asked,

“What [is] the matter Boys?” to which one replied,

“There was a bear as big as a cow went along down in the brush.” I sit down upon a rock, the swe[a]t rolling down my face like drops of rain blowing a minute. I said,

“curse your fool hides. I have a good mind to shoot one of you.”

I hardly knew whether to be angry, or give vent to the pent up laugh, I was vainly trying to suppress. At last I said,

“All right boys we will go back to camp now,”

and rising to my feet struck into a little path leading into the brush, and there right before me beneath a green bush, sat a wild cat, and its restless movements I saw at once that one more step towards it and it would be upon, I had no time to raise my gun to a shooting position, but at once clubbing it with my gun over handed, I stunned the animal, and in an excited state of mind continued to welt away, yelling as I gave blow after blow,

“panther, panther.”

My alarm had its effect rather contrary to my wish. Looking up to see if my help was near, I saw the two boys with rapid strides making for camp, Well thought I, I am alone, I can get no help, I shall light out too, for the blasted panther cant catch me now and I struck a few rapid steps, and I lit upon some large bulk which was covered with leaves. It gave beneath my feet, and of course it appeared to me to be another panther and again I set up my yell,

“panther, panther,”

and almost doubled my speed. My hat flew off, I drop[p]ed my gun and threw off my coat, I threw back my head and my long hair floated upon the air, and I imagined myself almost flying, and it appeared to me that everything that moved contained beneath it, a panther. I was soon afterwards met by a squad from camp, who had started in search of me, being alarmed for my safety by the exaggerated report of the boys who had reached camp almost dead with fear and exhausted by their awful haste. We all returned to the Battle ground, got my hat, coat and gun, found the wild cat, in stead of a panther badly stunned, and the animal beneath the leaves was a dead deer which had evidently been killed by the cat. My hunting was afterwards done all alone in person. Three days rest and we again pushed forward & arrived at Tocalota [Tecolote, New Mexico] where Mr. Reese and myself quarreled, and Mr. Reese called his peons to his aid and I was the recipient of a very decent thrashing.

Part IX - Jurnegan enlists in the Military under the name of Morgan.

After this I started out for the lower country, and reached my old stand Alburkurka, [Albuquerque] where I hired to the government to drive a ten mule team. Our duties were in carrying goods from one gov't post to the another [*sic*], such as regular quartermaster commis[s]ary, and ordnance stores & c. I made a few trips and on one occasion, one of our train named Dunn and myself fell out, but were not allowed to settle our dispute as we wished, and we both looked to the future to settle our difficulty on our return to Alburkurkea. [Albuquerque] The chance was ours one evening at a Fandango Meeting we went at it with a will, I think I was getting the best of it when some bystander trip[p]ed me and threw me between two benches where I was totally *hors du combat* and helpless. Dunn he began to redouble his efforts to annihilate me, when a soldier standing by learning I was from Missouri and admiring my stamina in not crying enough, pulled off his overcoat and went for Dunn. He was immediately laid out by one of the teamsters (Dunns friend). This brought other soldiers into the m[e]ss, and weapons of all kind were used. The room was soon cleared and the fighting party left all alone, unwatched by outsiders who were afraid of stray shots. The fight was now raging, swaying to and fro up and down the hall. It was beginning to be somewhat critical, and meanwhile I had got the upper hand of Dunn and was giving it to him in good earnest, when he sung out stop, let us watch the others fight.

“Ah!” said I,

“That’s what I have been wishing to hear for an hour.”

And we drew off, and took our seats side by side, closely watching the fight terminate by the civilians begging for their lives, and I was then invited to accompany the soldiers to

their quarters, for the night which I did. Next morning my MO friend came and asked me,

“How I was,”

“Very well thank you my eyes feels like they were a little bunged up is all.”

“Well if I should not be intruding upon you, what might be your name?” he asked,

“Morgan⁷⁷” said I, by which name I was then known among the military van during my stay there.

“Well” said my new friend, “Let us take a walk down town and have our bitters this morning.”

To which I agreed, after which we took a stroll down the bank of the Rio Grande.

Seating ourselves upon the bank, my friend Snoderly,⁷⁸ (this being [his] name) said to me confidentially that he was almost heart broken, and I have no friend of whom I can make a confidant as to the cause. I like your appearance and if you will allow me on a short acquaintance, will make a friend of you.

“Well,” I replied, “I have no objections.”

Said he, “My father and mother were never married. Therefore when ever I hear the word Bastard – it stings me to the very heart.”

And you know the rough soldier has this as a common by word.

“Oh John you can little imagine my mental suffering, and sometimes I can almost curse my parents for thus having left me a child to which the world points with the finger of scorn.”

“Oh well,” my friend I replied, “I would not let that trouble me. You are not to blame and he who mocks at you injures himself.”

“That may be,” he said, “but I want to leave this place, I am tired of soldiering, but I do not know the country, and am therefore incapable of leaving here, I want you to enlist and then we can leave together. Will you do it?”

“I will.” said I, “for I am fond of adventure and that is one branch of which I have not yet drank, and I will now try it. But you must remember that in desertion we must not be caught and to avoide [avoid] that we will have to under go many hardships.”

“I can stand it,” he replied,

“All right!”

and back we started for the adjutants office and I was sworn in Co. E, 3rd U.S. Infy⁷⁹ for the term of 5 years. Corporal Fashion was detailed in command of our awkward squad, three others besides myself, and under his instructions we soon became fairly proficient in the manual of arms. Ere long I was appointed a drill master to recruits myself, and by steady and orderly behaviour I soon gained the esteem of all the officers at the Fort. But I began to get dissatisfied for altho actually doing Sergts [Sergeants] duty I was classed on the Rolls as a private and as I thought of the rear rank at that, as my name was called, Morgan the 2nd one cold day the Sergt [Sergeant] called for me, and said,

“Take out Squad No. 1 and drill them two hours.”

It happened that this squad was a hard set worst in the deck. After getting outside the quarters, I said,

“Boys it is too cold to day to drill suppose we all go downtown and get on a drunk, and warm up a little.”

“That’s just what we want,” said they. “Well, attention Squad, Shoulder arms, present arms, Shoulder arms, order arms, Dog gone it, stack arms, fall in single file, right about face, Forward, March, to the dram shop.”⁸⁰

And off we went, the last one of us getting roaring drunk, Four hours afterwards we might have been seen at the bayonets point staggering off and at once we were marched into the guard house. Morning came and we were returned to our quarters, Inspection day came and I refused to go out on parade. The Sergt [Sergeant] was sent after me, and he found me but in no condition to appear on parade, my accoutrement and arms far from being clean. However I equipped myself and out I went, The Col passed on inspecting, suddenly stopping as he confronted me and asked,

“Why are you not in proper condition?” criticising [criticizing] my former and present conduct.

“I did not enlist to mark [time, march!] Sir,” said I,

“What then?”

“Sir, to fight Sir,” said I,

“Where is them buttons off your coat?” he asked,

“The Eagles flew off with them Sir.”

“Sergeant, hasten this Boy to the quarters and tie him up by the thumbs, three hours.”

Being let down under the promise that I would in the future do better, night came and I was again downtown at a Fandango and had no fuss as usual, and at such places a fight took place, and of course I must have a hand, when in comes the provost guard and back

to the guard house I went, and so it was I was alternately in and out of the guard house all the winter.

PART X – AWOL along the Santa Fe Trail in 1857.

Signs of spring at last appeared, and this was the season I proposed to leave, Uncle Sam, as he had no work on hand in my line of business. The 1 of March 1857 I spoke to Snoderly,

“Are you ready?” said I,

“No, I have no money.” said he,

“Well how many overcoats have you?”

“Two,” he replied,

“Well take one of them down town Sell it for what you can get and bring me the money, and we will visit the Monte table and you shall see what I can do at a [unknown word].”

The coat brought us \$2.50 and as I had said, it soon brought us \$60.00 in the manner stated *bucking at Monte*,⁸¹ and now we laid our plans for an early start. We purchased our little necessities, and somehow it got whispered around that we were intending to desert, but I guess we heard the rumour [rumor] as soon as they did, and even the vigilance of the non com officers did not detect any move in that direction made by either of us. Meanwhile we had persuade[d] another young man to join us named Burns, and on the night we were to start I gave Snoderly and Burns strict instructions how to proceed. But there was a tin cup placed upon a water barrel standing at the outside entrance, which I wanted to take with us, for the purpose of making coffee, and I was determined to secure it. After I was sure my two comrades were all clear, I rose up and complained that my blankets was full of dust, and called Williamson to help me shake them proposing,

that we go out on the street as it was so dusty. No sooner had I struck the street than I said,

“That will do, good bye.”

Seizing the cup as I ran, and passed on to where Burns was up on guard on the top of a flat roof stable.

“Hand down your musket,” said I,

Burns obeyed and jumped down himself and off, we went, soon finding Snoderly.

“Now for the mountains Boys, the nearest point is 13 miles we can make it by daylight, and once there no one can get us.”

As soon as we reached the Alburkurka [Albuquerque] mountains,⁸² I proposed a halt, and making a fire we cooked our breakfast, and withdrew to a hiding place falling to sleep - thus we continued for several days to travel by night, and sleep by day, till at last we arrived near Fort Union. Burns had become tired and fatigued, and was in a deplorable condition, both mentally and physically even going so far as to express a desire to give himself up at Fort Union.

“Hint such a thing again,” said I, “and your life shall pay the forfeit. I will end your trouble at once.”

Snoderly and myself by sheer force compelled Burns to pass the fort, and after we had got to Oakata [Ocate] 40 miles from the fort, we found our provision had given out, all but one pint of corn meal, which Burns wanted to use up at on[c]e, but we could not allow that, and we determined to dismiss him totally. Turning to him I quietly told him to take the back track and be off in double quick. I was tired of his cowardice and would compel him now to leave us, and so back he went and that apparently [apparently]

cheerfully. We now pursued our travel with renewed spirits feeling very greatly relieved [relieved] in the loss of our quondam companion. But we now found to our alarm and sorrow, that our ammunition was wet and useless, and more than likely purposely made so by Burns, and we felt that we had to look starvation in the face. We were fully 600 miles from the poles of civilization, and 80 miles from the nearest post, and worn and tired out. However we pushed forward and reached red river [Canadian River] and by dint of exertion managed to build a little fire. Down we both laid and slept soundly never a wakening till morning, when our first movement was to search for something to prolong life, by satisfying our hunger. Luckily, we came across the shank of a mule, which had been dead heaven only knows how long, and the flesh had all decayed leaving the hide dry upon the bones.

“Lets take this into camp and see what we can make of it.” said I.

And we at once proceeded to strip the hide in chips, together with ashes placing them in our tin cup upon the fire, to boil and we boiled it for many hours, but it did not get palatable. We tried several times to chew it but it was no go. As we were just about to give it up and make up our minds to die we were cheered by the sight of the mail train which came rolling over the ridge and halted and camped on the opposite side of the river. We watched it with intent anxiety till they finished their breakfast, and moved on, (not daring to make ourselves known). We then started up and crossed the river, (tho almost freezing cold), as quick as we could to beat the crows in securing the crumbs scraps &c, which had been left. We got about one quart of corn and a handful of Bacon rind, besides some second hand tobacco, and with our store we set to work to feed our hungry stomachs, our corn lasted us pretty well as one gill of the Mexican flint corn when

boiled would swell and fill our cup, a quart, and tho nearly giving up on several occasions we were not doomed to die, by starvation. We continued close to our little camp, and anyone who has ever crossed red river, on the old Santa Fee road, will bear witness with me to the truth of my assertion that it is the most lonesome, dreary, and mournfully desolate looking country which a person can possibly picture. Not a stick of timber larger than a small willow to be seen short of a long distance, (and the little stream, rapid in its current sweeping along, making a most doleful murmuring sound, all combined to forcibly impress with double force upon the travellers mind a sense of wearisome sorrow. Can my reader then wonder that sometimes we felt as tho our end was not very far off. Upon the bank of this little stream we lay 16 days living upon our corn and a few roots which here and there, I gathered and which assisted to ward off ravenousness, at least.⁸³

PART XI – Rescued on the Santa Fe Trail by Mexican caravan.

On the 17th day a large Mexican train bound for Kansas City came along. We were asleep when they got up to us and camped. Nor should we have known of the passing train had it not been for a discharged soldier, who whilst the teams were resting, took his gun and was searching up the river thro the willows hoping to get some Ducks, when he stumbled upon us, and as he afterwards remarked, he stood some time looking at us before he was satisfied as to our being living men. At last however he awoke us, and took us over to the train with him, and gave us such eatables as they thought we could stand, and then placed us in a wagon. On reaching Rabbit Ear Creek⁸⁴ we there camped for the night, fires were built and the kettles put on with the purpose of cooking beans enough to last all next day. We lay in our wagon hungry as wolves, watching every movement, and as soon as all had retired, I crawled out like a rat, made a dive for one of the kettles, securing a “load” of beans, and conveyed a cargo to my comrade, in the wagon awaiting me. Morning came and Mr. Cook, missed his beans and was exceedingly angry about it. The secret of the beans could not be kept, for shortly I began to swell out so much, that the men proposed to remove the end gates of the wagon bed in order to give me full chance to extend. But my suffering was of short duration, and as the train moved on our strength returned, and at last we arrived at little Arkansas river, where there was a trading establishment.⁸⁵ The train crossed over the river and camped, and the American portion of the hands, who were mostly passengers, went over again (upon a footlog) to the grocery, where they at once set to work to drinking and gambling. And during the night a very heavy rain storm fell, and just at day break the men hurried back lest the river should rise and prevent their crossing. My comrade and self had got about

½ way to the footlog when the poor fellow became so drunk, that he tumbled down into the mud, and of course I set to work to help him up, but alas every time I stooped to get hold of him, I would go headlong over him into the mud myself. After the 3 or 4 trial I laughed at myself, and was compelled to give it up and leave him, and as I got over to the train it was moving out. So I had to proceed with it. A few days travel brought us to Council Groves [Grove] Kansas, and I step[p]ing into a store I met Mr. James Muncas who enquired [inquired] if there was a man with the train that wished to stop an[d] work awhile.

“Yes Sir,” said I, “I do and I have a friend behind when he comes up he will too.

What can we do for you sir?”

“Well,” said he, “I want some rails made.”

“How much will you pay a thousand?”

“\$200 per hundred.”

“All right Sir, I am a first rate hand at that. I shall get them out by the thousand sir and so will my partner.”

(But mind you) as to myself I have never split a rail in my life. Waiting till evening at the store here came another train, and with it my friend, and of course I at once told him of the job I had secured in advance. “All right.” said he. And so we got our outfit for batching and went to work. Between us we got out about 200 a day, (he doing 4/5 of the work,) and a very few days tired us of that job and I went to driving a team and breaking prairie for Allen Croley, and I worked for him till the following July. In this month we both got our pay and went to Kansas City, and crossed the river into Clay County MO, hiring to Mr. Thurston Knight⁸⁶ to mow grass. Going over to the house, what should I

meet face to face but a house full of young ladies. Half frightened I was inclined to rue my engagement for it had been years since I had confronted a young lady, in a civilized community. I proffered to draw straws with my comrade to see who should become boarder at Mr. Knights, and it fell to my lot, my comrade giving over to Mr. Reeses being near by and who had some mowing to do also, and was engaged there. It was a Saturday – and as is customary with some of those gentlemen farmers, - quite a number of the young ladies were visiting over Sunday, so on Sunday morning after breakfast, behold here come swarming in a crowd of girls.

“Thunderation John Look yonder” said I.

“Lets us be off and stroll away the day.”

So we started and strolled around the brush all day, returning in the evening and to the inquiry of Mr. K, stated simply that we had been taking a walk, without stating our object in staying away all day minus our dinner. Next morning I was up bright and early.

“Now John” said Mr. K, “I am going to the city. You will find the s[c]ythe blade and sneed [snead handle] there- I want you to mow that meadow today.”

Taking my tools I struck for the middle of the field, and vainly tried to fix the blade to the sneed [snead]. At last I hit upon the expedient of tying it fast and accordingly went to work, (Well a hungry cow could of eat it faster than I mowed it.) I found the work harder under the broiling sun than I had bargained for. A sorry show would my work have made, had it not been for my kind friend who came over to see how I was progressing, knowing that I knew nothing about it, and at once fixed my s[c]ythe and mowed to my credit a middling days work, and so on we put in the week. The Monday ensuing was Election day and we determined to go, to see the fun. Mrs. Knight with a maternal kindly

feeling cautioned me as to the character of those wild boys, and bade me be careful to avoid quarreling as they would be sure even by dint of numbers to whip me badly, did I offend them. Thanking her for her kind caution and assuring her we could take good care of our bodies, we started and went down. Late in the evening the county Bully, (so thought,) Henry Asbury got under pretty heavy head of steam. He had previously whipped two or three old men who were not able to help themselves, and had all things his own way generally. Running afoul of me he insulted me grossly. Demanding an apology, words ensued, and ere he was prepared for it, I gave him the full benefit of my left paw, “rib roaster,” beneath his chin and lifted him clear from the ground. As soon as he recovered his feet, I step[p]ed up to him and tapped his cask ca[u]sing the claret [blood] to flow pretty freely. Several of the bystanders now called out,

“Take him off. Kick him off. He will kill him.”

At this moment up step[p]ed my friend and there throwing down his hat said,

“All right gentlemen kick him and I will help you, that’s what we have come down from the mountains to see some fun with you men. Go in and let us have a gay time.”

Feeling satisfied that I had at least taken off the shine of Asburys exploits I left him to his gloomy fate, and many were the invitations to drink which we got till I fin[al]ly had to tear myself away to save my sobriety character. Mr. Knight had been observant of all the affair but had left soon afterwards, and next morning innocently asked,

“Well John how did the election pass off?”

“All quiet I believe sir.” said I,

“No fighting eh?”

“No none of any importance sir.”

“Well John I now believe you are a hard chap”

And he told me he had witnessed the whole transaction. I still continued to work for Mr. K, growing in his good graces day after day, and as winter came on I was forced to quit the brush and face the young lady music. I commenced attending church, and I so gradually lost all my bashfulness in the society of ladies but I did not gain much courage, Especially as regards speaking to them, Miles have I ridden by a pretty young ladys side, tongue tied, and a most uncongenial companion I must acknowledge I was, but I could not help it at that time, I remember upon one occasion of having thus ridden by the side of Miss S[amantha],⁸⁷ (a most beautiful lady she was indeed,) for some five miles and only spoke one short sentence (like this). “I never stir if it isn’t awful muddy this evening.” But I felt then as if I had spoke volum[e]s. At last however I found myself deeply in love with Miss S[amantha] and to her at last my tongue found words to utter, and I clattered away all manner of nonsense, worse than an old fashion horse will. But alas my comrade and my friend was as deeply intoxicated with her beauty and lov[e]liness, as I was, but he was taken sick and it all arose thro jealousy. He determined to ask me to withdraw from the field, and one day as we were cleaning out a fence row together he said he could not work any longer unless I would grant his request in not speaking to Miss S. [Samantha] anymore,

“I love her dearly and will marry her, if you will give me the chance. You don’t care for any of them John.” he said,

looking equally as pitiful as he was speaking and I am and always was one who, as the common saying is, would give the last shirt to a friend. So I laughed and said,

“You don’t know how well I love her myself, but however as it is you go in old boy and win a fortune.”

Which he did and ultimately married Miss S. [Samantha] and at last told me he was happy. After his marriage I received the offer of a Ferriage,⁸⁸ a short distance below on the [Missouri] river, which I accepted and was thus temporally [temporarily] separated from my own sweetheart, for I had found another to love, in Miss W. cousin to my comrades wife. Whilst at Sibley⁸⁹ conducting my Ferriage, we regularly exchanged correspondence and this continued till 1st May 1859 when I had a serious dream, which troubled my mind very much. The dream was immediately followed by a letter from my lady love, begging me to come back into Clay County and take up my abode nearer to her, where we could see each other frequently, and her letter had its effect. I returned and one day when in conversation related to her my dream, on the night preceeding [preceeding] the reception of her letter, telling her that I could not account for such a hideous dream and that it troubled me considerably as I was a little inclined to be somewhat superstitious, and as the dream has since been interpreted to me by experience, I will relate it here, as follows. I dreamed that I entered a water melon patch and took from there three melons, and that in passing out a large Rattle Snake followed me in pursuit I started to run-the reptile still pursuing me, until I took refuge in a cave which must have been the very caves itself. At the entrance was chained a most hideous personage, with iron claws, whom none could mistake as other than his Satannic [Satanic] majesty, himself, I thought beneath my feet were innumerable graves, upon which the very dirt seemed to rest uneasily and from each one a bluish smoke was slowly rising upwards, like as to that of a burning coal pit.⁹⁰ Pushing my way to the very

extreme end I found one there whom I recognized, as a fid[d]ler of my acquaintance, and I asked him what he was doing there, to which he replied,

“It was a cool place.”

“Let us hasten out,” said I, and I awoke.

“Nonsense.” said my sweetheart, “you ought not to notice such foolish dreams.”

But I afterwards found there was as much sense as truth about it, which I will relate in due time, whilst I was in Sibley attending my Ferry.

Part XII – Jurnegan’s long lost sister is located.

I first heard of my long lost sister Mary in the following manner. One day I was standing upon the sidewalk, conversing with some friends whom I suppose had called me by name, when a stranger passing by came to a short halt, and stepped up to me and said,

“Excuse me Sir, but did I understand your name to be Jurnegan?”

“Yes Sir,” said I, “well have you any sisters?”

“If they are alive I have sir, one named Mary, (Yes Sir) that’s the name of my youngest sister.”

“Do you know where she is?”

“No indeed sir, I have not seen her since we were little children, but do you know where I can find her?”

“Yes,” he said, “I guess I can tell you, I stayed the other night with a Mr. Samuel Phillips and I heard her spoken of,”

The post office is at Redwood Franklin County Mo. I thanked him for his information left him and thought no more about it. About or little after this time I made the acquaintance of the Rev’d Preston Simpson, of the Baptist Church of Platte County, Mo. and after a short conversation he asserted his relationship to our family, So I did not feel quite so lonely now that I knew I had relations living. Notwithstanding the good influence under which I found myself, now placed, I could not yet conquer my love of a tussle once in a while, and as it came to my betrothed parents ears that I had been fighting one of the old mans cousins, they like good old Christians objected to my marriage with their daughter, not altogether that but I had got a little drunk, (this this is my ruin). This was too much for me, and at one time, I had a quarrel with the old man and at last he

raised his gun to shoot me. I drew my revolver and snap[p]ed three vacant chambers at the old man, which at least debarred the old man from further threats against me, though it did not cause him to withdraw his protest, I now watched for an opportunity to elope with my beloved and failed for the old man watched me closely, and kept her confined. At last I joined the church.

“Now,” said the old man, “mischief is brewing, whose gal is the little rascal after now?”

As my intended father in law, Mr. Warren became aware, as I have before stated, of my love for fighting and rowdyism, he refused his consent to my marriage with his daughter, and in order as I thought to cause him to relax his vigilance over his daughter that I might elope with her as she and I both intended, I wrote her a letter and sent it by her aunt, pretending that I had given up all hopes of marriage and that she was at liberty to choose for herself another lover, as I intended to start for the rocky mountains the next day, but telling her aunt to tell her secretly when she gave her the letter that it was only a sham, and not let it grieve her, which was not done, and the letter was read by Miss Warren and considered as true, which caused her to come flying down stairs in a perfect fury of rage. All attempts toward quieting her seemed in vain, and upon this occasion she was heard to utter her first words to her father in relation to the matter, in which she said,

“Oh Father you have caused me to come to ruin and wretched despair. In that you have refused to grant me that sacred privilege, you have caused him to forsake me. Oh I had Father rather have been chained to the stake and burned, then have been refused. All my happiness is now flown, I am wretched for life.”

And thus she continued for months. All attempts to console her failed. She seemed lost to all outward and surrounding circumstances, but it did not cause the old man to relinquish vigilance over her, and 8 months afterwards I made an attempt to elope but failed, and since I have heard no more of her.⁹¹

Shortly afterwards a dispute arose between the Elders in which each one wanted to rule the roost, - like Spoony Butler in the late Impeachment farce.⁹² So here Henry Hill guided the affairs, and Knight my former employer was placed before the church upon serious charges notwithstanding his gift of \$700⁰⁰ towards building the church, and he was voted to be expelled, to gather with all his friends, believing him to be wrongfully treated, I of course arose champion for the weaker party, and was with the minority – excluded. Matters rolled on till a law suit ensued, and we losing thro bribery by the other party, at once proceeded to erect another church. At this time had I had the delirium tremens, I could not have been mentally in a worse condition. Nightly my dreams more horridly intermingled with snake scenes of every possible description chasing me from place to place. In my trouble I repaired to my friend but no consolation did I get from him, only that he supposed it was a warning to me that I belonged to the wrong church, and I at last became so miserable that I hardly dare[d] to sleep in my room alone. But I now see and believe that it was nothing more than a curious way his Satannic [Satanic] majesty had in deter[r]ing me from the path of Christainity [Christianity] and to my shame I must acknowledge that he succeeded. [A]bout this time we had some 30 cords of wood all ready for burning into charcoal, and one evening we put the fire to it. Soon after dark I went to my friend, and said

“John I believe I’ll go over to old Sols (a colored man living near by,) and get a gallon of whiskey and see if I can’t stop this dreaming I am subject to here of late”.

So I got it and came back and we both got drunk, and fell to sleep as might be expected.

The coal pit broke out and totally burned up. I was the first to wake, shaking my friend I said,

“Look here, - hell Been Drunk,”

lost all my religion and let the coal pit burn up.

“Let us go home now and get our breakfast.”

This was all fun think you, eh reader? But now rite here the fun all stops, and my misery is now setting in upon me, as if sent by fearful wrath. A few days previous to this my friend had threatened to kill old man Warren, my loved ones father, and the talk was current that Mr. Warren was going to have him arrested and bound over to keep the peace. So my friend started for [L]exington, [Missouri] at once leaving me alone.

PART XIII – Jurnegan visits his adopted family in Missouri.

I soon became discontented and a few days saw me following him, but not finding him I concluded to visit my uncle John E. Morgan⁹³ in Bates County, MO [Southeast of Kansas City] for the first time in 8 years. I need not say I was welcomed beneath the old roof once more. Nor that my father received me with open heart and arms,- I was immediately installed into business, in the opening of a large new livery stable, in Butler, I was soon in a fair way of becoming an influential member of society, and whilst in this business, I took the notion to visit Osceola⁹⁴ St. Clair Co,- my birthplace but I found things so changed I made my visit short, and starting back I struck for the spot upon the prairie, where 15 years before I separated from my weeping sisters. Here I stop[p]ed and getting out of my buggy, standing upon the very spot where they had stood, I gave vent to feelings long pent up and which I cannot describe. Oh the thought that once with all who loved me, Standing there, and now oh now myself all alone uncared for and forgotten. At last with a sigh and a heavy heart, I remounted my buggy and went back to Butler, and in a short time I discovered that there was a strong feeling of jealousy entertained by my uncle's third wife's relatives towards me and my uncle's second wife's children. This I could not stand and came near speaking to Mary [Morgan] on the subject. Although she appeared to me as near as a sister, I concluded it would not do, that I might increase the feeling instead of soothing it. And I made up my mind to leave again, and started, though when I left I could see that Mary and ZIE⁹⁵ felt almost broken hearted. I took the stage⁹⁶ to Harrisonville,⁹⁷ thence to Pleasant Hill from there to Lexington and on again to Sibley.⁹⁸ From there I wrote to my uncle telling him I intended to start to California in a few weeks, and that I required 2-3 hundred dollars. My friend and old companion was

absent and as it appeared had gone to Butler in search of me. Not finding me there he proposed to go to Wis[c]onsin, but just as he was on the eve of starting he determined to visit the Sheriff again, and ask my uncle if he yet knew my whereabouts, and he found my Uncle actually reading my letter, which had just arrived, at once my friend and another young man, [Jesse] Locke came onto Sibley. I at once asked him,

“What do you want with that fellow?”

“He wanted to come.” my friend replied.

“Well,” said I, “I don’t like the looks of that man.”

But however we all three started for Independence.

Part XIV - Independence, MO – August or September of 1860.

There I met and called up Mr. Russell my old employer.

“Are you still freighting Mr. R?” I asked,

-“Yes.” said he.

“If you would be so kind as to pay me for my last trip I would like to go again.”

“Oh Yes,” said Russell, “You are the man who tied up and whipped the wagon master are you not?”

“I am sir.”

“Where have you been since?”

“At home and other places, sir.”

“Well, I guess I cannot pay you a cent for that trip now.”

“You owe me Sir, \$133.00 for hard work Mr. Russell, and if you are a gentleman you will pay it Sir,”

“Clear out Sir or I shall use means to make you.” said Mr. R.

“Ah indeed Sir” said I, “If you are not careful how you address me, I will and that right here give you worse than your wagon master got.”

“Stop.” said Locke “Come this way I will tell you how to get your pay and help you to get it also. Let us go down to the train in which you drove and take some of the stock to the sheriff and he will sell it and make your pay out of it.”

“All right,” said me,

Without taking the first thought what for a hobble I was about to get into, and reaching the train we caught a good valuable mule, and I at once started with it to the Sheriff, Mr.

Burris⁹⁹ who lived a short distance in the country and asked him to sell it for me telling him the whole circumstance.

“No. no.” said he,

“You have placed yourself liable for criminal action if Russell sees fit to prosecute you, you ought to have come to me first. Take the animal back and compromise the matter, and I will give you my assistance in getting you out of it.”

So back I went and on the way I met my friend and Locke mounted on two other mules,

“What the heaves do you mean?” said I,

“One mule is bad enough Locke,” said I,

“You have got me into a nice scrape. I am liable to be sent to the States prison on it.”

“Well then,” said Locke, “Don’t let them catch you.”

“But the Sheriff has promised to help me out of it if I take this one back.”

“Very well.” said Locke, “You can take it back and run the risk but we are not going to be caught and you are the only one who has been seen and the blame of the three will be laid to you.”

I studied a little time and turning to my friend said,

“Why do you allow yourself to be led by Locke thus? I blame you for bringing him with you at all.”

This brought Locke’s indignation upon me and down we lit and went at it. Locke was a very powerful muscular man, and my friend also alighted and took my part, but Locke making a few right and left flank movements upon us we both were recipients of a heavy thrashing with our eyes blackened and noses red. We remounted, and put off all three

together, and arriving in three days travel at Lamar Barton Co.¹⁰⁰ Mo, where we put up for the night, and retiring slept soundly, until about 2 o'clock a.m. when our slumbers were disturbed by the clanking of arms and we opened our eyes to find the muzzle of a carbine presented to the head of each of us.- The first man I recognized was Dawson (the wagon master who I had whipped)

“Ah ha Jurnegan go back for a while at any rate.” Careful no[w] how you make your moves or I will shoot you on the spot.”

“Oh yes, you double refined coward,” said I, “You are still afraid of me.”

“Come John.” said an old boyhood friend of mine who was among the party, (Turner by name).

“Don’t undertake to fight. You will be killed if you do.”

“I am Sorry for you for your old uncle’s sake.”

So we remained under guard the remainder of the night and soon morning came, and Dawson tied Locke and Snoderly together making them walk, but without tying me he ordered me to mount my mule, and as we travelled on he, Dawson said,

“John if you were a coward I would never take you to Independence, but I respect you for your courage and I know that you have been noblest, but these other[s] I will hang.”

“No you will not.” said I.

“If you do you must hang me, and I had rather hang than go back, if you give me the law its course with me, give it [to] them also, whatever that course may be. If you don’t Dawson and I ever get my freedom you and I for it, I will follow you

till I revenge them if you lynch them and don't me. You know me and know I don't talk for the sake of hearing my own words."

"John recollect you are a prisoner now and I have the advantage therefore make no threats."

"True Sir I am a prisoner but why should you express your intentions of doing that which the law wholly forbids?"

At this stage Dawson told the two boys to mount their animals, and we travelled on till we reached Butler and put up at the Jackson Hotel. All my old friends gathered around me, wondering and surprised to see me in such a position? My uncle refused to come to see [me] although his two oldest daughters immediately visited me, I dare not attempt to describe the scene on meeting them. It seemed their very hearts would burst. It was too solemn to be told in words of mine, and I was at last compelled to ask them to bid me a kind and last farewell expressing my Sorrow at the trouble I had so unfeelingly brought upon them, and begged them as Sisters not to grieve on my account. On arriving in Independence we were all three committed to the county jail where for some time we lay awaiting our trial.

Part XV – Jurnegan goes on Trial in Missouri.

The prison fare I thought was hard, and the mind occurred to me and I thought of the passage of scripture where it says "*The way of the transgressor is hard,*" but as my bed was made by my own hands, down on it I must lie. The filth and vermin in the cell was enormous, in quantity, but I had no sooner announced the fact to the noble hearted jailor (Mr. Burgerler,) than he at once changed my cell, and furnished me with a clean bed and clothing. Tired of my, apparently [apparently] long and weary confinement I begged the jailor to have me brought before the court, as I proposed to enter a plea of guilty notwithstanding the statement of the jailor, that the public opinion was very favorable towards me, and that they proposed to make a states witness out of me, only that I might have my liberty. To this I at once refused saying the two men did not force me with them, and that I was not a traitor where each of us were equally guilty.

“John” said the Jailor, “your uncle has been up here and seen the judge, in your behalf, and the sheriff has related the matter to the judge also, and I tell you it is not the desire of any one to see you sent to the penitentiary.”

But I was stern in my determination (here as elsewhere), not to be a traitor as I would have it, and at last we were taken into court, and the states attorney kindly advised me to ask lenerance [leniency]of trail [trial] proposing to make a witness of me.

“No Sir”, said I.

Rising at once I reentered the court room and without further Delay entered a plea of guilty. Lock[e] rising up did the same thing, and Snoderly immediately followed suit.

“What does all this mean?” I asked the judge,

“your charge has not even been read to you yet, and what you pleading guilty to.

“Taking a mule to recover my pay \$133.00 from Russell as he refused to pay me, though at the same time as the sheriff will inform you, I at first had no wrong intention.”

Lock[e] and Snoderly plead guilty to stealing mules in the 1st degree. I stated to the court that

“My only fault lay in having taken hold of the law by the spout instead of by the handle thereby burning my fingers.”

This brought a roar of laughter in the court.

“Order” cried the Sheriff, and then the judge commented.

“This is a very unpleasant task imposed upon me.” said he, “and I regret that I am compelled to pass sentence the law upon you. Jurnegan, I am satisfied that your intentions were not criminal, but you have willfully and without a cause convicted yourself and there is not another resource left me. I must sentence one and each of you to 5 years imprisonment in the Missouri penitentiary¹⁰¹ and I will and that in your case Jurnegan the court will not refuse to endorse your prayer for executive clemency at any time. I trust this may be a lesson to you and that you will see the necessity of caution and honorable course of action in future.

Part XVI – Jurnegan is sentenced to the Missouri State Penitentiary.

Oh my Dear reader, I now began to realize my position as one not the most favorable. A few days and we were conveyed to the Mo p.y. [penitentiary] Never shall I forget my feeling as I entered its gates¹⁰² - as soon as I was arrayed in the prison costume, I was conducted to the cell building and then to the very lower end of it, and there assigned to cell no, 222. It was very dark and dreary, and here I had leisure to view myself and think over my position. My friend Snoderly celled near me, and a third day of my incarceration I called out to him that this was the interpretation and the fulfillment of my snake and melon dream, and rehearsed it to him, I was not pleased with the countenances of most of my fellow prisoners - nor did I ever approve of the coarse vulgar language in which stolen [stolen] conversation was carried on. I kept aloof altogether from them, but one day at Dinner, a rough Irishman applied a very gross epithet to me, and I could not stand it. I forgot where I was and sent him reeling from his seat, I hurried to my cell as soon as Dinner was over fearful of punishment when I recollected that I had by that act violated prison Rules- and thinking that I should not be found, but my Irish friend had reported me, and my name was upon the Hall board and my cell numbered, and I was shortly summoned to appear before the officer of the yard, and immediately lodged in the dungeon. Whilst I was surveying my position in the (blind cell.) in step[p]ed Mr. Bradbury the Deputy Warden. By his order the door was opened and out I step[p]ed and espied the Deputy holding in his hand a stick some 18 inches long- flattened at one end and long strap of heavy sole leather nailed to it,

“Why did you strike that man?” said he, I related my reason,

“Take off that shirt Sir.” said he,

“All the fighting necessary here I do myself. Come take that shirt.”

for I had been in no great hurry about taking it off, not knowing hardly what such treatment meant. But finely [finally] I had to obey, and my hands were then tied above my head to a post, and I received four lashes, and a long pause ensued.

“Give him four more.” said the Deputy

and I was compelled to beg for mercy.

“Well.” said the Deputy “We will try you again at that if you have cause of complaint, come to me next time and I will settle the matter. Behave yourself and you will not be punished again. Go back now to your cell, and be a good man.”

So off I put shrugging my shoulders to ascertain if my back felt anyways sore. Pretty soon I called out to Snoderly and ask him if he heard that fight I had just had.

“Yes.” replied he, “I heard something. How did you make it?”

“Well old Boy.” I replied, “I had to sing out enough for the first time in my life.”

A few days passed and my uncle came to me, He being at that time the Representative of Bates County, Mo. The Governor promised to pardon me but as the war was in progress and everything so distracted that I was overlooked and did not get my pardon till the new officials had taken charge of the prison. T. Miller Warden Geo B. Douglas Deputy, and kinder gentlemen to the prisoners never lived than were as new officials, and whilst discipline was not relaxed yet the prisoners felt that the Warden and Deputy was their friends. Thus whilst Snoderly ran away¹⁰³, Locke was pardoned provided he would enlist in the Union army¹⁰⁴, which he did adverse to my political principles, as well as adverse to me otherwise. What have been their lives since I can not tell, but I would suppose

whatever it may have been it would have been none the worse than my own, and I truly hope it may have been better.

It was natural for me now to consider my prospects as not very propitious, and I longed to hear from my long lost sister. Was it unnatural that I even indulged the hope that could I find her. She might be instrumental in obtaining my release. But my memory had failed me in that I could recollect the place where I had heard she was. Time pas[s]ed on till one day, I asked the Deputy's permission to move into a vacant cell, No. 103. My request was granted and in cleaning the cell prior to taking possession, I picked up a Shaving upon which was penciled words.

"Ha, ha," said I, "Redwood" that is surely the place, where I was told, I should hear of my sister Mary, "It is. It is."

But the man's name with whom she lives, I cannot recall, and heavily I taxed my memory apparently to no purpose. But again fortune favored me and I was aroused from my study by the voice of a prisoner calling from his cell Jim "Phillips," That is the very name too said I to myself. And all was clear to my memory again. I immediately brought into use my stump of a well used pencil, and wrote down the name. Sam^l [Samuel] Phillips Redwood post office, Mo Saturday evening came and I again approached our Deputy for permission to write a letter.

"Why John", Said the Deputy "To whom are you proposing to write."

"To My Sister Sir from whom I have not heard one word for 15 years, past."

"Certainly" he replied "write all you wish."

And I accordingly possessed myself of the means and indic[a]ted as follows

Jeff City, MO State Prison May the 10, 1862

Mr. Samuel Phillips Sir

I humbly address you in the hope that my letter may gain for me the information sought. I write concerning the present whereabouts and the welfare of my sister Mary C. Jurnegan, From whom I was separated when a mere child. If you can furnish me any information in the matter. I shall be under very lasting obligations to you. Respectfully, & C

I afterwards learned that Mr. Phillips received my letter and the evening of the same day sent it to Mr. Lawsons, with whom my sister was residing or rather took it over in person. After chatting a few moments, He addressed my sister Mary,

“Have you a brother named John?” I need not describe to my readers Even though in her own language the effect upon her of the question. As soon as she could speak she said, “I have Sir. But whether living or dead I know not, I have long since given him up as dead.” “No,” said Phillips. “He is indeed not dead - read the letter.” She read it and said, “it may be, but I think not, however I will write.” A few days and the mail brought me the following letter

Cedarfork¹⁰⁵ p.o Mo. May the 20th 1862

My Supposed Dear Bro,

Though many years have passed, and I have during those years mourned you as dead, I am only too willing to believe that the letter received by me on yesterday was written by your own hand. If you are my Brother in reality. Give me a

brief history of your parentage, and I will then unfold to you a Sister's affection.

Respectfully &C.

I hastened to reply writing as plainly as possible, and it was not long before she was satisfied that I was her long lost and unworthy brother – She then informed me, Times were hard and she was working for her living, and could not bear the expense of visiting me, much as she longed to do so. Our Warden Mr. Miller with the large generous heart of a Christian gentleman had not failed to notice the correspondence between us, and he spoke to the Deputy on the matter, Mr. Douglas came and talked to me and asked me a number of questions, and then he informed me that Mr. Miller was deeply interested in my case. Can you send your Sister any money, (the Deputy continued) She shall come and stay at my house as one of my family as long as she desires. Out of the fullness of my heart, I vainly tried to speak my thanks, but the attack [attach?] was so unexpected and unlooked for that words failed me. And I hastened to Mr. Pingree my employer - The little man with a big heart, and told him my wants.

“Certainly,” said he, “you can have whatever money you need,” and at once he counted out the amount into my hands. And I handed it to Mr. Douglas to be enclosed in my letter of invitation to my sister. About the 1st of Sept/62. Mary was able to take the up train for Jefferson City, where she arrived late one evening and was met by a lady who conducted her to Mr. Douglas's residence. Mrs. Douglas was exceedingly kind to my Sister and informed her that as soon as Mr. Douglas came in (he being just then absent) She should see me and express her sorrow that our recognition should be under such distressing circumstances. Mr. Douglas was very late in getting home. But late as it was, he at once escorted my Sister to the prison office, and ordered

that I should see her. I recollect I was half sleeping - indulging in reverie when I thought I heard the Stealthy footsteps of some one creeping along the corridor [corridor]. They stopped at my cell door. The heavy rattle of a large iron key thrust into the rusty key hole denoted to me of some important err[a]nt. With one Strong twist the rusty bolt flew back in its socket, and the heavy boiler Iron door Swung open upon its rusty hinges with a clash. I raised my head, and the night watch cried out

“Is Jurnegan in here,”

“Yes Sir” said I, and I startled into wondering what the cause could be of my very unexpected call,

“You are wanted in the office get up and dress yourself,” I addressed the watch begging to be told what for.

“I believe,” said he “your sister has come to see you.”

Hardly cognizant of anything further, out I walked, and entering the office saw my long lost Sister Mary Standing waiting me. She staggered upon seeing me but regained her composure. She threw herself into my embrace I can not describe the emotions of my brea[s]t, during those few sacred moments, nor can I portray the feeling which actuated her remark, as She uttered the words,

“Oh My only Dear Dear Brother, that I should find you thus,” and the only ease her hitherto Smothered grief could find was in bitter tears and sobs. Even those used to scenes of like description turned their backs. To wipe a falling tear as they pitied the fates which had thus apparently followed our mutual paths, I cannot say too much of praise in favor of our officers. And my readers will pardon me if I again repeat that the two most Christian Gentlemen it has ever been my lot in life to meet are Mr. P.T. Miller

and George B. Douglas, the Warden and Deputy Warden, of MO Pty [Penitentiary] at the date of which I write. Heaven only knows how long my sister, and I should have sat.

Silently lost to all but ourselves. Had not Mr. Douglas at last said –

“Well come you will hardly be able to talk very much tonight and as your sister needs rest, I guess you had better bid a temporal adieu, and tomorrow, your interview shall be as lengthy as you wish.”

With a heavy heart I retraced up steps to my cell, not to sleep - that was out of the question. And the night wearily dragged around till at last dawn appeared. The first bell 4 o'clock aroused me to dress, and never did two hours seem to pass so slowly as till the hour to leave our cells for work. Thro the favor of Mr. Douglas my sister came in at an early hour and we had the privacy of the library for our conversation, and we each recounted our hardships since our separation in childhood - I was agreeably disappointed to find her, superior in education that I had expected - She had made good use of her opportunity scanty as it was. And I felt proud of my darling Sister. Many were the vows of fidelity to each others interests which we then exchanged, but time controls, - or as the proverb truly says, “Man proposes. But God disposes,¹⁰⁶” and at the date of this writing I find I have been unable to keep the pledges I then gave in good faith - With sisterly affection she urged me to look forward and not despair. She advised me not to let this misfortune lead me to utter ruin, - but prove by my future life that all was not as bad with me as some would perhaps like to make it. I did not forget to tell her the foreboding I had always felt that my meeting with her would be alloyed, - pleasure with pain, - nor the mysterious manner in which the recollection of her place of abode had been brought about. - She simply replied that an over ruling kind providence ordered all things for our

good - and such will be the end if we try to serve him as we ought, and keep his laws. Remember what Christ said, “come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest,¹⁰⁷” But said she we have now a work before us, which looks as if it was an impossibility or if accomplished almost a miracle, and that is to get you out of here, and she asked me many questions as to friends if any, who would lend a helping hand in time of need, My friends were generally sympathizers with the rebellion and had moved southward, which caused her to express great surprise at finding my own sympathies tending that way.

“But” said she “we will not study politics now, but make a beginning to get you out.”

Her endeavors seemed to all fail her until the year of (63). And now Mary was taken sick and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas became alarmed,- and one night at a late hour, thinking the end of my sisters life was approaching I was sent for, I found my poor sister racked with pain and torture both physically and mentally, - and the kind hearted Mrs. D - almost ill through her unwearied attendance upon my poor suffering Sister. Mr. Douglas turned to me and said, John I shall place you upon your honor not to take the advantage of the favor I no[w] show you, by leaving me in an unlawful manner. And he permitted me to remain three days and nights in attendance upon my Sister, During that time under the skillful prompt and kind treatment of Doctors [J. S.] Dabney and Bennett my sister began to recover. Under the[ir] advice soon as She was able she returned to Franklin Co. It was not long till my sister wrote me. She had regained her health and strength and intimated her intention to return where she could at least be near me, and possibly might help me. On her return she importuned Gov. Gamble¹⁰⁸ day after day. Meanwhile I received a

letter from Col Nat. Claiborne, of St. [L]ouis addressed to the Governor, and upon this letter His Excellency issued my pardon on the 17 day of June 1863. Can I picture my great delight when I found myself once more a free man., with my liberty in my own hands. Or the tears of joy shed by Mary as she saw me put on civilian clothing in exchange for the horrid garb of a Felon. I cannot find utterance in words. The following day at the desire and request of my sister, I returned with her to Franklin County, and tho a stranger I received a welcome from all Mary's friends. Both Messrs Lawson and Hutton pressed the offer of a home upon us. We could not accept both, and choose the latter, to the very grievous offence of Mr. Lawson, who did not hesitate to openly disparage my prospects of character & c.

EPILOGUE

Mr. Jurnegan was released from prison on June 17, 1863 and with his sister went to Franklin County where he worked briefly at a saw mill in Claysville, MO. Subsequently, he obtained a loan & bought a saloon from Mr. Teeters where he was approached by Colonel Lewis to recruit young men for the Confederate States of America (CSA). He sold the saloon and moved to Illinois town opposite St. Louis, MO and obtained employment from the transfer company at the Alton and Terre Haute Railroad depot. Working among southern sympathizers he was able to surreptitiously recruit some 300 men forwarding them down the river towards Cairo, Illinois to Thompson's Landing, MO where they were met and escorted into the Confederate camp. Eventually, he was found out and escaped northward to [Little] Piasa Creek about 10 miles from Alton, Illinois. There he met Mr. Wolverton who was in the cord wood business and they became partners. In February of 1864, Wolverton accompanied Jurnegan to Franklin County, MO. Although Wolverton didn't care for Missouri the trip did provide Jurnegan the opportunity to propose to Eliza Jane Hutton, a young woman he had previously met in Franklin County and with whom he had corresponded with during the six months since he had been released from prison. On March 10, 1864 John Jurnegan married Ms. Eliza Jane Hutton.

During this time, Mr. Wolverton met John's sister, Mary Jurnegan and they started courting each other. The two couples returned to Illinois where Mr. Wolverton married Mary Jurnegan. Jurnegan then dissolved his partnership with Wolverton leaving his new bride with her relatives in Pleasant Hill, Pike County, Illinois.

As the war waged on Jurnegan continued to recruit men for the Confederate army in Illinois. Throughout the spring and into the fall of 1864 he was routinely going to the ferry and riding a steamer repeatedly along the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri from Illinois. He took a railroad to the town of Washington, in Franklin County MO where he saw his wife who was moved home with her parents. In the summer of 1864 *“he had business in Clarksville, MO and I found an armed squad of Negro soldiers in possession of the town.”* where he was arrested for recruiting for the CSA and through some fast talking was released.

He again returned to Franklin County where the Missouri militia was *“conscripting everyone that could see well from 10 years of age to 100.”* While Jurnegan hid in the smoke house his father-in-law, Mr. William C. Hutton was taken by the militia.

“General Price’s army left Jacksonport, Arkansas Sept 1864 striking the MO state line at Dry Springs, thence to Poplar Bluff. He came into the state with 15,000 men, teamsters waiters and dead heads. Having three hundred wagons only, and ten pieces of artillery [artillery]. He came on purpose of recruiting getting supplies & etc and leaving Millers landing, affairs became personal to me and though the rain fell in torrents day and night we pushed westward, arriving at Herman. I had raised some 35 men and was turned over to Major Shaws Batn [Battalion] Jackmans Brige [Bridgade] and Shelbys division and I received a detachment of seven men as regular scouts and thus proceeded to the Osage river, and here the Federal line of Battle was formed a short distance from the River in the broken ground under the timber and hardly a man could be seen by us. The crossing of the river was narrow, but four abreast could cross at once and as we ascended the hill 1,400 muskets poured a continuous volley into our ranks. Col Shanks our veteran

regimented commander who led the crossing of the river fell badly wounded, just as we reached the top of the bluff he fell from his horse, made his way to a tree and said, *“dismount Boys and give the best you have, the best way you can.”* We drove them back some two miles, when a recall was sounded. Gen Shelby gave me command of a detachment of 100 men, and orders to harass the feds on our right, which I did by driving them into their fortifications near Gen Minors House. Their artillery opening upon me caused me to retreat back to the fair ground, when we encamped for the night under arms. At day light skirmishing opened lightly we were all eager for a general engagement, but order march was given and we pushed on after leaving Jefferson as usual I was sent up a scout to the left of the command.” Eventually they were “marched on to Boonville where the whole command camped for three days. On the second day about 10 o'clock on the 10 day of October 1864, Gen Jackman sent an order down for me to report at this headquarters immediately. “Hello” thought I, “What now? Some important crisis is near at hand I warrant you,” to myself and went down accordingly. Arriving in front of his tent I dismounted and stepped to the door. Saluting the General he said, then continued, “I learn you were sorely defeated at the election for company officers. I told him that, “I elected myself to the office I felt most capable of filling that of high private.” “Well”, said Gen J. “I have noticed your enterprise and espousal of our cause, and I have a company of veterans requiring a captain, I need not tell you the sort of man they want but I now propose to commission you for the office and shall today forward your commission for approval to General Price.” Late that evening I received my commission and was ordered in command of Co. D. Shaws Battalion, a co of veterans who knew how to fight and loved the cause for which they fought and we marched on to Lexington, arriving

there about noon day. It was a dark hazy gloomy day and we were met by the Kansas and Colorado U.S. troops under command of Lane and Jennison. I led this same company under orders to charge Jennisons left wing across an open field, which I did, driving them from their positions, but not without serious loss, And again in the running fight 12 miles from Blue Mills to Independence. My brave company charged the federals, again and again, charge after charge, with a perfect slaughter on both sides losing many of our number,

They fell.
With never a cloud above them
I see their radiant brows The Boys that fought with me for freedom.
The red sword sealed their vows
In a tangled western forest
Twin brothers bold and brave.
They fell and the flag they died for
Thank God floats over their grave.

Jurnegan participated in the next two days of fighting. At some point towards the end of the battle Major Shaw rode up to the Battallion, (what was left of it,) and as he was engaged in giving orders a solid shot came whizzing by in such close proximity to his head that it stunned him for a moment, but he soon recovered and said, "*rather close quarters Boys*" and rode away. Thus wound up the Battle of Brush Creek, Kansas on the 3rd Sabbath in Oct. 1864. When General Price crossed the state line back again, he had 37,000 men, 3000 negroes, 18 or 20,000 men well armed and mounted and 1,200 wagons loaded down with from 6 to 8 fine mules to each and 16 pieces of artillery, and had lost on the whole raid between 8 to 10,000 men and here the army was divided into three subdivisions a portion of the army under command of Gen Sleyback marched to the right towards Fort Smith while Gen. Shelby marched strait forward with the unarmed men to

Bentonville, while Jeff Thompson and Col Snavels marched down White River, and it was to the latter my company was attached.”

Jurnegan eventually arrived home in Franklin County on the 20th of December where he found his wife had given birth to a girl which was named Almira. His father-in-law decided to move the family to Pleasant Hill, Illinois where both Jurnegan and his father-in-law Mr. Hutton got places to farm where he was contacted by Col John C. Boon *“begging and urging me to again recruit another company for the CSA service and join him going southward. Having somehow learned of my former efforts for the cause and thinking he could better make his point, he stated that the Loyal leagers were in full possession of my history, and were preparing to put me through the mill.*

Meanwhile I learned of Genl Lee’s surrender, and if that was true I knew all was over though I became satisfied that a change of locality was perhaps better for my health, and safety. So on the 26th of April 1865 I left my wife and child with her parents and started for Louisiana, MO. Still not satisfied I further continued my travel by steam and halted at the town called Grand Rappids on the Wisconsin River, where I was employed by Debony, Douglas and Co Lumber merchants and who were in the rafting business. After a few days I left afloat on a raft for St. Louis and after many miles of smooth floating was interrupted by running on a sawyer and badly damaging our raft. We managed to land upon the Ills shore 6 miles below Hamburg, Calhoun Co, here I met a man by name of Trimbush with whom in conversation I found was slightly acquainted with one Jacob Mosley who I knew lived near my father in law. And as Mr. Trimbush wished to send some word to this Mosley concerning personal business, he proffered to loan me a horse to visit my wife and convey his word. And as it was only 20 to 25 miles, I knew I could

make the trip by the time our raft was ready to move again, and I accordingly accepted the offer and on the 20 day of May 1865 I saw my wife for the last time for until March 18th 1870 and on my return found the raft ready for further voyaging, arriving in St. Louis we were ordered to take her down to New Orleans which we did and returned to St. Louis by steam. I had now intended to return and remain at home but the boss could not hear to it and ordered me to help take down another raft to Memphis, Tenn. The night prior to starting I visited with one of our raft[s]men, Thomas Johnson a theatre in the city of St. Louis when a party who was present and evidently intoxicated tried his best to thrust his acquaintance upon us introducing himself as a notary public. Davis S. Bighman, being well satisfied he was not one who acquaintance would benefit us, I notified him that he was a stranger and ought to be careful whom he addressed we then left the theatre crossed the street entering a saloon and a few moments in came the Mr. Notary Public, we then leaving the saloon he followed us and I again told him we did not desire his company but he still followed using very profane, and abusive language which I could not brook- I struck him knocking him senseless a policeman seeing the disturbance. After I had quietly walked away, followed me and struck me with his club. I resented it as a matter of course, - he called help and I was arrested and conveyed to the calaboose, - there I lay for three days amidst the indescribable filth of weeks accumulation, and was brought before the records court. No prosecutor appearing I was recommitted and a warrant issued for a Bighman. The following morning he was shown to be a notorious drunken vagabound and was fined \$500 and costs, The recorder asking my name, felling my disgrace and thinking it was a violation of a city ordinance, I answered John Davis, and often have I had a occasion since to regret it. Tho, it was a

done with the sole intention of hiding my personality from the public, and saving the feelings of my Dear wife and relatives. To my surprise I was placed under bonds to appear before the criminal court charged with assault to kill and was at once transferred to the county jail. Sept following I was brought out to answer my indictment and I pleading instantly not guilty. My witness failing to appear my own relatives and friends failed me, not one to help me in time of need of all whom I had considered my friends in prosperity all turned the cold side to me. A Mr. W. M. Leslie a young attorney took charge of the case in my behalf, but I think he did, (if either way made it worse,) he did not help me at all, the charges were unproven, but to convict me all seemed determined, I was finely after laying in jail 7 months and they having several trails at me convicted of assault and intent to kill a charge which I had no idea of. All though the slander heaped upon me by one Lang Colwell a man who led a band of out laws plundering and stealing in the rear of Price's army and who ran away late in 1864 from Franklin Co. MO to avoid meeting the just deserts of his actions and who by dint of swallowing the iron clad oath became a Loyal policeman. He circulated the news that I was this, that and the other during the war, and that I had been in the penitentiary before in fact everything that was calculated to injure me. So I was sentenced to 3 years in the MO Penitentiary and on the 7 of Feb. 1866 I again passed within the gates of this grand state mansion and I am again at the time of this writing, in the garb of an outlaw while the real outlaw is still at liberty, but thank god my conscience are clear, and I know his is not from the facts namely he perjured himself in order to obtain his office, 2nd he lied on me, 3 he can not but remember the goods that were found under his barn floor, and his exclusion from the church, I feel that I did nought but what I believed right and in accordance to the written

orders of my superior officers during the war and Heaven knows I have not wronged any man since”.

“The war is ended, my career as a soldier was over e’ver the close of the war, and still my endeavors had failed me in the way of fame. My early experiences in the west, which I have described in the foregoing self history, re amongst the things that were, If I were to take a trip through that region again, perhaps bet few of my former acquaintances should I find, Some are dead and buried- their places of abode in the hands of others. The juvenile portion of my acquaintances have grown into years of maturity like myself they are running out of the sands of lifes period on this earth. Memory to me is exceedingly vivid in these long and dreary hours of imprisonment and scenes which perchance I should never once have recollected have been forcibly brought to my recollections through some trivial incident occurring during my imprisonment, I am writing this work with a double intention, Certainly not of memorializing myself, had such been my immediate intention I should have been more personal in my sketches-more concise in the sketches of experience I have given thus far, and less prone to the introduction of 2nd and 3rd parties, which the reader will perceive throughout my writings, My object 1st has been to merely out line my history for the especial purpose of evincing to youth the folly of romance, and the necessity of carefully regarding the authority of parents and guardians.

APPENDIX

The following letters and Jurnegan prison records were obtained from the Missouri State Archives.

Reference : #S213, Vol. B, p. 234 = inmate registry (2 pages)
Page 234 of the Inmate Registry

Name John Jurnegan
Age 23 years
Nativity Missouri
Height 5 ft 6 in.
Length of Foot 10 Inches
Color of Hair Dark
Color of Eyes Dark
Complexion Dark
Remarks Pardoned by Gov. Gamble June 17th 1863
Offence Grand Larceny
County Jackson
Sentence Five Years
Term of Court September
When Received Sept. 26th 1863
Expiration of Sentence Sept 26th 1865
Marks and Scars Scar center of breast. Mark projecting on right side of chin

The following Pardon Papers were obtained from the Missouri State Penitentiary Records at the Missouri State Archives - 14B/5/2, Box 16, Folder 33

To His Excellency
Gov H.R. Gamble
Dear Sir

[No date]

Accompanying this is a petition for the pardon of our John Journegan sentence to Mo. Pty prsn Jackson County- I beg only to state that with the exception of 7 names, I am, and have been for several years personally acquainted with the gentlemen whose signatures are affixed to Journegan's petition, and in society that stand as high as any persons_

Respectfully
J.S. Dabney

His Excellency H R Gamble
Governor of the Sate of Missouri

The undersigned

Your petitioners would represent to your excellency that John Jurnegan was convicted of grand larceny at September Term of the Circuit Court held in Jackson Co in 1860 and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Penitentiary_ He has been in prison nearly one half of his term, and during that time been an obedient and dutiful prisoner. He has manifested a mild and peaceful disposition and is not we think in any respect a bad or vicious man. The former habits of life of Jurnagan does not indicate a disposition to do violence to the law nor do we believe that his intention was to commit a fraud_ We do therefore most respectfully petition your Excellency to give his case a favourable consideration and grant him a full pardon_ For which consideration we will be greatly obliged to your Excellency and as in duty bound you petitioners will ever pray-

January 3rde 1863
Preston Simpson
John W. Smith
Hiram Fugett
Willis Sharp
Wm Lockeworth
John Sharp
Stephen Lee
Travis La[r]son
Thurston Knight
Colby Troyman
V. Thompson
J.R. Atkins

J.H. Williams
Wm Ebbs
Joseph W. Thompson
John Huntington
Joel Rice
Anderson Tate
Miller H. Winn
J.E. Thomas
W. M Thomas
L.W. Thomas
George H. Hatton
R.M. Thomas
Geo S. Shaw

[Written on the reverse side of the letter]

Mr. Cummings was probably at the Jackson Circuit Court when this man Jurnegan was convicted. I enclosed the statement of the case as he makes it himself probably Mr. Cummings will remember the case and can state the facts in they appeared in Court. Will he be pleased to make the statement. H R Gamble

Jefferson City April 1863

His Excellency Gov. H.R Gamble

Dear Sir

Please to excuse me for addressing you this letter I prefer to approach you in this way than trouble you by a personal interview. My only brother is a prisoner in the Penitentiary. I have neither Father nor Mother, Sisters, or brothers, with this only exception. I am dependent upon myself and him for support. I have come here that I may be near him and as far as I can counsel with him and be a comfort to him. The Officers of the Prison have given me every opportunity to see him and confer with him consistent within duty. My Brother has added to my protection and support as far as he had been able by his over works_ but his health has now failed and he is unable to work at even his usual task_ He was convicted of grand larceny in Jackson County before the war began and was sent here for five years. I went to Jackson County to try and procure the influence of the Court and the parties who prosecuted him to obtain his release _ but I found Judge Smart has been killed while bushwhacking_ the prosecuting attorney & all the witness has gone south and joined the Confederate Army _ and there was none of the jury to be found. I therefore procured the signatures of those who knew him there and returned to Jefferson City. My Brother has always been a good boy he is now quite young_ and his conduct in prison has been exemplary and correct_ I have been told that you require a certain statement of the case from the Judge who tried or the prosecuting attorney who conducted the case this cannot be had and I am unwilling to believe that you are an unreasonable man but while you may not allow your sympathy to influence your action in consequence of my unprotected & dependent condition. I appeal to the best exercise of your judgment and claim that it will be more magnanimous, and noble to err on the side of mercy. "To err is human, to forgive divine". My Brother has become permanently injured since he has been in prison and will probably never be able to do any hard work again_ for his condition I would refer you to Dr. Wells the attending Physician and for his character as a prisoner to the Warden.

Very Respectfully
Your Obt Servt
Mary C. Jurnegan

Jefferson City Mo.
Apr. 1863
Jurnegan Mary C

Desires that her Brother be released
From the Penitentiary
Mark Oliver Sec of State
Pardon John Jurnigan or Junigan
HB Gamble

Filed June 17, 1863
M. Oliver Sec'y of State

May the 11th 1863

His excellency H.R. Gamble Governor of the State of Missouri. With the most humble gratification I have the permission of introducing your excellency with the statement of my case.

My lot having been cast among the poor working class of people. I found it necessary and to my advantage to go upon the plains in order to get the largest and best wages having thus concluded I hired to Mr. Wm Russell a freighting contractor for the Government. I made the Spring trip and returning finding it a business of great exposure & oppression I refused to return upon the fall trip and the result was he would not pay me that which he justly owed me that which I had labored faithfully for \$133. one hundred and thirty three dollars. And my being young and unexperienced in law I let it remain so for sometime until I chanced to meet Mr. Russell in Independence Jackson Co Mo. I asked him if he would pay me. He frankly refused and abused me for asking him. I then went out ten miles from the city to where the train was which I had driven in and brought an animal from it to the city And offered the animal to Mr. J. W. Burriss the Sheriff requesting him to make my money out of it. In which he refused to act telling me of my error and the danger of which I were then liable to for taking the law in my own hands. But it was then too late. I was arrested and brought to Justice I stated the nature of my case to the court. Who said they were all fully satisfied that I me[a]nt no dishonesty in doing the deed. The Judge said although he felt confident that I me[a]nt no dishonesty by the act that he was bound by the law to pass a sentence upon me and that five years was the lowest term he could give me. But assuring me that I should not stay in prison two years. Shortly afterward the war broke out And Judge Smart was killed. The Sheriff died, and Mr. Russell was arrested for swindling the Government. And what has become of him I do not know. I have been informed that the country has been torn up And those who knew any thing of the nature of my case are scattered and gone. Some with the rebel army and some with the union, For further information of my case and character since in prison I refer your excellency to Mr. P.T. Miller and G.B. Douglas With the humblest respect to your noble majesty

John B Jurnegan.

Jefferson City May 22nd 1863~

Governor H.R. Gamble

Dear Sir

The bearer of this note Miss Mary Jurnegan_ visits your Excellency in behalf of her brother a prisoner now in the State Prison. I am unacquainted with the facts in his case, but understand they are in detail before your Excellency. She is an orphan child unprotected by any relative_ and entirely dependent upon this brother for that protection which her youth and orphanage and sex require_ I hope your Excellency will give her statement a favourable consideration and restore her brother to liberty

Very Respectfully,
Yours,
R H Douglass.

St Louis May 30th 1863

Hon H.R. Gamble

Whilst I was a resident of Jackson Co Mo. and I think this spring Three years ago, a young man by the name of John Jurnegan was sentenced to The Penitentiary, I think for the term of five years. I was in court and remember The trial, my impression is that Jurnegan had been in the employment of Russell and is on the plains. That he claimed that they owed him money for his services that he took a Horse belonging to his employees and was tried on the charge of stealing the Horse and convicted_ I think his character had been good and that the case was not an aggravated one, he has been confined about three years, I am informed by an officer of the prison, that he has behaved well, he has a sister a young girl, who was entirely dependent upon him the father and mother being dead. If your excellency should think, that he has suffered sufficiently his discharged from prison, would meet the approbation of all who knew him, in his former house.

Jurnegan is still quite a young man, and I sincerely believe that he is truly penitent, and would return to the world, a wiser and better man.

With great respect
Your Ob. & humble St
N.C. Claiborne

Penitentiary, June 17, 1863

His Excellency

Gov H R Gamble

Sir John Jurnegan was convicted of the September term 1860 of the Jackson Circuit Court of the crime of Grand Larceny and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

He has been uniformly faithful and obedient. He is a very mild amiable young man and has devoted all his earnings for overwork to the support of his sister. He had the misfortune not long since to get ruptured, and has not been able to work but very little since. He has the good will of every body about the prison.

Respectfully

P.T. Miller, Warden

ENDNOTES

¹ It should be noted that the 4th of July in 1851 was a Friday. The 6th of July 1851 was a Sunday. Retrieved on March 5, 2011 from <http://www.hf.rim.or.jp/~kaji/cal/cal.cgi?1851>.

² When John left home in July of 1851 he would have been 11 years 10 months in 1851 as his birthday was in September.

³ This could be John Baptiste Charbonneau, son of Sacajawea. There are numerous references to Baptiste Charbonneau near Scottsbluff, NE as he worked in the fur trade from 1833-1849. (Retrieved August 15, 2010 from http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/hh/28/hh28h.htm).

⁴ The Papins were one of the first families to take residence in St. Louis. Pierre Didier Papin was born March 7, 1798 in St. Louis the sixth son of Joseph Marie and Marie Louise Bourgeois Papin. All the St. Louis Papins were literate in two languages French and English. Pierre Papin married Catherin Louise Cerre on August 18, 1826. The couple had four children. Papin's name first appears on the American Fur Company's books in May of 1825. For the next twenty plus years he worked in the fur trade travelling up and down the Missouri River to St. Louis. In his later life he was in charge of Fort John [Fort Laramie] from the fall of 1845 – August 1848 and again from September 1850 until his death three years later. In September of 1850 his brother Theodore Papin wrote Pierre D. on the "Haut Missouri" (Upper Missouri). He died suddenly in May of 1853 and was buried near Scottsbluffs. Hafen, LeRoy R. (ed.) The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West vol IX. 1972. Glendale. pp. 305-319.

⁵ James McCluskey was left in charge of the post located about eight miles south of Scottsbluff, NE in the summer of 1850. In the summer of 1850 Andrew Drips took leave for a visit and left James McCluskey in charge of the post. However, McCluskey also planned to leave in the fall of 1850. By December of 1850, Andrew Drips had returned to the post. Hafen. The Mountain Men. 1972. pp. 293-294 and email correspondence with the Museum of the Fur Trade.

⁶ Captain John Shaw was the Captain of the steamer, Twilight, which left St. Louis on May 23, 1858 and ascended the Missouri. Coues, Elliot. (Ed). Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri – Personal Narrative of Charles Larpenteur 1833-1872. New York. 1898. pp. 321, 417. (Retrieved on August 15, 2010 from http://www.archive.org/stream/fortyyearsfurtra02larpiala/fortyyearsfurtra02larpiala_djvu.txt).

⁷ Willow Spring was a camping site along the Oregon Trail north of the North Platte River and southwest of present day Casper, Wyoming. The site was a source for good water and grass according to Clayton's Emigrant Guide of 1847 in Oregon Trail: Yesterday and Today by William E. Hill. (Retrieved August 1, 2010

http://books.google.com/books?id=pvixA55FkQIC&pg=PA47&lpg=PA47&dq=Willow+Springs+%2B+Oregon+Trail&source=bl&ots=A-8Z8dmnL7&sig=O4wQIIDqpZWXqDHdp8TaaI9ikd8&hl=en&ei=Yul2S-yQEIf8tAOpqsm8Cw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=9&ved=0CB4Q6AEwCA#v=onepage&q=Willow%20Springs%20%2B%20Oregon%20Trail&f=false).

⁸ It is unknown with more information the composition of this party in 1853 leaving Fort Laramie and or arriving in Santa Fe. Kit Carson went through Fort Laramie with a large flock of sheep which he sold in California for a 100% profit and returned to Santa Fe with Lucien Maxwell on Christmas day. Simmons, Marc. Kit Carson and His Three Wives: A Family History. 2003. Albuquerque. pp. 88-91.

In addition, the September 24, 1853 edition of the Santa Fe Weekly Gazette published F.X. Aubry's account of determining a route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. Aubry and his men crossed over Tejon Pass in July of 1853 and travelling along the Mohave River in the San Bernardino mountains with 18 men and arriving back in Santa Fe about by September of 1853. In both cases young Jurnegan would have been in Santa Fe at or about the same time as these two parties.

⁹ The American Fur Company built Fort John II in 1841 which later was re-named Fort Laramie. The U.S. Government purchased Fort Laramie in June of 1849.

(Retrieved August 13, 2010 <http://www.nps.gov/archive/foia/chrono.htm>).

¹⁰ The early French trappers gave the name to the area, adopting Indian terms, which meant Yellow Rock or Yellow Stone. The Yellowstone area was visited in 1824 by Alexander Ross of the Hudson Bay Company. The first "hard evidence" of a white man entering the current park area was by Daniel Potts, who visited the shore of Yellowstone Lake in 1827. In all probability, trappers probably visited the Yellowstone Plateau every year from 1826 on. In the 1830's Joseph Meek was separated from this party and wandered through Yellowstone's thermal basins. However, despite exploration by trappers, mountain men, and others, the

Yellowstone area was not actually mapped until after the Civil War. Retrieved January 29, 2011 from <http://www.shannontech.com/ParkVision/Yellowstone/Yellowstone.html>.

¹¹ The Wind River Range is a remote hundred-mile range, stretching through Wyoming along the crest of the Continental Divide. The narrow mountain chain includes eight craggy summits over 13,500 feet, rising from the wide open valleys of the west. Gannett Peak (13,804 ft.) is the highest and northernmost peak of the range. (Retrieved August 14, 2010 from <http://www.windriverrange.com/info.htm>).

¹² Named by John C. Fremont in 1848, The Humboldt River runs through northern Nevada in the western United States. At approximately 300 miles (480 km), it is the longest river in the arid Great Basin of North America. It furnishes the only natural artery across the Great Basin, and has provided the historical route for westward migration, railroads, and modern highways. The river is named for the German naturalist Alexander von Humboldt. Retrieved August 14, 2010 <http://www.statemaster.com/encyclopedia/Humboldt-River>.

¹³ The Sept. 1851 Treaty of Fort Laramie under Article 5 established “*the territory of the Blackfoot Nation, commencing at the mouth of Musselshell River; thence up the Missouri River to its source; thence along the main range of the Rocky Mountains, in a southerly direction, to the head-waters of the northern source of the Yellowstone River; thence down the Yellowstone River to the mouth of Twenty-five Yard Creek; thence across to the head-waters of the Musselshell River, and thence down the Musselshell River to the place of beginning.*” which corresponds with Jurnegan’s description. (Retrieved August 14, 2010 http://www.canku-luta.org/PineRidge/laramie_treaty.html).

¹⁴ Fort Tejon was established as a military post by the United States Army on August 29, 1854, to suppress stock rustling and for the protection of Indians in the San Joaquin Valley in Kern County, California. As regimental headquarters of the First Dragoons, Fort Tejon was an important military, social, and political center. Between 1850 and 1858, over 586,000 head of sheep and 70,000 cattle were brought to California over the southern Emigrant Trail. The fort established at the top of Grapevine Canyon was abandoned September 11, 1864. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from <http://www.hmdb.org/Results.asp?CategoryID=6>).

¹⁵ In 1775, Hugo O’Conor established the Tucson Presidio in Arizona. This year marked the official birth date of the City of Tucson. Tucson became part of Mexico when it fought for independence in 1821. After the Gadsden Purchase in 1854, Tucson fell under the jurisdiction of the United States. Arizona became an official territory in 1863. Between 1867 and 1877, Tucson held the title of territorial capitol. (Retrieved on July 27, 2010 from http://cms3.tucsonaz.gov/history/tucson_history).

¹⁶ In July of 1858, William Green Russell and his brothers made a small gold discovery on Cherry Creek and nearby Dry Creek in Colorado. Subsequently General William Larimer led a group of men from the Kansas Territory to establish a settlement there. The resulting settlement was christened Denver City in honor of James W. Denver, governor of Kansas Territory. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from http://www.cherrycreekbasin.org/cc_history.asp).

General Larimer wrote a letter dated November 18, 1858, to the mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas Territory: “Denver City is situated at the mouth of Cherry Creek where it forms its confluence with the South Platte. This is the point where the Santa Fe and New Mexico Road crosses to Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger, also the great leading road from the Missouri River; in short, it is the center of all the great leading thoroughfares and is bound to be a great city.” (Retrieved July 30, 2010 from http://www.denvergov.org/AboutDenver/history_narrative_1.asp).

¹⁷ Ben Ryder lived and worked at Bent’s Fort until 1844 when he moved to [Fort] Pueblo, CO. He was a Pennsylvania carpenter whose principal duty was the repair of wagons. His wife, Josefa (Chepita) Tafoya of Taos was a housekeeper, laundress, candle maker, and midwife. She was also the social hostess for balls and taffy-pulls. In the spring of 1855, Ben Ryder moved his family from the Arkansas River in southern Colorado back to New Mexico. Lecompte, Janet. Pueblo, Hardscrabble, Greenhorn. 1978. Norman. pp. 18, 252.

¹⁸ Most likely this is James W. Stringfellow, a Virginia lawyer, who probably travelled with a small merchant train from Independence to Salt Lake City in 1852. James W. Stringfellow was “a resident of Atchison in 1856. He is described as ‘of Virginia’ and as a young man ‘had had some mountain experience.’” Barry, Louise. The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway to the American West 1540-1854. 1972. Topeka. p. 1120.

¹⁹ Jurnegan is mistaken about the last name. Dick Wootton, George McDougal and three others from the Huerfano village and the settlement at the mouth of the St. Charles had gone hunting up the Arkansas. They had meant to be gone several days, but on Coal Creek [30 miles west of Pueblo, Colorado] Wootton

saw two things that bothered him – a glimpse of an Indian and fresh pony tracks. Wootton persuaded his companions to head for home. Lecompte. Pueblo, 1978. p. 246.

²⁰ Ute Chief Blanco and his starving band of Indians, frustrated with the encroachments on their territory, raided and killed settlers along the Arkansas River in southern Colorado on Christmas Day 1854. Lecompte. Pueblo, 1978. p. 250.

²¹ Jurnegan's references to settlement lead me to believe he is referring to the St. Charles Settlement. According to Janet Lecompte Joe Doyle abandoned his house and move to Huerfano Village. Into Doyle's abandoned St. Charles placita moved another group of settlers – including Jurnegan, Charley Carson, cousin or nephew of Kit Carson, Allen Tibbetts, Jonathan Atwood, George McDougal and others. According to maps in LeCompte's book of the Arkansas Valley Settlements, the St. Charles Settlement was about 3 miles east of Pueblo. Lecompte. Pueblo, 1978. pp. viii, 234.

²² Colonel McGruder in Jurnegan's Memoirs could be John Bankhead Magruder (1807 – 1871) who was brevetted to major for "gallant and meritorious conduct" at the Battle of Cerro Gordo [April, 1847], and to lieutenant colonel for his bravery in the storming of Chapultepec [September, 1847]. He served on frontier duty in California and at Fort Leavenworth in the Kansas Territory. (Retrieved on July 30, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_B._Magruder). Note: At this time and throughout the period from 1854-1861, eastern Colorado was part of Kansas Territory.

²³ Juan Rafael Medina was the wounded man. Lecompte. Pueblo, 1978. p. 248.

²⁴Accounts of the number of people killed during the Pueblo Massacre by the Jicarilla Apache and Ute Indians varies. According to Oliva the military report indicated 14 men killed, two men wounded, one woman and two children captured. Oliva. Fort Union, 1993. p. 130. According to Lecompte, 18 people were killed in the Massacre, Chepita Miera the female captive was killed later. Lecompte. Pueblo, 1978. pp. 323-324.

²⁵ Jonathan W. Atwood, was a partner of Allen P. Tibbetts. Lecompte. Pueblo, 1978. p. 234.

²⁶ Captain Andrew Bowman is listed as the Commander of the 3rd Infantry at Fort Massachusetts [built on the west bank of Ute (Utah) Creek 6 miles north of present day Fort Garland then located in New Mexico Territory in what is today the San Luis Valley of Colorado] within the Department of New Mexico in 1857. Bossange, Hector. American Almanac & Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1857. 1856. Boston. p. 115. (Retrieved July 30, 2010 from [Other records show Captain Horace Brooks commanding Fort Massachusetts, a check of Fort Massachusetts post returns would confirm who commanded at what date.]

http://books.google.com/books?id=kqMYAAAIAAJ&pg=PA115&lpg=PA115&dq=Capt.+Bowman+%2B+Fort+Massachusetts&source=bl&ots=ed_tqk-567&sig=VIm_m64voOCQuU14jNREOI0ITgE&hl=en&ei=sv19S6vOPITCsQPsj8j8Cw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=1&ved=0CAYQ6AEwAA#v=onepage&q=Capt.%20Bowman%20%2B%20Fort%20Massachusetts&f=false.

Captain Andrew W. Bowman was assigned to Fort Massachusetts in 1852. Frazer, R. W. (ed.). 1963.

Mansfield on the Condition of the Western Forts 1853-54. 1963. Norman. p. 201.

(Retrieved July 30, 2010 from

http://74.125.155.132/search?q=cache:JytARPtMXQoJ:www.msb.unm.edu/birds/publications/Sharp_tailed_grouse_WB.pdf+Capt.+Bowman+%2B+Fort+Massachusetts&cd=5&hl=en&ct=clnk&gl=us&client=firefox-a).

²⁷This reference to a fort can only be Cantonment Burgwin (1852 – 1860) which was named for Captain John Burgwin who died in the 1847 Taos Revolt. The post at the confluence of the *Rito de la Olla* (Pot Creek), and the *Rio Grande del Rancho* (called the Little Rio Grande), was designated August 14, 1852 in Colonel Sumner's General Orders No. 33. In keeping with his desire to locate soldiers away from population centers, it was located ten miles southeast of Taos. Several factors favored this site. It stood along the main wagon road from Santa Fe to Taos and north into Colorado, the protection of which was a major military objective. Moreover, the nearest settlement was Talpa, about three miles to the west; two miles farther was the village of Ranchos de Taos, which boasted the closest bar. A long ride was needed to reach the larger town of Don Fernando de Taos. Since no one lived in the immediate vicinity, the need to purchase land or declare a military reservation was not required. Government livestock could graze freely on the rich grass covering the valley floor. Water was plentiful. But such relative remoteness also had its drawbacks, especially for the soldiers. "Surrounded by mountains," wrote Private James A. Bennett "it looked as though we were shut out of the world." (Retrieved August 20, 2010 from

http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/blm/co/17/chap5.htm#13). According to the Santa Fe Weekly Gazette in April of 1854 Captain Brooks was ordered to take his company from Santa Fe to Cantonment Burgwin. Santa Fe Weekly Gazette April 8, 1854. At end of 1854 other records in the possession of Dr. Leo Oliva show Major George A. H. Blake commanding Cantonment Burgwin; Captain James H. Carleton was commanding Albuquerque Post and called to bring troops for the campaign per conversation between Poole and Oliva Feb 2011.

²⁸ Fernando City is San Fernando de Taos or simply Taos today.

²⁹ A few days after December 27, 1854, J.W. Atwood, John Jurnegan and Marcelino Baca set out for the Sangre de Cristo Pass and New Mexico to summon help. On January 7, 1855 Atwood, Jurnegan and Baca arrived at Camp Burgwin near Taos and told their appalling story. Atwood was sent on to Fort Marcy, Army Headquarters at Santa Fe. His report was forwarded to the commander of Fort Union, where preparations were begun for a final, devastating campaign against the Utes, and their Jicarilla Apache allies. Lecompte. Pueblo. 1978. p. 251.

³⁰ Socorro is the Spanish word for succor or help. In the English language succor is defined as assistance in time of distress; relief.

³¹ Almost 10% of the army in 1850 was stationed among the eleven posts of the Ninth Military Department [of New Mexico]. There were ten companies (the entire regiment) of Third Infantry, and four companies of Second Dragoons. The total authorized strength for these units was 1,603 officers and men but only 987 were actually present in the department. Oliva. Fort Union. 1993. p. 37.

³² St. Charles settlement was located on the mouth of the St. Charles River 6 miles east of the Fountain Creek's confluence with the Arkansas River in Southeastern Colorado. Lecompte, Pueblo. 1978. pp. 31, 226.

³³ Huerfano town [also called Huerfano village] would have been the colony established by Charles Autobees and 25 men on February 20, 1853 for the owners of the Vigil & St. Vrain land grant. It was 20 miles below Pueblo and two miles upstream from the mouth of the Huerfano River on the west side in a mile wide bottom with rich black soil covered with grass and wild flowers. Cottonwoods densely lined the banks of the Huerfano River. By 1854 there five placitas were built belonging to Charles Autobees, Dick Wooton [and also co-habited by the Ben Ryder family], Joseph Doyle [and also co-habited by the George Simpson family], William Koenig and Juan Pais. Each of the placitas was a small and rather elaborate fort. Lecompte. Pueblo. 1978. pp. 229-234.

³⁴ The trail from Pueblo to Taos over the Sangre de Cristo Pass crossed the Greenhorn Mountain at a point where the river banks were nearly level with the water and the slopes rose smoothly to the tops of bluffs on either side. On this trail, south of the river, was the Greenhorn settlement. In 1847, George Ruxton described it as one adobe hovel and several Indian lodges where two or three mountain men lived a life of pleasant indolence with their Indian wives. Lecompte. Pueblo. 1978. p. 139.

³⁵ Huerfano means orphan in Spanish and many places and natural features in Southern Colorado bare the name Huerfano. From Jurnegan's description this reference to Huerfano Creek is probably Huerfano River that passes through the Sangre de Cristo Pass into the San Luis Valley of southern Colorado near Huerfano Peak about 20 miles north of Fort Garland, CO. Somewhat related to this is also Huerfano Butte east of Walsenburg, CO that was an early Taos and Santa Fe Trail landmark marking the Huerfano river drainage route into the San Luis Valley and southward to Taos. (Retrieved October 16, 2010 from http://www.summitpost.org/object_list.php?object_type=2&distance_2=20&distance_lat_2=37.57770&distance_lon_2=-105.48590&map_2=1&is_open=1 and <http://www.sangres.com/features/buttes.htm>.)

³⁶ There are two entries for Charles Stuart listed in the 1840 census for Kentucky from Fleming County. (Retrieved on August 21, 2010 from www.ancestry.com).

³⁷ Kit Carson was appointed Indian agent for the Moache band of Utes at the agency established in Taos, New Mexico in 1853. Jicarilla Apaches and Indians of Taos Pueblo also used it occasionally. Simmons. Kit Carson and His Three Wives. 2003. pp. 91, 165.

³⁸ According to Janet Lecompte "Indian attacks put an end to the settlements on the Arkansas. In the spring of 1855 Joe Doyle, Ben Ryder, Levin Mitchell and other took their families back to New Mexico." Lecompte. Pueblo. 1978. p. 252.

³⁹ Lucien Bonaparte Maxwell (September 14, 1818 - August 25, 1875) was a rancher and entrepreneur who at one point owned more than 1,700,000 acres. Maxwell was born in Kaskaskia, Illinois. He traveled west in 1834 after the death of his father and encountered Kit Carson. Both were to sign up with John C. Frémont in 1841 for western expeditions with Carson serving as guide and Maxwell chief hunter.

In 1844 he returned to Taos, New Mexico, where he married Carlos Beaubien's daughter, Luz Beaubien. In 1843 Beaubien and his partner, Guadalupe Miranda, had received a land grant of a million acres in northeast New Mexico. Beaubien's wedding gift to Maxwell was 15,000 acres. In 1849, at the conclusion of the Mexican-American War, Maxwell and Carson proposed building a fort on the Rayado River at Rayado, New Mexico, on the Santa Fe Trail. Maxwell built a large house and Carson had a smaller adobe hut. In 1850 the Army moved its fort 30 miles further south to Fort Union on the Mora River. Maxwell sold his Rayado property and moved to Cimarron, New Mexico, which was on the Cimarron River. In 1858 Miranda sold his share of the 1,000,000-acre land to Maxwell for \$2,745. After Beaubien died in 1864, Maxwell acquired much of the original estate that he had not inherited; his landholdings then peaked at 1,714,765 acres. The entire area is referred to as the Maxwell Land Grant. (Retrieved August 28, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lucien_Maxwell.)

⁴⁰ Fort Union was established in 1851 near the Mora River on Wolf Creek [north of Las Vegas, NM]. Oliva. Fort Union. 1993. p.62.

⁴¹ Most of the details of [Kentuckian] John McBroom's (1822-1891) early life are known to us from his biography in Baskin, *History of the City of Denver, Arapahoe County, and Colorado*, 1880, and from Jerome S. Smiley, *History of Denver*, 1901. Smiley explains that John McBroom came west with A. W. Doniphan's company during the Mexican War and helped put down the insurrection of Mexicans and Indians at Taos. Baskin describes how he served in the quartermaster corps in New Mexico, and indicates that he did not join the army until March 1855. Then he fought against the Ute Indians in southern Colorado. He says that John McBroom returned to Fort Union, New Mexico and remained in government employ as wagon and forage master until March 1858. In 1859 he would build a cabin and settle permanently in Littleton, Colorado. (Retrieved August 22, 2010 from <http://www.littletongov.org/history/biographies/mcbbroom.asp>.)

⁴² Major Francis A Cunningham was appointed Paymaster by then Lt. Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner in August 1851. Oliva, Leo. Fort Union and the Frontier Army in the Southwest. 1993. Santa Fe. p. 59.

⁴³ Jared W. Folger was the Fort Union post sutler from September 27, 1851 to September 26, 1854. Oliva. Fort Union. 1993. p. 685.

⁴⁴ Leavenworth, founded in 1854, was the first incorporated city in Kansas. It is located on the west bank of the Missouri River, south of Fort Leavenworth, KS the oldest active Army post west of the Mississippi, which was established in 1827 by Colonel Henry Leavenworth. The population of Leavenworth according to the 1860 census was 7,429. (Retrieved August 21, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Leavenworth,_Kansas) and the United States 1860's census.

⁴⁵ This probably is Solomon Spiegelberg who was fluent in Spanish and opened a mercantile store in Santa Fe in 1846. In 1851 nine men including Mr. Spiegelberg had left Santa Fe and arrived in Independence, MO on February 2, 1851. Spiegelberg then continued on to the East to buy goods. Barry, Louise. The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway to the American West 1540-1854. 1972. Topeka. p. 979. Solomon Spiegelberg started bringing his brothers over from Germany in 1848.

From the beginning, the Spiegelbergs were progressive members of the Santa Fe business community. They maintained buyers in New York City and Europe, and in 1868 delivered a shipment from New York City to Santa Fe in a record 40 days. Catering to the diverse local population, the Spiegelberg Brothers advertised in English and Spanish newspapers alike. By 1893 the Spiegelbergs had left New Mexico. (Retrieved on August 26, 2010 from <http://parentseyes.arizona.edu/bloom/v12spieg.htm>).

⁴⁶ H.H. Green came with Colonel Sumner to New Mexico in 1851. He looked after farm property on Ocate Creek that Fort Union leased from Manuel Alvarez who was given the Ocate Land Grant from Governor Manuel Armijo which comprised nearly 70,000 acres. . Oliva. Fort Union. 1993. pp. 78-84, 665.

⁴⁷ Council Grove is located on the Neosho River. From the east it was a natural way-stop on the route to New Mexico. It has the last stand of hardwood trees which in trail days were cut for spare axles and stored under the wagons for later use. The site was named by Commissioner George Sibley in 1825 when he made a treaty with the Osage Indians guaranteeing safe passage for wagon trains and providing a right-of-way to Santa Fe. During the Mexican War the military built a wagon repair depot and a few years later Waldo, Hall & Company operated a station, shops and corrals for the stagecoach service. Simmons, Marc. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 1986. p. 80.

⁴⁸ In 1855 the *Golden Era* newspaper of San Francisco put in a good word for *stogy boots*, and around the turn of the century *stogies* remained a familiar if old-fashioned heartland term for rough brogans, or work shoes. The *stoga* boots (pronounced *stogy* in the many local dialects nationwide in which final "uh" sounds

turn into "ee" sounds) seem to have been manufactured in the Conestoga Valley of Pennsylvania. In 1847 one Oregon Trail diarist noted he had paid \$4.50, an astronomical price at the time, for "a pair of *stoga* shoes, made in one of the Eastern States." Retrieved on January 29, 2011 from <http://www.theatlantic.com/past/docs/issues/96nov/wordimp/wordimp.htm>.

⁴⁹ Brush Creek is a stream that runs from Johnson County, Kansas through Jackson County, Missouri. South from the square of Westport, MO the Santa Fe Trail crossed Brush Creek, climbed Brush Creek Hill and followed today's Wornall Road, then continued on to the great camping ground. At this well-watered and grassy site caravans organized for their departure on the Santa Fe Trail. (Retrieved on August 15, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brush_Creek_Missouri) and Simmons. Following the Santa Fe Trail. 1986. p. 54.

⁵⁰ In 1857, John S. Dawson, was Wagon master of Trains 21, for Russell, Majors and Waddell when they were hired to supply the so called Army of Utah to put down rebellious Mormons. Settle, Mary and Raymond. War Drums and Wagon Wheels: The Story of Russell, Majors and Waddell. 1966. Lincoln. pp. 66-67, 254-255.

⁵¹ In 1853, William H. Russell and William B. Waddell were operating a large retail, wholesale, and commission business under the name of Waddell and Russell in Lexington, MO. In 1854, William H. Russell, William B. Waddell, and Alexander Majors formed the freighting co-partnership of Russell, Majors & Waddell and established headquarters at Leavenworth, Kansas. A year later in 1855 they obtained a monopoly on military freighting and began operations across the Plains along the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails. Settle. War Drums. 1966. pp. 37, 254.

⁵² "Monongahela," is a Native American word which means "falling banks," in reference to the geological instability of the rivers banks. (Retrieved July 31, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Monongahela_River).

⁵³ Van Epps worked for the Jewish firm of Abraham & Rosenthal between 1850 and 1854. Van Epps was hired to supervise the wagon trains. O'Brien, William Patrick. "*Olam Katan (Small World): Jewish Traders on the Santa Fe Trail*" in Journal of the Southwest. Vol 48, No. 2, p. 215. In October of 1853, former NM Governor Lane was travelling home to St. Louis via the Santa Fe Trail and west of Cottonwood Crossing met Mr. N.D. Van Epps, age 27, and Mr. Thom Ackerman who were in charge a train of 8-12 Ox Wagons belonging to A.M. Abrahams. Barry, Louise. The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway to the American West 1540-1854. 1972. Topeka. p. 1185. Van Epps apparently continued to work as a teamster freighting along the Santa Fe Trail and through deduction at the time Jurnegan encountered Van Epps, he worked for the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell which operated between 1855-1862. (Retrieved on August 21, 2010 from http://www.suite101.com/article.cfm/kansas_history/77499/1).

⁵⁴ William Bent began building Ben's New Fort the winter of 1852 and 1853 in Big Timbers overlooking the Arkansas River in Colorado. In 1860 he leased it to the Army which soon built a new post. Simmons, Marc & Hal Jackson. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. pp. 143-144.

⁵⁵ Colonel John M. Francisco (1820 – 1902) and Judge Henry Daigre (1832 – 1902) formed a partnership and purchased land [48,000 acres] under the Vigil-St. Vrain Land Grant in 1868 [1858]. The land was located on a Native American trail used by the Ute tribe and earlier the Comanches. Joined by Hiram Washington Vasquez (1843 – 1939), Francisco and Daigre built a plaza [in 1862] known as Francisco Fort [present day La Veta, Colorado in Huerfano County] to supply the Denver mining camps with products from ranching and farming. (Retrieved on August 26, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/La_Veta,_Colorado. and <http://coloradohistory-oahp.org/programareas/register/1503/ctv/hf.htm>).

⁵⁶ Alfred Bent was the only son of Charles Bent and Maria Ignacia Jaramillo. He was born in 1837 and attended school in St. Louis with his cousin Elfege Bent. He was murdered in Taos in 1866 by "Greek George" who subsequently committed suicide. Thrapp, Dan. Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography A-F. 1988. Glendale. p. 96. (Retrieved August 15, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?id=iXP58ROs8mgC&pg=PA96&lpg=PA96&dq=Gov+Charles+Bent+%2BAlfred&source=bl&ots=UBdfCdrT39&sig=YHsqWjIrmRiXUyKl56SNmngfJCs&hl=en&ei=R-yTS4WOJIqMtAO75uD8Aw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=2&ved=0CAkQ6AEwAQ#v=onepage&q=&f=false) and Lavender, David. Bent's Fort. 1954. Garden City. p. 325.

⁵⁷ Three card Monte is a simple three card game that some characterize as a scam. It is played between the dealer (or tosser), who manipulates the cards and takes the bets, and the punter, a more or less gullible member of the public who places a bet on the game in the (unrealistic) hope of winning some money. The

dealer has three cards, one of which is a queen. These cards are shown to the punter and then simultaneously thrown face-down on a table. The punter is invited to bet on which card the queen is. The dealer will employ various tricks, often with the help of accomplices, to ensure that the punter loses. (Retrieved on August 15, 2010 from <http://www.pagat.com/misc/monte.html>).

⁵⁸ The first regular mail route through the region was pioneered in 1851 by Henry Skillman who obtained a federal contract to transport mail between San Antonio, Texas and Santa Fe, New Mexico, via El Paso. The route between El Paso and Santa Fe followed the path of the Camino Real de Tierra Adentro. By 1852, passenger service was offered in Skillman's primitive canvas-topped farm wagons and rickety coaches along the trail. Apache attacks were common and armed guards often accompanied the vehicles as they made their way through the territory. Mullin, Robert N. Stagecoach Pioneers of the Southwest. 1983. El Paso. pp. 1-3.

⁵⁹ John Bull is a reference to the personification of an Englishman.

⁶⁰ New Mexico Governor Francisco Cuervo y Valdés founded the *Villa de Alburquerque* (the first "r" was lost in the nineteenth century) in 1706, named for New Spain's viceroy at the time, Francisco Fernández de la Cueva, Duke of Alburquerque. The founding of the villa was part of a larger effort to re-establish Spanish rule and settlement in the Rio Abajo in the uncertain years following the re-conquest. The villa languished during much of the eighteenth century but was invigorated by the trade with the eastern United States along the Santa Fe and Chihuahua Trails during the Mexican era. Following the Mexican-American War, Anglo-Americans moved into the town and expanded commercial operations. When the railroad arrived in 1880, the original villa site, "Old Town," was replaced by a "New Town" farther to the east that grew around the commercial and industrial activities that the railroad produced. Simmons, Marc. Albuquerque: A Narrative History. 1982. Albuquerque. pp. 88-91, 217-219.

⁶¹ Jurnegan visited this post in the mid 1850's. In 1853 the Albuquerque Post was under the command of Brevet 2d Lieutenant K Garrard, 1st Dragoons in consequence of the sickness of the 2nd Lieutenant D. Bell of the 2nd Dragoons. "The two young officers were the only commissioned officers in authority present. The troops at this post consisted of Company H. 2nd Dragoons, Captain O.F. Winship. This company has been commanded since the 1st of January 1852 by five different lieutenants. And has been much engaged in escort duties, and without a complement of commissioned officers; and as a necessary consequence has fallen off very much. The company is 80 in aggregate... and has 62 horses. The company of course was in the old uniform and their arms in good serviceable order. The men and horses required instruction and training. There was no farrier to this company and the horses unshod and not in fit condition to move off in an hour's notice after Indians. In short the Company required a complement of officers, and much attention, and accordingly has subsequently been ordered by General Garland to Fort Union for that purpose." Frazer, Robert. Mansfield on the Condition of the Western Forts 1853-54. 1963. Norman. pp. 43-45. The Albuquerque Post was discontinued in 1862. McCall, George, & Frazer, Robert. (ed.) New Mexico in 1850: A Military View. 1968. Norman. pp.153-158.

⁶² The Rio Grande (known in Mexico as the Río Bravo del Norte, or simply Río Bravo) is a river that forms part of the border between the United States and Mexico. At 1,885 miles (3,034 km) long, it is the fourth-longest river system in the United States. From Colorado, the Rio Grande flows through the San Luis Valley, then south into the state of New Mexico and passes through Espanola, Albuquerque and Las Cruces to El Paso, Texas, where it begins to form the natural border between the United States and Mexico. (Retrieved on August 15, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rio_Grande).

⁶³ Los Lunas is an example of the tradition of naming settlements after the founding families. Los Lunas refers to the Lunas clan, who were the descendants of Diego de Luna, born in New Mexico in 1635. About 1750, Domingo de Luna purchased a parcel of the 1716 San Clemente land grant from the Baca family and in the late eighteenth century members of the Luna family moved onto the property. While the small hamlet may have grown some during the Mexican era, in 1846 it was still cited as a small agricultural village. Antonio José Luna is considered the "father" of Los Lunas. During the Mexican era he brought new settlers to the small agricultural hamlet and expanded commercial activities in the area. Antonio José married into the Baca family of Belén and became a prominent cattle and sheep rancher. Espinosa, Gilbert and Tibo J. Chavez. El Rio Abajo. 1970. Portales. pp. 54-56.

⁶⁴ For centuries the *carreta*, or cart, was the most common form of transportation on the Camino Real. From the earliest colonial expeditions until the late nineteenth century this simple wooden vehicle was used to move agricultural and manufactured goods along the trail. It was comprised of a basic squared cart body, placed on braces, an axle, and a pair of large, wooden wheels. It was usually made of cottonwood, or

sometimes pine, and was drawn by one or two yoke of oxen. Some carretas were replaced by eastern American wagons, drawn by mule teams, in the mid-nineteenth century but they remained commonly used along the trail for decades afterwards. They had a reputation as an extremely sturdy, if somewhat awkward and noisy vehicle, seen along the entire length of the trail. Simmons, Marc. "Carts on the Camino Real" in Coronado's Land: Everyday Life in New Mexico. 1991. Albuquerque. pp. 79-81.

⁶⁵ In the spring of 1855 after the Indian attacks on the Arkansas River put an end to the settlements, Jonathan Atwood and Allen P. Tibbetts moved down the river [from St. Charles Settlement] to abandoned Bent's Fort where they traded with the Cheyennes in a few rooms they had refurbished. Lecompte. Pueblo. 1978. pp. 234, 252.

⁶⁶ Brush Creek is a 10.5-mile-long stream that runs from Johnson County, Kansas through Jackson County, Missouri. It is a tributary of the Blue River. Retrieved on October 29, 2011 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brush_Creek_%28Blue_River%29.

⁶⁷ At this period of time a Kansas Yankee was essentially a Jayhawker. In the days leading up to the civil war, a Jayhawker was one of a band of anti-slavery, pro-Union guerrillas coursing about Kansas and Missouri, impelled by substantially more malice than charity. Jayhawkers were undisciplined, unprincipled, occasionally murderous, and always thieving. Jayhawking became a widely used synonym for stealing. For all this, Jayhawking carried no social stigma. Some prominent, influential and highly respected leaders were associated with Jayhawking. Among them was James Henry Lane, the self-styled 'Grim Chieftain,' a lanky Hoosier demagogue whose biography included terms in the United States House of Representatives and Senate, a penchant for fiery oratory, and a tendency not to repay his debts. (Retrieved August 26, 2010 from <http://www.historynet.com/americas-civil-war-missouri-and-kansas.htm>.)

⁶⁸ When the Territory of Kansas was organized, Milton McGee went to Georgia to recruit men to aid in making Kansas a slave state. (Retrieved August 14, 2010 from <http://www.kcpt.org/badblood/characters.shtml>.) [Milton W. McGee lived just west of Kansas City, and although he was a resident of Missouri was elected as proslavery representative to the first Kansas Territorial Legislature. His brother, Fry McGee, operated the trading ranche and stage station at 110 Mile Creek, and he was also a proslavery leader in Kansas Territory. There was also another brother named James and perhaps more brothers. Personal communication with Leo Oliva, Ph.D in February of 2011]

⁶⁹ Author and publisher Henry Clay Pate (1832-1864) of Virginia, moved to Westport, Mo and upon his arrival was soon publishing his own newspaper variously called the "*Border Star*," "*Frontier News*," or "*Star of the Empire*." Southerners from Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina were recruited to move to Westport and they were soon mustered into the "Kansas [Citizens] Militia" under a proclamation from Governor Shannon. Captain Pate, commanding thirty of "Shannon's Westport Sharpshooters," camped near Blackjack in Douglas County, Kansas. They "began to terrorize the citizens of the surrounding country." When word reached John Brown of the Sharpshooter's activities in Black Jack, Brown & his company traveled all night. At daylight, Brown attacked Pate and his company, who took shelter behind [a breastwork of] their [four] wagons. Although Pate's forces outnumbered Brown's, after two hours, Pate sent one of his men out with a prisoner as a shield and under a white flag. Pate surrendered and became Brown's prisoner. Colonel Sumner, in command of Federal troops at Fort Leavenworth, arrived with orders from Governor Shannon to release Pate and his men. The Westport men were allowed to recover their weapons. One witness remembered what happened next: "Then, Captain Pate got up on a log and said he would like to make a few remarks. Colonel Sumner then lifted up his voice and said distinctly, "I don't want to hear a word from you, sir. You have no business here, the Governor told me so." Captain Pate and his company then disappeared..." The Battle of Black Jack took place on June 2, 1856, when anti-slavery forces, led by the noted abolitionist John Brown, attacked the encampment of Henry C. Pate near Baldwin City, Kansas. The battle is cited as one incident of "Bleeding Kansas" and a contributing factor leading up to the American Civil War of 1861 to 1865. (Retrieved August 15, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Black_Jack and http://kansassboguslegislature.org/mo/pate_h_c.html).

⁷⁰ During the Battle of Black Jack there were three proslavery camps. The largest camp was Hickory Point where another battle occurred on September 13 and 14, 1856. It was one of the many collisions between the free-state and proslavery forces prior to the start of the Civil War. Gov. John W. Geary had just arrived in Kansas Territory, and had issued his proclamation ordering all armed forces to disband. Gen. James H. Lane was at or near Topeka and did not hear of the order to disperse. Lane learned that an armed force of proslavery men was at Hickory Point and marched there determined to capture them. The second camp

was south of Prairie City [southwest of present Baldwin City] and the third was Middle Otawa Creek. (Lawrence Journal World article dated June 2, 1861 was retrieved on August 14, 2010 from <http://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=2199&dat=19610602&id=gz8yAAAAIABAJ&sjid=pOUFAAAAIABAJ&pg=6782,4901672>.) and Root, George. "The First Day's Battle at Hickory Point From the Diary and Reminiscences [sic] of Samuel James Reader." *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*. Vol.1 No. 1. 1931. pp.28-29. (Retrieved August 14, 2010 from http://www.kshs.org/publicat/khq/1931/31_1_root.htm.) Pate's company continued to the Santa Fe road near Hickory Point, and made camp on the head of a small branch called Black Jack, 5 miles southeast of Palmyra, Kansas at the head of a ravine on the edge of the prairie southwest of the Santa Fe road. The location of Hickory Point was transcribed from volume I of *Kansas: a cyclopedia of state history, embracing events, institutions, industries, counties, cities, towns, prominent persons, etc. ... / with a supplementary volume devoted to selected personal history and reminiscence*. Standard Pub. Co. Chicago : 1912. 3 v. in 4. : front., ill., ports.; 28 cm. Vols. I-II edited by Frank W. Blackmar. Transcribed May 2002 by Carolyn Ward. (Retrieved August 15, 2010 from http://skyways.lib.ks.us/genweb/archives/1912/b/black_jack_battle_of.html.)

⁷¹ Black Jack Creek

⁷² James Henry Lane (August 28, 1814 – August 11, 1866) was a US Senator, a Union general and partisan in the American Civil War. Lane was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he practiced law when he was admitted to the bar in 1840. He moved to the Kansas Territory in 1855. He immediately became involved in the abolitionist movement in Kansas. He was often called the leader of "Jayhawkers" abolitionist movement in Kansas. He was a U.S. congressman from Indiana (1853–1855) where he voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Act. But he abandoned that issue when he moved to the Kansas Territory in 1855. He was elected to the Senate from the state of Kansas in 1861, and reelected in 1865. (Retrieved August 27, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_Henry_Lane_%28Indiana_and_Kansas%29.)

⁷³ John Campbell was a prominent freighter on the Santa Fe Trail, operating between Westport, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico with immense wagon trains. He employed many men and while he made Santa Fe his home he spent much of his time at the starting point of his line—Westport. His prominence in connection with the early development of the city caused one of its highways to be named in his honor - Campbell Street. Whitney, Carrie. *Kansas City, Missouri: Its history and its people 1800-1908 vol.2*. 1908. Chicago. p. 560. (Retrieved on August 15, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA560&lpg=PA560&dq=%22John%20Campbell%22%20%2B%20Santa%20Fe%20Trail%20freighter&sig=AHs-KsSj9zGFMli037jrU50SRXM&ei=QaWNS_PZC4j6M6uxtasE&ct=result&id=C30UAAAAYAAJ&ots=IRjYhQHug&output=text).

⁷⁴ Reese: A note in the Santa Fe Weekly Gazette, June 20, 1857, indicates that "the train of Messrs. Moor & Rees and Co, of Tecaloté, reached that place on the 7th inst[ant]." No additional information on these men is extant. Barbour, Barton. *Reluctant Frontiersman James Ross Larkin on the Santa Fe Trail, 1856-57*. 1990. Albuquerque. p. 172.

⁷⁵ Tecaloté: When Frederick Wislizenus saw it in 1846, Tecaloté was comprised of about thirty houses. Barbour, Barton. *Reluctant Frontiersman James Ross Larkin on the Santa Fe Trail, 1856-57*. 1990. Albuquerque. p. 172. Tecaloté means owl in Spanish.

⁷⁶ Raton Pass (7834 feet) is a pass on the Mountain Route of the Santa Fe Trail between Trinidad, Colorado and Raton, New Mexico border. *Ratón* is Spanish for "mouse." The pass crosses the line of volcanic mesas that extends east from the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, and furnishes the most direct land route between the valley of Arkansas River to the north and the upper valley of the Canadian River, leading southwest to Santa Fe. Retrieved on August 21, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Raton_Pass.

⁷⁷ John Jurnegan by his own admission was enlisted under the name of Private Morgan (his uncle's last name).

⁷⁸ John Snoderly according to the "Register of Inmates." from the Missouri State Penitentiary records at the Missouri State Archives. Jefferson City. Vol B. pp. 233-234. John Snoderly was convicted along with Jesse Locke and John Jurnegan on charges of grand larceny in the Jackson County Court for stealing a dozen yoke of oxen from Russell, Majors and Waddell. Jurnegan was owed back wages for freighting on the Santa Fe Trail for Russell. Snoderly escaped from the Missouri State Penitentiary on May 8, 1862. John Snoderly was born in 1837 and was the eldest of 6 children born to Nicholas and Mahala Hill Snoderly. During the 1850 census his father was a farmer and they lived in Green township, in Platte County Missouri. (Retrieved on August 14, 2010 from <http://search.ancestrylibrary.com>).

⁷⁹ The 3rd Infantry was organized at Fort Union and Albuquerque, N.M., August 30-October 10, 1861. Duty at Fort Union until February, 1862. Action at Valverde, N.M., February 21. Pursuit of Confederate forces April 13-22. Duty in Central, Northern and Santa Fe Districts until May. Mustered out May 31, 1862. (Retrieved on August 31, 2010 from <http://www.civilwararchive.com/Unreghst/unnmtr.htm>).

⁸⁰ Bar Room. Retrieved from [Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary](http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/dram%20shop). 2010. Merriam-Webster Online. July 27, 2010. [http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/dram shop](http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/dram%20shop)

⁸¹ “Bucking for Monte” is a colloquial gambling phrase. “Bucking at Monte” probably means playing the card game Monte.

⁸² The Sandia Mountains are a mountain range located immediately to the east of the city of Albuquerque, NM in the southwestern United States. *Sandia* means *watermelon* in Spanish and is popularly believed to be a reference to the reddish color of the mountains at sunset. The range measures approximately 17 miles north-south, and the width in the east-west direction varies from 4 to 8 miles. (Retrieved July 31, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sandia_Mountains).

⁸³ Jurnegan says they are on the Red River which in the early years of Santa Fe Trail travel was mistaken for the headwaters of the Canadian. He also states he is 80 miles from the nearest post which would most likely be Fort Union. They were most likely on Canadian, or Ute Creek or Carrizo Creek in eastern New Mexico along the Cimarron Route of the Santa Fe Trail. Retrieved on February 27, 2011 from <http://geology.com/lakes-rivers-water/new-mexico.shtml>.

⁸⁴ This is most likely Rabbit Ears Creek Camp on the Cimarron Route of the Santa Fe Trail. “The Rabbit Ears Creek Camp is on private land about 6 miles north of the town of Mount Dora. This was considered an excellent campground, with spring water, grass, wood and game for food. Many wagon trains reportedly rested at this site for a couple of days. Wagon ruts are still visible.” Retrieved October 2, 2010 from <http://www.nps.gov/archive/safe/fnl-sft/maps/map6s/claytbl.htm>.

⁸⁵ Jurnegan had reached Rice County, Kansas near the town of Little River. The trading establishment was a post or ranch on the Little Arkansas Crossing. “William Mathewson (‘the original Buffalo Bill’) spent some months in 1857-1858 at Little Arkansas Crossing, trading with the Indians, and hunting buffalo. He ‘built’ a post on the Little Arkansas on the Santa Fe Trail. In February 1858, the territorial legislature granted E.F. Gregory and associates the privilege of building a bridge across the Little Arkansas ‘where the Santa Fe road crosses the same.’ Perhaps Gregory got gold fever later in the year, for there is no further mention of him. But the ‘associates’ probably included William D. Wheeler (who became the dominant figure at Little Arkansas ranch). Augustus Voorhee, en route to Pike’s Peak with the ‘Lawrence party’ of gold-seekers in 1858, recorded in his diary on June 7: ‘Drove twenty-one miles to the Little Arkansas. Saw several herd of buaffalo, one was killed, got but little meat, it was to far from the road. But little timber is cotton wood and box elder.’ The same day co traveler William B. Parsons wrote: ‘Camped on the Little Arkansas. There is a trading post at the place, and bridge in process of erection. The crossing is abominable.’ On August 12, H. B. Möllhausen and party, eastbound, reached the crossing and ‘camped on the right bank[west side of the stream] near a little log cabin which several adventurers had erected for the purpose of trading with the Kaw Indians,’ who were camped ‘farther above at a distance of about four miles.’ An identified gold-seeker, on his way to Pike’s Peak with some 20 companions, arrived at Little Arkansas Crossing on October 22, 1959, and camped for a day on the west side. In his journal he wrote; ‘This is a fine place... We once more find the residence of a white man, who hunts, trades, etc. he is building a bridge across the river.’ The odds are that William D. Wheeler was the log cabin’s occupant. But no traveler mentioned a name” [including John Jurnegan]. Barry, Louise. *The Ranch at Little Arkansas Crossing*. Kansas Historical Quarterly. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 3. 1972. pp 287-294.

⁸⁶ When the 1850 census was taken, Thurston Knight and his family lived in Lincoln, Benton County, Missouri. Thurston (32 years old) and Martha Knight had 4 children. His occupation was listed as Sadler and his real estate was valued at \$480. By the time Jurnegan met him he had apparently moved to Clay County, Missouri. (Retrieved on August 15, 2010, from <http://search.ancestrylibrary.com> – 1850 United States Federal Census).

⁸⁷ Miss S is Samantha Knight listed as age 7 in the 1850 federal census. Jurnegan meets her less than ten years later. Retrieved on August 15, 2010, from <http://search.ancestrylibrary.com> – 1850 United States Federal Census.

⁸⁸ Ferriage is the act or business of carrying by ferry. From the Free Dictionary. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/ferriage>).

⁸⁹ Sibley, MO is a village in Jackson County, Missouri, United States. It is known as the home of Fort Osage National Historic Landmark. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sibley,_Missouri).

⁹⁰ Coal pit - a mine [in this case a hole in the ground] where coal is dug from the ground. Retrieved August 7, 2010 from <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/Coalpit>.

⁹¹ Jurnegan states later in his autobiography that the inability to obtain the consent of Miss Warren's father left him with a broken heart and he started drinking whiskey "*to rid myself of this miserable state of mind, I resorted to the Barroom, to sooth or drown away my melancholy feeling, and behold I made myself ten times worse than before.*" Jurnegan, John. Unpublished manuscript "Warning to the Young." Nebraska State Historical Society. Lincoln. p. 111.

⁹² Reference to Benjamin Franklin Butler (1818-1893) was an American lawyer and politician who represented Massachusetts in the United States House of Representatives and later served as the 33rd Governor of Massachusetts. During the American Civil War, he served as a major general in the Union Army. His administration of occupied New Orleans, his policies regarding slaves as contraband, his ineffectual leadership in the Bermuda Hundred Campaign, and the fiasco of Fort Fisher rank him as one of the most controversial political generals of the war. He was widely reviled for years after the war by Southern whites, who gave him the nickname Beast Butler or alternatively Spoons Butler, the latter nickname derived for his alleged habit of pilfering the silverware of Southern homes in which he stayed. Retrieved on March 6, 2011 from [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Franklin_Butler_\(politician\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Franklin_Butler_(politician))

⁹³ John E. Morgan settled in Bates County in 1854. Morgan and some others conceived the idea that the land on which they were living, being near the center of the county and well suited by nature for a town-site, would stand a good chance of securing the county seat. They proceeded, in 1854, to lay out a town, which they named Butler, and as an additional inducement to secure the county seat, Morgan, Wilkins and Montgomery donated to the county tracts of land which aggregated 55 acres. J. E. Morgan built the first house in Butler. The first hotel or tavern was a log structure and kept by John E. Morgan. The first school was taught in a building erected for both school and church purposes in 1856. The teacher was Mrs. [John E.] Martha Morgan. Tathwell. Old Settler's History of Bates County, Missouri From Its First Settlement until the First Day of 1900. 1897. Amsterdam. pp. 16, 30-31. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from http://www.archive.org/stream/oldsettlershisto01tath/oldsettlershisto01tath_djvu.txt).

⁹⁴ Osceola is the county seat of St. Clair County, in Missouri. The town was the site of the September 1861 Sacking of Osceola by Jayhawkers in which the town was burned and courthouse looted. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Osceola,_Missouri).

⁹⁵ John E. Morgan, (John Jurnegan's uncle) had six children. From the 1860 U.S. Census Mary E was 16 years old and Eliza was 12 years old. ZIE could possibly be a nickname for Eliza. Retrieved October 3, 2010 from <http://search.ancestrylibrary.com>.

⁹⁶ There were numerous stages lines at this time in Missouri. One that went through Pleasant Hill, MO was the Lexington-Fort Scott Stage Line. Buckner, Marjorie. "A Home Burns" Pleasant Hill Times. Oct. 1, 1909 which was included in a February 2010 letter from Robert Kennedy, Curator of the Pleasant Hill Historical Society Museum in Missouri.

⁹⁷ Harrisonville is the county seat of Cass County, Missouri. Harrisonville was found in 1837, and was named for Congressman Albert G. Harrison. The area suffered greatly during the American Civil War, though Harrisonville was one of the few places exempted in Union General Thomas Ewing's notorious General Order No. 11 (1863), which ordered the depopulation of four entire Missouri counties. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harrisonville,_Missouri).

⁹⁸ The approximate distances for this stage coach trip from Butler to Harrisonville is about 30 miles, from Harrisonville to Pleasant Hill another 11 miles, Pleasant Hill to Lexington about 50 miles and Lexington to Sibley, MO 23 miles for a total of 113 miles.

⁹⁹ John W. Burris was the eleventh sheriff of Jackson County, MO. John W. Burris was appointed in August of 1858, and remained performing the duties of sheriff till his death, which occurred during his second term. Birdsall. The History of Jackson County Missouri. 1881. Kansas City. p. 643. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from http://books.google.com/books?id=CH0UAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA643&lpg=PA643&dq=Sherif+Burris+%2B+Missouri&source=bl&ots=tOdnvbaVhE&sig=quLrk5iLszRX4QxrcvcXHDY1FYs&hl=en&ei=2uWSS87oE4LmswOx0pz9Aw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=8&ved=0CBsQ6AEwBw#v=onepage&q=&f=false).

¹⁰⁰ Lamar is the county seat of Barton County, MO. The county was established in 1855 and named after David Barton, a U.S. Senator from MO. It is located 120 miles due south of Kansas City, MO. Retrieved July 28, 2010 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lamar,_Missouri .

¹⁰¹ In 1836 the state of Missouri built a penitentiary at Jefferson City at a cost of \$25,000. The penitentiary consisted of several small buildings with accommodations for forty prisoners located on four acres of land and enclosed by wooden stockade. Barbour, Barton. (ed.) Reluctant Frontiersman James Ross Larkin on the Santa Fe Trail 1856-57. 1990. Albuquerque. p.156.

¹⁰² September 26, 1860 was the date Jurnegan, Locke and Snoderly were received at the Missouri State Penitentiary. Jurnegan is described as 23 years old, 5'6" with dark hair, eyes and complexion. "Register of Inmates" From the Missouri State Penitentiary records at the Missouri State Archives. Jefferson City. Vol. B. pp. 233-234.

¹⁰³ John Snoderly was described as 5'7", blonde with gray eyes when he entered prison at the age of 21 in 1860. He is listed as having escaped from the Missouri State Penitentiary on May 8, 1862 from Dr. Wells Building. "Register of Inmates" From the Missouri State Penitentiary records at the Missouri State Archives. Jefferson City. Vol. B. p. 234.

¹⁰⁴ Jesse Lock[e] was described as 18 years old, 5'10" with black hair and blue eyes according to "Register of Inmates" from the Missouri State Penitentiary records at the Missouri State Archives. Jefferson City. Vol. B. pp. 233-234. Jesse Locke was an accomplice to John Jurnegan and John Snoderly for the grand larceny charges when they stole a dozen yoke of oxen for John Jurnegan's back wages owed to him by William Russell of Russell, Majors and Waddell. Two letters were written by Alex[ander] Majors of the firm Russell, Majors and Waddell one to the Governor Hall and the other to Jesse Locke.

Nebraska City N.T. May 3, 1864

To His Excellency
Willard P Hall
Governor of the State of Missouri

Sir;

I would respectfully ask for the Exercise of the Executive clemency in the case of Jesse Locke, who was tried at the September term of the Circuit Court held in Jackson County Missouri in the year 1860, upon the charge of being a party with the two other men in taking twelve yoke of oxen from me, and was sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of five years, which time will expire in September 1864. The other two men were also convicted and sentenced. One of them has made his escape, and the other was pardoned by Governor Gamble.

I ask for the pardon of Jesse Locke, because he was the youngest of the three and probably led away by the others and seems to have heartily repented of it, and resolved to lead a different life, and I think has suffered punishment fully adequate to his offence. I think also your clemency, if extended to him would have a good effect upon him, and hope you will find it in your heart to pardon him.

By so doing you will much oblige you

Most obed't serv't, Alex Majors
Nebraska City NT

August 8, 1864

Jesse Lock[e] Esq'r
My Dear Friend

Your letter of 20th

July was received a few days since, I received a letter from you previously, enclosing one from the Clerk of the Court of Jackson County which I will preserve as you request, this letter I answered, and presume it must have miscarried as you state. You have received none from me lately.

You need have no fears of taxing my patience, or of being burdensome to me, as I am always glad to hear from you, and will gladly do anything for you that lie in my power. I was in St. Joseph a few days since and called to see Govr Hall to represent your case to him, but found him absent in Jefferson City. I regretted this very much as I was desirous to have an interview with him in regard to you in hopes thereby

of being able to effect your early release from imprisonment. I leave here day after tomorrow to Fort Union, New Mexico, where I expect to be gone for the next three months. When I hear from you again I hope I shall hear of your release, and that you are doing well.

May the Lord direct you in future, and my prayer is that you may be a good and useful citizen the balance of your life.

Your Truly

Alex Majors

Mr. Locke was pardoned by Gov. Fletcher March 23, 1865. He was mustered into the Union army as a condition of his release.

¹⁰⁵ Cedarfork was west of St. Louis in Franklin County, Missouri. Lippincott, J.B. Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World. 1880. Philadelphia. p. 417. (Retrieved July 28, 2010 from <http://books.google.com/books?pg=PA3&lpg=PA417&dq=Cedarfork%20Post%20Office%2C%20%20MO&sig=uag5hfCLtD8bLe3ggLdcfN4j9s&ei=fTOUS76SAoXWtgPhqZX9Aw&ct=result&id=rxNFAAAAYAAJ&ots=-6hjc3qY3p&output=text>).

¹⁰⁶ This proverb is a translation from "*The Imitation of Christ*" by the German-born Thomas à Kempis (c.1380-1471). The meaning is that human beings can make any plans they want, but it's God that decides their success or failure. (Retrieved July 27, 2010 from

http://www.englishclub.com/ref/esl/Sayings/Quizzes/7/Man_proposes_God_disposes_915.htm).

¹⁰⁷ From the King James version of the Bible - Matthew 11:28. The actual verse is "*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

¹⁰⁸ Gamble was Governor of Missouri from 1861-1864. On January 21, 1861, a state convention was called to decide whether Missouri would secede from the United States or remain in the Union. Governor Claiborne Fox Jackson called for secession but he was removed from office in July of 1861 and Gamble was named as the provisional governor. Gamble's chief concern as governor was keeping Missouri in the Union while at the same time resisting federal control. The toll on his health, together with a fall on the ice at the executive mansion, led to a case of pneumonia, from which he died on January 31, 1864.

(Retrieved August 15, 2010 from http://www.sos.mo.gov/archives/mdh_splash/default.asp?coll=hrgamble).