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Wyoming Annals

Vol. 11

January, 1939

No. 1



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CONTENTS

Yellow Calf	Portrait	3
Brock, A. L.	Early experiences of a mail carrier.....	5
	Wyoming Firsts	8
Bale, George Justin	A History of the development of Territorial Public Education in the state of Wyo- ming, 1869-1890.....	9
Farlow, Edward J.	Powder River, Let 'er Buck.....	21
	Edward J. Farlow's Memoirs.....	25
	Chief Washakie's Obituary.....	30
Smith, E. Willard	Journal, 1839-1840 (Excerpts).....	31
Burrage, Frank Sumner	Bill Nye, 1850-1896.....	42
	Orchids	49
	William Edwards Chaplin.....	49
Farlow, Edward J.	Sam Berry, an outlaw who killed for money....	50
	Wyoming Book Shelf.....	52
Armstrong, Paul J.	History of the Post Office at Laramie, Wyoming	52
	Neerology—	
	Mrs. Glafcke.....	60
	Mrs. Emlie Allen Patten.....	60
	William A. Miner.....	61
	Colonel W. F. Hooker.....	61
	Charles F. (Dad) Caldwell.....	62
	Chief Yellow Calf.....	63
	Accessions	66

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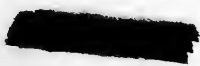
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Cheyenne, Wyoming



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CHIEF YELLOW CALF
Colorful Tribal Head of the Arapahoes

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EARLY EXPERIENCES OF A MAIL CARRIER

By A. L. BROCK, of Buffalo, Wyoming

During the latter part of March 1892 Sam Stringer was carrying the U. S. Mail from Buffalo via Mayoworth across the Big Horn Mountains to Ten Sleep, Wyoming. The snow at that time was rather deep on the mountains between Mayoworth and Ten Sleep. While Mr. Stringer used only one team of mules from Buffalo to Mayoworth, he used four to carry the mail over the mountains when the snow was deep.

After leaving Mayoworth and reaching his cabin on the head of Pass Creek on the mountains, he left his mules tied to a light wagon and continued on snow shoes to Ten Sleep pulling a toboggan loaded with the mail. After an absence of seven days from Mayoworth, W. W. Morgareidge, J. R. Morgareidge, W. S. Jones and myself started out to ascertain why he had not returned. After going as far as was possible on the mountains with horses, the writer looked after the horses while the other three men went on snow shoes to the cabin on Pass Creek where they found the mules tied to the wagon still wearing the harness. The mules had succeeded in reaching the hay and grain on the wagon and had gnawed quite a bit of the wagon box including the hickory wagon bows.

The three men spent the night at the cabin, while I stayed over night with the horses, three miles back on the trail. During the night the wind blew my camp fire away and I put a saddle and blanket on one of the horses, which was accustomed to being in the stable, to keep him from getting so cold. I might add that I passed a very disagreeable night as caretaker of the horses.

The three men, after their night at the cabin, turned the mules loose and brought them to where they could get feed and then came to where I was with the saddle horses. We concluded that Mr. Stringer had perished and was under some snow drift. We then returned home, this being the ninth day since Mr. Stringer had left Mayoworth.

We learned later that Mr. Stringer, on the return trip

from Ten Sleep broke one of his snow shoes, became very sick and was about three miles from the cabin on the night that the three men stayed there. He crawled on his hands and knees most of the way from there to his cabin as he was sick and had only one snow shoe. When he reached the cabin he didn't have any matches and in order to start a fire he picked his handkerchief to pieces and made a pile of lint and then covered this with fine shavings and shot into it with his six shooter.

After staying there several days while recovering from his illness and eating what provisions he had, including tallow candles, he started for Mayoworth with the mail sack. When he reached the point where he found the mules he took some cord from his snow shoes, tied the mail sack on one of the mules and tried to bring them with him, but the mule got away and he could not catch him again.

Mr. Stringer was so very weak that he started on for Mayoworth leaving the mail sack on the mule. Soon after leaving the mules a severe storm struck him. He went into the timber and while sleeping by the fire his clothing caught and he burned a large hole in the back of his coat. He ate pitch from the trees during the three days storm. At one time a gray wolf was following him and kept getting closer and closer. Stringer wanted the wolf for food. When it approached as near as he thought safe he drew down on it with his trusty six shooter, fired, but missed the wolf, and it ran away. Stringer stated that he felt so badly that he wept. He then continued his journey and finally reached what was at that time the Cochie Ranch, about four miles west of Mayoworth, in a very weak condition and his feet badly frozen. Cochie saturated his feet with coal oil which probably saved them from having to be amputated later.

Mr. Stringer told me that while he was sick and delirious he could hear people talking in Buffalo and recognize their voices.

George B. McClellan and Tom O'Day came across the mountains on snow shoes and seeing the mule with the mail sack on him, took the sack and brought it in with them. The mules were later brought in by Jerry Morgan. The rivets on the leather mail pouch had made sores on the mule, causing the hair to be white when healed.

After the harrowing experiences of Mr. Stringer, it was found that the mail sack contained but one lonely letter.

It is commendable as well as an example of the loyalty and trustworthiness in trying to keep the mail sack with him

when he thought he was facing possible death from sickness and hunger and exposure.

After recovering from his serious adventure he again resumed his duties as mail carrier. He had carried U. S. Mail for many years and over various routes, and at the time of his death had the mail contract from Buffalo to Sussex, Wyoming.

He was a good citizen, loyal to his Government, true in his friendships, and during his last illness, he being a Mason, was cared for by the Masonic Fraternity.

A. L. BROCK,
Buffalo, Wyoming,
September, 1935.

It might be permissible to mention a few things in regard to Sam Stringer's past history, a part of which he told me over forty years ago.

When a young man he was a teamster in the Confederate Army and at the Wilson Creek battle near Springfield, Missouri, he lost his entire outfit. He came as a teamster with General Carrington in 1866 to where Fort Phillip Kearney was established in what is now Johnson County, Wyoming, in 1866. He told me he would have been with the wood train when it was attacked by the Indians had it not been that his wagon was at the Fort at the time for repairs. He was one of the men from the Fort who assisted in bringing in the bodies of the dead soldiers killed by the Indians at what is now known as Massacre Hill, where Fetterman with seventy-eight soldiers and two civilians were killed December 21st, 1866.

Mr. Stringer drew a small pension for fighting Seminole Indians in Florida as a volunteer.

He was also with General George A. Custer, as a teamster, in 1868 when Custer left Camp Supply, December 7th, 1868, with about fifteen hundred soldiers to fight Indians. Custer located a large camp of Cheyennes with Medicine Arrow as principal Chief, on Sweetwater, a tributary of Red River, December 17th. Custer was trying to locate two white women who had been captured by the Cheyennes while raiding Salina, Solomon, and Republican Valleys in Kansas during the summer and fall of 1868. One of the women, 19 years old, was Mrs. James S. Morgan (formerly Miss Brewster) who was a bride of less than a month. The other was a Miss Sarah White, 18 years old. When Custer ascertained that these two women were in this camp and knowing what their fate might be if he attacked the camp, after meeting some of the Indians with a flag of truce, he used strategy to get possession of the

women. After four or five days of dickering and holding some of the Chiefs as hostage for their safe delivery, he succeeded in having the women turned over to him. Daniel A. Brewster, a brother of Mrs. Morgan, was with Custer and the first one to meet his sister. Mr. Stringer was with Custer at this time and also the late W. G. Angus of Buffalo, Wyoming. Each of these men related to me some of the happenings of this particular event. I was informed that the bands played "Home, Sweet Home" while these two women were approaching the soldiers, and Mr. Angus said he thought it was the sweetest music he had ever listened to. Mr. Stringer gave me rather a vivid account of this entire affair. On their departure for their former home the soldiers took up a collection and presented to the two women, over seven hundred dollars.

I might say, also in conclusion, that Mr. Stringer at one time had several mule teams and did construction work in railroad building, and at one time was robbed of several thousand dollars.

Mr. Stringer worked for the Government as a civilian teamster for several years. He also carried the U. S. Mail for a number of years, over various routes, and at the time of his death he had the mail contract from Buffalo, Wyoming, to Sussex, Wyoming.

A. L. BROCK,
Buffalo, Wyo.



WYOMING FIRSTS

Frank S. Lusk was *first treasurer* of Niobrara County (from Pioneer Record of the State Wide Historical Project)

Patrick Sarsfield Keene, son of John and Mary Keene, was born June 21, 1868, and was the *first child* born in Laramie City. (for additional information see *History and Directory of Laramie City, Wyoming Territory*, by J. H. Triggs, pg. 17)

The *first newspaper* published in Laramie City was the Frontier Index by Fred K. Freeman and Bro. This was also the pioneer newspaper of the Territory, being published at Ft. Sanders, during the latter part of the winter of 1867-68, as a weekly. (see *History and Directory of Laramie City, Wyoming Territory*, by J. H. Triggs, pg. 40-41.)

EXCERPTS FROM
**A HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF
TERRITORIAL PUBLIC EDUCATION IN THE STATE
OF WYOMING**

1869-1890

BY GEORGE JUSTIN BALE, B. A.
Yankton College, 1929

A Thesis submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Colorado in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Degree, Master of Arts. Department of Education, 1938
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EARLY BACKGROUNDS

A. First Schools

The first school in Wyoming was conducted by the Post Chaplain, the Reverend Richard Vaux, at Fort Laramie in 1852 for the officers' children, and was purely an army school such as might be conducted at any frontier outpost. The next school was of a slightly different nature. It was located at Fort Bridger where in 1860 Judge W. A. Carter, who had come to that place with General Albert Sidney Johnston, erected a building for school purposes and allowed other children to share with his own the teaching by a governess whom he had brought to Wyoming from the East. ¹ An excerpt from a letter written by Mr. W. A. Carter, Jr. of Fort Bridger gives interesting data about this school which he attended follows:

"The first school at Fort Bridger was a private one maintained by my father, Judge William A. Carter for his own children, but to which a few children of other families were admitted without charge. It was kept in the beginning in one of the rooms in our house and the teacher was a Miss Fannie Foote, employed in St. Louis, Mo. and brought out by my father and mother in their own private conveyance.

"My two older sisters, Ada and Annie, were the first pupils; to whom were added later several children of officers in the army, whose names I do not know.

"Our little school house, which still stands in the grounds of the Wyoming State Historical Commission at Fort Bridger, was built in 1866.

1. Jessup, A. S. "Early Schools of Wyoming" (Manuscript)
Administrative Office, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1933, p. 2

"I was not old enough to attend the school until 1870, and have no recollections before that time. Miss Dana McAlphine, who was engaged in New York City and whose experience extended from her home in New England, was my first teacher, and continued to conduct the school until 1875. She was a handsome young woman, with a charming manner and disposition, versatile and devoted to her work, and was loved by all the children with whom she came in contact. She was also very popular socially with the officers and ladies of the garrison at the post.

"But she was a strict disciplinarian. If you worked you received all of the help and praise that she could give you. But a shirk spent much extra time in the school house, making up his deficiencies. She was a very successful instructor in elementary mathematics, including algebra and geometry, and she also aroused an interest in ancient and modern literature that was of great advantage to her pupils in later life.

"About this time a post school was also started by the army, which all of the children of the fort who had no other instruction, attended. It was located in one of the barracks, and was taught by some enlisted man who had the necessary qualifications.

"The next teacher at our private school was a Miss Emma Lefferts, a woman of German parentage; experienced in the public school in New York; competent in all branches of elementary schools; and an excellent German scholar. She taught us the German language and gave us a good introduction to German literature. She was also a skillful and earnest teacher but she lacked the charm which would have endeared her to her pupils.

"Our last tutor was a Mr. Hans Jansen; a chemist by profession and a graduate of Kiel University in Schleswig-Holstein. Although unsuccessful in obtaining employment in his profession, he proved a capable instructor and in the following four years fitted us for entrance in eastern colleges in 1880. My sisters entered Vassar and I, Cornell University in New York.

"In conclusion, I think that a strong feature of our small private school was, that we had to learn the lessons assigned to us each day, even if it was necessary; to stay in the schoolroom after hours long enough to accomplish it, in which undertaking our teacher was expected to stay with us and help us. So there was always a strong inducement to prepare the task in advance."¹

1. Carter, W. A. Excerpt from a letter written from 6671 Neptune Place, La Jolla, Calif., November 30, 1937

B. Early Interest in Public Education

The first interest in or record of any public school in the state of Wyoming appears in the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* under date of October 15, 1867.

“For the position of Superintendent of common schools, J. H. Gildersleeve received 1456 votes and George Mc Mullin 254 votes.”¹

According to this account, the school superintendent must have been elected by popular vote.

The first definite interest in education was shown in a letter published in the *Leader* for October 19, 1867. The letter follows:

“Mr. Editor:

“What are we going to do about a school this winter? I know there are many things requiring the attention of the enterprising citizens of Cheyenne and I know there are many public expenses to be borne. But it is not indispensable that we should have a school. I see children in every alley and street and no doubt there are more coming; and although I am neither a parent or guardian in any case, nor yet a teacher, I believe I speak the sentiments of three fourths of the citizens of Cheyenne when I say let us have a school. If a schoolhouse was provided by the city in some way, it is quite likely that a school could be established mainly by subscription. At any rate it is high time that an effort be made and the writer would suggest to those that find interest in the matter to meet with the council at their next meeting and see what can be done.”

“A Cheyenner”²

In the *Leader* for October 24th, the following news item appeared:

“Gildersleeve and a group of citizens appeared before the city council concerning the matter of starting³ a school in Cheyenne. The mayor appointed J. B. Whitehead, H. E. Talpey, O. B. Thompson to procure a schoolroom by renting one or building one.”

And again the *Leader* reported in its issue for November 5, 1867 that:

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1. *Cheyenne Leader News of Interest* October 15, 1867. State Historical Files, p. 4.
 2. *Ibid.*, October 19, 1867, p. 1.
 3. *Ibid.*, October 24, 1867, Council Proceedings, p. 1.

“The census showed that there were 120-125 children in Cheyenne of school age.”¹

The dedication of the school house is chronicled in the issue of Monday, January 6, 1868, headed “*Interesting Event—Dedication of the First School Building in Wyoming to the Cause of Free Education.*” The article reports:

“A large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen of this city congregated at the new school building on 18th street last evening to witness the dedicatory exercises upon the completion of the first school edifice in this city. The evening was bitter cold, the thermometer indicating 25 degrees below zero, but notwithstanding this the large room was densely crowded with an anxious assemblage of our best citizens.

“We doubt not that nearly all present felt that it was good to be there and were forcibly impressed with the importance of the undertaking and that herein lies the germ that is speedily to grow to a giant in moral effects that shall at an early date redeem our city from the rule of crime and vice.”²

A letter from Rev. Joseph W. Cook, the first Episcopal Missionary to Cheyenne, to his Bishop, the Rt. Rev. George M. Randall, substantiates the information already given about the school. Writing in February, 1868 he says, “The school at the city schoolhouse has been started and there are one hundred twelve scholars.”³

C. Letters of County Superintendents

Letters written in 1870 by the county superintendents in their reports to the Commissioner of Education give a truthful account of what really existed in the newly organized territory.

From South Pass City under date of June 6, 1870, J. W. Wardman wrote of the early situation in Sweetwater county:

“ . . . There is no school of any kind in this county; and as yet no steps have been taken toward the establishment of schools or organization of school districts. The total population of this territory will not exceed eight thousand, of which there should be about six hundred attending public schools daily. This county alone should have at least one hundred and fifty old enough to attend school and too young to work, which latter seem to be regarded by too many parents as the chief end of man and the main object of boys. The educational interests of the territory are generally neglected either from indifference

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1. Ibid., November 5, 1867, “Interesting News,” p. 4.
 2. Ibid., January 6, 1868, “Interesting Event,” Dedication of the First Schoolhouse in Wyoming, p. 1.
 3. Jessup, A. S., “Early Schools in Wyoming” (Manuscript) Opus, cit., p. 4.

on the part of the parents or an avaricious disposition to make the propagation of children return early profits, or their superstitious dread that a little learning is a more dangerous thing for their sons and daughters than blasting a mine, driving an ox team, or taking in washing and marrying early. I believe that in the cause of education the Territory of Wyoming is behind all other states and territories in the union except perhaps Alaska." ¹

Later Mr. Wardman noted that schools were increasing in number and were making progress:

"There are two public schools in the territory at present. The Cheyenne school attendance at first varied from 75 to 100 pupils from about four to fourteen years of age. A Protestant Episcopal church school reduced this number but the total number of children under 15 years of age who should attend school in Cheyenne will be at present about 200. Originally a male principal with female assistant teachers were employed. After the opening of a parochial school one teacher was found sufficient.

"A second school at Laramie was established in the summer of 1868. The attendance was about 40 in the primary class as were most of those in Cheyenne.

"In Sweetwater county during the year Mr. Robert Barker opened in South Pass a private or rather a public school with a charge of a dollar a week for each child. Attendance was 20 regular scholars during the summer.

"This year a parochial school established by the Episcopal rector and a private school were opened but neither of them were well attended so it might be said that there is no school of any kind in the country."

A. B. Donnelly writing from Rawlings Springs said:

"The population of Carbon county is about 3,000, school population 400. The average attendance of schools, 200, number of schools 2, number of teachers, 2. There is not one public school within the limits of the county, the two schools referred to being entirely private enterprises. The financial condition of the county has rendered it impossible thus far to spend any money for school purposes."²

J. D. Davis of Laramie county stated that:

"The population of the county is 3,500, school population, 200, number of schools, one, number of teachers, one, amount raised for school purposes last year about \$2,800.00. Two teach-

1. Annual Report of Commissioner of Education (1870 - 1871) p. 334.
2. Annual Report of Commissioner of Education, (1870 - 1871) Forty-first Congress, House of Representatives, Executive Document 1. Government Printing Office, p. 334-335.

ers were employed last year during the whole school term. One is now teaching a summer school of eight weeks. There are other public schools in the territory at Laramie, Rawlins, and Atlantic City.

"Few children come with the first population of the new west. The mass of people take but little interest in schools."¹

A description of one of these schools in Sweetwater county is given in a letter written by Mr. Peter R. Sherlock of South Pass City, who attended the first public school to be established in that place. He wrote:

"The first public school at South Pass was started by the teacher, James Stilman, in the early part of 1870, following the organization of the Territory of Wyoming and before there was any money available from school taxes with which to pay the salaries of teachers. Mr. Stilman started the school on his own initiative, taking chances on receiving pay for his services after the collection of funds from the levy of school taxes. His salary was later paid after these funds had been collected.

"The first school house was a log building about 18 feet in length and about 15 feet in width, with one window and a dirt floor. It was heated by means of a rock fireplace built into the rear wall. The furniture was rather crude, homemade benches and desks, with a small table for the teacher, all of which served its purpose very well. I was one of the pupils who attended this school.

"There was a private school for boys conducted here for a short time, in 1869, by an Episcopal minister by the name of Fitman, but I did not attend this school.

"James Stilman, the teacher of the first public school here, was a rather elderly man, a native of South Carolina, who had gone to California with the early rush of gold seekers to that State. He was well educated and became the first editor of the *San Francisco Call*, one of the pioneer newspapers of California. He and his wife, with their two small twin sons came here in 1868 or 69. Mr. Stilman went from here to Green River, Wyoming, where he held the office of justice of the peace for a number of years and where he died along in the 80's."²

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1. Annual Report of Commissioner of Education, (1870-1871), Forty-first Congress, House of Representatives, Executive Document, Government Printing Office, (1872), p. 155.
 2. Sherlock, Peter R., Letter written November 21, 1937, from South Pass City, Wyoming.

D. Religious Influence

During the early territorial years of Wyoming the private schools exceeded in importance the public schools. They had larger income and employed more teachers than the public schools. The territorial census of 1870 listed four public schools with a total of four teachers (2 men and 2 women) whereas it listed five day and boarding schools with a total of eleven teachers (5 men and 6 women). The former had an income of \$2,876, derived from taxation and public funds whereas the latter had an income of \$5,550.00 from tuition fees and other sources. The public schools were attended by 175 pupils and the private schools by 130. The greater amount of revenue in addition to the relatively large number of teachers and small number of pupils probably indicates a higher quality of educational service on the part of private schools.¹

With improvement in the standard of public education, the private schools for a period became of less significance. One of the few to survive for a time was the Wyoming Institute, a Baptist school at Laramie of which the Reverend D. J. Pierce, A. M., was the first and only principal. This institution in 1872 had a total of four teachers (2 men and 2 women) and 16 or 18 students. The next year it had only three teachers but the attendance was 21 boys and 18 girls. Two students were preparing for college. A four-year college preparatory course had been outlined. In writing of the opening of the "Institute" and calling it a university the editor of the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* said:

"Yesterday the Wyoming University was duly opened and its first term commenced. . . . Great credit is due the Reverend C. W. Freeman, the superintendent, for the indomitable energy he has manifested in bringing about and accomplishing this important work, and when six months ago he told us he would have it ready and opened by the middle of September, we confess to have been very skeptical."²

The editor continued by enumerating some of the "many causes which will conspire to make this institution a popular one":

"It is, thanks to the Union Pacific Railroad, easy of access to all parts of the country. The romance of sending the youth into the heart of this great wilderness is not the least. We have the most salubrious and delightful climate, the purest air and water, and the most grand and magnificent scenery to be

1. Jessup, A. S. "Early Schools in Wyoming." Manuscript (1933) Administrative Office, Cheyenne, Wyoming, p. 2.
2. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, September 15, 1870. Carnegie Library, Laramie, Wyoming.

found on the globe. Here the sickly effeminate of the overcrowded cities of the East can at the same time acquire an education and recuperate their wasted energies and failing health. Young men can amuse themselves during their vacations in visiting the mountains and the parks in this vicinity, catching trout from the mountain streams, bathing in the hot and mineral springs, hunting the deer, elk and bear and chasing the antelope over the plains. They can amuse themselves studying geology and mineralogy from the hills, 'rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun' while rare and curious specimens of plants and flowers carpet the ground beneath their feet."¹

A very optimistic advertisement was published each day for some time before and after the school's opening. It stated that special attention was to be given to classical and business studies and there was to be a normal course for the "special benefit of those designed to teach." No pains or expense was to be spared to render the school complete in all the accessories for a thorough education. The school year was to be divided into three terms of 14, 14, and 12 weeks respectively. Tuition per term was to be: Primary Department, \$5.00; Intermediate Department, \$7.00; Academic Department, \$9.00; French and German, each \$5.00; Music, \$15.00; and Incidentals \$1.00.²

On October 12, the editor of the *Sentinel* appealed to the people of Laramie for places where the students could get board. He said, "Our high school is beginning to attract considerable attention abroad," and that he had received several letters making inquiry about the institution and "more especially to ascertain the facilities for board." He took special pride in saying that Laramie being "only about two years old had built five fine churches and two school buildings," which must be supported,³ and that the building of the WYOMING INSTITUTE cost about \$6,000.00, over half of which was contributed by the people of "Laramie City."⁴

The first term closed December 16, 1870, with oral examinations. Mr. Pierce, the principal, invited "all who are interested in education to join us. Humble as our beginning may be."⁵ The second term began with about thirty-five pupils, which was 100 per cent increase over the year before. This was encouraging. This term a much smaller advertisement appeared in the *Sentinel* than the previous one had been. It read:

-
1. Ibid., September 15, 1870.
 2. Ibid., September 7, 1870.
 3. Ibid., October 12, 1870.
 4. Ibid., February 17, 1871.
 5. Ibid., December 15, 1870.

"Wyoming Institute
 The Second Term Begins
 Wednesday, January 4, 1871
 Board in good families at reasonable rates
 For particulars address D. J. Pierce,
 Principal."¹

Later the Reverend Pierce proposed to start a "geological cabinet." "We intend," he wrote, "the WYOMING INSTITUTE to be no ephemeral insect to flit about for a day but by libraries, apparatus and cabinets and above all by confidence and patronage of the people" he wished "to lay a deep foundation for the institute."²

But one day the editor of the *Sentinel* wrote:

"We hear that Reverend D. J. Pierce is about to leave Laramie. We very much regret this. Mr. Pierce has so long been identified with the religious and educational interests of our city that his loss will be deeply felt."

The editor continued:

"No man that we ever saw would, we believe, have succeeded in getting up and maintaining such a school as he has done under such a complication of adverse circumstances."³

And so WYOMING INSTITUTE was ended. The educational traditions of Laramie, however, were maintained by St. Mary's School, a Roman Catholic institution, organized as far back as 1870 but not apparently making any headway until 1880. By the year of 1881 it had four teachers (women) and 73 pupils. In 1885 it was moved to Cheyenne. In 1890 there were eight teachers and sixty pupils and in statehood it has continued to increase.⁴

E. Summary (First Schools)

The first schools of Wyoming were private schools established by the army to take care of the children especially those belonging to the officers. These schools, however, gave way to private schools established by the church which resulted in an early foundation for the public schools of the territory. During this beginning period the private schools assumed more importance than did the public schools but they did not adequately solve the school problem since many children were not provided with a school of any kind. . . .

1. *Ibid.*, January 3, 1871.

2. *Ibid.*, January 7, 1871.

3. *Ibid.*, May 15, 1874

4. Dale, H. C. A Sketch of the History of Education in Wyoming. Department of Public Instruction Bulletin No. 2 (1916) p. 17.

M. Summary (Legislation)

The basis of the school laws of Wyoming goes back to the Dakota Territory Statutes of 1862. The statutes at that time vested many school duties in the Board of County Commissioners such as appointing county superintendents of public instruction and dividing counties into school districts. All territorial voters could vote at school meetings and these voters were empowered to determine such matters as the length of school term and amount and purpose for which school money was to be used. Besides prescribing the duties of the members of the school board the statutes prescribes expressly what subjects should be taught in the common schools of the territory. Consolidation of schools could be accomplished either from one or more than one school district. In 1864 the Dakota Territorial Assembly gave more power to the county superintendents in school affairs by repealing the previous enactment that had formerly given these powers to the boards of County Commissioners.

In 1866 statutes were in force when Wyoming territory was organized and continued in force until the newly organized territory enacted laws of its own.

The first session of the territorial assembly of Wyoming provided at its first meeting in 1869 for the regulation and maintenance of education. This legislation made the territorial auditor the ex-officio superintendent of public instruction, his pay to be five hundred dollars per year. His duties were to be almost identical to those of the present superintendent as outlined in the statutes of the constitution of 1889, now in force, except that apportionment was made by aggregate attendance instead of on the school census basis.

A further act of the assembly created the office of county superintendent of schools though no direct provision was made for manner of election. County superintendents were required to report annually to the territorial superintendent of public instruction. Failure to report forfeited one hundred dollars from the salary of the county superintendent, but the provision was never enforced. A fine of twenty-five dollars could also be imposed, but the provision also was never carried out.

The boards of directors controlled school building construction and site expenditures, but they worked in conjunction with the county superintendent as far as the curriculum was concerned. School treasurers were compelled to keep two funds—the teacher fund and the school house fund.

In 1871, the territorial auditor was relieved of his ex-officio duties and the office of territorial superintendent of public instruction was abolished for the time being. County superintendents were to make their reports directly to the governor. By the act of 1873, the state librarian became ex-officio state superintendent of public instruction with duties similar to those prescribed by the act of 1869. He was paid four dollars a day not to exceed thirty days in any one year and expenses.

The act of 1869 forbade discrimination against sex. There was no uniformity of textbooks, but in 1873, the selection of textbooks was placed in the hands of the teachers' institutes. In 1888 the assembly gave the power to the county and city superintendents; but the next year the constitution, which was ratified by the people for statehood, declared that neither legislature nor state superintendent should prescribe textbooks. Otherwise the territorial enactment of 1888 was held valid.

The law of 1873 authorized the county superintendent to issue certificates to persons qualified to teach. Enactments of 1876 gave the territorial superintendent similar power. The law of 1873 had prescribed a territorial teachers' institute, but compulsory attendance and payment for such attendance did not come until 1887. Before this time its principal function was to select textbooks but in 1876 the institute was empowered to prescribe "studies" of all the common schools in the territory. In 1888 repeal of the law provided for county institutes. The county superintendents were given power to divide "the settled parts of each county" into school districts and to organize them. Joint districts were empowered to consolidate. Since Dakota territory jurisdiction the county superintendents have issued certificates to teachers but the statutes of 1876 transferred this power also to the territorial superintendent of public instruction.

A compulsory school attendance law was passed in 1873, which provided for a three months' term of school for all children between seven and sixteen years of age, enforcement of the law to be in the hands of all police officers. Colored children were to be provided for separately when there were fifteen or more such children in a district.

The school tax levy under Dakota territorial statutes was one-half of one per cent on all taxable property but the Wyoming Assembly in 1873 changed this rate to two mills on the dollar. This rate continued until 1886 when the rate was changed to three mills and in 1888 it was again changed to five

mills. An appropriation of one hundred dollars for the payment of each teacher was passed in 1884 and two years later the amount was increased to one hundred fifty dollars, which amount remained the same in 1888 and later when the territory became a state.

By territorial enactment the University of Wyoming was established in 1886. A building to cost not more than fifty thousand dollars was to be constructed at Laramie. Bonds were to be issued for this purpose and a building commission appointed by the governor was in charge. The maintenance and regulation of affairs were entrusted to a Board of Trustees and the faculty was empowered to carry out all rules and regulations adopted by the Board of Trustees. Administration and supervision must be strictly non-sectarian and tuition was free to all students chosen by the Boards of County Commissioners. A Board of Visitors was appointed by the governor to inspect personally and submit a report to the legislature twice a year. An income was to be provided from a tax of one-fourth of one per cent. This rate was changed to one-third of one per cent in 1888 and deficiencies could be provided for out of territorial funds when a majority of the members of the Board of Trustees requested them.

University lands were leased under the Act of Congress of August 9, 1888, but the territory received no benefit from common school lands. These leases were divided into two classes, agricultural and grazing. Residents or occupants were to have preferential rights. The boards of county commissioners were to act as a board to settle disputes. When residents' leases expired they were to remove improvements but "leave all water rights of way." Residents had the right to sell improvements to the next occupant.

When the Constitution of 1889 was adopted it retained almost to the letter many school laws that had been tested and improved during the years that Wyoming had been a territory, and still remains the fundamental legal basis for the school laws of Wyoming.

POWDER RIVER, LET 'ER BUCK*

Famous World War Slogan Came from Lips of One Missouri Bill

By EDWARD J. (ED.) FARLOW
Lander, Wyoming
Pioneer

The perennial question concerning the origin of "Powder River, Let 'er Buck," has been revived by an eastern publication, which has been set aright by E. J. (Ed.) Farlow, former mayor of Lander and state representative-elect.

The expression gained universal recognition during the days of the World War as it was sounded time and again by western outfits on French soil.

Farlow delved into the files of the old Cheyenne Leader to sustain his contention that the expression originated in Wyoming. Here's the way Farlow, an authority on Wyoming history, tells the story:

"In the fall of 1893, the L outfit, Four Jay, Horse-collar and IX outfits pooled their herds of 1,600 beef steers and dry cows to be driven to the railroad and shipped east to market at the Double Dives, on the south side of the Big Wind River, just south of where the town of Riverton now stands. These cattle had been gathered on the fall roundup, and, I may as well tell you what a roundup was like in those days.

On the Trail of the Roundup

"The Cheyenne Leader of April, 1893, had a notice in it that read as follows: Roundup No. 22 will meet at Sage Creek meadows near Fort Washakie, May 10, and work up the south side of Big Wind River to the mouth of Horse Creek. Thence cross Big Wind River and work down north side to mouth of Dry Creek. Thence up Dry Creek to head, thence to head of Muddy and down to mouth. Thence to canyon on Big Wind River, thence up Big Wind River, on north side to mouth of Little Wind. Then split and work up both sides of Big Wind to Merritt's crossing. Then unite and work to head of canyon on Little Wind. Then down to junction with Big Wind. Then to mouth of Big Popo Agie, up said stream to head, cross to Little Popo Agie, then down to mouth, then up Beaver

*See two columns by Harry Hansen, page seven, second section of Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado, Sunday, December 11, 1933, regarding Struthers Burt's Powder River: Let 'er Buck (Farrar & Rinehart, New York; \$2.50).

to head, then down Twin Creek to mouth. Fall roundup to be same, start on Sept. 10, foreman, H. (Henry) M. Farlow.

"This roundup was composed of seven wagons and about 100 men riders and about 700 head of saddle and work horses. The principal brands represented were Jules Lamoreux, L. Horsecollar and Four Jay, (brands); Farlow, Seventy-Four, (brand); Lee and Noble, Half Circle L. (brand); R. H. Hall, Square and Compass, (brand); John Werlen, OX (brand); Col. and Captain Torrey, M—, (brand); Billie O'Neal Half Circle Cross, (brand); Louie and Edmo Leclare, Double Wrench (brand); and Clay, Robinson and Co., with the 71 Quarter Circle outfit.

"This roundup would move from six to eight miles a day and the riders following a leader, or three or four leaders would spread out like a giant fan and gather all the cattle on each side of the route taken and bring them in to the next camp. These riders would all get in by noon with their drives and after dinner and changing horses, the afternoon was spent in working the cattle, cutting out for holding and branding calves. Always there was a herd carried along, known as the cavy, into which any cattle were thrown that were to be held. This herd was day and night herded, and carried to be disposed as the owners saw fit, and in this way the calves were branded and the beef gathered. Sometimes at the beef roundup the calves were not branded, just the beef gathered and the range was again worked later in the fall and the calves all branded.

Casper Chosen for First Time

"When this roundup was over, the beef bearing the brands I mentioned above were all put in one herd, and the outfit shaped up for the long drive to the railroad. This time to Casper, as we had never shipped from Casper before, and this was our first trip and the trail was new to all of the cowboys but myself. The mess wagon was unloaded of all beds, slickers, cooking utensils and camp outfit and sent to Lander to be loaded with 30 days grub for 10 men for the trip to the railroad, a distance of about 135 miles, and we made an average of about five miles a day.

"The outfit trimmed up for the trail consisted of eight cowboys, one cook and one horse wrangler, and the boss, which in this case was E. J. (Ed.) Farlow. Always before these beef herds had been trailed to some point on the U. P. Railroad, generally to Rawlins, but sometimes Medicine Bow or Rock Creek, and once to Laramie as the feed was good. It was the

boast of the foreman of a beef herd that he could put fat on his herd on the trail, and it was not unusual to lay over a few days when a good patch of feed was found, and any cowboy found driving any of the herd faster than a slow walk got a good calling down from the boss.

"The riders were reduced to five saddle horses for the trip and four good work horses on the mess wagon and a couple of good work horses for extras. The outfit started for Casper, and there was seldom more than two men with the herd at one time. Just letting them graze toward the next camp, the men worked in pairs and were with the cattle day and night, standing night guard in four shifts of two men each. The night we camped on the divide between the head of Poison Creek, near where the town of Hiland now stands, and the headwaters of Dry Powder River, I told the boys we would water the herd in Powder River at about 10 o'clock next morning.

"None of them had ever seen Powder River and they were all excited. In the morning when they were catching horses for the day, I called out to them to get their swimming horses as we were going to cross Powder River several times before night. Missouri Bill, who already roped his horse, turned him loose, muttering that—'this damn buckskin couldn't even wade a river.'

"About 10 o'clock the lead of the herd reached the river and it was almost dry, the water standing in holes and barely running from one hole to the other. The herd followed down the stream for a distance of about two miles before they were watered, and we crossed it many times.

Famous Cry Coined by Punchers

"When Missouri Bill saw it he looked at it very seriously for some time, and then said, 'So this is Powder River,' and that night in camp he told us he had heard of Powder River, and now he had seen Powder River, and he kept referring to Powder River nearly every day until we reached Casper, which we did in 28 days.

"In the evening before we were going to load for shipping, and the cattle were all bedded down near the stockyards, the boys all adjourned to the saloon for a social drink, and Missouri Bill said, 'Boys, come and have a drink on me; I have crossed Powder River.' They had the drinks and a few more and were getting pretty sociable.

"When Missouri Bill again ordered he said to the boys, 'have another drink on me; I have swum Powder River,' this

time with a distinct emphasis on the words 'Powder River,' 'Yes, sir, by —— Powder River,' a little stronger emphasis. When the drinks were all set up he said, 'WELL HERE'S TO POWDER RIVER, LET 'ER BUCK.'

"Soon he grew a little louder and was heard to say, 'Powder River is comin' up . . . eeyeepe! . . . Yes, sir, Powder River is risin'' and soon after with a yip and yell, he pulled out his old six-gun and threw a few shots through the ceiling and yelled, 'Powder River is up, come and have another drink.' Bang! Bang! 'Yeow, I'm a wolf and it's my night to howl. Powder River is out of her banks. I'm wild and wooly and full of fleas, and never was curried below the knees!'

"Bill was loaded for bear, and that is the first time I ever heard the slogan, and from there it went around the world. Bill's right name was William Shultz, and I have not heard of him for more than 20 years. He was a good cow hand and while here he worked for the L Outfit most of the time."

EDWARD J. FARLOW'S MEMOIRS

Lander, Wyoming Pioneer

From manuscripts sent in by field interviewers under the statewide "PIONEERS" project.

*Arapahoes Became Unwelcome Guests of Shoshones for They
Had No Home
Once Proud Indian Humbled and Afraid Through Heavy
White Hand Laid Upon Him.*

No person in this section, or perhaps in all Wyoming and the West, has had closer association and contact with the Indians than Edward J. Farlow of Lander, who in 1887 met with the Arapahoes when they first came onto the reservation and were allowed to remain through the great kindness of the mighty Chief Washakie of the Shoshones, to whom the reservation in Fremont County had been allotted.

The Shoshones despised the Arapahoes, and would have driven them out of the country had they been allowed to do so. They called them beggars and dog-eaters, railed at them when they came to the Agency for their rations and made all manner of fun of them. The Arapahoes, once proud fighting warriors, had lost heavily in the many conflicts with the whites and other tribes; their horses were few and their warriors wounded in battle. It was but a remnant of the once great tribe which had to be reckoned with in conflict upon the American plains. In the development of the Indian reservations no provision had been made for the Northern Arapahoes, as was done for the Southern Arapahoes, who were given large areas of land in Oklahoma. There was no place for them to go and Chief Washakie was prevailed upon to give them shelter temporarily until their cause could be heard. The placing of these two tribes—enemies of many conflicts—was like bringing two bulldogs together. The matter was never adjusted and the unwelcome visitors became permanent residents, much to the disgust and disapproval of the Shoshones and the humiliation of the Arapahoes.

So bitter became the antagonism between the tribes that about 1890 it was found necessary to establish a sub-agency at what is now called Arapahoe. The rations and annuities were issues from there and the Arapahoes were no longer subjected to the humiliating experience of going to Fort Washakie and meeting up with their enemies. These agencies were

about twenty miles apart, and served two tribes of about eighteen hundred Indians.

Mr. Farlow as a young man was in the employ of Jule Lamoreaux, who ranged about two thousand cattle on the reservation. He says that he learned to know the Arapahoe young men real well; rode with them and found them to be expert horsemen. He induced Mr. Lamoreaux to hire the Indian boys as cattlemen. He put a few to work and they gave excellent satisfaction. Other stockmen gave them work and the Arapahoes were counted dependable men.

Lamoreaux was a colorful figure of the early days. He was a typical westerner, and could have been an artist's model of the old cow days. He had married a Sioux woman and settled on the Sweetwater, where he developed a fine cattle ranch and raised an interesting family. The three daughters were belles of the early days. Lizzie, the eldest, became the wife of Mr. Farlow, and through the years of their married life until her death in 1932 they were happy in each other's confidence and affection.

As an evidence of the esteem in which young Farlow was held by the Arapahoes, expression of it was made at an Arapahoe dance he attended, and they inducted him into their tribe, giving him the name of Wa Wou Nacha, meaning Working Chief. No official record was made of this, but among the tribesmen he was always considered one of them because of mutual interest. During these same years old Chief Washakie learned to know him and conceived a great liking for the young white foreman of the cattle outfit. When he came to Lander Washakie would stop at the Farlow home for a meal and often stay overnight. It is interesting to know that he always declined the spare bed, and wanted to sleep out of doors. Mr. Farlow had a couple buffalo robes and a pair of blankets, and these made an ideal bed for the Chief. He would roll up in them and the next morning bright and early would be astir. After breakfast he would be most profuse in his thanks for the hospitality and praise for Mrs. Farlow for kindness to him.

It was this association which resulted in Mr. Farlow's acquiring land on the reservation. To better handle stock a reservation base for operation was necessary. He talked it over with Chief Washakie, with Shoshone Interpreter Norkuk (One Eye) and other head men of the tribe. Chief Washakie took him out to the lower valley of the Little Wind and then and there gave him the land that is now 4J ranch. The old Chief in the presentation said: "You are a white man, but you have an Indian woman for a wife and we have made you one of us because your heart is as an Indian's. Maybe some-

one will ask you why you are here, and if they do tell them that Washakie put you here and Washakie is chief of the land."

Speaking further of the adaptability of the Indian to do livestock work, Mr. Farlow relates that when the railroad built into the Wind River valley shearing pens were built at Arapahoe. When the Indians wanted to work they were ruled out by the sheep shearers' union. Three years later Mr. Farlow secured control of the pens and he put forty Arapahoes to work shearing, branding, tossing and sacking the wool and doing all the work of a shearing outfit. Working under instructions they had no trouble in learning. From this start the Arapahoes are employed many months of the shearing season, earning thousands upon thousands of dollars, of which money they are always in need.

He found that the Indian was able to adapt himself to modern demands, and was particularly pleased with the manner in which his friends of the tribe were able to meet the demands of the motion picture producers. They took readily to the instructions of the director and entered into the business as if it was a game. They readily caught the idea that each was a character, and that just to act natural was to be an Indian. They did so much better than the extras that could be painted up and dressed like Indians that those who knew their Indians could readily see the difference and demanded the real article.

Nothing in all history has caught the popular fancy as has Indian life. Everywhere the Indians go they are the center of attraction, says Mr. Farlow. In a period of twenty-five years he has taken Indians off the reservation twenty-eight times for rodeos, fairs, expositions, educational and motion picture purposes. There were never less than eight and sometimes three hundred. Whole families went on these trips, for the women and children were of even greater interest than the sturdy bucks. The Indian will go with one he knows and trusts and remain for months off the reservation if necessary. They appreciate fair dealing and those who are concerned with their welfare, but are quick to detect deceit and concealed desires to take advantage of them.

When asked about the trips Mr. Farlow said that each one was a story all by itself and it would take hours to relate them. The trip to London and Paris with the prologue of "The Covered Wagon" was the major journey, and the Indians were much concerned for fear that when they went out on the great water the captain of the boat would miss the little island of England and they would be forever lost. In England they created a sensation. The same was true of New York, Boston,

Chicago, and other large cities they visited. Even in Casper and Rawlins the people were glad to see the Indian and have him dance the tribal dances. When asked if the Indians got sick on him or he lost any of them, Mr. Farlow said that knowing them as he does, their habits of food and shelter, he had never lost an Indian.

One time when he was in Casper he came upon a bunch of Arapahoes who had been induced to come there for a rodeo on the promise that they would be paid well. One of the Indians, White Plume, died, and they were without funds in a strange place and not a dollar among them, for the promoters had failed to make good and had not paid them. It was a sorry picture which met his eyes, and the Indians greeted him like a long-lost brother. Arrangements were made for the care of the body and its return to the reservation. The Indians call one kind of association Good Medicine and name the opposite Bad Medicine. They got the latter at Casper.

Mr. Farlow's interest in the Indian and his welfare has placed him in a position to counsel with the Indian agents through the fifty years he has been here. Some are good, others indifferent, and some are bad, said Mr. Farlow. The serious problem of making the Indian a white man finally failed, for you cannot change his nature,—there is too much behind him in tradition. Being a child of the mountain and plain the Indian is best adapted to pursuits most nearly like his natural life. He is for this reason a lover of animal life. He can be taught the livestock business, and in this he can become self-supporting. For many years the Indian agents endeavored to make farmers of the Indians, and in some ways they succeeded. It was Agent Norris who worked out the plan for a tribal herd. To one who knows the possibilities of grazing cattle on the Indian lands there should be no difficulty in maintaining not five or ten thousand head, but as many as twenty-thousand head of cattle. The herding and care naturally falls to the Indians, and they are best suited for this work. It was a most grievous mistake that this fine bunch of well bred white-faces was dispersed, and especially at a time when the market was at a low ebb and ready to rise. It has cost the tribe many thousands of dollars, and in many families there has been want and dire poverty as a result.

For many years Mr. Farlow was United States Commissioner, and scores of Indians came before him charged with offences. He found punishment to fit the wrong doing, and the Indians were repentant and willing to do the right thing under fair treatment. He has urged upon them to let liquor alone, and to engage in industrial pursuits to the fullest extent.

When asked if the Indian of today is the same as he was a half century ago there was a strange look in the old pioneer's eyes. No, he said emphatically. The miserable, despised, humbled and begging Indian today is no more like the proud, haughty, arrogant and independent Indian of fifty years ago than night is like day. His contact with the whites has not improved him, and until those in places of leadership realize that the Indian is the Indian with his own way of thinking, his own habits and customs, and can best be trained to run parallel with his natural inclinations, he will be more and more of a liability and never come back to the place of independence he once knew.

Mr. Farlow is a man of fine physique. He stands six feet, weighs a solid two hundred, is straight as an arrow in spite of his years, and looks one in the eye as he speaks. You can almost hear his heart throb as he discusses the Indian, and his warm, sympathetic understanding of the redman is evident in the temper of his voice. His regal bearing and pleasing address mark him as a man in a thousand, the one who gets a second look. On a platform he holds his audience with bated breath. They hang on every word. He speaks both Shoshone and Arapahoe to some extent, and is able to hold a well-understood conversation in the sign language, with which he is very familiar. Being a member of these tribes as well as of the Sioux since his marriage to Lizzie Lamoreaux, he has been in close touch with all their interests, representing them on many occasions before the authorities, and frequently holding council with them to understand how he may carry out their wishes. In some instances he has more influence over them than agents or other white men, and has employed this for the good of the Indians, conferring with the agent as to their interests and welfare. Most agents have appreciated his sympathetic attitude and much good has resulted. He has the prayers of the Medicine men to the Great Spirit to bless him and make his days long with them, for they call him their good friend.

“As for our boasted religion,” he says, “this I know, and this I have seen more than once with my own eyes. When the hour of death has arrived and the prayers and medicine of the white man have failed, I have seen them turn from the white man's God and pray with all their heart and all their soul and all their understanding to their own Great Spirit* to take the spirit of the dying one to their own happy hunting grounds and to the home of the spirits of their forefathers. I also know that they have greater faith and confidence in the Great Spirit—you may call it superstition or what you may—but the

Indian has a stronger and more abiding faith in his own Great Spirit and the happy hunting grounds than has the average Christian of today in his own God and life after death.

“For the last fifty years I have said ‘How’ to the American Indian almost as often as I have saluted those of my own kind, and if from my long contact with the red man of the west I have come to know him intimately and understandingly I have earned the right to speak of him as I know him. I believe I know the Indian, I believe the Indian was a man before outrage and oppression made of him a savage. I have known him as a savage, as a fighting man in the pride and insolence of his strength, I have known him as a monarch whipped into submission, I have known him as a sage in council, and I have known him as a beggar with the pride starved out of him.

“I have smoked with the Indians the pipe of peace and I have sat with them at their feasts and in their councils, and when I compare them calmly in my own mind, the red and white races, their vices and virtues, their sterling worth and their shortcomings, the Indian does not suffer by comparison. When you see an Indian sitting on the curb or standing on the corner with that faraway expression upon his countenance, indifferent to the fate or progress of the world, remember that the white man has taken his country and made him what he is today—a nation conquered, and a people dispossessed. His pride is humbled and his spirit is subdued, his heart is broken, and as a race his sun has set.”

CHIEF WASHAKIE'S OBITUARY

General Order, issued by the Post Commander at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, February 22, 1900. Contributed to the State Department of History by Mrs. Sara Becker, born Dec. 14, 1862 at Port Hope, Ontario and a pioneer at Arapahoe, Lander and Riverton, Wyoming.

General Order)

No. 2)

Fort Washakie, Wyo.,
February 22, 1900.

1. With sorrow is announced the death of Washakie. For fifty years, as Chief of the Shoshones, he has held the confidence and love of his tribe. His friendship for the whites began with their earliest settlements in this section almost that long ago. Washakie was born in the early years of 1800 so that his life covered almost a century with its changes. His great influence preserved his tribe not only a friend but an ally of our people in their struggles here. It was his pride

that he had never allowed a white man's blood to be shed when he could prevent it.

Washakie was of commanding presence, and his resemblance in face to Washington often remarked. His countenance was one of rugged strength mingled with kindness. His military service is an unbroken record for gallantry, and officers now wearing a star fought with him in their subaltern days. The respect and friendship of these former commanders was prized to the day of his death. Washakie was a great man, for he was a brave man and a good man. The spirit of his loyalty and courage will speak to soldiers; the memory of his love for his own people will linger to assist them in their troubles, and he will never be forgotten so long as the mountains and streams of Wyoming, which were his home, bear his name.

The Post Commander directs that Washakie be buried with military honors in the Post Cemetery at 2:00 P. M. tomorrow, and that a copy of this order announcing his death be mailed to officers under whom he served the government.

By order of

Clough Overton
1st Lieutenant 1st Cavalry,
Commanding Post

(Signed)

Aubrey Lipponcott,
2nd Lieutenant 1st Cavalry,
Adjutant.

(Official)

The following letter to the Historian Ex-Officio explaining the circumstances which brought the journal of E. Willard Smith to Mr. J. Neilson Barry may be of interest to our readers:

BARRYCREST

J. Neilson Barry

3852 S. W. Greenleaf Drive
Green Hills
Portland, Oregon
February 4, 1939.

Miss Nina Moran,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Miss Moran:

I enclose the extracts from the journal of E. Willard Smith, as I promised. It covers a period and locality which makes it of great value. I was careful to indicate exact quotations, but greatly condensed some passages, as are indicated,

and omitted the usual descriptions, with accounts of buffalo hunting, etc.

It may interest you how I found this valuable journal. A personal friend in Washington, D. C. had three little boys, and at Christmas time went to visit his mother. One child was sick, so could not go. They were weighed, and one boy put the paper with the weights in his overcoat pocket.

The local train stopped at Terra Cotto Station at the edge of the city, and just as it started an express train ran into it, telescoping several cars crowded with passengers, many standing up. The momentum caused the local train to go two miles before it could be stopped. The fragments of the cars, were dragged, leaving screaming passengers, and mangled bodies along the track for two miles. A very large number were killed. This at Christmas time, 1912.

Part of the body of my friend was found, and portions of one boy. In a mass of crushed flesh and rags was found the slip of paper which gave the weights of the two boys, and thereby identified the remnants of the other son. The pieces of the three were buried in one coffin.

His widow told me that her grandfather, E. Willard Smith, as a young man had made a trip West, and loaned me his journal, which I published in full. The sick boy escaped, the only child surviving, Norvell Belt. If I can locate him, he might be pleased to have a copy.

I am sending a carbon to Mr. R. S. Ellison, who may desire to write a supplementary article in regard to the geographical and other features.

With best wishes and cordial regards, and thanks for the extra copies of my Colter article, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. Neilson Barry.

E. Willard Smith, Journal 1839-1840.

Mr. E. Willard Smith was born in Albany, N. Y. 1814 and became an architect and civil engineer in Washington, D. C. where he died. He married Miss Charlotte Lansing, of Lansing, Mich. Their daughter Margaret married Edwin Forest Norvell, son of Senator John Norvell of Michigan. This journal was most courteously loaned by her daughter Mrs. E. Oliver Belt, of Washington, D. C. It was printed in full in the Oregon Historical Quarterly, September 1913, 26 pages. This abstract gives the more important particulars.

J. Neilson Barry,
Portland, Oregon.

August 6th, 1839 the party started from Independence, consisting of 32 persons, four more joined in the 16th. The leaders were Vasquez and Sublette. With them was a Mr. Thompson who had a trading post on the western side of the mountains. Also two half-breed hunters, one of whom was Mr. Shabenare, (Charboneau), "A son of Captain Clark, the great western traveler and companion of Lewis. He had received an education in Europe during seven years." There were four wagons, drawn by six mules each. "The men were French, American, Spanish and half breeds."

August 15th passed a grove called Council Grove.

August 17th reached the Arkansas River, and traveled parallel to it.

(Details of daily routine, hunting, and descriptions usual in such journals are omitted.) "We stand guard by turns, each one being on duty three hours." "We had several moonlight nights to cheer the guard."

August 21st, (Began to see buffalo, with much description of hunting.)

August 23d, "We passed a great number of buffaloes, the prairie being actually alive with them. They extended probably about four miles, and numbered nearly two hundred thousand."

August 26th, "Encamped on the banks of the Arkansas." We shall continue to travel along the Arkansas for ten or twelve days. The river here is the boundary between Mexico and Missouri Territory."

August 27th, "We are getting along rapidly, traveling about twenty-five miles a day." "During the last week we passed several places where men belonging to former parties had been killed by Indians. The other day we passed a place where Mr. Vasquez had a narrow escape." from Pawnees.

August 30th, overtook Mr. Lupton, a mountain trader, on his way to the trading post on the river Platte. "He had six wagons drawn by oxen. They had started about twelve days before us."

August 31st, "Mr. Lupton encamped with us today as well as last night. He is trying to keep in company with us, but probably will not succeed, as our mules can travel much faster than his oxen."

September 1st. "Today we came in sight of what is called Big Timber, sixty miles from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas."

September 2d. "Today we left Big Timber at noon." "We had a view of the mountains this afternoon, but they are still one hundred and fifty miles distant."

September 3d. "Today we passed Bent's Fort, which looks quite like a military fortification. It is constructed of mud bricks after the Spanish fashion, and is quite durable. Mr. Bent had seventy horses stolen from the fort this summer." By Comanche Indians.

September 4th, "Today we passed a Spanish fort about two miles from Bent's. It was also built of mud, and inhabited by a few Spanish and French. They procure flour from Taos, a town in Mexico, eight days' travel from this place. They raise a small quantity of corn for their own use. We shall continue along the Arkansas River."

September 5th. "Today we came in sight of Pike's Peak."

September 6th. "We are still approaching the mountains, which have a very fine appearance. The peak is very high."

September 7th. "We ate our dinner beside a stream called Fontaine qui bouille, boiling spring, called so on account of the manner in which it boils from the mountains." "The traders have houses here for trading in winter," with the Arapahoes and Shian Indians.

September 10th. "Today and yesterday we passed through some strips of pine timber, the first I have seen in this part of the country." Mr. Vasquez smoked with some Arapooos Indians.

September 12th. "In the evening we arrived at the Platte river and encamped."

September 13th. "We passed Mr. Lupton's Fort," A little more than an hour later, "We reached the fort of Messrs. Sublette and Vasquez, the place of our destination." "A great many free trappers are here at present. The fort is quite a nice place, situated on the South Fork of the River Platte. It is built of adobies, or Spanish bricks, made of clay baked in the sun." "The fort is opposite Long's Peak, and about twenty miles distant. We slept all night at the fort."

September 14th. "Today I moved my quarters to Mr. Thompson's camp, a mile and a half from the fort."

September 16th. "Today we left our encampment, and started to cross the mountains. Our party consisted of eight men, two squaws and three children. One of the squaws belonged to Mr. Thompson, the other to Mr. Craig. They are partners, and have a trading fort at Brown's Hole, a valley on the west of the mountains."

September 17th. Crossed a branch of the Platte river. Camped on a small stream cache la Poudre.

September 19th. "Today we began to travel among the hills at the foot of the mountains." "The road we are traveling now is surrounded by hills piled on hills, with mountains in the background."

September 20th. "Today the road became more rough. We had some very high and steep hills to climb." "Messrs. Thompson and Craig went before us and killed three buffaloes."

September 21st. "We have been climbing more hills." "We are encamped in a beautiful valley. It is probably more than sixty miles long, as far as the eye can reach. The view from the surrounding mountains is grand. The valley is surrounded by high hills, with mountains in the background." "There is a large stream flowing through it, called Laramie's Fork, tributary to the North Fork of the Platte." "In this plain there is a very large rock, composed of red sandstone and resembling a chimney. It is situated on a fork of the Laramie called Chimney Fork."

September 23d. "This morning the road was very rough. At noon we entered a very large valley, called the Park, at the entrance of which we crossed the North Fork of the River Platte, a very fine stream."

September 24th. "Today we are still traveling in the park."

September 25th. "Today we have had a very rough road to travel over, and at evening encamped on a ridge called The Divide."

September 27th. "We passed a place where the Whites had encamped a few days previous, for the purpose of killing buffalo and drying the meat. From the signs around us, we thought they must have had a fight with the Indians." "We saw the skeletons of four horses, killed in the fight. The Whites had thrown up a breastwork of logs for a defense. Tonight we put our horses in an old horse-pen we found at our camping place, which is on Snake River, a tributary of the Colorado of the West."

September 28th. "Today we had a good road and got along well. We are still on Snake River."

September 29th. "Today we left Snake River." "We encamped at some sulphur springs."

September 30th. (Mr. Smith's horse gave out, and he had to walk, and camped by himself on the Vermilion.)

October 1st. "I left my lonely camp and walked rapidly over the gravel and prickly pears that lay in my path." "After traveling two miles" (he reached the party) "Encamped by a small lake in a valley. My pleasure can easily be imagined. They were just eating breakfast of which I partook with delight, having eaten nothing the day before. At evening we arrived at Brown's Hole, our place of destination. This is a valley on Green River in which is a fort.

October 2d. "Today I heard from Kit Carson the particulars of the fight at the breastworks at Snake River." (Seven men and two Squaws went from Brown's Hole and were drying meat when they were attacked by twenty Sioux Indians.) "The attack was made toward morning while it was yet dark. The Indians fired principally at one man, named Spillers, as he lay asleep outside of the horse-pen, and they pierced him with five balls, without wounding anyone else. This awakened the rest of the men, and they began to strengthen a horse-pen they had made of logs, to form it into a breast-work. They digged some holes in the ground for the men to stand in, so as to protect them as much as possible. As soon as it became light, they commenced firing at the Indians, of whom they killed and wounded several. After exchanging several shots the principal Indian chief rode up toward them and made offers of peace. One of the white men went out, and induced him with several others to come toward them, when they were within shooting distance, he fell back behind some trees, and gave the signal to his companions, who fired and killed the head chief. The Indians kept up a firing for a short time and then retreated. When the chief was shot he jumped up and fell down, the others were very much excited, and raved and tore around. He was a distinguished chief."

October 3d. "Still at the fort which is situated in a small valley surrounded by mountains, on Green River, a tributary of the Colorado. This is quite a stream, about three hundred yards wide. It runs through a narrow passage or canyon in the mountains, the rocks forming a perpendicular wall on each side, five hundred feet high."

October 6th. "I had intended to go to Fort Hall . . . but the party disappointed me."

October 10th. (A party went on a buffalo hunt on Snake River at mouth of Muddy. They killed 100 buffalo and dried the meat, also killed six grizzly bears quite near the camp.)

November 1st they returned to the fort and remained until the 8th. "On the evening of the first there were one hundred and fifty head of horses stolen from the vicinity of the fort by a party of Sioux." "A party of twelve men went

over to Fort Hall, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and stole several horses from that company, notwithstanding they had been very well treated by the man who had charge of the fort. On their return they stopped at a small encampment of Snake Indians, consisting of three lodges. One of them belonged to a very old man who invited them to eat with him and treated them with great hospitality. At evening the whites proceeded on their journey taking with them all the old Indian's horses. On returning to Green River, the trappers remaining at the fort expressed their displeasure so strongly at this act of unparalleled meanness that they were obliged to leave the party to go to a trading post of the Eutaw Indians. The whites in the valley, fearing that the Snake Indians might retaliate for the loss of their horses pursued the thieves and compelled them to restore the stolen property."

November 8th. "We moved up the river a short distance to a log cabin, built by some young man, who had come to the mountains last spring, intending to remain there until the following spring.

December 20th. (Visit of twenty lodges of Snake Indians, trading skins.) "There is a large salt lake in the mountains about four days travel from Brown's Hole. This lake is a hundred miles long from north to south and thirty miles wide. . . . There are several fresh water streams running into this lake, one of which is Great Bear River. . . . Near the headwaters of the Missouri is a valley filled with mounds, emitting smoke and vapor, the ground composing this valley is very soft, so much so that a horse will sink to his girths in the ground. On the west side of the mountains are streams that seem to ebb and flow like the tide. In the mornings their banks are overflowing, at noon they are perfectly dry, the next morning flowing again. The country around the headwaters of the Yellowstone, a tributary of the Missouri, abounds in Natural curiosities. There are volcanoes, volcanic productions and carbonated springs. Mr. Vasquez told me that he went to the top of one of these volcanoes, the crater of which was filled with pure water, forming quite a large lake. There is a story told by an Arapahoe chief of a petrified buffalo standing in the lake on the east side of the mountains. It was in a perfect state of preservation, and they worship it as a great medicine charm. There are also moccasin and buffalo tracks in the solid rock along the side of the lake. Nothing would induce this Indian to tell where this sacred buffalo is to be found. Great presents were offered to him in vain. There is a party, going in boats from this valley in the spring down Grand River, on

the Colorado of the West, to California. They will be led by Mr. Walker who was with Bonneville in the mountains. They intend trapping for beaver on the way."

"We intended to spend the winter in the valley of Brown's Hole, but soon had reason to fear an attack from the Sioux. The party before mentioned, who lost their chief in an encounter with some whites, had returned to their principal tribe and intend coming in numbers to attack us in the spring. We therefore thought it unsafe to remain until then." We left the valley of Brown's Hole on the 24th of January, 1840. . . . Our party consisted of twenty persons, fourteen men, four squaws, wives of the trappers, and two children. There were two traders in the company, one, Mr. Biggs, who was a trader for Sublette and Vasquez, the other, Mr. Baker, a trader for Bent and St. Vrain. There were also three free trappers. The others were men hired to the two traders."

January 27, 1840. "We arrived at Snake River and remained there four days. While there the snow fell two feet deep. We had three Indian lodges with us, in which we slept at night."

February 2d. "We encamped at a creek called Muddy. We found considerable difficulty in traveling through the snow during the day."

February 4th. "The snow became very deep, and in a few days . . . six feet deep . . . our stock of provisions was nearly exhausted."

February 17th. "We encamped on a high hill, and one of the horses gave out, being unable to carry the load any farther. Here we encountered one of the most severe storms I ever witnessed. Considerable snow fell, and the wind blew for two nights and a day. During the night one of the lodges blew down, and its occupants were obliged to remove to one of the others to prevent being frozen. We started with thirty-nine horses and mules, all in good order. Some of them were now dying daily for want of food and water. We traveled but three or four miles a day, on account of the depth of snow. By this time many of us were on foot and were obliged to go before and break the way for the horses. Our provisions were being exhausted, we were obliged to eat the horses as they died. In this way we lived fifteen days, eating a few dogs in the meantime. In a few days we were all on foot. We suffered greatly from want of wood. We were obliged to burn a shrub called sage. . . . We obtained no water except by melting snow. During this time we had some very severe storms of wind and snow. . . . We were obliged to make a scaffold of some trees which we found, and leave our beaver

skins on it, with all the furs we had collected." (All the horses died) "except two, and they were so weak as to be almost unable to drag the tents."

February 23d. Our hunters killed a buffalo which was very poor, the meat, however, was very pleasant to us, after having lived so long on poor horse meat."

February 24th. "The hunters killed three fat buffalo, which was the first fat meat we had seen for twenty days. . . . On the afternoon of this day we encamped on the North Fork of the River Platte, which runs through a small valley surrounded by mountains. At this place there was scarcely any snow to be seen, and the weather was quite warm. We were still one hundred and fifty miles from the trading fort. This valley was filled with herds of buffalo. After remaining here four days, three of us started on the 29th of February to go to the fort for horses. We traveled until noon the first day without finding any snow. In the afternoon we met pretty deep snow, and toward night it was too feet deep, covered with a very hard crust." (They went fifteen miles that day) "About dark we stopped on the summit of a hill." (It was a wind-swept, but there was no fuel for a fire.) "We were very wet, having traveled through the snow all day. We were obliged to lie down on the bare ground, with only a blanket apiece to cover us, and were unable to sleep from the severe cold. Next morning we started by daylight and found the snow deeper than the day before, the crust was hard but not sufficiently so to bear one, which made walking very fatiguing. Notwithstanding the difficulty we traveled fifteen miles that day. At sundown we came in sight of a stream, the banks of which were covered with timber." (They saw fresh tracks of Indians. One of the three men had been attacked and robbed by Sioux at this place.) "My companions being both afraid to proceed, we were obliged to return to our party on the North Fork of the Platte. . . . We were near what was called Medicine Bow Butte, which takes its name from a stream running at its base, called Medicine Bow Creek." (They started to return that same night) "We traveled all night and stopped just as daylight was appearing, made a fire and rested half an hour. The next night we found ourselves quite near the encampment on the Platte. Our party was very much disappointed to see us return."

March 7th. "Mr. Biggs and a half breed started to the fort by another route. . . . They took a horse with them to carry their blankets and provisions. In the meantime the party on the Platte were hunting daily, and supplied themselves abundantly with provisions." (Transposed) "When

Mr. Biggs started for the fort . . . we built a fort of logs on the Platte to protect us from Indians." "On the forty-second day from the time of his starting" (Mr. Biggs) "and Mr. Vasquez arrived, bringing with them horses sufficient to carry the furs, but not enough to furnish saddle-horses for all the party, consequently some were obliged to walk. They also brought some men with them, increasing our number to twenty-two. Mr. Biggs immediately started to return for the beaver that had been left some distance back, and was absent five days."

April 14th. (They left their fort on the North Fork of the Platte).

April 16th. "We ate dinner at the Medicine Bow Creek."

April 19th. "Arrived at Laramie Fork, a tributary of the Platte. At the junction of this stream with the North Fork the American Fur Company have a large trading fort, called Fort Laramie.

April 24th. "In the afternoon, we crossed the South Fork of the Platte with considerable difficulty, as the water was very high. After traveling six miles we arrived at the Fort of Sublette and Vasquez. We remained at the fort nearly two days."

April 26th. "We started in a mackinaw boat which had been made at the fort at the foot of the mountains. This boat was thirty-six feet long and eight feet wide. We had seven hundred buffalo robes on board and four hundred buffalo tongues. There were seven of us in company. The water of this river was very shallow and we proceeded with difficulty, getting on sand bars every few minutes. We were obliged to wade and push the boat along most of the way for about three hundred miles, which we were forty-nine days traveling. We had to unload the boat several times a day when it was aground, which was very hard work."

May 12th. "We killed the first buffalo we had seen since we left the fort."

May 13th. "We arrived at the camp of Shian Indians. . . . They were headed by a chief called the Yellow Wolf. His brother was of the party having a name . . . Many Crows."

June 12th. "We arrived at the fork of the Platte. The water in the North Fork of the Platte was pretty high, and we were able to proceed quite rapidly. We sometimes traveled fifty miles a day."

June 14th. "We met five buffalo, the last we saw, as we left the country in which they range."

June 20th. "We passed the Loup Fork and also Shell Creek."

June 21st. "We passed Horse Creek . . . also Saline." "In the evening we arrived at a missionary station, about fifteen miles from the mouth of the River Platte. . . . We went to the missionary houses . . . and were much disappointed at finding them deserted, the missionaries having removed to another place."

June 22d. "We arrived at the mouth of the river Platte. . . . In the afternoon we stopped at a log house on the bank of the river. Here we saw the first whites who had gladdened our eyes since leaving the mountains."

June 23d. "In the evening we arrived at a settlement, where we procured some fresh meat, bread and coffee."

June 24th. "We stopped at another settlement in the State of Missouri, Buchanan county. On the south side of the river is Missouri Territory, and on the north side the State of Missouri. . . . We now traveled rapidly, sometimes eighty miles a day."

July 3d. "We arrived at St. Louis, having come two thousand miles from the mountains in sixty-nine days."

Charboneau

There is a mention in an appendix-note, of "Mr. Shabonare" being with the party in the mackinaw boat, which indicates his movements from August 6th, 1839 to July 3, 1840. He was a son of Touissant Charboneau of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Rufus B. Sage, in his *Rocky Mountain Life*, edition 1847, page 206, tells of meeting a party in the employ of Bent and St. Vrain, August 30, 1842, on an island of the Platte. They had attempted to navigate and were stranded because of low water. Their "camp was under the direction of a half breed, named Chabonard, who proved to be a gentleman of superior information. He had acquired a classic education and could converse quite fluently in German, Spanish, French and English, as well as several Indian languages. His mind, also, was well stored with choice reading, and enriched by extensive travel and observation. Having visited most of the important places, both in England, France, and Germany, he knew how to turn his experience to good advantage." There was a quaint humor and shrewdness in his conversation, so garbled with intelligence and perspicuity, that he at once insinuated himself into the good graces of listeners, and commanded their admiration and respect.

BILL NYE
(1850-1896)

By FRANK SUMNER BURRAGE,¹ deceased

The story of Bill Nye and his Boomerang will ever remain one of the most challenging as well as interesting episodes in the history of American journalism.

For it is the story of one of our own kind, who despite limited experience and an apparently exceedingly limited environment, in a few years, because of an extraordinary understanding of and belief in human kind, made a paper in a small western town known and admired and laughed at the wide world around.

Bill Nye was a young man when he came to Laramie; he was a young man when he leapt, as it were, into fame, and he was still a young man when he died. Of course he had only forty-six human years to his credit, but they were years of life that were full all the way, and full, too, of that youthfulness of spirit which was never absent in anything he said or wrote.

Edgar Wilson Nye, for such was his formal name, was a native of Shirley, Maine, where he was born on August 25, 1850. Writing of his birthplace he says: "A man ought not to criticize his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house! There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that a casual meeting took place, which was, under the alchemy of restless years, turned to golden links forming a pleasant but powerful

1. Mr. Burrage was born in Boston, Massachusetts where his father for many years was a successful business man. In January 1898 he went from Denver, Colorado to Cheyenne where he was tutor to the son of Governor Joseph M. Carey and prepared the son for college. He then entered Judge Carey's office and remained there until he went to Detroit, Michigan in 1901. In 1905 he again came to Wyoming and was cashier of the Laramie Republican until 1908. Then he went to the University of Wyoming as secretary of the Board of Trustees; in 1912 he was made registrar of the University also secretary to the president, which important position he filled five years. He was splendidly equipped by educational training and broad experience for the duties which he discharged with marked ability. From the University he went back to the Laramie city newspapers, recognized until his demise as one of the outstanding newspaper men of Wyoming. (For more complete account see Bartlett, vol. 11, pp. 286-7).

bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason, I hope I may be spared to my parents for many years to come."

The family, when Edgar was still young, moved to Wisconsin, where he grew to man's estate, and where he was in turn, farmer, lawyer, and teacher. It happened that Nye had read law in the office of a firm in Chippewa Falls of which one John J. Jenkins was a member. President Grant had appointed Jenkins United States attorney for the territory of Wyoming, and before that gentleman had left for the west he received a letter from his ex-clerk in which he said: "My wherewithal has been on the rapid decline or I would have been to see you. Nevertheless I hope that you will be able to get me some kind of a place out West."

So strong, however, was that call of the wild that Jenkins had hardly gotten settled in Cheyenne when, says Nye's biographer, "returning to his office one day, he was told that a thin young man had been waiting hours for him." The "thin young man" was none other than Edgar Nye, and he had arrived in the Wyoming capital with only thirty-five cents in his pocket.

Mr. Jenkins had always had the idea that Nye could make a newspaper man, and since he happened to know that J. H. Hayford, editor of the Sentinel at Laramie City nearby, was in need of someone to share the troubles of his sheet, he sent Nye over the hill to find a job. Judge N. L. Andrews, a friend of Jenkins, interceded with Hayford and Nye was soon running the Sentinel. That was in May 1876.

Nye's own account of his landing in Cheyenne, and of his first associations with "Deacon" Hayford, are so amusing that a few paragraphs of the description follow herewith:

"Securing second-class passage and not knowing whither, so that it was west, I slept the nights away, sitting up in a coach, and landed in a territorial town accompanied by thirty-five cents, with which I desired to aid the flourishing young city in her wonderful growth. I was also associated with a pale yellow trunk which cost three dollars and had been rained on, so that when I landed in Cheyenne the inflated thing peeled.

"I cannot think of anything sadder than to be associated with a trunk making claims to respectability which it is unable to maintain. This trunk when new had aimed to impress people with the idea that it was a leather trunk, but when adversity came, it surrendered and peeled. When the wallpaper came off it was quite a plain trunk, and those who came in contact with it did not treat it with respect. I went to the best hotel, registered, and by some strange accident got a

pretty good room; but I had to hurry and do it before my trunk got there.

"It would take some time to tell how I got the money to pay this bill, and how the lonely little lop-eared, ecru-colored trunk stood there in the baggage room waiting for the day of its redemption to draw nigh; but suffice it that a lucky accident put me in the way of earning ten dollars by copying the minutes of a military court-martial then in session, and a tall angel with wings concealed under the cape of a chumly overcoat was the means. His name was Remington, and I earnestly hope that he will find, when his life is over, that suitable arrangements have been made for his comfort.

"If a boy could be made to believe that this one hour or day of battle with adversity may be the hand-to-hand fight of his life, compared with which all others following it will be mere skirmishes; if he could only know that the sky will never again be so somber, or his horizon so opaque—in nine cases out of ten, he would win; but he fears too often that this is the beginning only of a long life of despair and disappointment. At that time I fully expected for a few days that I would have to assist in taking care of the Union Pacific Railroad, as a lawyer friend of mine had already done—going to California in considerable style and returning by easy stages as a section hand.

"The opportunity to do reporting came to the surface and I improved it. The salary was not large; it was not impressive. It was not calculated to canker the soul. By putting handles on it every Saturday evening, I was enabled to carry it home by myself, the distance being short. I used it wisely, not running through it as some would have done. In this way at the end of the year I had two dollars in money and a nice new set of whiskers. I also had acquired a gum overcoat whose views one could easily get by being thrown in its society for a few minutes on a warm day.

"The Sentinel was a morning paper. We printed it before sundown and distributed it before breakfast. Thus it had the appearance of extreme freshness and dampness. Old Jim Hayford was the manager of the paper.

"He gave me twelve dollars a week to edit the paper—local, telegraph, selections, religious, sporting, fashion, political, and obituary. He said twelve dollars was too much but if I would jerk the press occasionally and take care of his children he would try to stand it. Perhaps I might have been there yet if I hadn't had a red-hot political campaign and measles among the children at the same time. You can't mix

measles and politics. So I said one day I would have to draw the line at measles.

"I collected my princely salary and quit, having acquired a style of fearless independent journalism which I still retain. I can write up things that never occurred with a masterly hand. Then, if they occur afterward, I am grateful; if not, I bow to the inevitable and smother my chagrin."

In the spring of '76 the town was called Laramie City for the reason says one critic, "that the looks of Laramie herself would never have suggested the appellation." It had only about twenty-five hundred people and consisted of a few hundred frame houses and several brick and stone buildings on the Laramie Plains, clustered about the railway station. "The altitude," continues this critic, "was high; the assessed valuation low. Liquor was plentiful and water scarce."

But there were many souls in Laramie congenial to Nye and he liked it, and that Laramie was the place to bring out his talents subsequent events have shown. Writing of this fact, his son, Frank Wilson Nye, says: "Nye's talent was a new thing to him and he had found out little about it or about himself. Like a nestling that tries its wings for the first flight, Nye was experimenting with his concealed yet revealed gift in the columns of the Sentinel. His touch was light. His sensitiveness keen. Wisconsin had been pioneer, yet it was already grown too conservative to bring Nye out. Then there was parental repression. Few are the places, and fewer the times, which could have supplied the field for Nye's first trial spins.

"His readers were a small and unspoiled audience, many of whom he saw often. He was a good mixer. He made a host of friends. This gave him the chance to take frequent soundings. He knew quickly just how his readers were reacting to his writings."

Such was Laramie, and the Laramie opportunity. Limited to be sure, and yet world-wide, as we have said, it afterward became.

The next two years gave Nye his wife. The Cheyenne Sun of March 7, 1877, carried this announcement: "The marriage ceremony of Miss Clara F. Smith to Mr. Edgar W. Nye was performed here at six o'clock this afternoon by Bishop Spaulding of Denver in the presence of a few friends. Dr. J. H. Hayford gave away the bride. There were some very handsome presents bestowed upon the newly married pair. The affair was a very solemn one. Nye forgot all his jokes suitable to the occasion, and will hereafter be known as the obituary editor of the Sentinel."

Nye himself said that he thought there were too many Smiths and he owed a duty to society to reduce their number as much as possible. Writing afterward he said: "Thus I married, and one evening while the town lay hushed in slumber, and only the mountain zephyr from the grim old Medicine Bow Range rustled the new leaves of the quaking aspen and the cottonwood, I moved. Not having any piano or sideboard, I did the moving myself. It did not take long."

Nye's marriage was a perfect union, and his elder son in speaking of it said that he had never known a more happily mated couple.

Nye next added to his journalistic duties that of justice of the peace, a position which, never very remunerative, afforded him many chances for the exercise of his wit. Later he annexed the office of United States commissioner and finally that of postmaster.¹ Two daughters, Bessie and Winnifred, had been born in the meantime, and so further efforts were needed to supplement the meager income. This led Nye to send some of his work to metropolitan papers, and before long he was being copied everywhere.

Nye's associations with Hayford had grown distasteful, and the Sentinel had not been a financial success. It was a Republican paper so the Democrats, perceiving their opportunity in 1879, organized the Daily Times. As a consequence of these changes Nye was no longer connected with a daily paper, and as a still further consequence the Republicans lost most of the county offices in the election of 1880. This was something not to be tolerated, so his friends turned to Nye to back him as a good citizen, and a Republican and a journalist, rather than a humorist, in starting a new paper.

This is the way Nye himself put it: "A company incorporated itself and started a paper of which I took charge. The paper was published in the loft of a livery stable. That is the reason they called it a stock company. You could come up the stairs into the office or you could twist the tail of the iron gray mule and take the elevator."

So the Boomerang was born. It was named for Bill Nye's mule, Boomerang, of whose coming Mrs. Nye wrote as follows: "This funny little creature appeared on the streets of Laramie from no one knows where. It ambled up to Edgar and rubbing its nose against his sleeve, brayed earnestly in his ear. From that time on, the arrival was known as Bill Nye's mule, Boomerang."

1. Was also librarian of the county library. This information is from an unpublished manuscript by W. S. Ingham in the files of the Statewide Historical Project.

Three thousand dollars was subscribed to launch the new paper, and in January, 1881, Nye went to Chicago to buy his outfit. He bought a Washington hand-press, a Gordon jobber, and some type, and had one thousand dollars left. The Boomerang's first home was in the Kidd building, on the second floor, and the press was of the type that was known as a "lemon squeezer," and its greatest output was only two hundred and fifty copies per hour, two pages at a time.

With such an outfit the Boomerang came out, its first issue, Volume 1, No. 1, bearing the date of March 11, 1881. That was shortly after the inauguration of President Garfield. The Boomerang moved afterward into A. L. Haines' livery stable, at Third and Garfield Streets. This was the barn so often referred to by Nye.

The paper always had a struggle financially, although subscriptions poured in, and finally, to help out, the job business was disposed of to Garrett and Chaplin, and Nye had about decided to abandon the daily and run only a weekly when he was suddenly taken very ill and went to Greeley to recuperate. It was then decided that he never could live in this altitude, so in October, 1883, after a residence here of about seven and a half years, he left Laramie forever. Already his stuff was being read everywhere and by September, 1883, three volumes of his selections had been collected and published. He resigned his postmastership,² settled up his affairs in Laramie as best he could, sold his Boomerang stock for thirty cents on the dollar and went to Wisconsin to live.

Despite the fact that his Boomerang venture was an apparent failure his future success was nothing short of phenomenal. His name had indeed become a national one, and for the rest of his life his career, as the Republican expressed it at the time of his death had become "an open book to the American people." When he died, on Washington's birthday,

2. Letter of acceptance as postmaster at Laramie to Postmaster General attracted much attention at Washington, D. C. He told the Postmaster General that, "in my opinion, my being selected for the office is a triumph of eternal right over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs" he said "in the nation's onward march toward purity and perfection. I don't know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of state which has so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom."

His famous letter of resignation addressed to the President of the United States was printed in part in the ANNALS OF WYOMING, vol. 9, pp. 739-40, January, 1933.

For complete text of both letter of acceptance and letter of resignation see manuscript, pp. 7-12, of a paper read before the Young Men's Literary Club of Cheyenne, Wyoming by William Edwards Chaplin, some time prior to April 1922 and gathered 1935-1937 by the Statewide Historical Project for the State Library.

in 1896, being only in his forty-sixth year, he had amassed a fortune of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Nye's style of humor was something peculiarly his own. Many have claimed the discovery and introduction of Bill to the public, but as Mr. W. E. Chaplin once pointed out in writing of him, "it can be truthfully said that he alone was entirely responsible for that measure of success he attained in life."

At his death many tributes³ came to the family from every part of the world, but one of the most beautiful and most discerning was an unsigned one, part of which paid this tribute:

"He made men laugh, and that means that his heart was beautiful and his life lovely. It means that all the time he loved his fellow-man and believed that life was good. It means that, above all else, he managed every day, amid all changing conditions, to keep on good terms with himself, and very few men know how to do that. Many people believe that humor is shallow, and betokens lack of solidity, but they err. Laughter and tears are very close together, and that man who laughs well is easiest moved to tears. And the tears that mingle with the laughter of the heart make the rainbows of human life. No true humorist is very shallow. Nay, rather it will be found that under the rippling surface lie the calm waters of true wisdom and philosophy, the peaceful depths of true beauty and true joy. I believe that there was much more to Mr. Nye than ever was apparent in any of his works, even the most serious. But he filled a divine mission in the world for he carried sunshine with him and scattered it everywhere carelessly, extravagantly and unconsciously, as naturally as the rose scatters its perfume everywhere. That is the secret of human influence—the secret of the star's glory—of the sunset's splendor."

Here in Laramie there are yet many tender memories of the man Nye, his friendships, his beautiful family life, and the

3. To the memory of Nye, his friend JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY penned the following: "Especially favored, as for years I have been, with close personal acquaintance and association with Mr. Nye, his going away fills me with selfishness and grief that finds a mute rebuke in my every memory of him. He was unselfish wholly, and I am broken hearted, recalling the always patient strength and gentleness of this true man, the unflinching hope and cheer and faith of his child heart, his noble and heroic life, and pure devotion to his home; his deep affections, constant dreams, plans and organizations. I cannot doubt that somehow, somewhere, he continues cheerily on in the unbroken exercise of these same capacities." (From an unpublished manuscript by W. S. Ingham of Laramie in the statewide PIONEERS PROJECT material of the State Library.)

human qualities with which he invested every relationship. Laramie folks will never forget that he was once their postmaster, as well as their most famous editor. When he resigned his postmastership he communicated his wishes to President Arthur in a letter which has now become immortal. It has been reprinted again and again.

ORCHIDS

W. E. CHAPLIN

5502 Woodman Avenue, Van Nuys, California

November 22, 1938.

State Department of History, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Many thanks for your kind and most interesting letter of the 17th inst. I am returning the personal record, with corrections, believing that for your permanent records you would like to have the corrections made.

I appreciate your kindness in sending me WYOMING ANNALS for 1938. Herewith find my check for one dollar for WYOMING ANNALS for 1939. I desire to be placed on your permanent list and will remit from year to year. While in Cheyenne last summer I visited the historical department of the State Library and was amazed at the excellence of the work performed. Wyoming is indeed to be congratulated upon its new quarters for its Supreme Court and Library.

With personal regards to you and your most courteous associates, I am very truly yours,

(Signed) W. E. CHAPLIN.

WILLIAM EDWARDS CHAPLIN

Now in his seventy-ninth year, Mr. Chaplin is in excellent health and intellectually as virile as when he was the foremost editorial writer of Wyoming.

He is of English descent. Benjamin Chaplin settled in Massachusetts and married Sarah Edwards, a grand-daughter of Jonathan Edwards; their son was Jonathan Edwards Chaplin, whose son Edwards Hastings Chaplin was the father of William Edwards Chaplin born February 25, 1860 in Omaha, Nebraska.

Mr. Chaplin came to Wyoming in the year 1873 and first located in Laramie City. Necessity compelled him to leave public school and seek employment. He applied to Colonel E. A. Slack, editor and manager of the Laramie Daily Inde-

pendent and the next morning, a bright day in January, 1874, found him at work as a printer's devil. In 1876 Colonel Slack was persuaded to move to Cheyenne and an option was given to young Chaplin to go with him. Young Chaplin chose to remain in Laramie City with Hayford & Gates of the Laramie Daily Sentinel, and subsequently for about six months with C. W. Bramel on the Laramie Daily Chronicle, then changed to Cheyenne where he worked for Colonel Slack about two years. Again at Laramie City Mr. Chaplin was printer, foreman and stockholder of The Boomerang.

Dean of Wyoming newspapermen today, Mr. Chaplin founded the Laramie Republican, edited it many years. Around the turn of the century he and Mrs. Chaplin moved to Cheyenne where they resided until 1925 when his term as secretary of state expired. He and Mrs. Chaplin were prominent in social affairs during their more than a score of years residence in Cheyenne and have a large number of friends in the community.

In 1889 he was a member of the Wyoming Constitutional Convention, served as Registrar in Cheyenne of the United States Land Office 1898-1915 and was Secretary of State 1919-1923. He might have been Governor following his term as secretary of state, but declined nomination for the office because he desired to retire from public life.

SAM BERRY, AN OUTLAW WHO KILLED FOR MONEY

By EDWARD J. (ED.) FARLOW, Pioneer, Lander, Wyoming

Sam Berry was a colorful character of the old West. His middle life was spent in this country and he would always have remained here had he not been convicted for killing Henderson, on the Sweetwater. Some say he didn't do it and in fact he was convicted on his own statement given in bragadocio and went to the pen at Rawlins for a term of years.

When he got out of the penitentiary he went over into the Big Horn basin country where he was regarded as a bad man who had killed his man and for a consideration would take on another. He seemed to have no conscience. His deep, gruff voice struck terror to the uninitiated and he was a show piece for the dudes who wanted to see a real gun man.

About 1920 he got into trouble for killing game out of season and the officers were hot on his trail. He had a camp near the Yellowstone Park line on the North fork of the Shoshone on the Cody road. Being familiar with this country he made his way thru the mountains and drifted down the Wind

River Valley. He worked for our sheep outfit for several years, pulling camp and doing whatever he could. He had a crippled hand and his age was against him.

In the middle of February 1929 I went into the Fremont hotel (Lander) and sat down by a feeble, old man. It was Sam Berry. I asked him how he was feeling and he said, "I'm all in. I am going to die. I want to tell you something before I go." He had been brought into Lander for treatment. He had a little money, but not much.

"I am so near the end of my rope now," said he, "that they (meaning the law) won't bother me. I have killed seven men in my time, all for hire. I never robbed one of them altho I have taken part in holdups and bank and train robberies. I killed four Mexicans and three white men. John Tregoning and I both shot about the same time at Henderson. I got \$100 for this but was to get \$300. It cost me a lot of time in the pen, too. I killed a white man in Nevada for \$500, but the one that bothered me most was Bob McCoy.

"I had agreed to get three men, but McCoy was the first and only one I got as the other two fled. My contract was for \$1000 each and the evidence that I had done the job was to deliver an ear. I shot Bob about dark behind a little log house. He fell from his horse. I went up to him and he was still alive and recognized me. He gave me an awful look and it has bothered me ever since. I drew to shoot him again and he said 'don't'. When he was dead I cut off his ear, buckled a nosebag filled with rock about his neck and rolled him into the river as it was on the bank.

"I felt squeamish about Bob. That look of his followed me all the years. It haunts me at night and I never see a stream nor a log cabin that I don't think of how I took advantage of poor, defenseless Bob. He didn't have a chance.

"When I got my money I got on a big drunk at Cody. It lasted a month and when I finally sobered up because I was broke and no one would sell or give me liquor, I took a look for the other fellows but they were gone and I never saw either of them."

I asked Sam who these men were but he would not tell me. I asked him how much he got for Bob's ear and he said they paid him the \$1,000 in cash as they agreed. When I asked him who paid him the money he took a severe coughing spell and I helped him up to his room, telling him I would drop around again when he was better and we would have another talk. A few days later they took him to the county house and I never

saw him again. He died March 10, 1929, at the age of 81. He told me his name was not Sam Berry, but that that name was plenty good enough.

WYOMING BOOK SHELF

Of especial interest to Wyoming readers is the recent publication of "Powder River, Let 'er Buck," by Maxwell Struthers Burt.

Its setting is in north eastern Wyoming drained by Powder River and its tributaries, held for seventy years by the Sioux Indians, then for a decade by the cattle men and finally opened to farmers and today is the location of many Dude Ranches.

Powder River is the fourth in the series, Rivers of America, published by Farrar and Rinehart. It is written in a lively style, with many anecdotes and songs which make history especially good reading.

Ross Santer's small drawings make appropriate illustrations.

Struthers Burt knows and loves Wyoming as he owns a most attractive ranch near Moran, Wyoming in the heart of the Teton country. His long contact with his adopted state has eminently fitted him to write about Powder River and a real treat is in store for anyone who has not already read "Powder River, Let 'er Buck."

HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE AT LARAMIE, WYOMING

By PAUL L. ARMSTRONG
1936

Source of data: From Former Postmasters, Pioneers and the Post Office at Laramie, Wyoming. From a Manuscript gathered by an interviewer of the Statewide Pioneers Project for the Wyoming State Library.

In the spring of 1868, the Union Pacific Railroad was being put through what was then a part of Dakota Territory, but which very soon became Wyoming Territory, and later the present State of Wyoming. The "Laramie City" Post Office came into being about that time and was located in the building then at 218 South Second Street, near the corner of Second and Grand Avenue. Laramie was soon a bustling town with a population of some 5000, but as the railroad work moved further west, this dropped down and by 1875, there were about

2600 people located here. Two newspapers were being published then, the Daily Sentinel under J. H. Hayford, who was appointed postmaster in 1876, and the Daily Independent under Colonel E. A. Slack, who later moved to Cheyenne.

In the spring of 1875, there appeared one day in the office of the Independent a small, white-haired man by the name of J. M. Pattee, who placed with Colonel Slack an order for 40,000 circulars, a large amount in those days, stating that he was opening a lottery in Laramie, and requesting that Colonel Slack equip himself to handle a large amount of printing. The Colonel did so, and soon the Wyoming Lottery was in operation on the second floor at 201 Second Street, southeast corner of Second and Ivinson, the post office later occupying the lower floor of the same building, which still stands.

As the lottery sold no tickets locally, advertising ran in the Weekly Sentinel which circulated outside of town, and at one time a special edition for the lottery was printed and given a wide circulation, even though Hayford was a good deacon in one of the churches. However, in these days it was quite customary for the churches to use raffles, lotteries, etc. as a means of raising funds at their fairs and bazaars. To keep peace in the family, so to speak, Pattee contributed liberally to the churches, but somehow or another he overlooked the Baptists at one time. Their minister started to create a disturbance, so a check for \$100 was dispatched, and that settled that.

The advertising called for two drawings, monthly and quarterly, with capital prizes of \$50,000 and \$100,000. Tickets sold for a dollar, 6 for \$5.00, and it is reported that Pattee would deposit \$4000 and \$5000 a day in the bank. Some twenty clerks were employed and everyone was discharged on Saturday and re-hired on Monday, in order to get around the then existing law, which made them subject to prosecution if they operated over 30 days, continuously. When the territorial legislature assembled in 1877, a law was passed which ended this lottery, though such things continued to operate in other parts of the country for some years.

Money had rolled in from all over the country, though little was paid out for prizes. However, the post office had been a real beneficiary. Three cents postage was used in mailing out the circulars and stamps were purchased by the thousand-dollar's worth and more. It was sometimes necessary to send to Cheyenne in order to fill the demand. This caused such an increase in postal receipts that they claim the office reached first class rating, which necessitates a business of \$40,000. But of course when the lottery was gone, it dropped back again, as

the town was not large enough to keep up that volume of business. However, it gradually built up again, as the town grew, and by 1898, when Postmaster Beltz went into office, it had become a second class office, which means a business of \$8000, though it took careful management to keep it there. Continuing to progress, it finally became first class office again in 1922, and so it has remained. By 1930, the post office had reached a business of \$55,000. The depression was under way in the east then but had not yet reached this part of the country. The past year shows a larger amount in actual cash, but if three cents postage had been in effect in 1930 it would still be the peak year, up to the present time.

The sixth man to hold the office of postmaster in Laramie was the famous "Bill Nye" (Edgar Wilson Nye). Born in the State of Maine, he was reared and educated in Wisconsin, where he tried his hand at various things, including newspaper work and law. Failing to be admitted to the bar there, he decided to go further west, and arrived in Cheyenne, W. T. in 1876, with just thirty-five cents in his pocket. A man by the name of Jenkins, in whose office Nye had read law back in Wisconsin, and who had been appointed U. S. Attorney for the Territory of Wyoming, was located in Cheyenne. He knew of young Nye's newspaper efforts and believed he would make good in that line. So it was that through his help Nye was employed by the Laramie Daily Sentinel, serving as city editor till 1879, when it was discontinued as a daily paper. His editorial work not requiring all his time, and needing additional income, Nye again tried the law and this time was admitted to the bar, rather to his own surprise, as law was not his strong forte. He then practiced law and served as Justice of the Peace and U. S. Commissioner, in addition to his editorial work.

In 1881, the Republicans of the town got together on starting a new newspaper and placed Nye at the head of it. He called it the "Boomerang", named for his mule, which had appeared in town one day from nowhere and made friends with him, for no reason at all. His writings soon began to attract wider and wider attention and he became correspondent for Cheyenne and Denver papers. In 1882, Nye opposed the reappointment of Hayford as Postmaster. The first assistant postmaster-general¹, at the time, had been a news-

1. Honorable Frank Hatton, connected with the Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye, was at one time one of the greatest American humorists, hence his friendship for Bill Nye. (From the manuscripts of William Edwards Chaplin in the files of the Statewide Pioneers Project of the State Library.)

paper man and had met Nye. So it was that a telegram came one day offering Nye the privilege of naming a new man for the post office. W. E. Chaplin, who later founded the Laramie Republican, was associated with Nye in the office of the Boomerang. Nye showed him the telegram and he at once suggested that Nye take the office himself. Nye felt he did not know enough about the work, but Chaplin pointed out that their bookkeeper, C. W. Spalding, who had been employed in the post office under Abbott, the first postmaster of Laramie, could be spared from the newspaper office and made chief clerk under Nye, thus making it possible for Nye to act as postmaster and still continue with the Boomerang². So Nye wired naming himself as postmaster and Spalding as chief clerk. Spalding later acted as postmaster, following Nye, and served again as chief clerk under Postmaster Beltz in 1898.

While serving as postmaster, the general delivery window was always the "general debility window" to Nye. His experiences as postmaster furnished much copy for the Boomerang and in 1886, after he had left Laramie and was well on the road to fame, he wrote his first play, "The Village Postmaster", basing it on his experiences as Postmaster and Justice of the Peace. He himself was the principal character. It played for a while in the small towns of Illinois but was not a success and was more or less buried till Stuart Robson, the well-known actor and a friend of Nye's, unearthed it in 1891. It was produced then under the name of "The Cadi", and ran 125 nights at the Union Square Theatre in New York City, with Thomas Q. Seabrooke in the role of "Bill Nye". It then went on the road, and while not a startling success, it went over as well as many plays this country has seen in the years gone by. The following excerpts concerning Nye's post office experiences are taken from the Boomerang, one written at the time of his appointment, and the other describing the usual small town post office pests.

"Regarding the post office, we wish to state that we shall aim to make it a great financial success, and furnish mail at all times to all who desire it, whether they have any or not. We shall be pretty busy, of course, attending to the office during the day, and writing scathing editorials during the

2. Nye also added the duties of justice of the peace which afforded him many chances for the exercise of his wit. Later he annexed the office of United States commissioner and was also librarian of the county library. (From manuscripts of Frank Sumner Burrage and W. S. Ingham, both of Laramie, in the statewide Pioneers Project material of the State Library.)

night, but we shall try to snatch a moment now and then to write a few letters for those who have been inquiring sadly and hopelessly for letters during the past ten years. It is, indeed, a dark and dreary world to the man who has looked in at the same general delivery window nine times a day for ten years, and yet never received a letter, nor even a confidential postal card from a commercial man, stating that on the fifth of the following month he would strike the town with a new and attractive line of samples.

“We should learn to find such suffering as that, and if we are in the post office department, we may be the means of much good by putting new envelopes on our dunning letters and mailing them to the suffering and distressed. Let us, in our abundance, remember those who have not been dunned for many a weary year. It will do them good, and we will not feel the loss.”

“The official count shows that only two and one-half per cent of those who go to the postoffice transact their business and then go away. The other ninety-seven and one-half per cent do various things to cheer up the postmaster and make him earn his money. When I go to the post office there is always one man who meets me at the door and pours out a large rippling laugh into my face, flavored with old beer and the fragrance of a royal Havana cabbage-leaf cigar that he is sucking.”

“There is also a boy who never got any mail, and whose relatives never got any mail, and they couldn't read it if they had, and if someone read it to them they couldn't answer it. He is always there, too.

“When he sees me he hails me with a glad smile of recognition, and comes up to me and stands on my toes and is just as sociable and artless and trusting and alive with childish glee and incurable cussedness as he can be.

“Someday when the janitor sweeps out the post office he will find a short suspender and a lock of brindle hair and a handful of freckles, and he will wonder what it means. It will be what I am going to leave of that boy for the coroner to operate on.”

“There is a woman who playfully stands at the general delivery window, and gleefully sticks her fangs out into the subsequent week, and skittishly chides the clerk because he doesn't get her a letter. He good naturedly tells her, as he has done daily for seven years, that he will write her one to-

morrow. She reluctantly goes home to rest so she can come and stand there the next day."

"Then comes the literary cuss, who takes a weekly paper from Vermont with a patent inside. He reads it with the purest unselfishness to me, and points out the newlaid jokes that one always finds in the enterprising paper with the patent digestion.

"He also explains the jokes to me, so that I need not grope along through life in hopeless ignorance of what is going on all about me."

"There is a woman, too, who comes to the window and lavishly buys a three-cent stamp, runs out her tongue, hangs it over the stamp clerk's shoulder, lays the stamp back against the glottis and moistens it. She pastes it on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope, and asks the clerk to be sure and see that it goes. She thoughtfully tells him who is to receive it and gives a short biography of the sendee."

Though it is claimed that Nye used to carry the funds of all his various offices in the same pocket, sometimes to the detriment of the activities concerned, still his many duties brought ill health, and after a year in the post office, he was forced to resign and leave Laramie. His death in 1896, was the final result of the illness which started here in Laramie, aggravated of course by the strenuousness of his later life.

The "Queen Anne tomahawk" referred to by Nye in his "Post Office Divan, Laramie City, W. T., October 1, 1883, resignation To the President of the United States" was the hatchet kept in the postoffice with which to chop wood or coal, and the "Etruscan waterpail" was an old galvanized bucket kept there also. The "black-and-tan postal note" referred to was a form no longer used in the post office. It was a sort of script, in small denominations, which was issued instead of money orders, when the amount wanted was small.

When Postmaster Beltz took office in 1898, the government was experimenting with rural delivery throughout the entire country. Local delivery had been started in Laramie with three carriers in 1892. Experimental rural routes were in operation in many of the States in 1898, but Wyoming was one of five states that did not have any. Also, the community of Sand Creek, nearby, had applied for a post office. So Postmaster Beltz went to work on securing a rural route for Wyoming with the idea of using Sand Creek for part of it.

The requirement then was 100 families wanting delivery. the route to follow a highway, and no gates. It was quite an

undertaking to find the necessary 100 families and to do so considerable territory had to be covered, as Wyoming is far from thickly settled, even today. The route as finally worked out covered about 66 miles, and required two days driving with horse and buggy by the carrier. The ranchmen built a cabin midway on the route for the use of the carrier over night. This was used from 1899 till about 1919, when the service was motorized.

The requirement of no gates was also something of a problem, as cattle guards were not in use then, and gates were even more plentiful than now. But with sufficient political influence, and proper handling of the inspector who went over the proposed route, it was approved and service started in 1899, though the matter of salary almost stopped the whole proceeding, at the last minute. In the early years of his administration Postmaster Beltz experienced much difficulty in getting help of any kind, as the Government paid \$40 a month for clerks, and most any man could get \$60 or \$75 in the hay fields. The rural job was to pay \$50 and the carrier must furnish his own horse. All would probably have been lost had it not been that just then the doctor had ordered the young man who became carrier to go west for his health, and to work outside, if possible. This man, Harry Sureson, still a resident of Laramie, had a sister living here. She went to Postmaster Beltz about this job, as it looked like just the thing for her brother, since salary was not so much an object as outdoor work that was not too heavy. To see him today, one would hardly think Mr. Sureson had once come to Wyoming for his health. So much for Wyoming's climate. The mailboxes were made by a local tinsmith at a dollar each. The carrier took them out on his first trip with instructions for the ranchers to put them up and pay the postmaster for them later. We understand there are still some dollars due. This route, with modifications, is still the rural route out of this office, in addition to star routes, terminating at other offices. It is of course covered by auto now and the cabin no longer needed.

In the early days of Laramie, small change was almost unknown. Most of all small-priced articles were priced on a 25 cents basis, so many for a quarter. Then, as nickels and dimes came more into use, pennies were still taboo. Bills for odd amounts were settled for to the nearest multiple of five. All pennies that appeared were taken to the postmaster and exchanged for stamps. He put them up in rolls and shipped them to Chicago. They were never given out by the post office clerks in change, stamps always being given for any odd amounts due. But of course the pennies finally won out

and are very much in evidence now, especially since the sales tax has been in force.

The early locations of the Laramie Post Office are shrouded in considerable doubt, especially as to dates. As one old-timer puts it, the post office seemed to be "on wheels" in those days, it moved about so much. But it seems definite that it was first located in a frame building at about what would now be 218 South Second Street, near the corner of Second and Grand Avenue, in a book and stationery store belonging to the postmaster of that time, T. D. Abbott. Sometime about 1873, L. Fillmore became postmaster, and it appears that the office moved to the north to about what is now 204 South Second Street. A little over a year later, Abbott again became postmaster and the office apparently went back to his store, which was then occupying the first brick building in Laramie, at about the same location as the first office. Millard Fillmore had established a brick yard in Laramie, in the meantime, and brick buildings were being erected instead of frame.

The post office next occupied the lower floor of the building where the lottery flourished, southeast corner of Second and Iverson, probably moving there about 1876, when Hayford went into office. Here Bill Nye served, and the office remained at this address, 201 South Second Street, till 1885, when it moved to 315 South Second Street. Postmaster Beltz was instrumental in getting John Symonds to erect a one-story building with a much-needed skylight at 215 South Second Street, for the use of the post office, where it was located from 1900 to 1906, when the present Federal Building was erected. These three buildings were of brick, and are still standing and in use by business firms.

The credit for securing the present Federal Building, constructed of limestone and located at Third and Iverson, goes to Postmaster Beltz. Senator Warren introduced the bill in Congress, but it had to be introduced in two sessions before it passed. \$100,000 was allowed for site, plans and structure. The site cost \$8000, and two sets of plans were drawn at a cost of \$5000 each. The first set had to be rejected as the balance in the allowance made by Congress was not sufficient to pay for erecting such a building. The second set of plans was less elaborate, but it gave Laramie a building which is still considered adequate for the business of the post office. Postmaster Holliday just recently rejected an offer from Washington for a new building. It seems to be considerably easier to get a new post office building these days than it was thirty years ago. Most of the second floor of this

building is occupied by the offices of the Forest Service, Rocky Mountain Region, Medicine Bow National Forest

NECROLOGY

Mrs. Glafcke Dies at the Age of 92

Death came Friday, Nov. 18, 1938 to Mrs. Victorine Glafcke, 92, a prominent figure of the territorial days of Wyoming.

The widow of Herman V. S. Glafcke, *first territorial secretary of state of Wyoming*, she died early Friday morning at home of her daughter, Mrs. A. D. McKenney, 220 W. 23rd.

Her death was attributed to complications of advanced age. She had been blind for the last 14 years.

Born in Hartford, Conn. Jan. 9, 1846, Mrs. Glafcke came to Wyoming in 1870 shortly after her marriage.

Her husband was appointed secretary of state of the territory of Wyoming by President Grant. Later he was appointed to the post of collector of internal revenue, for Wyoming, by President McKinley.

He was one of the early day publishers of The Tribune and published the *first edition* of the compiled laws of the state of Wyoming.

Mrs. Glafcke was prominent in the social life of the territory. She was well known throughout Wyoming.

She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. McKenney; two sons, Ludlow of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Everett of Sacramento, Cal.; a brother, Burleigh Pollard of Cheyenne, and a granddaughter, Mrs. Victorine Lloyd of Cheyenne.

(From Wyoming State Tribune, Cheyenne, Wyoming,
November 18, 1938)

Founder of D. A. R. in Wyoming Dies in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Emily Allen Patten, 80, who died in Washington, D. C., Nov. 14, 1938, was the *founder* of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Wyoming. Mrs. Patten was the wife of Henry B. Patten who served in the general land office of the interior department.

She was born in East Windsor, Conn., the daughter of a prominent New England family. After her marriage she moved to Cheyenne where she made her home for 32 years prior to going to Washington. While in Cheyenne she organized the D. A. R. for the state and served as state regent for several years.

Funeral services were held Tuesday at her home with the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hollister of Chevy Chase Presbyterian church officiating.

She is survived by her husband, a daughter, Mrs. Henry Stockbridge, Baltimore, Md.; a son, Harry A. Patten, Newbern, N. C., and six grandchildren.

(From Wyoming State Tribune, Cheyenne, Wyoming,
November 19, 1938)

Wyoming Freighter in Early Days Dies in Greeley

William A. Miner, 82, western pioneer and father of Ray Miner of Cheyenne, died suddenly at his home in Greeley, Colo., Friday morning.

He came to Wyoming from his birthplace at Lowell, Mass., in 1870 and in 1875 started freighting by wagon from Cheyenne to Deadwood. He operated freight lines from the "end of steel" to Leadville, Colo., Bismarek and Ft. Pierre, S. D.

For a time he worked for the Santa Fe railroad in construction work and followed railway construction into Old Mexico.

When he went to Greeley in 1881 he engaged in horse raising on large scale. He became interested in mines at Creede, and turned to sheep feeding and cattle raising on large scale.

In 1917 his sales of sheep amounted to \$170,000. He was a member of the Elks and Masonic orders.

He is survived by his wife, Jessie, and two sons, Ray of Cheyenne and Frank of Pocatello, Idaho.

(From Wyoming State Tribune, Cheyenne, Wyoming,
Saturday, November 19, 1938)

Col. W. F. Hooker, Pioneer and Author, Dies

Col. W. F. (Bill) Hooker, 82, former newspaper man, Western pioneer and author passed away at Bartow, Florida, December 24, 1938. Born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, May 17, 1856, at the close of the Civil War he went to Milwaukee with his parents. In 1873 he came to Sherman Station, Wyoming where he became a bullwhacker. His life was very colorful and later he wrote several books on western pioneer life: "The Prairie Schooner", "Branded Men and Women" and "The Bullwhacker" all of which are in the Historical Department.

Col. Hooker frequently spoke of his experiences with Buffalo Bill and General Custer. He wore his white hair down to his shoulders.

'Dad' Caldwell, Indian Fighter, Dies in Cheyenne

Charles F. (Dad) Caldwell, 86, former Indian fighter and member of General Custer's scouting expeditions in Wyoming, died of a heart ailment at Memorial Hospital at 3 A. M. Monday.

The ruddy, blue-eyed oldster who roamed five western states as a bullwhacker, miner and cook during the romantic periods of the seventies and eighties entered the Hospital for treatment on Nov. 16.

His condition had been growing more critical each day and death was not totally unexpected.

He resided at 316 W. 22nd.

Born at Collinsville, Conn., April 8, 1852, Caldwell came west with his parents when he was five years old and resided at Leavenworth, Kan. When 12 years of age he was a cook at the Leavenworth government farm, where the penitentiary now is located.

When he was 21, Caldwell was teamstering with a scouting expedition commanded by General Custer in the western Wyoming area where Thermopolis now is located. He was with Custer again in 1874, in the government's expeditions in the Black Hills of South Dakota and Wyoming against trespassing gold seekers and the savage Sioux.

In 1878, Caldwell was a miner in the booming Colorado gold camps of Leadville, Victor and Cripple Creek. He went to Nebraska four years later as a cook for a Union Pacific railroad engineering expedition which came westward thru Cheyenne and southern Wyoming.

Caldwell returned to Cheyenne in 1911 and for 10 years was employed in the kitchen of the Plains Hotel. From here he roamed again, this time to Thermopolis, where he stayed three years as cook at the Carter Hotel and Manhattan Cafe and later as manager of the Washakie plunge for Fred E. Holdredge.

He returned to Cheyenne for the last time in about 1925 and has resided here since.

Caldwell is survived by three sons, Bernard and Fred of Kansas City, and John, of Northport, Neb., and two daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Braddy of Manhattan, Kan., and Mrs. Walter Clausen of Leavenworth. He was a member of the Catholic church.

(From Wyoming State Tribune, Cheyenne, Wyoming,
November 28, 1938)

Chief Yellow Calf, Colorful Tribal Head of the Arapahoes, Is Dead

Yellow Calf, for more than fifty years the leader of Arapahoes, is dead. Thursday night, December 15, 1938, he passed over the western horizon and joined the redmen in the happy hunting ground. He was 76 years old. He had been tribal head since early manhood.

Double pneumonia had him at death's door for several weeks. Twice before at the agency hospital he had been brought back to health by medical skill but he would not go there this time. Instead, he called the medicine men of his tribe; they brought him out of it about two weeks before his passing. He clung, some would say he turned back, to the ancestral rites of death. Ten days prior to his passing, in his weakened condition, in an Indian cabin near Ethete, he took to his last bed. When the end came the great chief was mourned by his tribesmen.

Chief Yellow Calf was the real head of his tribe. He belonged to the past and his active reign was prior to the present way of electing six members of the tribe to be the governing council. His leadership carried over unrecognized but was a potent force and influence beyond breaking. He was the chief of war and peace. He came out of the past when the tribe was feared and hated but finally conquered by the soldiers almost to extermination. In 1875 the remnant was finally placed on the Shoshones' reservation where they were unwelcome guests.

Yellow Calf was a peace maker; the Shoshones respected him. Chief Washakie paid him honor and took him in council. When the Big Horn hot springs at Thermopolis as far back as 1896 were sold by Chief Washakie and Sharp Nose was chief of the Arapahoes with Yellow Calf next in authority, Washakie as of record said that he wanted the Arapahoes to have half the money. Yellow Calf in succeeding the great Sharp Nose, carried out his policies, and like Washakie, had much to do in building up the standards of dealing justly with all men.

Yellow Calf was born August 13, 1861. As a youth he lived during those stirring times when the white men sought to wrest the Indian lands and disobeyed the treaties made by the Great White Father not to molest their hunting grounds. He saw the first iron horse and feared the cloud of smoke it belched from its throat. He was a wild young brave of the tribe when the arrangement was made in 1875 for the Arapahoes to be settled on the east half of the Wind River or Shoshone reservation with the Shoshones as their neighbors.

He was well grounded in the Arapahoe religion which recognizes one God, a great spirit, and a devil that constantly worked to the destruction of all that was good. He knew the stories of the ancient days whose saga so nearly matched the legends of the Scriptures. Yellow Calf was always the patient, earnest leader of his people. He was a colorful figure, clinging to old customs and old tribal dress. But he held the respect of young and old in his tribe.

Captain H. G. Nickerson allotted Yellow Calf's land holdings in 1907; the records show that on April 29 of that year he was given a white man's name, George Caldwell, a name few knew and which he never liked nor used save as it related to his property rights.

Yellow Calf came under the influence of the Christian religion. He lived at Ethete. The mission work carried on from the very first by Reverend John Roberts at St. Michaels found Yellow Calf a young man in his teens. It had its effect upon the youthful brave. Through the years he gradually found more of interest and finally became a communicant of the church. He traveled widely and spoke often before great congregations of church people pleading for support to the mission.

An outstanding figure. Great size, strong mentally, a wise leader, he wielded a force for good. He accepted the best methods of agriculture. He wanted his people to farm well and to have comfortable homes. Yellow Calf was possessed of a shrewd mind, and in the days before infirmities of age impaired his activities, he was frequently able to win valuable concessions for his tribe. His counsel was always being sought by younger members who were leaders of the Arapahoes during recent years.

Chief Yellow Calf liked the whites. He frequently went to the neighboring towns of Lander and Riverton. He was well known in Casper. He rode the railroad trains without fare, unmolested. He came and went, was always well fed, never lacked anything to make himself comfortable. He knew all of the pioneers and merchants of the Lander Valley and was a welcome guest any time he visited white people.

He had a fine voice and knew the tribal songs as no other Indian. On railroad trains, in hotel lobbies, anywhere, he would break forth with the buffalo song, a peon of joy for some material blessing which had come to him. He was known throughout all the West; his friends and acquaintances among the white people numbered hundreds.

Yellow Calf's death brought sorrow to a large number of relatives and the whole Arapahoe tribe, his friends. In recognition of his activities in the Episcopal church his friend,

Bishop W. H. Ziegler came from Laramie and assisted by Reverend Doctor John Roberts, missionary and friend for more than half a century, also Reverend Hector Thompson, warden of St. Michaels Mission at Ethete, officiated at his funeral. The chapel was filled long before ten o'clock Saturday, December 17, 1938. The Bishop told of his life and good deeds and the warm friendship he had for the chief.

Death of the old chieftain removes the last such figures from the Wind River or Shoshone reservation; the council elected by the Indians is the group which handles business problems and the relations of the Indians with the Government. The curtain drops to mark the line between the romantic past of the Indian of the western prairies and the noble redman placed on reservations to work out his destiny and to finally be absorbed by the stronger white race.

ACCESSIONS

October 1, 1938 to December 31, 1938.

Museum

- Schillings, Adam J.—A cane made from the mast of the Reina Christina Flagship Fleet, sunk near the Philippine Islands, May 1, 1898, during the Spanish American War.
- Bonser, W. A.—A replica of the first house built in Cheyenne about 1867. A portion of a house log used in the first house in Cheyenne. A piece of solid walnut supposed to be a part of the railing of the first police station, built about 1873.
- Carson, Edward—A double barrel shot gun found near Upton in 1900.
- State Planning Board—An RCA record. Script and letter describing the work of the United States Community Improvement Appraisal.
- Hovick, Louis, and Gunderson, Ole—Banner of the North Star Benevolent Association which was organized in 1887.
- Fahrenbrush, John—A replica of a Russian ox-yoke made by the donor.

Manuscripts

- Evans, Dave W.—A letter and snap shot of D. W. Adams and daughter. Three letters to Dave W. Evans and one \$5 Confederate bill, 1864.
- A Friend—A personal check of Mary E. Carter, wife of Judge John W. Carter of Fort Laramie.
- Doud, Ben—A letter and newspaper clipping on the tracing of the Astorian Trail.
- Shaffner, E. B.—One newspaper clipping about Phillipe Mass's visit to Cheyenne, (no date) and one snap shot of Sibley Point near Horse-shoe Station which was burned in 1868.

Pamphlets

- Nelson, Alice Downey—Biographical sketches of Stephen Wheeler Downey and Eva V. Downey, 2 copies.

Books

- Richardson, James—Wonders of the Yellowstone. Purchased.
- Meredith, Grace E. ed.—Girl Captives of the Cheyennes. 1927. Purchased.

Pictures

- A Friend—An enlarged snap shot of the old Alert Hose Company Mandolin Club, 1897.
- Chapman, Mark—Copy of the original lithograph of Cheyenne in 1882.

Painting

- Dean, Allen Moir—"Fork It Over". Purchased for the Department by an anonymous donor.

ACCESSIONS

The DOBBINS Collection: Mrs. Emma Jane DOBBINS and Gertrude Wyoming DOBBINS, her daughter. From the statewide historical project sponsored by state librarians 1936-1937.

Delivered to the State Historical Department, September 28, 1938: One large card of patriotic songs for the Grand Army of the Republic, Miss Josephine Adams, teacher. One Frontier Day Program, September 23, 1897, labeled Mrs. Emma Jane Dobbins, 115 East 17th St., City (Cheyenne, Wyo.). One souvenir of Cheyenne—FRONTIER SHOW—August 17, 1912, labeled "Mrs. E. J. Dobbins, 115 East 17th" (Cheyenne, Wyoming).

* * * * *

The DOBBINS Collection (continued): All of the three pieces described above and the following ones, were donated to the Wyoming State Library by Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, Fremont hotel, 4th and Olive, Los Angeles, California through the Statewide Historical project, 1936-1937. Those turned over February 7, 1939 to the State Historical Department for regular recording and preservation are:

One forty page scrapbook of newspaper and other clippings, sample impressions of the great seals of "Territory of Wyoming" and "State of Wyoming"; pictures of Governors and Governor's wives, of Pioneer federal and public officials, Esther Morris "Mother of Woman's Suffrage", of old Cheyenne buildings and streets also prominent citizens; an engraved invitation to launching of the Monitor WYOMING, Sep. 8, 1900, which was christened by Frances H. Warren, later the wife of Gen. John J. Pershing; poems entitled "Wyoming", "The West", "Nothing Like Wyoming" also numerous others; a Cheyenne directory of 1885; the scrapbook pieces were gathered by Mrs. Emma Jane Dobbins, who finished pasting them while in Los Angeles, Calif., year 1929, when she was 75 years of age.

One seventy page scrapbook, the second one, started by Mrs. Emma J. Dobbins before her death, March 1932, and finished by her daughter, Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins and the Statewide (1936-1937) Historical Project; contains numerous pictures of Wyoming Governors William B. Ross and Nellie Tayloe Ross with their children; Literary Digest story Nov. 14, 1925 "Calamity Jane as a Lady Robin Hood"; "Roosevelt (Theodore) in Wyoming"; letter from Theodore Roosevelt to his sister Anna Roosevelt Cowles, dated "Fort Mc Kinney, Wyoming Territory, Sept. 20, 1884" with good pictures of "Teddy" Roosevelt.

WYOMING: a 38 page text of the play "Reunion of the States" given over the Columbia Broadcasting System 4:00 to 5:00 P. M., Sunday, April 4, 1937 by the Forest Lawn Memorial-Park Association, Inc., Glendale, Calif., under the direction of William Lawrence; it is typical of Wyoming throughout with quartettes and octettes singing numerous Wyoming songs; into it are woven Wyoming landmarks, forts, cowboy lingo and so forth.

Photograph taken on steps of statehouse, very large crowd, 1924, at presentation of Colliers Weekly large trophy; includes Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross, her son Bradford and Mrs. Emma J. Dobbins.

Photograph of special train at Cheyenne Union Pacific station; marked with an x are president William McKinley in silk hat, Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, federal judge John A. Riner; the president's party stopped twenty-five minutes at Cheyenne, May 27, 1901.

Photograph of Mrs. Emma J. Dobbins, her favorite of all ever taken, 1904, in Cheyenne, taken by Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, her daughter; in gilt, oval frame, glass face.

One excellent photograph autographed: "To Mrs. E. J. Dobbins, your friend Jay L. Torrey"; see song on back "While We Go Riding with Torrey" dedicated to Colonel Torrey, Second U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (Torrey's Rough Riders) of the Spanish-American War. Col. Torrey was co-owner with his brother Capt. Torrey, of the famous M-(Embar) ranch up Owl Creek from Thermopolis.

Photograph, 1872: Excellent of two-story brick structure, two store fronts, includes John Eames wearing silk high hat, owner of hotel that was located where the Albany hotel, Cheyenne, now stands; Emma Jane Dobbins and two sisters, Genoa and Luella, first resided in the hotel with their father, John Eames.

Photograph, 1872, of Asa C. Dobbins.

Photograph, 1878, of Emma Eames Dobbins, done in Philadelphia.

Photograph of Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, age 2½ years, "From Sawyer's NEW ART GALLERY, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Ter."

Photograph (large), 1894, of Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, a matured attractive young lady, by Stimson, 1717 Capitol Ave., Cheyenne, Wyo.

Photograph (large and excellent), 1899, of the Enrolling and Engrossing staff (nine) House of Wyoming Legislature, all numbered and identified: Lavina Granger, Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, chief enrolling and engrossing clerk, Bertha Mills, Mamie Buechner, C. C. Julian, Mrs. Fweness, Ruth Hammond, Alice Richards, daughter of Gov. W. A. Richards, and the grey bearded chairman of the engrossing committee, W. B. Ogden.

One original sheet, words and music, "White Capped Sea Waves", by Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, published by Boston Music House, Chicago "Always the Best Hits"; autographed "Sincerely-Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins."

One original sheet, words and music, "WYOMING", the Wyoming State song; words by Charles E. Winter of Casper, Wyoming, former district court judge, also Congressman from Wyoming; autographed "to Emma J. Dobbins, compliments of Charles E. Winter."

Photograph, post card, of "U. S. S. Wyoming—Pacific Fleet", Weider Photo.

Photograph, an outstandingly excellent likeness of United States senator F. E. Warren, when he was about 75 years of age.

Clippings, newspaper and magazine:

One brown 10 in. x 15 in. envelope, 76 clippings;

One brown envelope, 6½ in. x 9½ in., 27 clippings including one 3 in. x 7½ in. picture of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt in Stetson hat, sweater, leather jacket, riding breeches, puttees and three buckle overshoes;

One brown envelope 10 in. x 15 in., 76 clippings;

One brown envelope 10 in. x 15 in., 59 clippings;

One brown envelope 10 in. x 15 in., 146 clippings;

One white 4 in. x 9½ in. U. S. F. & G. envelope, 27 clippings, all regarding Cheyenne Pioneer Club activities.

Manual (a small book) of the First Baptist Church of Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1911, Compliments of Baptist Mission Circle: Historical—includes names of pastors and years they served, 1877-1910; of Bible school first organized, Jan. 12, 1879; Willing Workers first organized about 1884; Baptist Young Peoples' Union, first organized Nov. 14, 1888. Includes names (1910) of all officers, deacons, trustees; officers

names of Sunday School, B. Y. P. U., Willing Workers, Mission Circle, also the names and addresses of the 243 members.

Printed program "Union Memorial Service (John F. Reynolds Post), Sunday, May 27, 1917, Congregational Church"—Cheyenne, with words of three hymns printed on back.

Seven original letters, condolences and "In Memoriam" all to Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins mourning the passing of her mother, Mrs. Emma Jane Dobbins, March 1932; from First Baptist Church, Pioneer Club, Officers and committees of Oak Leaf Chapter No. 6, O. E. S. and the Worthy Grand Matron (under official seal) of Wyoming, O. E. S.

A pen and ink letter, unsigned and undated, appears to have been written by Emma J. Dobbins describes several "firsts" such as—"James Abney was the first man in the world to sign a bill for Woman Suffrage"—"Cheyenne was the first city in the world to have electric light and the first building so lighted was the store of Zines & Buechner, corner 16th & Carey."

Four manuscripts (original and carbon copy) by Emma J. Dobbins: Original five page pencil draft "Inhabitants—Early Settlers—Progressive People of Wyoming"; original (pencil) three page story "Early History of Wyoming"; six typed carbon copy sheets "The Indian of the Plains"; six typed carbon copy sheets "Cheyenne Times, compiled and edited by Emma J. Dobbins, April 8, 1871 to", a manuscript no doubt prepared from brief newspaper locals of those days, with revisions and additions in writing.

One copy of QUARTERLY BULLETIN, Historical Department, Wyoming, Cheyenne, April 15, 1925: Includes "The Cheyenne Weather Station" a story by Emma J. Dobbins; a detailed, lengthy description of the valuable HUNTON Collection of numerous pieces 1852-1871, a gift to the State Historical Department; list of names and addresses of 195 members (subscribers) in 1925 to the QUARTERLY BULLETIN; Accessions Jan. 1, 1925 to April 1, 1925 itemizes one hundred thirty-eight (138) GIFTS such as documents, historical books, letters, original manuscripts including one from Mrs. Emma J. Dobbins, several museum pieces, with the name of each and every donor; also one collection of 160 silver, nickel, and gold coins donated by Leopold G. Cristobal.

One printed story "A Nearer View" by Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins in the publication Young People, Philadelphia, June 18, 1904.

One copy, Section Six only, Cheyenne State Leader, July 23, 1919, featuring "The Romance of General Pershing" a copyrighted story reprinted from the July issue of Ladies Home Journal upon consent of that journal. Most all of page one deals with the romance of Helen Frances Warren, 23, only daughter of United States senator Francis E. Warren, and captain John J. Pershing, 43, Fifteenth United States Cavalry.

One copy, 12 pages on magazine paper stock, "Women's Edition, The Cheyenne Daily Sun-Leader, November 28, 1895, price ten cents": includes poem "Wyoming" by B. A. Stone; very good pictures of Mrs. W. A. Richards and Mrs. J. A. Campbell, wife of former Governors, also good pictures of Mrs. Francis E. Warren the first, Mrs. Esther Morris and Susan B. Anthony; a 25 paragraph poem by Hattie Slack (Mrs. Wallace C. Bond); a SUFFRAGE DEPARTMENT page headed "Equal rights to all" which has on it a brief sketch of life of Esther Morris, South Pass City, Wyoming, "mother of Woman Suffrage in the Western States" and a story by Susan B. Anthony which begins with "My first visit to Cheyenne was in company with Elizabeth Cady

Stanton, June 1871, just after the Women of Wyoming had for the first time exercised their right to vote"; assistant editor in chief of the Women's Edition was GERTRUDE WYOMING DOBBINS, two of the "Home Advertising Solicitors" were Mrs. Emma DOBBINS and Mrs. W. A. Richards; Hattie Slack (Mrs. Wallace C. Bond) was one of the three "Artists" and the one reporter was Gertrude Wyoming DOBBINS; there is a short story "University Notions" by Grace Raymond Hebard, one by Gertrude Wyoming DOBBINS "The Veiled Nun", and "Wyoming Historical Society", author not named.

Sixteen (16) diaries of Mrs. Emma J. DOBBINS, as follows: one stiff board paper cover, $7\frac{3}{4}$ " x 12", 17pp. pen-ink, "Recollections of Early Frontier Life and Diary, 1890"; $7\frac{1}{2}$ " x $9\frac{1}{2}$ " flexible black leather cover, 134 pp. pen-ink, "Beginning Oct. 8, 1895"; $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6" flexible paper cover, 66 pp. pencil "1896"; $3\frac{3}{4}$ " x $5\frac{3}{4}$ " black stiff cloth cover, 94 pp. pencil, "1897"; 3" x 6" flexible paper cover, 44 pp. pencil, "1899"; 4" x $6\frac{3}{4}$ " red leather flexible cover, 166 pp. pen-ink-pencil, "Beginning Aug. 1899"; $6\frac{3}{4}$ " x $8\frac{1}{4}$ ", paper cover, 124 pp. all pen-ink, "Jan. 1, 1908"; $5\frac{3}{4}$ " x $8\frac{3}{4}$ " paper cover note-book, 80 pp. pen-ink, "Little Notes on the Big War, April 1917"; $5\frac{3}{4}$ " x $8\frac{3}{4}$ ", paper cover note book, 24 pp. pen-ink, "Diary for 1917, Oct. 7, 1917"; $6\frac{3}{4}$ " x $8\frac{1}{4}$ " flexible paper composition book, 190 pp. pen-ink, "Diary—1923 & 24"; $6\frac{1}{2}$ " x $8\frac{1}{8}$ " red paper flexible cover, 196 pp. pen-ink, "Diary 1924-1925"; $6\frac{3}{4}$ " x $8\frac{1}{4}$ " red paper flexible cover, 192 pp. pen-ink, "Diary 1925-1926"; $6\frac{1}{2}$ " x $8\frac{1}{8}$ " red paper flexible cover, 87 pp. pen-ink, "Dairy for 1927"; $7\frac{3}{4}$ " x $10\frac{3}{8}$ " red paper flexible cover, 120 pp. pen-ink, "Diary 1928 & 1929"; $7\frac{3}{4}$ " x $10\frac{3}{4}$ " red paper flexible cover, 120 pp. pen-ink, "Diary 1929-1930"; $7\frac{3}{4}$ " x $10\frac{3}{4}$ " red paper flexible cover, 17 pp. pen-ink, "Diary 1930-1931" with these last entries: "October 7, 1931: This is my 78th birthday . . ." Entry by Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins, p. 17: "This is last entry I have found. Mother was stricken with her last illness on Oct. 31st but lived until March 17, 1932."

ANNALS of WYOMING

Vol. 11

April, 1939

No. 2



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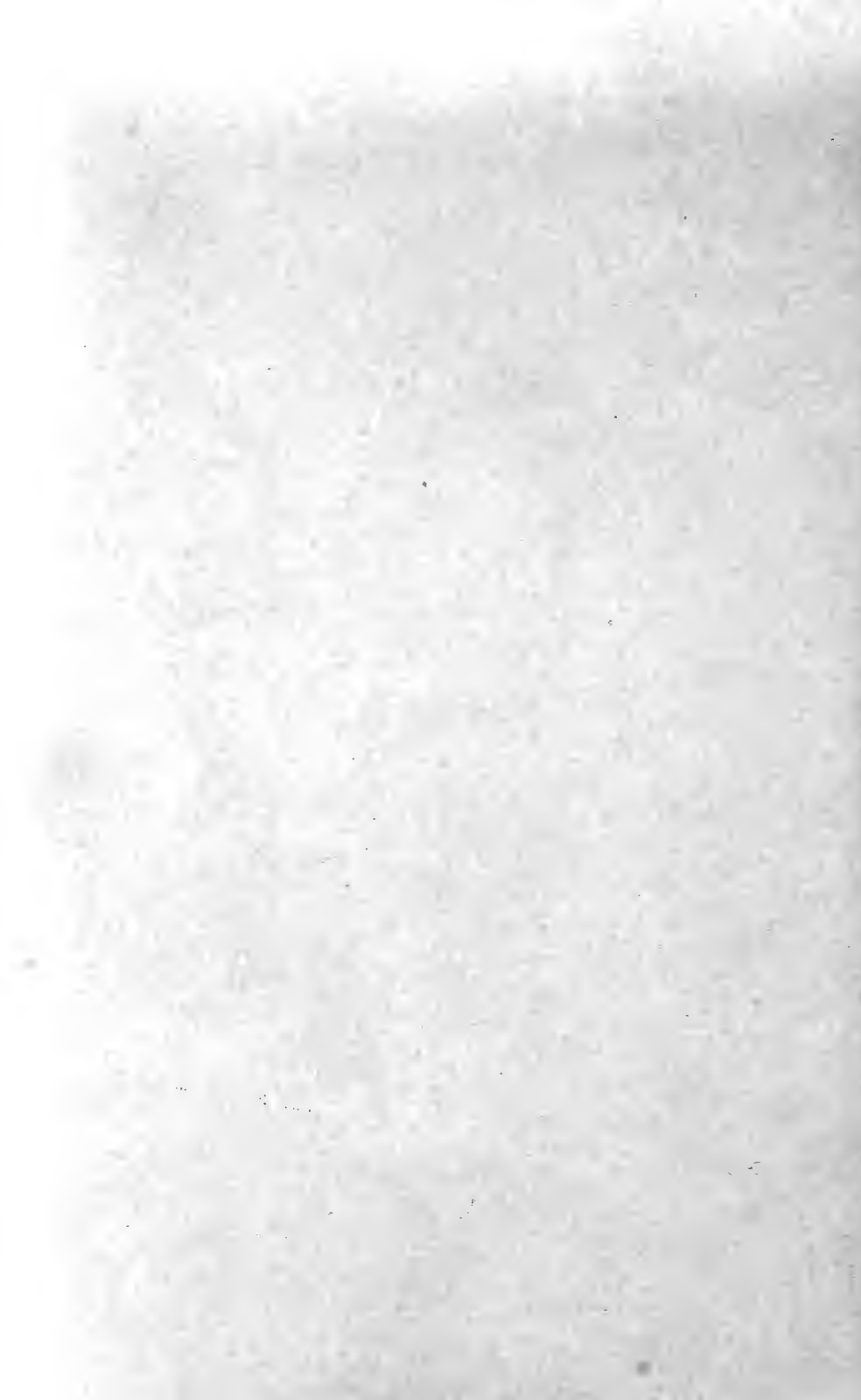
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Cheyenne, Wyoming



ANNALS of WYOMING

Vol. 11

April, 1939

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Contents

	Page
JUDGE WM. A. CARTER (Picture)	
MAP, SHOWING ROUTE OF JUDGE CARTER FROM ATCHISON, KANS., TO FORT BRIDGER IN 1857.	
DIARY OF JUDGE CARTER DURING THE TRIP.....	75
FORT BRIDGER IN THE SEVENTIES—By W. A. Carter (son of the Judge)	111
TRADER'S LICENSE GRANTED TO GENERAL WILLIAM H. ASHLEY, IN 1822, By Marie H. Erwin	114
FIRST WAGONS TO REACH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS (1829) From Congressional Documents	116
WAGON TRAIN BURNED NEAR WARM SPRINGS DURING TRAIL DAYS—From the Guernsey Gazette	117
DO YOU KNOW THAT	119
FIRST WEATHER BUREAU ESTABLISHED IN WYOMING TERRITORY AT CHEYENNE, 1870—By Gertrude W. Dobbins	120
INDEX OF CONGRESSIONAL DOCUMENTS CITES VALUABLE WYOMING HISTORY	123
HISTORY OF WYOMING NATIONAL GUARD, TO 1921—By Major C. G. Carroll	124
AN 1858 POLLING LIST (From the Carter Collection)	127
HISTORY OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—By Edith M. Chappell (From the Buffalo Bulletin)	128
HISTORIAN REVEALS WYOMING INDIAN WARFARE—HISTORY OF THE UTE EXPEDITION IN 1906—By Viola R. Donath	133
ACCESSIONS, GENERAL	139
CARTER ACCESSIONS	139

Published Quarterly

by

THE WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

GLADYS RILEY

State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio

Cheyenne, Wyoming

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The original title, "ANNALS OF WYOMING," under which this magazine was published from 1925 to September, 1934, is resumed, with this quarterly issue—having carried the name, "Wyoming Annals" from January, 1938, to and including January, 1939.

The State Historical Board, the State Advisory Committee and the State Historical Department assume no responsibility for any statement of fact or opinion expressed by contributors to the Annals of Wyoming.

The Wyoming State Historical Department invites the presentation of museum items, letters, diaries, family histories and manuscripts of Wyoming citizens. It welcomes the writings and observations of those familiar with important and significant events in the State's history.

In all ways the Department strives to present to the people of Wyoming and the Nation a true picture of the State. The ANNALS OF WYOMING is one medium through which the Department seeks to gain this objective. All communications concerning the Annals should be addressed to Mrs. Gladys Riley, Wyoming Historical Department, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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JUDGE W. A. CARTER

Diary of JUDGE WILLIAM A. CARTER

Describes Life on the Trail in 1857

INTRODUCTION

One of the most dramatic documents in the archives of the Wyoming Historical Department, heretofore unpublished in full, is a pencil diary of Judge William Alexander Carter, written day by day between September 28 and November 20, 1857. The young man, then thirty-seven, was enroute from Kansas to Fort Bridger, Utah territory (now Wyoming). The journey was made with Col. Albert Sidney Johnston's forces for the purpose of accepting a position of sutler or storekeeper, which post he held until his death.

Judge Carter was born in 1820, in Prince William County, Virginia, later the scene of the battle of Bull Run, and died at Fort Bridger, Wyoming, November, 1881. He was reared in his native county, taught school for three years, and then enlisted in the United States regular Army, serving during the Seminole War in Florida. Following his army service he returned to Virginia, married Mary Elizabeth Hamilton, and immediately moved to a farm near Columbia, Boone County, Missouri.

This diary is an account of his second westward trek, having traveled the same route in 1850, following the gold discovery in California, which lured his venturesome spirit, and where he stayed three years as a mining prospector. He then returned to his Missouri farm in Boone County, via Nicaragua.

He was a Republican, served as probate judge at Fort Bridger for about six years, and as justice of the peace. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. His devoutness is evidenced several times in the diary as he expresses gratitude for Divine protection while traversing the broad expanses of a tractless wilderness fraught with dangers. He had a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, and a deep esteem for his companions.

The diary is bound with cardboard covers, in the old-fashioned mottled or "marble" design, which the passing of 82 years has left faded and frayed. The pages picture a fascinating, moving drama of the very beginning of a new civilization.

We left Atchinson in Kansas Territory on the evening of the 28th Sept. 1857 and after proceeding a short distance, found that the tongue of our baggage wagon was too short, and were compelled to halt it at a shop to have a longer one made, the carriage going on a short distance to camp, with the Mules. I spent the night very comfortably in the baggage wagon. Our outfit consists of a carriage and baggage

NOTE: In transcribing this diary, the text, spelling, punctuation and individual characteristics of the diary-author have been retained verbatim, as nearly as possible.

wagon, 4 mules attached to each, and 2 extra mules. Our Party of 6 Men, Howard Livingston, John Kerr, R. H. Curtis, S. J. Terrill, H. Southworth and myself—Mr. L. the head of our party, [is]¹ of the firm of Livingston Kinkade & Co. Merchants of Salt Lake City, is a man of great taste and has prepared everything necessary to satisfy the palate of even the most fastidious epicure. Mr. K. is a Virginia [gentleman] in the employment of Mr. L. Southworth is a Mormon missionary just returning from a proselyting tour in Canada, to the land of the Spirituals. Terrill is a little Englishman who married in Salt Lake and carried his wife to St. L. but she proving inconstant to him, he applied to Mr. L. and he has taken him into his employment.

From the great order with which Mr. L. conducts every thing, our expedition bids fair to be a verry pleasant one.

29th. Our wagon was ready, early in the morning but it was eleven O'clock before we left our camp. After taking a long took backward toward our homes, our spirited mules rolled us swiftly away. Our road was over a beautifully undulating prairie for several miles. After reaching the Great Mutting road 6 miles distant from Atchinson, the country became comparatively bad the soil being of a rich dark mould. We reached Grasshopper about 3 o'clock and encamped on Clear Creek 6 miles from Grasshopper.

The huts of the squatters are².....wherever the..... is turned, with a few acres of sod broken contiguous to them. We saw no timber after passing Mormon Grove until we reached the Grasshopper. The next sun was on the Creek where we are at present encamped.

30th: We slept last night for the first time in the open air. About 3 o'clock it commenced raining and we were forced from our comfortable pallets and hastily wrapped up our bed-clothes, but the shower was soon over and after kindling a fire and chatting awhile, we took ourselves to sleep again. By daybreak we were up and Southworth & Terrill, our Cooks, soon had a delicious cup of Java prepared for us, and we were soon seated upon the grass and enjoying it. We had just harnessed our mules and taken our seats when a carriage drove into our Camp containing Mr. Dodson Marshall of Utah and two other gentlemen. After stopping to

¹Words in brackets, [], were crossed out.

²Short lines,, indicate either that a word was omitted by Mr. Carter, or is not legible.

salute them we started forward, they halting for breakfast— Our road led over a beautiful, rich prairie—with the Grasshoppers 4 or 5 in number winding their tortuous courses, on each side of our road being easily traced by the trees that fringed their banks— On the big Grasshopper the largest of the number we found large Walnut—Elm—and Oak trees. We have passed several large Ox-trains today belonging to Russell and Waddell government freighters, one of which owns two hundred head of Cattle encamped near us last night. We are now nooning on the west side of another Grasshopper which I suppose must be the last. We have had a delightful day for travelling the wind blowing freshly from the Southwest— Our road is very broad and firmly packed by the numerous government trains that have passed over it. We reached our camping ground after sunset on a stream called Muddy. Mr. Dodson and two trains belonging to Mr. Hockerty of Independence driving in to Camp shortly after. There is more timber on this stream than on any other we have passed since leaving Missouri. I saw ten large Walnuts, Oak of several varieties, elm and shellbark hickory but it is of very limited extent. There are several good farms here The best improved of which is owned by Lockside. The night was cold the wind blowing all night from the North West warning us that Winter will be upon us in all its rigor before we reach Salt Lake City.

Oct. 1st: We were off this morning just as the sun began to peep over the hills and after a rapid drive over a beautiful road of 10 miles, we have halted to get our breakfasts and refresh our Mules. The morning has been cold and bracing and has brought into requisition our overcoats. The country is still beautifully diversified with long sloping hills and wide vales of a deep soil and clothed with a luxuriant grass— Kansas is indeed a lovely land and invites with smiling face and rich promises the coming husbandman— The rich prospects and clear pure atmosphere cannot be surpassed by any land. How much better would it be for those who frequent fashionable watering places for the benefit of their health, to make tours of this region—stop in the open air and enjoy wholesome atmosphere— After leaving camp in 4 miles we reached the Minnehaw which flows away to the south and empties into the Kansas River. There are a number of settlements on this stream— We drove until 2½ O'clock and turned out to graze and to get a snack. Mr. Hockerty & Mr. Garish have just overtaken us, and we have concluded to wait

here until Mr. Forney, the Indian Agent for Utah catches up with us. This will augment our party so that we will run but little risk in passing through the Cheyene Country. Vermilion Creek is about 10 miles distant and we expect to breakfast there. We are distant about 30 miles from the Big [Little] Blue— Our fare is sumptuous consisting of delicious ham, coffee, Boston crackers, pineapple, cheese, honey, potatoes, onions pickle mustard, Oysters, corn, tomattoes, guava jelly &c. &c. Our appetites are voracious— Our drink is Bourbon & Monongahala whiskey, brandy &c.— Our party is a very pleasant one, most of them having crossed the plains a number of times—The evening is growing cool and is ominous of frost— Our duties are not onerous, as soon as we halt each man springs to his feet. The Mules are stripped of their harness in a moment. The halters, to which are attached the picket ropes, are fastened on, and they are turned loose to graze. The cooks gather fuel, and get water and proceed immediately to the preparation of our meals. The same expedition is used when getting ready to start. We make these drives daily.

2nd Oct: We got off a little after sun rise this morning, and are now on Vermilion making preparations for breakfast. The dew fell heavily upon us last night and the morning has been keen. The sun however is warming the atmosphere, and we are promised a fine day— Mr. Garrish returned for Mr. Forney and we will probably not proceed until he comes up— There is but little timber on this stream at least now. The wolves were around our Camp last night, howling and barking at a furious rate— Had no idea of the boldness and ferocity of these animals until last night. While seated around our camp-fire each man told his wolf story to the facts of which he himself was an eye witness— One of them stated that in numerous instances he had had all his provisions stolen from under his head while asleep and that in one instance being surrounded by a hungry pack he became alarmed and commenced a fire upon them and as soon as one was wounded the rest would fall upon him tear him in pieces and devour him.

Mr. K. stated that being in command of a train along the North Platte, just as he started from his Camp in the morning a Dutchman being in advance of the front wagon, was fiercely assailed by a wolf, and having no weapon in his hand, he shielded himself from his tushes by taking a blanket from his shoulders and forcing it into his open mouth, 'till one of the party ran up and placing the muzzle of his rifle at his

neck fired, but the ball not killing him he turned the but of his gun and striking him across the head, broke it off at the breech. The Wolf still continuing to fight, he seized him by the head, & the Dutchman cut his throat— In another instance he states that while a large train was encamping on the Platt, about day light a wolf came into camp sprang upon a man who was asleep, and bit him severely in the face, one of his teeth piercing through the bridge of his nose so that the blood spurted out at every breath—

After proceeding about 12 miles we unharnessed and turned loose upon fine grass— The Country today has been more level, and less frequently cut by ravines or hollows, which hitherto have been passed at every few miles— The soil has been much thinner—the surface in many places being thickly strewed with flint pebbles of different colors.

At 3 O'clock we were moving rapidly again in the direction of the Blue. About Sun Set the white spiral tents of [of] a portion of Co. Summers Command, made their appearance on a high hill a short distance from the Blue—

Oct. 3rd: We are now incamped on Blue bottom. The wind is blowing keenly from the east and driving through us a cold rain— After breakfast on yesterday morning we determined to drive forward and wait here until Mr. Garrish & Forney came up with us —A town has been laid out here called Marysville, but there are no buildings as yet except a small store and blacksmith shop— Garrish & Forney are in sight, and I will barely have time to write a letter before we must be off. Our party now numbers some 20 men, and we will proceed with more expedition. We have only made some 115 miles from Atchinson—

We left Blue about 11 O'Clock and crossing the river by a good ford, and stretched away across the plains once more— The rain continued to fall and the wind to blow so cold that we were compelled to halt for the night on a stream called the 12 Mile Creek—distant 12 miles from the Blue. The rain has slackened a little but the wind continues to blow and there is a prospect for a dark and disagreeable night. We are sheltered somewhat from the wind by the willow brush and plumb bushes growing along the bank of the stream.

4th. Oct. The rain poured in torrents upon us last night. The mules huddled closely around the wagons to shelter themselves 'till morning—when they turned their heads home ward and then ran several miles before They could be overtaken. We have succeeded with much difficulty in kindling a fire

and in getting a cup of coffee. The Sun has come out and the morning is pleasant but the clouds continue to hang in heavy masses threatening another discharge of their fluid— This has been a slight initiation to some of our party who are novices in the Plain life— We will be off-again in a short time.

We are now encamped on Rock Creek having been compelled to drive 20 miles before nooning. The face of the country has very materially changed since we have been in Nebraska. The plains are higher. The soil thinner being of a reddish cast flint rock, some of considerable size, and of a red color are at the descent of every hill. The grass is much shorter— Rock Creek is about 32 miles from the Big Blue and its channel is thickly strewn with large red flint stones— The timber is plentiful enough for camping purposes. There is one solitary store on the west side of the stream. The Mosquitoes are very troublesome. The clouds have gathered thickly and there is a prospect of more rain.

Oct. 5th: We harnessed our mules about dark and drove on some 10 miles and encamped in the open prairie for the night. The wind blew keenly from the North east and a very heavy rain fell making the mud verry slippery— We were off this morning by light, and in a drive of about 6 miles reached Little Sandy where we found a train belonging to Ward & Gerry, Sutlers at Larimie encamped. We halted a few minutes, and then pushed on to Big Sandy 4 miles where we are now halting to get breakfast. The country between the Sandys is broken, gravelly and thin. There is more timber on these streams than we have met with in Nebraska. Dan Patterson has a big store here and picket work—he trades with the Pawnees in whose country we are now travelling. The day is still cold and cloudy a disagreeable mist flying through the air— A large number of Pawnees have been encamped here but they are now gone— Big Sandy is a fine stream of flowing water fringed with Cotton wood, Elm, Willows &c. We will make only one more drive today as the weather is so disagreeable. We did not move this morning as it continued to rain, but employed the day in taking off the springs of our baggage wagon and in unloading it. The Little Blue and Sandy unite a short distance from our camp south of us, all of these streams flow away to the South and empty into the Kansas river. Danny Patterson is an old Prairie man well known to most of our company, and has treated us with a great deal of hospitality.

6th. Oct. The morning is still dark and threatening, a thick heavy mist falling— We have concluded to get breakfast before we start. Mr. Hockerty, one of our party, has been very unwell, but is now better and will be able to travel. We have reached the Little Blue by a drive of 18 miles. The road led between the Little Blue & Sandy for one third of the distance, within sight of the timber on each side of us, but the distance gradually widened 'till it at length disappeared entirely and we did not get a view of it again until we got upon the last ridge that slopes down to the Blue. The Sun which had been so long obscured by thick clouds broke forth in all his brilliance, warming us, and imparting new life and vigor. We soon made our Camp and unharnessed, and spread our bedding upon the grass to dry. The Little Blue is a freshly flowing stream of clear water with some dry timber fringing its banks.

We met today a portion of Col. Sumner's Command returning to Kansas from the pursuit of the Chiennes.³ The Companies of the 2d. Dragoons under the command of Col. Cook bound for Utah were recruited from their ranks. We are now distant from Fort Kerney⁴ about 72 miles and will quite probably reach there day after tomorrow. Col. Cook expected to reach there today. We are anxious to overtake his Command. We will make another drive this evening. The Country is becoming monotonous there being little variety in the scenery. The soil is thin and gravelly— I notice here for the first time the gramma grass, which resembles the Buffalo grass. We found delicious wild plumbs growing upon the Banks of the Blue.

7th. Oct. We had our Mules harnessed by Sun Set and set forward for a night drive. The Clouds which had been gathering all the evening soon enveloped us in thick darkness, and we groped our way along by the aid of a horseman going ahead. We moved on for several miles in silence and with much difficulty 'till at length a bright star showed its smiling face through an opening in the Clouds. Then another—and finally the beautiful Moon shed a flood of light over the dense masses of foliage that fringed the bank of the Blue—its waters occasionally throwing back the rich light through the openings in the trees— The Moon struggled for a while with the Clouds, but at length her face was shut out from

³"Chiennes" undoubtedly means "Cheyennes."

⁴"Ft. Kerney" evidently is "Ft. Kearney."

us again. We drove forward until 10 O'clock and unharnessed, and picketed our Mules and turned into our blankets without kindling a fire— As we are now in the country occasionally visited by the Chiennes, we stationed a guard for the first time, tonight. By day break we were under headway again and having travelled about 10 miles are now encamped for breakfast. It still continues to rain or Mist— The Road does not follow the windings of the stream but leads up the valey from one point of timber to another in the direction of our course— The Gramma grass seems to be the principal grass of the valey— We started from our breakfast Camp about 11 O'clock and after a drive of a few miles the road left the Blue and turned away to the North West across the plain in the direction of the Platt River. The road was hard and firm, and as we rolled rapidly on, I watched the fading line of timber as it slowly disappeared in the distance, as I would the retreating form of some old familiar friend— We are nooning on the open plain. The weather is not yet settled, but the wind has shifted and is now blowing keenly from the South. My brother and Mr. Stewart have gane with red blankets wrapped around them, in pursuit of a herd of Antelope, that have been for some time skimming along the route at a respectable distance— We will halt only for an hour. There is not a solitary Shrub in sight. Nothing but the wide plain spread out before us.

8th Oct. After nooning for two hours yesterday evening we were in rapid motion over the level plain but contrary to my expectation and to the assertion of the prairie men we came in sight again of the long line of timber on the Blue and descended once more into the valey— The prospect from the ridge was really beautiful. We continued up the valey for some 6 miles when meeting an express wagon from Fort Laramie we were informed that we were still 6 miles from the point where the road leaves the river and 60 miles from Fort Kerney— We continued our drive intending to reach the former point, halt and get our suppers, and when the moon was up drive on to Elm Creek. But night closing upon us, we were compelled to halt and in the act of bringing our wagons into line, (Mr. Livingston's carriage being in advance, and having halted with several others,) just as we had unlooked the check lines and one trace of the lead mules, The team of Mr. Dodson's carriage took fright, darted off, [Mr. Wallace] our baggage team followed [took fright] next Mr. L's team then Mr. Wallace's, and in a moments time 4 teams were in full

flight over the. Mr. Livingston hanging to to the reins of his wheel Mules, in his efforts to check them, was carried for several hundred yards 'till coming to the verge of an abrupt descent was carried headlong down, and his hold having been broken loose from them— They swept with headlong fury over the plains— Several of us pursued them as long as we could hear the rumbling of the wheels, but it was so dark that we could not see the track and were forced to give up the pursuit and wait 'till the moon was up. As soon as it was sufficiently light Mr. Hockerty got upon the track and followed up it. They had taken a circle in the prairie until they reached the road and took the back track they then made another circle and had stopped, when he came up with them. The carriage sustained no injury, but one of our lead Mules became detached from the wagon, and we cannot find her although we have been searching in every direction. The baggage team ran several hundred yards when Mr. Kerr & My brother succeeded in stopping them. The other teams swept a circle or two and then halted— Fortunately no accident happened. The fright was occasioned by a verdant youth of our party riding his Mules hastily up into the Camp— It is now one O-Clock and my brother and Mr. Kerr who went in search of the Mules have not yet returned. Our Camp is on the upper side of a beautiful valey formed by a semi Circular bend in the river. We were in a poor condition last night to repel an attack of the Indians had one been made upon us, and we were seriously apprehensive of it. The Sun has at length come out and a strong wind is blowing from the South east—which has dried the road verry much— Mr. Kerr and my brother returned about 3 O-Clock with out having found our little Mule. They traced her to where she had got disengaged from the wagon by breaking her single tree. They continued to pursue her by following her track until they found both ends of the single tree and her track then leading off from the river across a wild desolate and broken Country. They left her to her fate and returned— I felt truly sorry that we had to lose, so kind and docile a creature to be torn to pieces by the Wolves or taken by the more savage Indians. We harnessed up with some sadness but still feeling grateful that our misfortune had not been greater. In a mile or two from our Camp we crossed a straight Creek which ran from the north directly down from the river and in a mile or two from this stream the road ascended the Plain and left the river entirely. We drove on some ten miles to a stream called 32 Mile Creek

being that distance from Fort Kerney.

9th. Oct. We started by daylight this morning and are now getting our breakfasts on Elm Creek. The wind is cold from the S. E. and clouds are gathering for more rain— After a verry pleasant drive of some ten miles we are now nooning at what is call the the Mud Hole a natural pond on the right of the road which is the only watering place between [Kerney] Elm Creek and Kerney. The Sun has been shining warmly all the morning, and the wind has dried the road verry much— We have not yet seen a single Buffalo although we have been in their range for several days. I was informed by Mr. L. that last fall while he was at Kerney a party of Pawnees killed 3000 of these fated animals. The country we have been passing over from the Blue has a thin cold soil and I think will never be valuable for agricultural purposes. There is some timber to be seen at a distance before approaching 32 Mile Creek and the banks of this stream and Elm Creek afford enough for the use of the traveller but after leaving these streams not a bush can be seen. Nothing but alternating plains and ravines or hollows— We expect to reach Kerney this evening—

10th. Oct. While nooning at the Mud Hole Lieut. Bezant from Fort Kerney passed us with a herd of broken down [stock] Mules which had been left by the various trains bound for Utah. We started after getting a snack, and after a drive of a few miles came in sight of the sand hills which indicate the approach to Platt River. Next appeared the long line of timber along its border. We were soon in the broad and beautiful Valey and directing our course directly West in the direction of Fort Kerney [which]. We encamped within 4 miles of the Fort because the grass has been so closely grazed by the Government stock in the vicinity of the Fort.

We met Capt. Vanvhit with his ambulance train just as we started from Camp this morning. He was returning from Salt Lake to the States. He told us that on his arrival in the Valey he was called upon by Governor Brigham Young and his dignataries, and told in most emphatic language that the U. S. Troops should not enter The Valey this Winter— That they would destroy all the grass and would lay waste the lands and reduce the City & every building to ashes before the troop should have the benefit of them— He says that he refused to sell him a single article. He says that Col. Johnson⁵

⁵“Col. Johnson” is “Col. Albert Sidney Johnston.” mentioned in the INTRODUCTION.

is making forced marches to overtake the Troops and that it is likely that he will be compelled to winter on Ham's fork of Green River or at some other point in its vicinity. Col. Cook with his 6 companies of Dragoons is several days in advance of us and we will not probably overtake him before he reaches Fort Laramie— Where we will Winter and what will be our fate is yet a mystery to us. It has been raining all day and we are now encamped at the south of the Fort and are having some work done in the Blacksmith's shop. We will not leave here until morning. The Fort is situated two miles from the river in a beautiful Valley some 10 miles wide there is a great abundance of grass— There are a few comfortable buildings here for quarters for the Officers, and quarter master's stores but the others are built of Sods— The rain has ceased and the Sun has made its appearance once more and I trust we will have good weather tomorrow.

11 Oct. The Sabbath has come again. The morning is bright and beautiful. The wind which has blown so long from the South and East, shifted last night and has swept all the clouds far below the horizon. We got our breakfast before starting from the Fort, and are now nooning for a short time— We have seen a number of flocks of Antelope bounding and skimming along our road. We also saw two Buffalo, but on espying us they fled away to the bluffs. There are two roads running along the Valley. We are on the upper one and Mr. Ward, sutler at Fort Larimie and the mail which overtook us yesterday while lying at the Fort have taken the one near the river.

We have stopped at 22 Mile Point immediately on the Bank of Platt and will get our suppers and take another drive this evening— We have seen a number of small herds of Buffalo this evening but have no time to interfere with them. I have seen a number of pretty flowers growing in the Valley. (Mr. Ward with two carriages and the mail wagon have joined us, which now makes the number of our carriages and wagons eleven— and the number of our party some thirty). The evening is calm and delightful, and our party is scattering about the plain and along the bank of the river observing every object that presents itself. The Bluffs seem to be gradually approaching the river although they are still some six miles distant—The Valley is as level as if it had been rolled and is covered with luxuriant grass—[We]

12. Oct. We drove until nine last night and encamped

in the open plain without kindling a fire—After giving our Mules a little corn which we got at Kerney and picketing them we spread our blankets and turned in— The wind blew cold from the north all night— We got an early start and are now getting our breakfasts on Plumb Creek 37 miles from Kerney— The morning is dark and threatening, and gusts of rain are occasionally driven through the air by the wind—I fear we will have snow upon us before many days.

The puddles of water in the Valey caused by the continued rain, are filled with ducks and we occasionally get them— The road has been verry bad this morning— We have stopped to noon on the bank of the river having [about] made about 8 miles since breakfast. Numerous herds of Buffalo have crossed our road this morning going from the river to the bluffs— They are scarcely ever out of sight— The day is still dark and gloomy. The bluffs have now appeared within 4 or 5 miles of the river.

13th Oct. We travelled yesterday evening until after dark. The mail party being some distance in advance of us selected a Camp in a verry inaccessible place, and it was late before the heavy wagons got up— Two mules strayed off during the night, one belonging to Mr. Ward and one to Mr. Hockerty. They are now out in search of them— We hitched up our Mules and drove a short distance to get our breakfasts and to wait for them—The mail party has gone a-head and with them Doct Forney, Garrish and Wallace— We had the first frost last night, and the morning is verry pleasant although it was verry annoying to wake up at day break and wander about in the wet grass to get our Mules— We are within 30 miles of Cottonwood Spring and expect to reach there tonight if we can get the Mules in time— We got our breakfasts harnessed up and drove for a short distance and then turned out to wait for Mr. Bovien who went back to take a last look for the mule he has returned without him and we will be off in a few moments— We encamped this evening at an early hour in the open plains, without wood, except a little we had brought with us from a box we had broken up— Buffalo Chips are our only fuel and they are so saturated by the rains that we have to shiver a long time over them before we can raise a fire.

14th. Oct. We started just as the Sun rose and had a pleasant though frosty drive of about 10 miles and are now

getting our breakfasts, not a great way from Cotton Wood Spring. We are near the junction of the North and South Forks of the Platt. The River is very low. The bed one continued succession of sand bars. So far there is [a great] an abundance of timber principally cottonwood, willow and white thorn for fuel, but the wood does not run near enough to the banks to make it available at all times. This is the most delightful morning we have had since starting on our journey, the sun being hot the wind not blowing.

The bank of the river at this point is steep resembling that of the Missouri and the sand bluffs which are parallel with the river, along the Valley are not more than two miles distant from it. The grass is short and of an inferior quality, growing on alkaline flats which make it rather dangerous for stock—

We are now nooning on the border of a Slew which surrounds a pretty piece of land of some several hundred acres, covered with a heavy coat of grass with an abundance of willow of large size, cottonwood &c. growing along its edge— We passed Cottonwood Spring, a few miles before reaching this place— Major I. E. Johnson with a detachment of the 6th Inf. passed a short time after we turned off the road, on his way to Fort Leavenworth. We passed this morning the first town of prairie dogs which we have yet seen— They are not as numerous along the road as they were in 1850 when I passed along to California. They have probably gone farther out into the hills—

15th Oct. Shortly before turning off the road to encamp yesterday evening, two buffalo bulls crossed directly in front of us and Mr. Ward who is an experienced Prairie man, sprung from his carriage with his rifle in hand, and sent a bullet through the foremost one, but it did not bring him down, and we were all disappointed expecting to have a feast on buffalo meat. The wind blew almost a gale during the night, and it was a difficult matter for us to make sufficient fire out of our Buffalo chips to keep us warm. They are all saturated by the continued rain— We started before sun rise and got our breakfasts in the open prairie, and then drove forward, and in some 5 or 6 miles came to Fremont Springs a very noted place on the River. O'Fallon's Bluffs another noted place being directly ahead, here we concluded by Mr. Ward's suggestion to cross the River, expecting to meet with better grass, as most of the immigration has crossed the upper ford about 50

miles above— The water was shallow but the sand in some places was very deep and it was with great difficulty that we got our baggage wagon across. The fifth chain broke in the middle of the stream and while fixing it the wagon settled down in the sand, the hubs were filled and the wheels locked. The leaders were almost mired down, but they at length succeeded in getting out with a good ducking and a shattered wagon tongue.

We are now nooning immediately on the bank of the River on the most luxuriant grass that we have met with since leaving the Missouri river. The river here is about three fourths of a mile wide. We grained up again in about an hour and a half and by noon in a drive of about 5 miles reached the North Platt— Proceeding up it for a few miles we encamped for the night— The soil on this stream is of the same character as that of the south branch being sandy and the grass very short. The dog villages are more numerous than on the other stream. These little animals are very remarkable in their habits, living entirely in communities. Their towns frequently coming in areas of several miles— Their holes are at intervals of 20 or 30 feet apart and are said to have a regular subterranean communication with each other. The dirt which is taken from the holes is piled around them and serves as a little breast work. Their little sentinels sit on them, upon their hind legs and bark furiously at every intruder within their corporate limits, and then back into their holes. It is said that the owl and rattle snake are frequently found living quietly with them.

16th. We had a pleasant drive of some 6 or 8 miles this morning and we are now getting our breakfast [and] on a stream of good water which flows from the Bluffs. The Valley along this river varies from one to two miles in width— The grass though short is much better than on the South Platt. After getting our breakfasts we drove on for an hour and a half and finding that the wood at this point left the river and crossed over the sand bluff we have determined to halt for a while, fearing that we may not be able to get water before reaching Ash Hollow. We have seen this morning for the first time fresh signs of Indians. A buffalo was lying dead upon the road and some of its bones taken out and broken for the marrow, Mr. Ward informing us that it is their custom to eat it raw. There are fresh pony tracks along the road and it will be necessary for us to use great precaution. This River is not so wide as the other but still we can see a number of

sand bars in it. The current also runs much more rapid. The cactus is very abundant here and fragments stick in bunches to our mules as they roll, and they seem to suffer a great deal until the thorns are extracted. Shortly after leaving our nooning place the road led up from the river across the bluffs and did not approach it again for 14 miles. The road was very fine after getting upon the ridge but the descent to the river again was wild and broken. The Bluffs are composed of masses of Sand inter Stratified with layers of porous rock; huge masses of which having been disengaged by the corroding influence of the frequent rains & had rolled down and were scattered along the plain. We reached the river about Sun Set, and discovered upon the opposite side a number of Indian lodges and we had scarcely unharneessed before they had waded across to us. They proved to be a band of Sioux and manifesting great friendship for us. They remained with us till late and then reCrossed the river after having taken supper with every mess— We got some very fine Buffalo meat from them both fresh and dried, in exchange for sugar and crackers.

17th. This morning as soon as we awoke we discovered several squaws seated in the grass, near the wagons, with Buffalo meat which they brought to make further exchanges, but we were amply supplied, and as soon as we could get the harness on our Mules, started— In a short distance from Camp the road led again across the bluffs, for a short distance and turned into the Valey again, after driving for 5 or 6 miles, a part of the time through deep sand. We again halted to get breakfast under a steep bluff the slopes of which were covered with grape vine and undergrowth. We had scarcely gotten through our delicious buffalo steak, corn bread, soked and buttered crackers, and coffee— when we heard a hal-lo on the other side of the rim, and at first supposed it to be some white man, but it proved to be an Indian. In a short time the opposite shore seemed to be covered with them and some five or six were seen crossing on horse back. We secured our Mules as quick as possible and commenced harnessing up, supposing them to be Chiennes but they soon came up and we discovered that it was the same party of Sues⁶ who had visited us last night— They made signs for sugar and Tobacco, but we had strained our hospitality too

⁶“Sues” alternates with “Sioux” throughout the diary, in referring to the same tribe.

much for our own good, and could spare them none. Two of them rode with us several miles and then re crossed the river to join their party who had struck their lodges and were moving up the river opposite us— The Bluffs along the road this morning have been wild in the extreme. They have been gashed and jagged by the torrents of many centuries into deep and ragged gulches and huge masses of porous lime rock, the debris of a ledge which juts out continuously near the summit of the bluff being crowned with a deep bed of sand, lie scattered around— We have crossed this morning frequent wide sandy flats which serve as channels for the floods of water which are discharged upon the hills and rush with wild fury down into the Valey. The road again leaving the river we determined to noon for awhile on good grass before taking the bluffs again. The road ascended the hill by a rocky circuitous road and after reaching the summit we had a wide prospect before us of the winding river and the deep and ragged ravines making down into the river with here and there a cedar peering up among the rocks— The rocks seem to be of recent formation and are composed of Carbonate of lime and silica. A drive of about three hours brought us to the descent into Ash Hollow. The road led down by a more gradual slope than that by the upper crossing, and was the only thing to console us for taking the road that we did, as we had deep sand to contend with and a greater distance to travel— As soon as we got down into the hollow we came upon the fresh trail of Col. Cook's Command with 6 Companies of Dragoons and a hundred wagons—They had packed the roads and we travelled on rapidly. There being every prospect of a snowstorm. We drove about 5 miles from the mouth of the Hollow and then turned up into a ravine running down between tall hills and proceeding some distance up— We were completely sheltered from the storm, and soon had bright fires of dry cedar blazing up and illuminating the ragged hills around—

18th. Oct. This morning Mr. Ward with two wagons and the Mail party determined to separate from the rest and go ahead— We wisely concluded to accompany him and getting an early breakfast, althow the snow was driving upon us we set forward and are now [nooning] halting 15 miles from Ash Hollow and 10 miles from our own Camp— Ash Hollow is celebrated for the fight which Genl. Harvy had with

the Sioux Indians. It took place on the north side of the Platt on Blue Water some 7 miles from the river. The beautiful trees that were growing in this delightful spot when I passed it in 1850 have been all cut down by the numerous parties that have encamped here for fuel, and the place has quite a dreary aspect— We found fine bunch grass growing up the slope of the hills where we encamped last night. The sand has been very deep this morning and the air keen and there is every prospect of a snowstorm— We are now nooning having driven some 12 miles— The road was not so sandy as it was this morning but verry rough— The Valey in some places is verry flat and filled with holes of water the mud in which is deep and difficult to pull through. In other places there are hill-ocks of deep sand drifted up with snow banks— The Valey from the river to the bluffs varies in distance sometimes 2 or 3 Miles and at others not over a mile in width— The [day] snow clouds have disappeared and the sun shines warm although a keen wind is blowing from the North. Whenever we halt to graze, we gather Buffalo chips, and kindle a fire—and hover over it until it is time to harness up again, we scarcely can tarry longer than an hour & a half—

19th. Oct. We drove late last night, excepting to encamp in Rush Creek, but having overtaken a large freight train, about sun set we were impeded in our progress and after driving 'till late we were compelled to turn off to the right of the road to search for water and grass but finding none, we continued on to the river but the bank was so steep that we could get at it and were forced to drive up the bank for some distance and at length encamped on verry poor grass without water. The night was severely cold and huddling our wagons together, we united our wood and after considerable difficulty succeeded in getting a fire and a large camp kettle full of coffee— The water we had, froze verry hard during the night, but although the morning was cold we got an early start and in about two miles crossed Rush Creek a stream of fine water flowing across the plain— As soon as we ascended the high plain we got a glimpse of the far famed Chimney Rock some thirty miles distant and in a short time saw Court House Rock which though some 15 miles nearer is not seen so soon. After a drive of 10 or 12 miles we crossed Laurence's Fork and encamped to get our breakfasts— Laurence's Fork is the largest tributary of the Platt that we have yet crossed. Though shallow it flows rapidly

and furnishes an abundance of clear water. It flows within $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles of Court House Rock which looms up to the left of the road some 4 miles distant— This remarkable rock lies upon the level plain isolated from any other, and resembling a large building, whence it derives its name— We left Laurence's Fork or as the French & mountaineers call it, Launa, about one o'clock and have travelled about 10 miles turned out to noon and to wash ourselves and change our clothing, which we had not done since leaving Atchinson. We then drove on, passing another Freight train and encamped directly in front of Chimney Rock, in about the same spot where I encamped in 1850—

20th. Oct. We started about sun rise. The earth was white with frost but the sun shone out warmly and we had a pleasant drive of of 12 miles although the road was exceedingly rough— We came in sight of the troops of Col. Cooks Command just as they left their camp and we are now getting our breakfasts where they encamped last night— We will overtake them sometime today although they are travelling rapidly and are some 8 miles in advance of us— They have left a dead horse here. We are in full view of Scotts Bluffs, and the scenery begins to assume a more interesting character— Before reaching Launa, the chain of Bluffs which runs along the North Platt from Ash Hollow seemed to disappear but after crossing this stream Court House Rock begins the chain again and it continues winding and twining along the Valey, increasing in elevation until when reaching Scotts Bluffs it rises in gigantic mass, which assumes a great variety of appearance. In some 5 or 6 miles from our Camp the old road turned off to the left leading up a Valey and leaving the chain of Bluff. This road was taken by the troops. We determined by Mr. Ward's advice to take the straight forward road leading through the chain of Bluffs and descending by a nearer rout to the Platt again. This, we afterwards regretted as we got through the pass with great difficulty— We found a large freight stopped in the pass, the mud being very deep. The axle of one wagon was broken & a dying ox lying crippled in the road— The ————— of the Ox which reverberated along the bluff— and the croaking of the thousands of Ravens that were hovering over, had a gloomy and ominous sound. This pass is truly a wonder. The Bluffs here form a semi circle and ————— on each side rise up into huge towers which make the head dizzy to look

up at. The passage through is level, but has been cut into deep ravines by the torrents which run down the sides of the Bluffs. These immense sand bluffs must have been thrown up by the waves of a vast Sea which once covered the whole extent of this country— On each side of the chain the bluffs resemble the bastions of some great Military structure but upon a more gigantic scale. The bluffs on each are several hundred feet high and seem to have been cut down as if with the hand of man and the sand carried out to form a level passage through. The road was very bad caused by the snow which had fallen and melted and we halted as soon as we reached the river. After nooning for a short time we proceeded on and after dark encamped on good grass a short distance from the river.

21st. We started by light this morning and after a drive of several hours came in sight of Horse Creek, where the two roads came together and at the same time perceived Col. Cook's Command of Dragoons and one hundred wagons approaching. We halted to get breakfast and they came up with us— At the same time we saw Mr. Landon the engineer who was sent out in advance of McGraw's road expedition. He was direct from the Wind River and informs us that the Mormons had burned 4 Government Freight Trains and destroyed all the provisions. They stated that six hundred Mormons well mounted, had crossed Green River in different parties and had got in the rear of the Troops who were encamped on Ham's Fork, and gathered the wagons together and after telling the teamsters to take what they wished for their own use and then destroyed them all. This seems to be an open declaration of their intention to prohibit the troops from entering Salt Lake Valley, this Winter. What will be their fate, and ours, is involved in mystery— After getting breakfast we started again and in a short time came up with Col. Cook's Command, which had passed us, and halted on there to wait for the one hundred wagons and the rear guard to come up— We had a short conversation with the Col. who is a tall, fine looking officer. About ten miles from Horse Creek we passed the place where Mr. Kingkade was wounded and all his party killed by the Indians. They secreted themselves behind some sand hills on the north side of the road, and as the party were ascending the hill through the deep sand, took deliberate aim at them and they all fell at the first fire, 7 in number. Mr. K was the only one that

survived and he being shot in a number of places fell from his mule and the Indian who was following him supposing to be dead seized his mule and hastened to the mail carriage to get his part of the plunder and Mr. K. crawled off unperceived by them and made his way back to Fort Laramie. We are now nooning on the plain some mile or two from the river and The Troops are spread out along the bank below us. They will remain all night, We will proceed. Mr. Ward left us early this morning anxious to get home and the Mail Wagon has dropped back with the Troops. We are alone with our wagon and carriage and 6 of our party. Fort Laramie is distant about 20 miles. We expect to reach there early tomorrow. A portion of the plain we have passed over today is literally covered with Cactus— The wind has been blowing freshly all day and together with the warm sun, has dried the road considerably— There is plenty of timber now on the Platt but the road runs so far from it we cannot make it available. The sand is very deep for 4 or 5 miles after crossing Horse Creek and the flats are very soft. There is another large freight train just in advance of us. We encamped last night at Major Driss' Indian Trading Post. He is an old mountain trader and tells me that he has been in this country for 36 years.

22nd. We are now encamped about 4 miles from his trading post and have very poor grass. We are 12 miles from Laramie. The day is bright and pleasant— The wood is more abundant than we have yet found it on the Platt.

While at breakfast this morning Col. Cook's Command passed us but we hastily harnessed up and started and about 2 o'clock reached Fort Laramie— We found all excitement here, and had the intelligence confirmed that 76 wagons freighted with Government stores had been destroyed by the Mormons on the night of the 5th Inst. 50 in Green River and 26 on Big Sandy. We also learned that 3 wagons belonging to Perry the sutler for the 10th Infr. had been destroyed— After tarrying for a short time at the Fort and finding that we could get no grain for our Mules, we determined to move up on Laramie's Fork the Stream on which the Fort is situated to get grass for our hungry and much jaded animals. We are now encamped about 23 miles from the Fort in a grove of cotton wood and will probably remain here until day after tomorrow to wait further intelligence. We passed to day, 12

miles from the Fort, the grave of Trent Gratton and 20 odd men who were shot by the Sioux Indians, in a rash attempt which he made to compel them to surrender a cow stolen from an emigrant. About 1500 of them were encamped in the Valley around Bartians trading post where he ordered his men to discharge a six pounder at them, which not taking effect The Indians fired and killed him & all his men. A rough stone wall filled with sand encloses and covers their remains— The day has been uncommonly mild and pleasant—

23rd. Col. Cook's Command arrived at the Fort this morning. I understand that he has orders to proceed on as rapidly as possible to join Col. Johnson, but he will be compelled to wait here until a train comes up with corn as there is none at the Fort.

Last night while seated around our camp fire we heard the melancholy wail as coming from some one in deep distress. I listened for some minutes in great suspense and supposed it was the cry of some wild animal, but was informed by Mr. Kerr that it was an Indian Squaw weeping for the dead. He informs me that it is a custom among the Sues to go out at night and weep for hours for their friends who have been dead even for years. They are very superstitious, and evince great feeling for their sick, and dead— They build scaffolds and place the remains of their friends upon them, and even put things in the tops of trees and put their favorite ornaments with them. They sometimes sacrifice a favorite horse upon the occasion— They differ very much in this respect from the Pawnees, who have not a spark of sympathy, and frequently desert their aged women who are unable to travel, to be devoured by hungry wolves, and they leave their dead wherever they die.

24th. (Oct.) We are still in Camp waiting the movement of the Troops as it will be necessary for the future for us to travel with them Col. Johnson having orders that no one shall enter Salt Lake— The weather is very fine and our Camp pleasantly situated near the River which is a clear mountain stream flowing over a pebbly bed, but we have no grass and will be compelled to move higher up among the hills.

25th. We moved some two miles up Laramie yesterday evening and this morning moved still higher but still the grass is very poor and we will be compelled to change our locality. It is quite probable that we will strike across the hills in the direction of the road and wait 'till the Troops come up.

Larimie Peak is in full view and clouds seem to be gathering around it and indicate a coming snow storm. There are some verry beautiful bottoms on the stream but the grass has been grazed off by the Government stock— This is the Lord's day and the first day that I have had an opportunity of reading his Holy Book. We are in a state of great suspense not knowing what course to pursue and fearing that we will be overtaken by the snows in the mountains and that our Mules will perish from cold and hunger— But we are in the hands of that Great Being who rules the Universe and we trust in his goodness and mercy— (I have heard that Col. Johnson intends returning for food into the Valey with the force he now has but by a different rout from that which he just contemplated— I understand that there are no narrow Caneons on the northern bank where Bear River empties into the Lake. He has Jim Bridger, a celebrated mountaineer as his guide, who has lived for 30 years in the mountains—The attempt will be one of great hazard if the Mormons offer resistance, which they evidently intend doing—

26th. Mr. Kerr returned from the Fort this evening and informed us that the corn train had arrived and that the Dragoons had got their supply and were gone— We will start early tomorrow get some corn and be off in pursuit—

27th. Some of us arose early and my brother started out as soon as he got up, towards the Bluff, to drive up the Mules. We waited for some time for him to return eat our breakfasts and then Mr. Kerr mounted a mule which he had picketed in Camp, and started out in search of them. He went in the direction of the Fort thinking they might have gone there, but while he was gone Mr. Q. & myself discovered them on a Bluff about 2 miles off in the direction my brother had gone, and immediately took our guns and started after them. I at first supposed that he was driving them up, but what was misery of mind when he was no where to be seen— I searched every ravine, called aloud for him, and expected any moment to find his mangled Corpse but all my search was fruitless. Mr. L. suggested that he might have gone on to the Fort, not having seen the Mules among the bluffs. We returned to Camp and found Mr. Kerr who had seen nothing of my brother— My state of mind was wretched in the extreme. I would have given everything on earth that I possessed to have been sure that he was alive. It was now 10 O-Clock and I determined to take one more look for him.

I got upon his track and following it about a mile when I discovered a mocasin track following his. I then gave him up for lost. While in this state of suspense I heard a voice calling from our Camp and knew that he was safe— We started immediately for the Fort exchanged our baggage wagon for a lighter one—got 6 sacks of corn paid \$6. pr. bushel for it, and started off about an hour before sun set—Travelled about 3 miles and incamped for the night on the Platt. The Troops got off the 26th about 2 O-Clock and are a day and half's travel ahead of us.

28. We started after an early breakfast and after a drive of some two hours overtook our old party Doct. Forney-Hockery-Garrish & Dodson &c. We have met to day a number of men returning from the seat of war—Among them the men of trains burned by the Mormons. They say that Col. J. is at the South Pass waiting for the Dragoons to come up— They say that there was some six inches of snow in the mountains— There is every prospect of a snow storm although the morning has been pleasant. Our road has been very pretty and rolling leading over the Black Hills Laramie Peak being directly ahead of us— The Black Hills are so called from the appearance they have at distance, being covered with low scrubby pine & cedar which afford excellent fuel— The grass is very poor. We passed a small Stream Called Bitter Cottonwood about 21 miles from Fort Laramie and are now nooning on another stream about 5 miles further on— The Troops are only some 8 miles in advance of us. We are travelling with our old party—

29. We travelled after nooning a short time, some 8 miles turned up to the left along a little stream which sinks before crossing the road and found the best camp and grass that we have had since leaving the States. We had an abundance of dry cotton wood and soon had brightly blazing fires among the broad spreading cotton woods that sheltered our Camp. The Canon appeared narrow on first entering it, but it soon opened into a pretty little Valey completely sheltered from storms by high hills clothed with pine and cedar— The bunch grass not having been discovered by any one had grown into luxurious bunches and matted the ground— Our half starved Mules had a rich feast— We were guided to the spot by Jack Ferguson an old traveller on the plains, who is returning with us to Col. Johnson's Command having taken an

express from him to Col. Cook at Laramie— He is perfectly familiar with all the good Camping places and has been a great acquisition to our party— While nooning yesterday Mr. T. Dawson wagon master of one of the trains burned by the Mormons came upon his return to the States. He gave us a full detail of the transaction and also told us that they had burned Fort Bridger and Fort Supply. The Wind changing the clouds were dissipated and the moon and stars shone forth great brilliancy and we had a delightful night, conversing around our camp fire till late—

29. We got an early start this morning and are now getting breakfast on Horse Shoe a little creek which flows through a beautiful circular Valey— The Mormons had erected here some verry comfortable buildings and a verry fine pickit work, but on our approach we found them a heap of smoking ruins. They were deserted by the Mormons on the breaking out of hostilities, and though not occupied afforded an excellent shelter to travellers from the rigors of the climate. They were set on fire by some of the teamsters belonging to the trains that were burned. It was a most disgraceful and cowardly act to vent their courage on harmless logs which if suffered to remain might have afforded comfort to many a suffering traveler— The Valey would make a beautiful farm the soil being good timber and delightful water abundant and the scene picturesque—Larimie Peak is in full view to the south west and Hills covered with pine & cedar almost surround it— The morning is as mild and pleasant as Spring— We are now in the Sage region but are not yet compelled to use it for fuel, there being an abundance of pine, cedar and cotton wood. We see the carcasses of dead cattle all along the road, a great many having died with some disease, among the trains that have gone ahead. I am informed that one train lost over a hundred head— We came into the region of the celebrated Red Buttes, after leaving our breakfast camp. These remarkable hills can be seen at a great distance scattered among the hills of white Lime Stone. The particles that have been washed down into the Valey in their vicinity have given to them the appearance of having been strewn with brick— The road led down into the Platt Valey again just where it comes forth from a deep canon, walled up almost perpendicularly by this red stone— After proceeding up the Valey a short distance the road led again over the bluff for a few miles and then decended again

into the Valey just where the river enters the narrow Canon. We are now nooning here for a short time to wait for Mr. Hockerty and Ferguson who went out in search of some game— I am told that the Elk, black and white tail deer abound in this country. We proceeded forward about five miles following the trail of the Troops and encamped for the night near the river where the road crosses it. Mr. H. & F. came up just as we were encamping but brought no game with them.

30th. We got under way by sun rise this morning, crossed the river without any difficulty, and are now breakfasting near the bank, having travelled some 5 miles. After leaving our breakfast Camp the road led off over the Bluffs and entered a region more steril and wild than any we have yet passed over. Desolation and disorder seemed to reign supreme. High naked sand hills gashed on all sides by deep fissures could be seen where ever the eyes were turned. Confused masses of Sand Rock, corroded by the rain floods and loosened from their foundations, have rolled their shattered fragments into the flats below. No vegetation except the stunted and thirsty sage gave a vestage of verdure to any portion of the scene. The cold bleak winds which constantly prevail here had drifted the sand into heaps.

We saw here a flock of mountain Sheep the first we have met with, but they soon vanished among the hills, and although we were anxious to get a taste of their flesh our time is so precious that none would venture in pursuit. These animals are most usually in steril and almost inaccessible regions where the Indian scarcely ever pursues them. We have travelled 18 miles this morning and are now nooning on the Platt We will re cross it in about 2 miles— We are travelling what is called the River Road there being two others which cross the hills nearer to Laramie Peake and unite at La-Bonti a small stream flowing into the Platt on the South Side— After Nooning we crossed the river and proceeding on a beautiful road about 4 miles crossed La Priel, another stream which has some timber on it— After crossing this stream the channel of which is now dry we ascended the hill and came in full view of the Troops who were encamped about a mile beyond us. We then turned down to the River and encamped. The distance from the first to the second crossing is 20 miles and from there to our Camp 4 miles, making our travel to day 24 miles— The day

has been very pleasant.

31st. We spent a very pleasant night having an abundance of dry Cotton Wood for our fire— We did not get off to day until 9 O-Clock wishing the Troops to keep in advance of us a few miles to prevent our stock from mixing, and have the advantage of a good road. The road still continues to run over one interminable region of hills and hollows covered with sage, Cactus and flint stones of every variety of color. The soil is of a light ashy color and is so evanescent that it is carried about by the slightest breeze and is inhaled into the lungs at every inspiration. It is more disagreeable to me than lime dust. Shortly after we started the clouds which had been all the morning gathering, commenced discharging upon us a fine rain— The wind was fortunately from the North east and made it less disagreeable than if it had been in our faces. We travelled 9 miles and overtaking the rear guard of the Troops, we halted on Box Elder, another fine stream of water. The rain continued to fall but after nooning two hours we again threw on our harness and proceeded on to Deer Creek which we reached after dark. We soon had a large fire kindled, and made ourselves tolerably comfortable. The clouds broke away about 9 O-Clock and we had a clear pleasant night— We are now distant 23 Miles from Platt Bridge which we expect to reach to day— The beautiful trees that grew upon this pretty stream in 1850 have been nearly all cut down to build a Trading post kept by a Frenchman on the west side of the stream—

November 1st. The morning is delightful and all our gloomy forebodings, with the clouds, have been dispelled. I have taken a long tramp over the hills toward the head of Deer Creek in search of our mules which strayed a considerable distance last night. Two of ours and 9 belonging to the other parties are still missing and it is now near 12 O-Clock. The mules have all been found and we will soon be off. We halted awhile at the Trading Post kept by Bisnett and Semino, in hope of getting some fresh beef but after waiting some time were disappointed, and drove on a fine road about 14 miles and encamped at Crow Grove, a large grove of young cotton woods on the Platt. The grove is so called from a large party of **Crows** having wintered here a few years ago. The moon arose full and large just as the sun was setting and we had a mild and beautiful night— The smoke of our camp fires rose high— and in the fine and transparent atmosphere.

Nov. 2d. The sky is without a cloud— The sun has

arisen with great brilliancy— Although we feel verry sensibly the cold breath of the Larimie Chain which runs along the Valey and is covered with the white robe of winter. We are now distant 10 miles from the bridge where we have the good old Platt, which has been so long our companion, and has furnished us with its delightful water— We have been truly blessed with good weather, but cannot expect it to continue much longer. (We reached the bridge early in the but finding no grass in its vicinity drove some 2 miles above and encamped— Here we determined to remain until we could secure some fresh animals, finding that some of our mules were so much exhausted that they could hold out verry little longer. The Bridge is owned by a Mr. Rishaw who has a trading post here.)

(Nov. 3: We did not get off from camp until 11 O-Clock. Mr. L. succeeded in purchasing six fresh animals for One thousand Dollars with the understanding that they should be sent after us on the road.) We proceeded up the Platt some 4 miles, crossed over without any difficulty and struck away across the hills. We overtook the party who started some time in advance of while they were nooning. (Here, some of the animals contracted for came up and we sent back a pair of mules to be wintered by Mr. Rishaw—) After nooning a short time we set forward again and drove 'till sun set and halted at The Alkali Lake within a short distance of the Red Buttes— The wind has been blowing a gale nearly all day long and sweeping the light ashy soil through the air. The soil here seems nothing but beds of ash and lime and is so strongly impregnated with alkali that nothing but the chimesal or greasewood and the stunted sage will grow upon it. A few miles before reaching the Alkali Lake which is a small pond, to the right of the wood, I saw strong indications of coal. Dark strata jutting out in the ravines. There is sufficient ashes in this region, if proportionately mingled with the other portions of the Territory to make Nebraska (otherwise a waste desert) a fertile country. The Red Buttes which are tall hills of red sand and stone, on each side of the Platt, serve as the corner of the territories of several tribes of Indians, who often meet here on their hunting expeditions— (The Cheyennes and the Arapahoes (a number of whom we saw at Rishaws)) owning the south side of the River The Sioux owning the north of the River up as high as the Red Buttes and the Crows and Snakes west of them— After stopping awhile we determined to make a night drive in order to overtake the Troops who

were a day in advance of us. The night was very cold, and the wind blew strong completely enveloping us in clouds of alkaline dust— We passed two small streams which are said to be more strongly impregnated than any other streams upon the plains. The numerous carcasses of animals that that could be seen in every direction plainly indicated their poisonous qualities. There are several springs in this vicinity that are called the poison springs but I did not see them. We passed to night through the Rock Avenue a very remarkable—— Huge masses of granite or gray sand rock are piled up on each side of the road for some distance. After a very cold and disagreeable drive of some 10 miles we turned off to the left of the road and going some mile and half got down on Willow Spring Creek, and being somewhat sheltered from the wind by the Sand Bluffs unharnessed our mules and turned into our blankets without kindling a fire—

4 Nov. We started early without getting breakfast, retraced our steps to the road. The morning was severely cold, and gusts of snow blew into our faces as we crossed the high ridges but it was soon over. We passed Willow Springs and drove on till 12 O-Clock before getting breakfast, and then stopped on very poor grass within a few hundred yards of a very pretty stream of fine water— We then drove forward and encamped again about 4 O-Clock on Horse Creek, another beautiful little stream, a tributary of Sweet Water. We tarried about an hour here, and then started for another night drive—The night was severely cold, but we finally succeeded in reaching Independence Rock about 10 O-Clock. After winding around it we succeeded in finding a spot where we were partially sheltered from the cold wind and soon had a bright fire burning close under its shelving side. After getting thoroughly warm and eating a hearty supper of fried buffalo, coffee and crackers, retired to our blankets feeling very comfortable— This stupendous, isolated mass of granite lies within a short distance of Sweet Water where the road strikes it, and is one of the greatest curiosities on the road. The road passes on each side of it. I should suppose that it is at least a mile in circumference, and at its most elevated point one hundred feet high. It is distant from the Devils Gate about 5 miles. Here commences the great Rocky Mountain Pass, from 10 to 15 miles in width walled on each side by immense piles of bare granite rock. The Sweet Water takes its rise near the summit and runs winding along the Valey or Pass. The distance from Independence Rock

to the summit of the Pass is said to be one hundred and fifteen miles by the road, but the windings of the stream makes its course much further. The ascent is so gradual that it is scarcely perceptible.

5th. We did not start this morning verry early as the Troops were encamped in the Valey a few miles above us and we did not wish to travel in advance of them. We passed the Devil's Gate about 9 O-Clock but as I had visited it in 1850 I had not curiosity sufficient to clamber over the rocks again. It is a great natural curiosity and will richly repay one for the trouble of visiting it. It is where the River cuts its way through a projection in the mountain on the right of the road. The gorge is verry narrow and walled up by perpendicular rocks several hundred feet in height. The River rushes through for about half a mile with great violence dashing and foaming over the rocks that lie in its channel. There is a narrow path leading up the bank of the River, overhung by tall precipices, but it terminates before getting half way through, the angry water filling up the entire space— The morning was verry pleasant and we travelled some 8 miles and turned loose to graze. Our stay was but short having some 15 miles to make. It was not until near sun set before we came in sight of the Troops encamped in the Valey on the right of the road and on the opposite side of the River— There was every appearance of a snow storm and we determined to go on a few miles further and cross the River so that we might get under the shelter of the mountains and get cedar for our fire— We succeeded after considerable difficulty in crossing the River and winding up around a point of the mountain, and found luxuriant bunch grass, plenty of dry cedar and an excellent shelter, and soon were seated around a brilliant fire and enjoying ourselves at seeing the grass extending far up the sides of the huge piles of rock that hung far above our heads, covered here and there by the dark cedar. The picture was worthy the pencil of the artist. Our camp was near what is called the split in the rock, a remarkable cleft in the top of the mountain which can be seen at a great distance from either direction.

6th. The snow is coming down in heavy flakes upon us. It commenced about 5 O-Clock this morning. I was up early and had a blazing fire. The Troops have got under way and as soon as they pass, we will follow. How long we may be able to proceed is wisely ruled in the future— We travelled

till late in the evening, making but one drive. The wind blew a constant storm. The snow sweeping over us, but the trail was so well beaten down by the Troops and their hundred wagons that we got along without much difficulty— We made about 15 miles reaching what is called the Three Crossings, but we only crossed the River once and proceeding about a mile encamped in a thicket of willows being somewhat sheltered by the mountain that wound its lofty mass of rock around us. The wind was still blowing furiously and the snow drifting in every direction around us— But we succeeded in kindling a fire of dry willow brush and after drying ourselves and getting supper, retired to our blankets. The Troops encamped some 3 miles in advance of us. Our mules are becoming very feeble and were it not for the little corn we have they would soon be unable to travel and leave us to the fury of the elements— The Indian horses that we have with us are of great service as they seem to know by instinct where grass can be found and paw it from beneath the snow. The mules follow them wherever they go —

7th Novr. Difficulties are crowding upon us. Under the most favorable circumstances it will require 4 days to reach the pass— It is still snowing and we may expect the weather to grow worse as we proceed until we cross the mountains entirely— We trust in the mercy of the Great Creator of all things. As soon as our mules can be found we will be off if they are able to travel. They have strayed up the ravines of the mountain for shelter and grass— We travelled 14 miles and encamped in the Sage. No grass— Intensely cold night.

8 Reached Sage Creek after dark Encamped in the sage Intensely cold Troops encamped near us— The mules all dropping along the road— Severely cold and a prospect of more snow— Our Animals cannot hold out much longer without food— Can we ever reach our point of destination—

9th. Very cold this morning. Prospect of heavy snow storm today— 28 miles distant from South Pass.

We are halting for a short time on Rocky ridge for our mules to pick a little grass that projects above the snow— The sun came out shortly after we started and shone very warmly until about 12 O-Clock, but the clouds have again gathered and it is growing very cold— We are distant from the camp we intend making, about 10 miles— The Thermometer was 12 degrees below zero last night. The Troops left 5 wagons and 8 mules and horses this morning to perish. How long will it be before we are compelled to do the same

thing? This place is appropriately called the Rocky. The country for miles is covered with heaps of rock as if piled up by the hand of man— We are on the Semino Cut-off which we struck day before yesterday after passing the 5th crossing of Sweet Water.

It was eight O-Clock before we got into a thicket of willows and after great difficulty succeeded in getting a fire. We could not feed our mules and their hungry cries were piteous. We saw the fires of the Troops several miles before we reached them and the sight was cheering, as they blazed far and wide up the Valey.

10th. Last night was an awful night, the most disagreeable I think that I ever felt. The wind blew a storm all night sweeping the snow in every direction— The piteous cries of the famished mules was heart rending. They crowded around our camp first, and seemed to beg for food in the most supplicating tones, but we had none to spare them— When we awoke this morning, the storm was still raging and the air dark with snow. Mules were starved about dead and some in the last agonies of death. It was a difficult matter to get them to stand long enough to feed them and put their harness on— One of the Government teamsters left 5 mules mired in a slew with all the harness on— With great difficulty we succeeded in ascending the hill. The storm still raged furiously. We had 14 miles to make, but fortunately the wind blew in our backs most of the time. All day the wind swept with wild fury drifting the snow around us and deep across our road. At every half mile a mule was turned loose unable to proceed any further. We reached camp on Sweet Water late in the evening and winding among the willow shrubs and succeeded in finding a spot to shelter ourselves somewhat from the furious wind. We gave our mules a little corn and then shovelled away the deep snow and succeeded in kindling a fire. It was only by constant exertion in cutting willows that we could keep ourselves from freezing. The night was extremely cold and a great number of stock died and some 50 loose mules and horses were left in camp, it being impossible to drive them. As soon as they reached the top of the hill they would wheel about in spite of the efforts of the driver.

11th. The morning, contrary to the anticipations of all, was mild— We succeeded before night in reaching Dry Sandy, 20 miles, and encamped in the sage brush in a gully— just above the Command—

12 Last night was intensely cold but the sun is shining warmly— Poor Tiny, our faithful mule, is dying— The Command will not be able to go much further— We left camp at one O-Clock, not being able to collect our stock any sooner. We left two of our faithful animals lying in the rear of our wagons. They were unable to rise and seemed to select this spot as their last resting place, to be near us—

It was with feelings of sadness that we left them but it was out of our power to render them assistance— Our road was beautiful today, firm and level. We reached Little Sandy 12 miles distant from Dry Sandy just as the sun was setting, but Col. Cook had gone on to Big Sandy and we were compelled to follow. He had turned off from the main road to the right and struck the stream higher up about 6 miles from Little Sandy. We did not reach Camp until after dark but although the night was cold soon succeeded in kindling a comfortable fire with sage brush and willow—

13th. The morning is pleasant— We have found some grass a few miles above camp, and Col. Cook has given orders that we halt here today to refresh the stock as there is only one feed of corn left. We are now distant from Green River about 28 miles and have nearly accomplished a march which will reflect credit upon our gallant Colonel.

Under all the circumstances no expedition has ever been conducted with more sound judgment more order and complete success than this— Under ordinary circumstances and under the conduct of an inexperienced officer, the expedition would have proved a complete failure. A march across this desert country at the most pleasant season of the year is one of great toil and sacrifice, but, at the most rigorous season it is almost a miracle— without the loss of a single man and the sacrifice of a comparatively small amount of stock— The storm and the intense cold the almost entire want of fuel, grass and water, have offered no impediment to the progress of the march. The Bugle sounded to the march and all were in motion. The brave Col. at the head of his Command faced the storm and ploughed through the snow drifts. Determined to accomplish the object of his duty, he suffered nothing to deter him from his purpose. The lives of his soldiers and the property of his government were in his hands and he knew not what suffering a day's delay might bring upon him. The mountains had to be crossed for return was impossible. The forage for his animals was nearly exhausted and the little grass to be found was buried beneath the snow— He per-

severed and has been crowned with success— Great credit is due to Lieut. Beaufort the Regimental Quartermaster who never shrank from his duty— I have often seen him when a wagon was overturned laboring in the snow to right it again and to prevent delay in the march— Not a murmur was heard from an officer or soldier, all shared alike in the toils and privations consequent upon so severe a march— No person who has not made the trip across the plains has any correct notions in regard to it— The descriptions given of it by journalists are so meager that those who have read these descriptions and then travelled over the road acknowledged that they had not the most remote conception of the country— What is called the Pass in the Rocky Mountains is not as most persons suppose, a narrow passway through frightful over-hanging mountains with wild streams dashing down their acclivities, but on the contrary it is a scarcely perceptible ascent, and when the summit is reached the traveller is not aware of it and frequently asks where is the Pass? The Pass may be said to commence at Independence Rock on Sweet Water following the Valley through which that stream flows more than one hundred miles before it reaches the most elevated point, the Pacific Spring, where the water commences flowing to the west. The Valley of Sweet Water varies in width from 12 to 30 miles and is walled in on each side by a low chain of Rocky Mountains only some few hundred feet in height which give to the mountains their name. These mountains are called the Wind River Chain as they run from Wind River which flows into the Missouri on the north— They are in sight long after crossing the south Pass as they stretch away on the north. There is no road of the same length that is more level, running most of the time over a firm smooth gravelly surface— The descent on the western slope is more gradual than on the East spreading out into a vast desert plain covered with sage, which gives it more the character of sterility than if it had no vegetation at all upon it—

We are now near the place where one of the trains was burned on Big Sandy.

14th. The day broke with thick clouds of cold frost and mist hanging along the horizon and flying through the air, but before we were ready to start the sun came forth with unusual brightness spangling the air with myriads of glistening particles. Our road led down Sandy over a smooth sandy surface for 3 miles before it came into the main track— We crossed the stream on the ice and proceed-

ing about 10 miles descended into a small Valley and came suddenly upon the smouldering ruins of 26 wagons which were corralled on each side of the road when burned by the Mormons. The Big Sandy makes a considerable circle to the south west and empties into Green River not a great distance from where we cross it. We reached it again about sun set and encamped on its bank with plenty of willow and cotton wood for fuel, having made about 20 miles. We are now distant from Green River 11 miles— The country from the south Pass to Green River is entirely barren, having no vegetation except the sage and the chimesal or greasewood. The former seems to thrive best in the sandy districts growing from a foot to three feet in height. The latter grows generally on the alkaline flats, or in the ashy and lighter districts. It resembles somewhat the wild gooseberry, having similar leaves upon its stocks it burns freely and makes a hot fire while it lasts, but like the sage, requires to be constantly replenished. The only bird to be seen is the raven which preys upon the thousands of carcasses that strew the plains. The sage hen is also found in great numbers.

15th. We left our Camp early this morning. The day was very pleasant. We reached the long looked for Green River about 1 O-Clock. The descent to the river was very steep over a surface covered with flint stones of a great variety of colors. Although detained in crossing the river for some time we got a good Camp very early— We learned on our arrival here from an old French Trader that Col. Johnson had left here some days ago for Fort Bridger & Fort Supply, but we have no official intelligence from him yet— The Command will leave 10 wagons here in the morning and their feeble stock— We are still in a state of doubt and uncertainty whether Col. J. intends going into the Valley or not.

16th. The morning was very cold the wind blowing keenly from the north west almost in our faces. We travelled some 20 miles and reached Blacks Fork of Green River before sun set. We found no fuel except willow shrubs and a little stunted sage. The country from Green River to this point presents the same aspect of barrenness as that from the South Pass to Green River. We met this evening Semino the expressman sent by Col. Cook from Independence Rock to Col. Johnson. He brought intelligence that Col. Johnson was encamped near Bridger on Blacks Fork with all his Command— Ham's Fork empties into Blacks Fork about two miles above our camp.

17th. We left Camp about 8 O-Clock and proceeding north west up the stream crossed Ham's Fork in about two miles and in about 3 miles crossed Blacks Fork and finding some grass encamped— We found Capt. Radford's train, the sutler for the 5 Infty and Gilbert & Garrish's train, merchants of Salt Lake encamped on Blacks Fork. The former had 3 or 4 head of cattle taken by the Mormons and the latter 180. They were corralled and unable to proceed— They inform us that several thousand head of cattle mules and horses lie dead between this and Bridger. We can see them lying in heaps in every direction. We are now distant about 28 miles from Bridger. News has reached us that Col. Johnson intends wintering his Army there as the stock is in so feeble a condition and the snow so heavy in the mountains, that he will be unable to proceed any further until Spring. This however will be decided when we reach him which will be day after tomorrow. The snow still continues to cover the earth— We generally select a gully or ravine for our Camp and cut down the bank to make a place for our fire and clean away the snow to spread our blankets.

18th. We left this Camp this morning at 8 O-Clock and are again encamped on Black's Fork having travelled some 14 miles. The sun has been shining hot all day and the snow is fast disappearing, filling the road with water— The road today has resembled one vast slaughter yard from 10 to 15 cattle, mules and horses could be seen in a heap at a single glance. We would frequently have to turn our wagons from the road to avoid running over them— It would make the most obdurate heart feel to see the noble Dragoon horses falling dead beneath their riders, worn out by fatigue and hunger— We have found some good grass on the streams where we are encamped and the famished mules and horses are ravenously devouring it. We have an abundance of fuel of willow and large dry sage. The morning is as mild and pleasant as spring. The camp is full of life some are pitching their tents some cutting up sage for their campfire some picketting their mules and horses. The cracks of the teamsters whips can be heard as they are encouraging their wearied mules across the stream.

19th. Last night was milder than any night we have had since leaving Larimie and the morning is pleasant and the rattle of the wagons as they roll out of Camp is now heard. We are the only party that are not ready to start being detained by our own negligence in not getting up our stock in

time. I trust that we will be able to reach Col. Johnson's Command today.

20th. We made Camp about sun set within a mile of Bridger— Col. Cook's Command turned off the road and encamped on the river two miles below us and Mr. Dodson's party and our carriage were all that were able to reach Camp, and our stock were so much exhausted that they could not have made 2 miles further— We have a pleasant Camp near the banks of Blacks Fork within the sound of the bugle and drums of Col. Johnson's Command, which is encamped one and a half miles from Bridger. There is an abundance of grass in the Valey around us, and plenty of dry willow for fuel— I spent a verry pleasant night it being as mild as spring although the earth is still covered with snow. We will lie here until we hear from the rest of the party.

We have heard since arriving here that 2 of the——— Indians have come here from Webber River and report that the Mormons have strongly fortified Echo Canon 40 miles distant from Salt Lake, and that they have one thousand men stationed there to guard it. Col. J. has several Mormon prisoners— Col. Cook arrested our Mormon cook on our arrival at Green River. About 12 O-Clock we started for Col. Johnson's Camp and reached the Corral formed by the wagons which freighted Mr. Livingston's goods early in the evening and running our wagons into the Corral consoled ourselves that our toils were over. The Camp presented

(NOTE: The last sentence was never concluded, as the writer was evidently interrupted.)

AN INTERESTING EARLY PUBLICATION

"The Yellowstone Expedition of 1870"

"The Yellowstone Expedition of 1870"—under General Washburn, Lieut. Doane and Lieut. Langford, is one of the classics of western explorations, which records in day-by-day form, the incidents, adventures and observations of the expedition.

This was the first expedition to explore the Yellowstone country; the first to name and describe many of its prominent features, and the first to propose that its natural wonders be preserved, untouched, by reserving the region as a National Park.

FORT BRIDGER IN THE SEVENTIES

By WILLIAM A. CARTER*

Life at a small army post on the western frontier was generally a lonesome experience, but Fort Bridger in western Wyoming furnished a striking exception. This was due to its location on the northern side of the Uinta Mountains, in full view of their lofty peaks and forests and to the great amount of wild game to be found in the neighborhood.

The elk, deer, game birds and mountain trout had not been subjected to the excessive destruction that cleared the country of buffalo, and many army officers, government and railroad officials from the east, as well as friends of members of the garrison were attracted to the fort.

Judge William A. Carter, who came with the Army to Fort Bridger on its establishment in 1857, as merchant-sutler, and who had engaged in lumber, livestock and other interests in the vicinity, was a great lover of the country and an enthusiastic advertiser of its attractions. From his old home in Virginia near Washington, he had spent much time in that city, and had many friends among the public men of the day.

It was on his annual visits to the National Capitol, that he spread the story of the delightful summer climate and the opportunities for sport, with recreation that Fort Bridger offered. His home was filled in the summer months with his friends and their ladies, who enjoyed the gracious hospitality of his charming wife in accordance with true Virginia traditions.

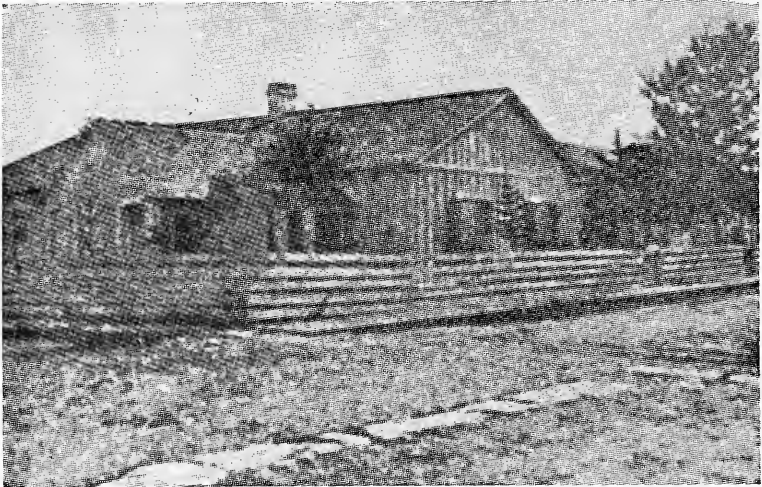
Other visitors to the post made up camping parties, and engaged guides for trips into the Uinta Mountains, where

*Mr. Carter, now living at La Jolla, Calif., was born at Fort Bridger, Uinta County, Utah (now Wyoming), July 26, 1863, and has spent practically all his life in this state, practicing his legal profession and ranching. He is a son of Judge William Alexander Carter and Mary Elizabeth Carter. Received his elementary education at Fort Bridger, under private tutors, and was graduated from the law department of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., with the class of 1900. Admitted to the bar of Wyoming the same year. His university education was interrupted in his sophomore year by the death of his father, in November, 1881, and the student returned to Wyoming to manage his father's estate, which comprised the largest ranches of the State at that time, and included 25,000 head of cattle. Mr. Carter was a member of the House of Representatives of the State Legislature in 1901-1902, also in 1915-1916, representing Uinta County. On December 27, 1887, at Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Carter was united in marriage with Katherine Chase, born at Washington, D. C. They have no children.

they were assured a delightful outing with good sport to make it exciting.

The discovery of some of the most extensive and interesting fossil beds in the world, in the "Bad Lands," nearby, also attracted scientists and students from leading colleges of the country. These "Bone Pickers," as they were called locally, often brought their ladies; made these annual trips the occasion for hunting live as well as fossil animals, and participated in the social life of the fort.

Horse-back riding was one of the greatest pleasures, and cow ponies for use on the trails along the mountain



Home of Judge W. A. Carter, as it appeared in 1870. Built in 1858.

streams and across the level mesas between were easy to obtain. So, horse-back parties made up part of the daily life of the fort.

There were always good musicians among the troops, and dances and musical entertainments were of frequent occurrence. The result was that Fort Bridger was a scene of constant activity, and a much sought station by the Military.

Through his long association with the Army and the marriage of two of his daughters to army officers, Judge Carter's home was looked upon as a center of social life. His excellent library was an attraction and his Steinway square piano that had been hauled across the plains by ox

teams, before the building of the railroad, did service not only for dances at his house, but also rendered music from the hands of local artists, as well as distinguished visiting musicians.

Part of his library and the old piano are now in the possession of the State University at Laramie to whom they were bequeathed by Lulie Carter Groshon.

The little school house which still stands on the grounds of the State Museum at Fort Bridger, was Judge Carter's private family school house. High class instructors were employed, and educational opportunities were given his four daughters and two sons to enable them to enter college.

With the abandonment of all small forts throughout the country the troops were removed from Fort Bridger in 1878, but although it was reoccupied temporarily in 1880, on account of the Ute Indian war, in which Major Thornburg and soldiers in his command were killed, it lost its attraction for his friends on the death of Judge Carter in 1881, and the fort and reservation were finally abandoned and thrown open for settlement in 1890.

AN INTERESTING EARLY PUBLICATION

“Snake, or Sho-Sho-Nay Vocabulary”

Gebow's “Snake, or Sho-Sho-Nay Vocabulary”: A vocabulary of the Snake or Sho-Sho-Nay dialect, by Joseph A. Gebow, interpreter, was apparently the third product of the Wyoming Press; this was preceded by “Lacotah Dictionary” by Hyers and Starring, and possibly by “Guide and Directory” by Saltiel. As far as is known, this is the only specimen of the Freeman's Press to survive, and it was published in 1868.

The establishment was called the “Press on Wheels” because the outfit was hauled in a wagon in the van of the Pacific Railway construction.

It was located at Green River City, Wyoming Territory, less than six months, when it was moved to Bear River, where it was destroyed in the railroad riots.

Gebow, himself, had lived in the Rockies over twenty years, and compiled his book as an aid to trappers and traders.

**TRADER'S LICENSE GRANTED TO GENERAL
WILLIAM H. ASHLEY APRIL 11, 1822**

By Marie H. Erwin

William H. Ashley, founder of the Rocky Mountain Fur company, was one of the most prominent of the traders, and also proved himself to be very successful as an explorer and business man. He was born in Pohatan county, Va., in 1778. He came to St. Louis in 1802, and remained there until his death. For twenty years he devoted his time to various enterprises, the school of frontier experiences having served him well.

In 1820 he was elected first Lieutenant-Governor of the newly admitted State of Missouri. The Rocky Mountain Fur company was first organized in the early spring of 1822, when we find Ashley advertising for one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri river to its source, and spend from two to three years trading and hunting under the guidance of Major Henry, who was a partner of Ashley.

The first recorded license for Ashley to trap and trade on the upper Missouri appears in the American State Papers—08, Page 428, as follows:

**COPY OF THE LICENSE GRANTED TO
GENERAL WILLIAM H. ASHLEY TO
TRADE WITH THE INDIANS UP THE MISSOURI,
DATED, APRIL 11, 1822.**

To all who shall see the presents, GREETING:

Whereas, William H. Ashley, of the State of Missouri, having made application to the Department of War for license to carry on trade with the Indians up the Missouri, and hath given bond, according to law, for the true and faithful observance, by him and his agents, of all and singular the regulations and restrictions as are, or shall be, made for the government of trade and intercourse with the Indian Tribes: Now, therefore, be it known that the said William H. Ashley is hereby licensed to carry on trade with the Indians up the Missouri accordingly, for the term of one year from the date hereof, unless the license hereby granted should be sooner revoked.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the War Office of the United States, at the city of Washington, this 11th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1822.

By order of the President of the United States:

J. C. CALHOUN

Note: A license of precisely the same tenor and date was also granted to Major Andrew Henry.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO GENERAL WILLIAM CLARK, SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS AT ST. LOUIS, DATED JULY 1, 1822.

"I have received a letter from Major O'Fallon, in which he states that he understands a license has been granted to General Ashley and Major Henry to trade, trap, and hunt on the upper Missouri, and expresses a hope that limits have been prescribed to their trapping and hunting on Indian lands, as he says, nothing is better calculated to alarm and disturb the harmony so happily existing between us and the Indians in the vicinity of the Council Bluffs.

"The license which has been granted by this Department, by order of the President, to General Ashley and Major Henry, confers the privilege of trading with the Indians only, as the laws regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes do not contain any authority to issue licenses for any other purpose. The privilege thus granted to them they are to exercise conformably to the laws and regulations that are, or shall be, made for the government of trade and intercourse with the Indians, for the true and faithful performance of which they have given bonds, with sufficient security; consequently, it is presumed they will do no act, not authorized by such laws and regulations, which would disturb the peace and harmony existing between the Government and the Indians on the Missouri, but rather endeavor, by their regular and conciliatory conduct, to strengthen and confirm them."

FIRST WAGONS TO REACH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

*Extract from a letter from Messrs. Smith, Jackson and Sublette, to the Secretary of War, in October, 1829, and published with President Jackson's Message, January 25, 1831.**

"On the 10th of April last, (1829) we set out from St. Louis with 81 men, all mounted on mules; ten wagons, each drawn by 5 mules; and two dearborns, (light carriages or carts.) each drawn by one mule. Our route was nearly due west to the western limits of the State of Missouri, and thence along the Santa Fe trail; about forty miles from which the course was some degrees north of west, across the waters of the Kansas, and up the Great Platte River to the Rocky Mountains, and to the head of Wind River, where it issues from the mountains.

"Here the wagons could easily have crossed the Rocky Mountains, it being what is called the Southern Pass, had it been desirable to do so. For our support, at leaving the Missouri Settlements, until we should get into the Buffalo country, we drove twelve head of cattle, besides a milch cow. Eight of them only being required for use before we got to the buffaloes, the others went on to the head of Wind River. On the 4th of August, the wagons being in the meantime loaded with the furs which had been previously taken, we set out on the return to St. Louis. All the high points of the mountains then in view were white with snow; but the passes and valleys and all the level country were green with grass. Our route back was over the same ground nearly as in going out, and we arrived at St. Louis on the 10th of October, bringing back the ten wagons, four of the oxen, and the milch cow, to the settlements of the Missouri, as we did not need them for provisions. The usual weight in the wagons was about one thousand eight hundred pounds. The usual progress was from fifteen to twenty miles per day. The country being almost all open, level and prairie, the chief obstructions were ravines and creeks, the banks of which required cutting down; and for this purpose a few pioneers were generally kept ahead of the caravan. **This is the first time that wagons ever went to the Rocky Mountains,** and the ease and the safety with which it was done prove the facility of communicating overland with the Pacific Ocean."

*Taken from congressional Documents of the 29th Congress, First Session, House Report No. 773-Serial No. 491, Page 41.

WAGON TRAIN BURNED NEAR WARM SPRINGS DURING TRAIL DAYS

(Appeared in Guernsey Gazette, July 2, 1937.)

No Reference to This Tragedy of the Trail Is Made in History

Not all the history is told, nor all the evidence gathered in the migration westward of the nation. Thousands of men fell by the roadside, with no evidence recorded of their passing, nor is there a crude stone to mark their last resting place. They were never heard from again by relatives back home.

There is history of the catastrophe to befall the Donner party. Other tragedies are recorded in diaries, etc., but many happenings took place to which there is no evidence remaining, either physical or in the crude notes of a diary to tell us.

Can you picture in your mind the elation of a wagon train as it pulled in sight of Old Fort Laramie, last outpost on the frontier, a halfway mark on their long journey westward. They visioned that soon they would see the "elephant's tail." But as they left the old Fort, they left behind all semblance of civilization, a new land of the "stony mountains," with the Indians and other hazards.

Either the first or second over-night stopping place (according to their equipment to make time) was Warm Springs. This warm spring is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles southwest from Guernsey, located in the Warm Springs draw, a beautiful spring, and as described in the diary of the Brigham Young party, "large enough to turn a mill wheel." It is also referred to in a number of diaries as the "emigrant's washtub."

One leg of the trail went on up Warm Springs draw a short distance before swinging west toward Bitter Cottonwood creek.

At a location on a knoll about a half mile beyond the Springs was mute evidence of a wagon train disaster. Here a train of eight or ten wagons had drawn into its circle for the night, or for defense. Here they witnessed an attack upon the train. It was burned to the ground by the Indians. For many years there lay the stark evidence of this tragedy—old wagon irons of each wagon and its contents were in place, with only here and there a piece of a charred spoke of a wheel or like fragment of charred wood, as evidence of what took place.

This circle of burned wagons was laying in place 25 years

ago and many early residents of the locality recall vividly its appearance. It has all been carried away as relics but there are many here yet who saw it as it was left after the attack.

Exactly what took place we can only surmise. Here was complete evidence of a disaster to a wagon train. Were there any survivors? We find no reference to this train attack in history. The country was infested with the hostile Sioux.

A few weeks ago Ed Shoults of Horse Creek, this state, who lived here as a boy when the town first started at the turn of the century, and hunted rabbits over the hills, investigating as boys will, all the hills and crannies in the whole immediate territory, gave the writer a vivid description of the picture of the burned wagon train.

Will the historians learn just what took place at this location through some yet undiscovered diary, or will this probable tragedy of the trail be erased completely with the passing of time?

Over on the south bank of the Warm Springs wash, about 50 yards west from a point directly south of the Springs, and back on the bank a short distance was a little graveyard with five or six graves, with crude markers indicating their location. Time has eroded all evidence of this little burial ground. Warm Springs draw carries the run-off of a large watershed and at times a rolling torrent comes pouring down into the Platte. The banks of the draw have crumbled away by the washing water until all evidence of the last resting place of these emigrants is gone, yet there are some here who remember it. Were they some of the unfortunate victims of the wagon train attack? We have no way of knowing.

ERRATA:

Wyoming Annals, January, 1939, p. 8: Frank Lusk was not the first County Treasurer of Niobrara County; Mr. P. E. Barber was the first County Treasurer, term 1913-17.

Wyoming Annals, January, 1939, p. 7: The Catholic Convent in Laramie was never moved to Cheyenne, the Cheyenne Convent is an independent institution, first organized by the Sisters of the Order of The Holy Child Jesus from Philadelphia, Pa., in 1883.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Edward Rose was the first white man to take up a permanent residence in the Big Horn country, 1807. Lived with the Crow Indians for many years. (Coutant, Pg. 72.)

The first inhabitants of Yellowstone park were Indian tribes of the Algonquian, Siouan and Shoshonean families, for years before the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone region became known to the white man. (Bartlett, Vol. 1, p. 45.)

The first U. S. Soldiers in what is now Wyoming were those forming the little detachment of twenty men who accompanied Fremont on his first exploration, in 1842.

Fort Laramie was the first military station established in Wyoming by the U. S. authorities, in 1849.

The first election in Cheyenne was held on August 10, 1867, electing city officers: H. M. Hook, mayor; Thomas E. McLeland, clerk and recorder; J. R. Whitehead, city attorney; James Slaughter, police magistrate; Edward Melanger, marshal; and six councilmen: R. E. Talpey, A. C. Beckwith, J. G. Willis, Z. B. Thompson, S. M. Preshaw and W. H. Harlow.

A proclamation by Governor Campbell, issued August 3, 1869, called the first election for delegates to Congress and members of the Territorial Legislature, the election to be held on Sept. 2, 1869. The proclamation also divided the Territory into Council and Representative districts.

The first Territorial election was held September 2, 1869, when delegates to Congress and members of the Territorial Legislature were elected.

The first Territorial Legislature convened October 12, 1869.

The first State Legislature convened at Cheyenne, November 12, 1890.

The first State election was held September 11, 1890, and the entire Republican ticket elected.

FIRST WEATHER BUREAU ESTABLISHED IN WYOMING TERRITORY AT CHEYENNE IN 1870

By Gertrude Wyoming Dobbins

We read in Ancient History something about the Weather. King (Pharaoh) Thotma, who reigned about four thousand years ago, "Sent into far off lands of the Earth his wisest mathematicians to observe the winds and the droughts, fertility of different regions, years and seasons; to observe famines and pestilences and all manner of occurrences on the Earth." But it was not until after the close of the Civil War that the United States became Weather Minded.

In 1869, Col. A. J. Meyers, head of the United States Signal Service, suggested a scheme of weather reports and signals, which was carried out early the next year. Under the provisions of a Joint Resolution of Congress, approved February 9, 1870, the Weather Bureau came into being as a branch of the Signal Service of the War Department. This Resolution authorized the Secretary of War to take meteorological observations at Military stations throughout the United States and its Territories and to give notice by telegraph and marine signals of the approach and force of storms, etc. A number of young men, mostly from the Signal Corps, were instructed at Ft. Myers, Washington, D. C. Eventually, seventeen of these young men, the first quota, were sent out to establish Weather Stations throughout the country.

One of these was my father, Asa C. Dobbins. At the age of sixteen he ran away from his home in New Jersey and enlisted in the Signal Corps of the Union Army, hoping to see action in the Civil War, then nearing its close. Instead, he was sent into Texas for border duty, being stationed at Ft. Sam Houston and Ft. Bliss. He was among those chosen to have the training at Ft. Myer, and was extremely proud to be among the first contingent.

He was assigned the station at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, then a little frontier town on the Union Pacific railroad, adjacent to Ft. D. A. Russell (now Fort Warren) and Camp Carlin. It was an ideal location for a weather station, lying high on a plateau of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of over six thousand feet. Mr. Dobbins arrived October 15, 1870, and set about finding quarters and installing the precious instruments so new and strange.

The office was opened in a two-story frame building at the corner of Sixteenth and Hill Streets (now Capitol Avenue). The lower floor was occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company. This was handy, as all observations were telegraphed by the Observer into Washington. The first observation was made November 1, 1870, from the upper floor which had been converted into the weather station. The equipment consisted of the following instruments: barometer, maximum and minimum thermometers, wet and dry bulb, rain gauge, 3-cup anemometer, recording the velocity of the wind and a large wind vane erected on the roof, with connections coming down through the roof and united to a pivoted arrow, swinging in a circular plane, marked with the cardinal points of the compass, which was attached to the ceiling. The shifting arrow, swinging from one point to another, indicated the direction from whence the wind was blowing. The rotating anemometer, also located on the roof, was connected by wires with an instrument in the office upon which wind velocity was automatically recorded.

The furnishings of the office consisted of a desk, office chair, two common chairs, a cot, washstand, stove, brass kerosene lamp and a clock. This constituted the Sergeant's office and home. The Weather Bureau being under Army and Navy regulations, all weather observers had the rank of "Sergeant".

The office and the observer were regarded as a sort of joke and Mr. Dobbins was dubbed "the Weather Clerk," and of course, was blamed for all weather not pleasing to the individual. He had only attained his majority the April previous, and here he was in a strange and not too-friendly land pioneering in a new scientific field; but he loved his work and had great faith in its future importance.

On February 20, 1872, the bureau or office was moved to the corner of 16th and Ferguson Streets (now Carey Avenue). June 20, 1874, the newly erected residence of Sergeant Dobbins, located on the south side of 17th Street, between Ransom and Dodge (Central and Warren) became the official headquarters of the Weather Bureau, where it remained until December, 1883.

Quoting from Report Chief Signal Officer War Dept., 1874, we find the following: "Office was removed to second floor of the building (home) 17th between Dodge and Ransom. The office this station is located center business portion of town and in the immediate vicinity of telegraph office.

Roof of building is flat, and affords a good exposure for vane, anemometer and rain guage. The instrument shelter is of authorized pattern with louver-boarded sides and front, and projects from a window of the office. Sergt. A. C. Dobbins has been in charge since station was opened in 1870 and attended to his duties faithfully and well."

The next move of the Bureau, in 1883, was to the Commercial Block, 218½ West 16th Street. This building was the property of Senator F. E. Warren, and there the office remained for twenty years when it was moved to the Citizens Bank Building; thence to the new Federal Building where it is now located, with Mr. F. L. Disterdick in charge. The contrast is great between the first office with its crude furnishings and the commodious and elegant simplicity of the present one.

Observational work is similar to years ago, except automatic instruments made through the application of electricity has lessened the labor of keeping hourly records of sunshine, wind direction, wind velocity and precipitation. The old records, however, are carefully protected, and, we are told, their value is more apparent as time goes on, in the way of establishing laws that govern the future weather changes in this locality.

During the time the office was situated at the corner of 16th and Carey Avenue, it was inspected by Lieut. A. W. Greely, who afterwards became Chief Signal Officer, and later conducted by the ill-fated expedition to the North Pole. In 1881, Mr. Dobbins was detailed by the United States government to accompany Professor Langley on a scientific expedition to Mount Whitney, Calif., as meteorologist to the party of scientific research.

As we are dealing with the **establishment** of the Weather Bureau in this article, it is note-worthy that this service was primarily for the benefit of navigation on the sea coast and the Great Lakes; but under a provision of the Appropriation Act of Congress, approved June 10, 1872, it was extended to include the interior districts and the great rivers of the central valleys, and from the Meteorological Record of September 21, 1872, we had 72 Stations reporting from all points in the United States.

The benefits of the weather service were soon recognized by business industries and the general public, and its enlargement to include agriculture and commerce became necessary. This led to the conclusion that as a scientific bureau

it could function better under civilian than under military control. Accordingly, on July 1, 1891, the Signal Service of the War Department was relieved of its meteorological duties, and the Weather Bureau of the Department of Agriculture was organized and charged with the future of meteorology in the United States.

The end is not yet. Who can "forecast" the Weather Bureau and its future? It has many powerful aids that were unknown in 1870—the telephone, radio, aviation, aeronautics and numerous electrical and scientific instruments. Will man eventually capture the Weather?

INDEX OF CONGRESSIONAL DOCUMENTS CITES VALUABLE WYOMING HISTORY

An interesting and valuable volume in the Wyoming State Library, is "Government Document Index, 1803-1936," a typewritten book—being a 685-page triple index of historical material on Wyoming, gleaned from ten thousand volumes of Congressional Documents in the Document Division of the Library, covering the period from 1803 to 1936.

The index was compiled by Mrs. Marie H. Erwin, Document Librarian in the Wyoming State Library (1928-38), assisted in the research work by John Montgomery, a Wyoming University student, and was completed in June, 1937.

The volume is the first attempt to arrange this vast amount of historical material in form for ready reference; and while some of the data concerns surrounding western states, it all bears, directly or indirectly, on Wyoming. Each page of the ten thousand volumes was scanned for this historical material.

A group of thirteen reference maps which show boundary developments and acquisitions of the lands which form Wyoming, are also included in the work, covering a period of 300 years, 1609-1921, when the last counties were organized.

In order to make all types of references and citations most easily available, the volume contains three separate indices as, follows: Alphabetic, serial and congressional.

"Emigrant's Guide to California"

Joseph E. Ware was the first to attempt a complete description of the best route for the forty-niners. This guide, published at St. Louis in the early part of 1849, was not only the first adequate guidebook, but for several years continued to be the best in existence.

HISTORY OF THE WYOMING NATIONAL GUARD

By Major C. G. Carroll*

The continuous history of the Wyoming National Guard dates from 1888 when a return accounting for two companies of "The First Regiment Wyoming National Guard" was forwarded to the War Department over the signature of Francis E. Warren, now senior United States Senator, as Adjutant General. Before this, however, the frequent incursions of hostile Indians made necessary the banding together of citizens in military organizations for their mutual protection. The earliest record of such a pioneer organization was in 1870 when the Territorial Governor J. A. Campbell, divided the territory into three military districts, assigning a Militia Colonel to the command of each with instructions to enroll a regiment from the citizens of his district. Arms were furnished by the Federal Government to these troops under the Act of 1808. There did not exist, however, any military law, and the troops were enlisted, therefore, under the blanket authority of the Territorial Governor given him by the "Organic Act of the Treaty," as Commander-in-Chief of the Militia.

Message of Governor J. A. Campbell to the Second Legislature Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 7, 1871:

" * * * * earnestly inviting attention to the imperative necessity that exists for the passage of a militia law. Was not acted upon at the last session of the legislature and consequently citizens were left without authority of territorial law for any armed organization for protection against the Indians. In April of last year * * * acting under the authority conferred upon me by the 'Organic Act of the Treaty,' as Commander-in-Chief of the Militia I issued an order dividing the Territory into three militia districts, appointing a Colonel to command in each one, and investing him with authority to organize a regiment from the citizens within his command. Preliminary measures were taken to effect these organizations, and I have no doubt that a sufficient number of citizens could readily have been enlisted to protect the homes and property of the people of the Territory."

* Major Cassius G. Carroll, United States Property and Disbursing Officer, Wyoming National Guard, and also State Quartermaster, to which he was appointed in 1924, passed away at Cheyenne, Wyoming, on March 24, 1939. He served in 469 Engineers Railroad Transportation Corps. Was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart for his meritorious services.

Major Carroll had written this manuscript for the Historical Department preceding his death.

Although a Militia Law was requested by the Territorial Governor, John W. Hoyt, in 1882, no such law was passed by the Territorial Legislature, and no state troops were available in 1885 to suppress a riot between Chinese and white miners in Rock Springs. Military aid was requested from the Federal Government.

Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming to the Seventh Legislature, January 12, 1882:

"Militia organizations—If there be wisdom in the maxim 'In time of peace prepare for war,' then it is incumbent upon us to make timely provision for an efficient military organization, as a means of greater security to the lives and property of the people. As it relates to the dangers of Indian depredations, we are in better circumstances than any of our neighbors. We are also as exempt as any orderly community from the peril of lawless outbreaks in our midst. Nevertheless, in view of the fact that social disorders do sometimes arise in the best of communities, and that Indian tribes still dwell * * * with more or less liberty of range on our hunting grounds, it is manifest that we are still without entire immunity and that continued neglect on the part of the Territory to make provision of some sort against such dangers will be justly considered as little less than culpable."

The most interesting contribution to early Wyoming Military history was made by the State's famous Indian scouts, William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, Jim Bridger, Jim Baker and others. These old scouts led the troops of the regular Army over the Indian trails against the hostile Indians, and it was in a large measure due to their skill and judgment that the State was so soon made safe for the Pioneers.

The first regularly organized militia under Territorial laws was organized in 1888 with Company A in Laramie and Company B in Cheyenne. These two companies were carried in the First Regiment, Wyoming National Guard, and were organized and equipped as Infantry. In the year 1890 the "First Regiment Wyoming National Guard" was redesignated "The First Regiment of Infantry, Wyoming National Guard."

When the Spanish-American War was declared, the First Regiment, Wyoming National Guard, was mustered into the Federal service as a Battalion of Infantry, under date of May 7, 8 and 10, 1898, and was ordered shortly after to proceed to San Francisco to report for service overseas, leaving Cheyenne May 18, 1898. At the same time, the State of Wyoming furnished seven troops for the Second U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (Torrey's Rough Riders) this regiment being mustered into the Federal service in May, 1898, at Fort D. A. Russell. The

muster roll of this organization shows Major James G. Harbord, later Assistant Chief of Staff, as commissioned in the regiment. On June 16, 1898, the "Alger Light Artillery" consisting of three officers and 122 enlisted men was mustered into the Federal service as the last Wyoming Troops to become federalized.

Torrey's Rough Riders were sent to Florida while the Battalion of Infantry, made up from the Wyoming National Guard, and the Alger Light Artillery, went to the Philippines. These two units served with distinction in the Islands, seeing much service. The Battalion of Infantry was engaged in the Manila Malolos campaign in the fall of Manila and Luzon, 1898-1899.

After the Spanish-American War, the Battalion of Infantry was mustered out of service, and the Second Regiment of Infantry, Wyoming National Guard, was formed therefrom. In 1903, this regiment was reorganized and redesignated the Third Regiment, Wyoming National Guard.

On July 4, 1916, the Third Regiment, Wyoming National Guard, was mustered into the Federal service at Fort D. A. Russell and was sent to Camp Deming, New Mexico, in September, 1916, for service on the Mexican Border. The regiment was mustered out of the Federal service on March 9, 1917, at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

On the 25th of March, 1917, Companies B, F, G and H were again mustered into the Federal service for the World War. On the 25th of July, 1917, the balance of the Third Infantry was mustered into the service. The Regiment was then sent to Camp Greene, South Carolina, and was there divided, the command forming the nucleus for the 148th Field Artillery and the 116th Ammunition Train.

The 148th Field Artillery saw service in four major engagements overseas, the Aisne-Marne Offensive, St. Mihiel Offensive, Meuse-Argonne Offensive, Champagne-Marne Defensive, Champagne Offensive, and participated in the capture of Sedan. This organization formed a part of the Army of Occupation stationed near the famous fortress of Ehrenbrietstein at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle Rivers. Its headquarters was located at Hoer, Germany. The standard of the regiment was decorated by the French.

The 148th Field Artillery was mustered out of the Federal Service in June, 1919. The 116th Ammunition Train was mustered out in March of the same year. Upon the demobilization of these units, they formed the nucleus of the formation

of the First Regiment of Cavalry, Wyoming National Guard, in 1919.

In 1921, the First Regiment of Cavalry, Wyoming National Guard, was redesignated in accordance with the War Department allocation under the National Defense Act, "The 115th Cavalry."

AN 1858 POLLING LIST

An interesting document found in Judge W. A. Carter's collection of personal manuscripts, which was donated to the Statewide Historical Project, is a list of "No. of votes polled at the Fort Bridger Precinct, Green River County, Utah Territory, August 2nd, 1858."

R. T. Cecil	O. H. Oneal
Alexander McMaster	John Taylor
John Eder	George Pflane
Peter Tomeney	T. H. Slover
James Kelly	Eli Dufort
Edward Eaton	J. G. Wiedman
Henry Buhl	Thos. Pipe
Francisco Archivalle	J. Wolfe
John Miller	Joseph Connors
Barney O. Connor	W. J. Osborne
Joseph Carter	Charles Sorrell
George Mordent	Patrick Austin
Michael Gallagher	George Harris
Wm. St. John	John Robertson
Jeremiah Mahoney	J. C. Fergusson
James Stavens	John H. Gerrish
Jefferson Anthony	Frank Baker
Jackson Brown	Thos. Baker
Patrick Hughes	Thos. Pepper
R. H. Durand	John A. Lobb
C. B. Clark	Edward Kerr
Robert Latham	

HISTORY OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

(From Buffalo Bulletin March 16, 1939)

By Edith M. Chappell

No hotel in Wyoming is better known to history and romance than the Occidental hotel in Johnson County. It is famed as the scene where the Virginian, the hero of Owen Wister's well known story "got his man" and though there is no particular incident in Buffalo history of the famous hostelry on which Mr. Wister founded his thrilling picture, it is characteristic of frontier life.

The legend of the founding of the Occidental relates that, in 1869, a company of emigrants over the Bozeman trail stopped on the banks of Clear Creek for a noon meal which had been cooked in such appetizing style by one their number, Mr. Charles Buell of Wisconsin, that he was immediately urged to found a road ranch or a hotel for travelers over the recently reopened trail.

There is nothing inherently improbable in the tale. Mr. Buell, a very reliable and popular man, certainly remained on the spot where the hotel now stands and began taking boarders in a tent, using as a safe, a hole in the ground in which he deposited the valuables of his guests, covering them with a buffalo robe. When he was digging the hole he is said to have unearthed a skull supposed by some to have been the remains of one of the first or original settlers of the town of Buffalo.

The original Occidental hotel was built of logs in two stories having dormer windows on the north and south sides. Back of the little hotel was a stable built in an excavation in the banks of Clear Creek. The original establishment was scarcely more than a stage station on the soon established Rock Creek-Junction City stage line, but it was well situated. It was near the recently built Fort McKinney as was possible without encroaching on the post reservation, and it was also a convenient stopping place on the Bozeman trail.

Mr. Buell acquired a partner in Mr. Alvin McCray, like himself a reliable and well liked man and it soon became necessary to enlarge the hotel accommodations. My husband, Mr. J. E. Chappell, who passed over the trail in 1882, told me that, at that date, the frame addition was already being built and that he mended watches under a tent fly in the incomplete building.

The legal title to the ground was first acquired in 1884, after Mrs. Juliet Hart, widow of Major Verling K. Hart, had completed her title, under the desert act, to the town site of Buffalo. On October 14th, therefore, Juliet W. Hart deeded the land to Alvin J. McCray and Charles E. Buell, copartners.

Many famous names were inscribed on the hotel register, too, in those early days. Morton Frewen and Richard Frewen, scions of a noble English house, Sir Horace Plenkett, since noted for his work for Irish agriculture; Theodore Roosevelt (on hunting trip from his Dakota ranch) Mr. Owen Wister, and later his nephew, William Heywood, the distinguished historian and many others too numerous to mention.

If Guy V. Henry, General Sheridan and other distinguished soldiers are not on the list, it is because they could claim the hospitality of Fort McKinney.

Calamity Jane and other lady wildcats have often made the Occidental their headquarters. It was perhaps to avoid the sound of too much revelry by guests of this latter description that, about 1885, Buell and McCray acquired possession of a small hotel in south Buffalo begun by Mr. Brunhaus and converted it into a family hotel for guests of more quiet proclivities. The name Occidental had been chosen by Mr. Buell because of its meaning of "western."

Mr. Charles Buell was also Buffalo's first postmaster and since he needed a name for the postoffice it was in the Occidental that Buffalo received its baptism. Several men placed names in a hat with the understanding that the name drawn from the hat should be conferred on the infant town. Buffalo was the name that was drawn and it is said to have been placed in the hat by a native from Buffalo, New York.

Among the early attractions of the Occidental had been an orchestra of Italian musicians and many dances were given there. Later the string band from the post was sometimes secured for the dances. Even when dances were held in the court house or in Hasbrouck's hall, supper was often served at the Occidental or at Myer's House.

In 1888, Charles E. Buell had secured the beautiful ranch on which he passed the remaining days of his life and on March 10, 1888, the copartners deeded the Occidental to Alvin J. McCray and Vinnie McCray, his wife, who continued its owners and managers till 1891. On August 16, 1890, McCray was running in the Buffalo Echo, the following advertisement:

"Occidental Hotel
The Largest and Best Hotel in
Western Wyoming
Rates \$2.50 a Day
Open Day and Night
Meals at All Hours

Does business expressly to accommodate the public
and the Occidental."

The Northwestern extension of the Burlington railroad changed the entire situation at the Occidental. Would the Burlington railroad pass through Buffalo? Mr. McCray evidently thought not, for he decided to establish a business in Sheridan, and on June 29, 1891, Alvin J. McCray and Vinnie McCray, husband and wife, deeded the Occidental to William E. Hathaway and Annie Hathaway, husband and wife. Mr. Hathaway had long been the proprietor of the saloon and store at the Powder river crossing on the old Rock Creek-Junction City road which the railroad was now putting out of business.

Mr. Hathaway advertised the "Burlington hotel, formerly the Occidental" and no doubt hoped that Buffalo would secure the favor of the Burlington railroad and become the metropolis of Northern Wyoming.

The cattlemen's invasion and the choice of a route for the railroad unfavorable to Buffalo, combined to ruin Mr. Hathaway's business. Accordingly, on September 22, 1892, the Hathaways were forced to deed the Occidental to Bernard Beer who had probably furnished the money for the Hathaway purchase. Mr. Beer had an extensive money lending business in Johnson County, and for some years though he retained the ownership of the hotel, he leased the active conduct of the business to a succession of local managers, not all of whom are remembered.

A. A. Frame, according to an advertisement which appeared in the Buffalo Bulletin in 1894 was then manager of the "Burlington hotel formerly the Occidental."

By 1896, Tom Smith, the founder of Hazelton, and his brother Henry Smith, were running the hotel once more called the Occidental. Possibly "Red" Angus, who had been sheriff of Johnson county during the cattle troubles was for a time its lessee. More certainly he was for several years in charge of the Occidental bar.

In 1896 occurred the one tragedy in the history of the Occidental hotel, the killing of Hugh Smith. During the dinner hour, Smith, employed in the kitchen of the Occidental, engaged in an altercation with Mrs. Z. M. French, who was acting as waitress, in the course of which Smith struck Mrs. French. Her husband, from his post as hotel clerk, rushed to his wife's defense and shot Smith twice, the second time after he had fallen to the floor and when, as French believed, Smith was striving to draw his own weapon. French was discharged at the preliminary examination, the grounds of self-defense. It was while Angus was tending bar at the Occidental that he shot Andrew "Arapahoe" Brown, an ex-confederate soldier, a man of formidable strength and one inclined to be quarrelsome when drinking. He shot him in the side and arm, but fortunately without fatal results.

It was also during the Tom Smith regime, on July 30, 1895, that Clear Creek, swollen by a sudden mountain flood, poured through the Occidental dining room and carried out the tables all set for a meal. This flood also took with it the little wooden building then serving as a city hall and containing all the earlier part of the city records. These last were never recovered. It demolished as well the wooden bridge across Clear Creek, but such was the promptitude with which citizens of the day met an emergency that, before nightfall, stringers for a new bridge were in place and by noon the next day could be driven across much as usual.

On March 26, 1903, Beer deeded half interest in the Occidental hotel to Oscar N. Quick who promptly deeded one-fourth interest in the hotel to Ora A. Gilkey. May 19, 1905, Bernard Beer deeded his remaining half interest in the hotel to Quick and Gilkey and 12 days later, May 31, Quick and Gilkey deeded one-third interest in the hotel to Fred Waegele. This, it will be noticed, gave Ora Gilkey, O. N. Quick and Fred Waegele each a third interest in the Occidental hotel. On June 11, 1906, Ora A. Gilkey deeded his third interest in the hotel to Oscar N. Quick and Fred Waegele, who then became sole owners.

The three men named in these transfers—and one particularly O. N. Quick, is due the transformation of the primitive frontier hotel to the modern Occidental as we know it now.

The first part of the hotel to be modernized was the so-called "Occidental Annex" with the Stock Growers bank downstairs and modern reception rooms and bed rooms above. The entire block was finally modernized at a cost of approxi-

mately \$65,000, having in the first story the Occidental office, dining room, and kitchen, a barber shop, the Occidental Bar, and several modern store rooms. The entire second story was devoted to sleeping rooms and bath rooms. A laundry and sleeping quarters for help were built on the back of the lot.

All these improvements occupied a series of years. The annex was begun in 1906. The central part of the structure was built in 1908—and the south part not until 1909.

Nearly all men of note in Wyoming political life and many men of national prominence have occupied rooms in the rebuilt Occidental. Indeed the erection of a modern hotel for a city of less than 2,000 inhabitants was a notable achievement and remains a monument to the enterprise, business acumen and good taste of Messrs. Quick, Gilkey and Waegele. It testifies also to the workmanlike abilities of Mr. C. M. Culp, who was the contractor under whom the several parts of the new hotel were built.

On June 11, 1912, the hotel was severely injured by a flood caused by a cloudburst in the mountains which carried the hotel laundry to the new cement bridge and then washing away the supports of the bridge, acted as a dam. The flood, carrying also trees of some size, poured through all the lower parts of the Occidental and the store rooms belonging to it. At least \$20,000 damage was done to the hotel and though the physical ruin was repaired the financial loss was more lasting in its effects. The partners, Quick and Waegele determined to sell the hotel and business.

Finally, on April 2, 1917, Quick and Waegele deeded each his own part of the business to Alfred M. Smith and George E. Smith. The widow of Alfred M. Smith still carries on the business.

The dining room and kitchen have been closed and a row of rooms with baths takes up part of the space on the south side, thus doing away forever with the reproach which led one businessman of Buffalo to write his brother who had asked him to reserve a room with a bath at the leading hotel "there is the creek, ain't it?"

Mrs. Smith has also established under the excellent management of Mrs. Erhart, a coffee shop with a cocktail bar.

Visiting authors like Clare Sheridan and Struthers Burt still praise the beauty and comfort of the Occidental hotel on the banks of the beautiful "clear fork of Powder river."

My thanks are especially due to Mrs. W. J. Thom and Mr. George Adams, without whose help accuracy would have been impossible.

HISTORIAN REVEALS WYOMING INDIAN WARFARE

How many Wyoming residents realize that as late as only 33 years ago, there was Indian warfare within this State, while Bryant B. Brooks, still living at Casper, Wyoming, was Governor of the State?

The following document is a "HISTORY OF THE UTE EXPEDITION" in 1906, compiled by Viola Ransom Donath, National Historian, United Indian War Veterans, U. S. A.:—

The following paragraph is quoted from a letter, written February 11, 1935, by James F. McKinley, Major General, the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., and addressed to Honorable Richard J. Welch, House of Representatives:—

"In June, 1906, the War Department directed that seven Camps of Instruction be established at certain places for the assembly of troops for instructions in target practice and maneuvers. The troops located at Fort Meade, S. D., were ordered to report at Camp of Instruction near Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. The troops were marched to and from the Camp of Instruction, the Infantry to be approximately 200 miles and the Cavalry and Artillery 250 miles each way. The records show that Troop D, 6th U. S. Cavalry left Camp of Instruction near Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming for Fort Meade, S. D., September 15, 1906, and was in the field in Wyoming, Nebraska, South Dakota and Montana until November 24, 1906, when it arrived at its home station."

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The following news dispatches are copied verbatim from the SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN, San Francisco, California, of 1906, dates given:—

September 23, 1906:—

CAVALRY WILL DRIVE BACK INDIANS

Cheyenne, Wyo., Sept. 22 — Ute Indians encamped near Casper, Wyo., must return to their reservation. If they do not, there will be trouble, as the President and Thomas Ryan, acting Secretary of the

Interior, have assured Governor Brooks that the 10th Cavalry will drive them back unless they consent to return.

Governor B. B. Brooks has been notified that Inspector McLaughlin has been sent to Casper to confer with the chiefs and endeavor to persuade them to return to the reservation. If they do not, troops will be sent to the scene.

The situation has been tense ever since the Indians camped near Casper, nearly a month ago, and, fearing bloodshed, Governor Brooks appealed to the Department of the Interior, September 17th. The Indians have been killing livestock, violating game laws and robbing ranches, the county authorities being powerless. Settlers have been threatening summary vengeance.

October 24, 1906 (Wednesday):—

**INDIANS REFUSE TO GO BACK—
UTES LEAVE THE RESERVATION AND
SAY THEY WILL GO ON TO DAKOTA**

Omaha, Nebr., Oct. 24—Word was received here today from the scene of the Indian depredations in Wyoming, to the effect that Captain C. P. Johnson, of Major Grierson's command, with an orderly and a scout, overtook the Utes on Little Powder River, about forty miles north of Gillette.

It is said the Indians absolutely refused to return to their reservation and declared they were going to Dakota.

Major Grierson, it is said, has determined to await reinforcements before trying to force the removal of the band, as cowboys report that the Utes are holding nightly dances and are in a mood for trouble.

October 30, 1906 (Tuesday):—

**INDIANS REFUSE TO GO BACK—EFFORTS OF
THE TROOPS TO FORCE WANDERING UTES
BACK TO RESERVATION MAY RESULT IN
BLOODSHED AND SLAUGHTER**

Sheridan, Wyo., Oct. 30 — Colonel Bob Augur and the Third Squadron of the 10th Cavalry from

Fort Robinson arrived last night and detrained at Arvada, the troop soon afterwards taking the field for the front: It is understood that Colonel Augur is in command of all military forces, and as soon as his troops arrive at the Indian camp a demonstration will be made. The scout sent in from the front to meet Colonel Augur reports the arrival of Colonel Rogers, commanding the 6th Cavalry, who came overland from Fort Meade. The demonstration against the Indians now only awaits the arrival of Colonel Augur's command, which should reach the vicinity of the Indian camp by night.

The Indians are becoming bold. Dick Spear and E. H. Gottings who encountered a band of thirty Indians, were fired upon and one of their horses killed. The Spear roundup wagon was looted by another band of Utes, who left the camp cook bound and gagged and carried off all supplies and bedding. Old settlers near Moorhead, Montana, are sending the women and children to places of safety. Colonel Hensel, who was a Government scout and interpreter in the battle at Wounded Knee, says the Indians mean fight, and gives it as his opinion that they have sent messengers to seek the assistance of the warlike Cheyennes.

The Indians say they want President Roosevelt to give them the Powder River Valley for a hunting ground and persist in their determination not to be taken back to Utah.

The settlers along the Powder River say that if the Indians are allowed to remain in that vicinity, they will organize and exterminate the redskins.

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The following news dispatches are copied verbatim from the SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, San Francisco, California, of the 1906 dates given:—

October 19, 1906 (Friday):—

**UTE INDIANS AND COWBOYS BATTLE IN WYOMING;
SEVERAL KILLED AND FEDERAL TROOPS
MAY BE ORDERED TO THE SCENE**

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 19 — The big body of 700 Ute Indians which left the Ute Reservation in Idaho and Utah several months ago, and which has been

wandering over Wyoming since then, last night had a clash with cowboys, near the Kayline ranch, at Gillette, Wyoming, and two of the whites were killed. A number of Utes are supposed to have been wounded. Further trouble is expected hourly, as the Indians are practically destitute and are killing stock for food. Cowboys and ranchers only leave town when in large bodies, and unless Federal troops are sent shortly a bloody clash is likely to occur at any time. This is received in Omaha tonight through private dispatches.

The 700 Indians are divided into three great bands and their camps extend for many miles over eastern Wyoming. Last night's clash was when the cowboys attempted to prevent a band of Utes from killing cattle over which they had charge. The Indians were determined to secure the cattle and a fight followed in which two of the whites were killed and several Indians shot. The Utes captured a herd, killed seven steers and returned to their camp with the meat.

General Greeley, commander of this Department, is in Omaha tonight, ready to send troops when ordered by the President.

The nearest troops are at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and Fort McKinney, Sheridan, Wyoming. From either fort troops could reach the scene of the trouble within eight or ten hours. Governor Brooks, of Wyoming, has already made an official request for Federal aid, saying the situation is beyond his control.

October 20, 1906 (Saturday):—

CAVALRYMEN WILL ROUND UP THE RENEGADE UTES; PRESIDENT DIRECTS TROOPS OF REGULARS TO BE SENT TO WYOMING

Washington, Oct. 19.—Upon the application of Governor Brooks of Wyoming, Secretary Taft, by direction of the President, has instructed Major-General Greely to dispatch a troop of cavalry to Wyoming, to round up and return to their reservations the Ute Indians, who are now causing a disturbance in Wyoming.

General Greely is supposed to be in Omaha. The selection of the troops is left to his discretion, but it is believed it will be ordered from Fort Meade, North Dakota, about 100 miles distant from the scene of the trouble.

October 25, 1906 (Thursday):—

DIE FIGHTING, IS RESOLVE OF UTES. TELL
THEIR WOES AND OFFER TO BECOME
SLAVES OF THE SIOUX.

Omaha, Nebr., Oct. 24.—Another detachment of 400 U. S. Cavalrymen have been ordered to intercept the runaway Ute Indians in Wyoming, and the soldiers leave Fort Meade, South Dakota, tonight.

With the two detachments of the 10th Cavalry which have been sent from Fort Robinson, Nebraska, there are nearly 1,000 soldiers now out after the Utes.

From Gillette, Wyoming, today telegrams were received that Captain Johnson who is in command of the first detachment, has paid a visit to the renegades and that he did not succeed in getting them to surrender. On the other hand, the Utes told him that they would all die fighting.

Johnson returned to Gillette where he telegraphed for more troops.

A pathetic story was today told Thomas H. Tibbles of Omaha, by a Sioux interpreter. According to this story several days ago the Ute runners sent to the Sioux Indian reservation in South Dakota bearing the complaint of the Utes. They told the Sioux that Utes were actually starving and so desperate was their situation that the entire tribe offered themselves as slaves to the Sioux provided they were permitted to come to the Sioux reservation and live.

The Sioux replied that if they came they could not be permitted to starve, but that they did not want slaves and the Government would not permit them to give their lands away.

— — —
The following news dispatches are copied verbatim from THE BULLETIN, San Francisco, California, of the 1906 dates given:—

November 2, 1906, Friday:—**DEPOSE BIG CHIEF WHO SOUGHT PEACE**

Sheridan, Wyo., Nov. 2—There has been no clash between the Cheyennes and the soldiers. Fort Keough troops are now patrolling Tongue River valley between Birney and Ashland, and have not seen any Cheyennes. Colonel Augur left Birney today for Ashland. Reports of the burning of a ranch building at the "O.W." ranch are not credited. The Ute chief Appah is reported deposed by his tribe because he favored a 'pow-wow with the troops. It is said he was supplanted by Black Whiskers and Red Cap, who favor union with the Cheyennes, and offering resistance. American Horse, an Indian scout employed by the Government, will take part in a conference between Indians and soldiers this afternoon.

November 3, 1906, Saturday:—**INDIANS ARE WILLING TO GO BACK HOME**

Sheridan, Wyo., Nov. 3.—A conference between the Indians and troops today resulted in an agreement on the part of the Utes to return with Colonel Rodgers to Fort Mead to be taken care of there by the Government, while Chiefs Red Cap and Black Whiskers go to Washington to talk the matter over with President (Theodore) Roosevelt. The Utes will go overland with the troops of the 6th Cavalry. The Indians have not been disarmed and will not be as long as they make no threatening actions.

November 6, 1906, Tuesday:—**PRESIDENT WILL HEAR UTE COMPLAINT**

Washington, Nov. 6:—President Theodore Roosevelt has approved arrangement made by Colonel Rodgers for the settlement of the grievances of the Ute Indians. He has instructed the officials of the War Department to inform the Indian chiefs that he will give them an audience at the White House on his return from Panama.

NOTE: The remainder of this document consists of correspondence between the War Department and applicants for pensions.

ACCESSIONS

January 2, 1939, to March 31, 1939.

Museum

- Woolcott, Mrs. Mary—A metal statute of an Indian which came from the Eli Whitcomb home.
- Frederick, Mrs. Charles—A mouse trap, used in about 1899, at Fort Laramie.
- Myers, Mrs. William—A letter from President Theodore Roosevelt's secretary to Mrs. Myers. Picture of the old William Myers Home, 808 E. 17th St. Cheyenne. Picture of an overland stagecoach. Picture of the Women's Club taken at Chamber of Commerce Building 1890. Picture of Knights Templar, Souvenir of Cheyenne Frontier Show 1908. Picture of Frontier Days. Small picture of Frontier float, "Hiram's Dance Hall." A small mirror used when traveling. Flowers made from hair of different members of the Myers family. A skull cap worn by Mr. Myers. Necklace and charm made of India rubber about 70 years old. A metal replica of a European castle, souvenir from France. Large framed portrait of Mrs. Myers.

Pictures

- Hayes, Denver Frank—A framed group of twenty pictures of Cheyenne and Roedel Drug Store, showing the changes in the last fifty years.
- Click: National Pictures—A group of ten pictures of the Chapel of the Transfiguration, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

Miscellaneous

- Johnson, Albert W.—Five Confederate pieces of paper money, one Villa paper money, and one Montgomery Ward Refund for one cent, and a letter from Mr. Johnson telling about this currency.

CARTER ACCESSIONS

The CARTER Collection, received from the Statewide Historical Project sponsored by The State Library.

Donor, W. A. Carter, La Jolla, Calif.

- One ORIGINAL DIARY OF JUDGE W. A. CARTER, describing trip from Atchinson, Kans., to Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, which is now Wyoming, September to November, 1857. (See diary published in full in this issue of the Annals of Wyoming.)
- One handwritten invoice, dated April 16, 1859, St. Louis, totalling \$585.58, merchandise bought by W. A. Carter, Fort Bridger, Utah, Ty., from Bryan, Harcastle & Co.
- One invoice, dated April 11, 1859, merchandise totalling \$348.66, purchased by W. A. Carter, Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, from L. A. Carr, St. Louis.
- One instrument, an affidavit of C. E. Fostier, dated January 1, 1861, with original signatures.

- One affidavit of appraisers, dated Jan. 3, 1861; original signatures.
- One complaint for theft, dated Oct. 6, 1863, Ter. Utah, County of Green River, of two grey mules from Overland Stage Line, signed by W. A. Carter as Probate Judge.
- One transcript of proceedings of above case, dated Oct. 9, 1863.
- One order of court to John Roberts, Adm. of Michael Martin's estate, to pay to Annie Rascoe, St. Louis, Mo., \$1,394.82, signed, "W. A. Carter, Probate Judge," and dated Aug. 15, 1864.
- One invoice to Ham's Fork Store, dated May 8, 1868, Fort Bridger, on merchandise bought of W. A. Carter.
- One invoice, dated July 18, 1868, to Ham's Fork Store, bo't of W. A. Carter.
- One invoice, dated Aug. 16, 1868, Ham's Fork Store, bo't of W. A. Carter.
- One complaint, dated Fort Bridger, Territory of WYOMING, Uinta County, Edward Alton vs. John Henry, Nov. 16, 1871, before W. A. Carter, Justice of the Peace.
- One affidavit of garnishee, Edward Alton vs. John Henry, Territory of Wyoming, Uinta county, subscribed and sworn to Nov. 16, 1871, before W. A. Carter.
- The following four pieces, found in Fort Bridger during May, 1933, were given to Jennie Harvey of Rock Springs, Wyo., who presented them about March, 1936, to the Statewide Historical Project:
- One lithographed check, No. 70, on First National Bank, Omaha, Nebr., in sum of \$100.00, dated Aug. 28, 1883, to order of W. A. Carter, signed Mary E. Carter, Executrix Estate W. A. Carter, Dec'd.
- One invoice of H. L. Griffin, wholesale fruit dealer, Ogden, Utah, for merchandise bought by M. E. Carter (brother of W. A. Carter), dated July 22, 1884.
- One lithographed check for \$100.00 on First Nat. Bank, Omaha, "M. E. Carter, Post Trader," July 24, 1884, to order of Robert Hereford, signed by Mary E. Carter, widow of W. A. Carter.
- One subpoena for people's witness, Richard Armstrong, dated March 16, 1858.
- One list of "Amounts due W. A. Carter from Mail Employees," total \$365.20. (No date.)
- One list of "Amounts Collected by J. E. Eaton from Mail Employees," total \$1,414.08. (No date.)
- One letter, signed, "W. A. Carter per Dean," dated Jan. 16, 1863, Ft. Bridger, Utah, to Thos. J. Wilson, at Ogden.
- The following six pieces in CARTER Collection came to the Statewide Historical Project from Donor Effie Widdop, Mountain View, Wyo., with memorandum, "From collection of Albert Fillin":
- One complaint, People of Utah vs. Flin, Territory Utah, Green River County, dated June 13, 1858, signed by Augustus Greissler, for alleged theft of several articles and Two Hundred Dollars in gold.
- One list of 42 names of men, entitled, "No. of Votes Polled at the First Bridger Precinct, Green River County, UTAH Territory, August 2nd, 1858."
- One tabulated "List of a/cs to Collect from Overland Stage Line," Sept. 5, 1862, containing 16 accounts totalling \$892.58.
- One list of nine accounts, totalling \$735.46, "Collected by Mr. David

Street going west from Bridger in January 1863."

One receipt for \$8.25, dated February 14, 1863, at Fort Bridger, Utah, from "T. M. Robbins for J. Poinsett" to W. A. Carter.

One garnishee form, printed, for State of Nebraska, corrected with ink for Territory Wyoming, Uinta County, before W. A. Carter, Probate Judge and ex-officio Justice of the Peace, dated November 16, 1871.

One "List of Amounts due from Overland Stage Line" for fourth quarter of 1861 and part of first quarter of 1862, total, \$4,470.21.



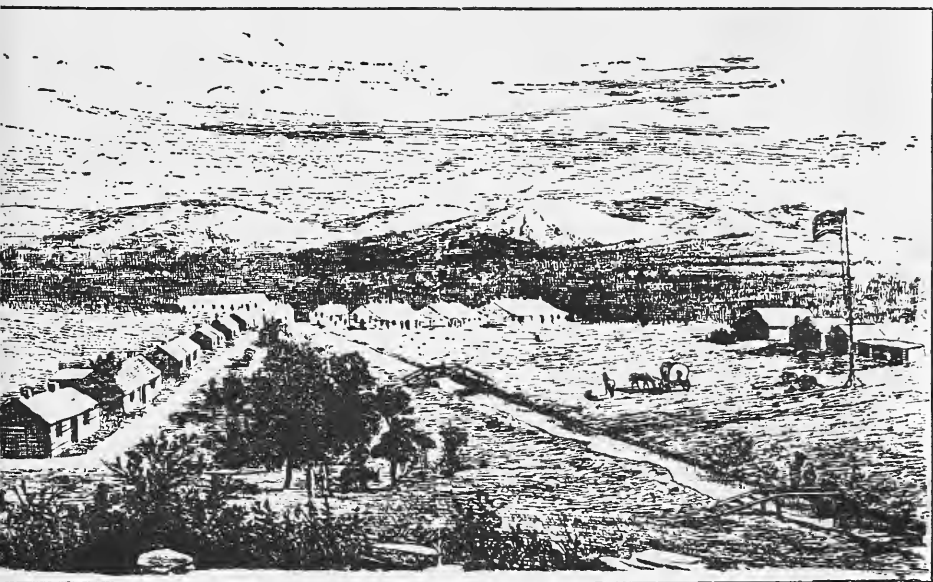
CHEYENNE PRINTING COMPANY

ANNALS *of* WYOMING

Vol. 11

July, 1939

No. 3



LIBRARY Artist's Impression of Fort Bridger, 1873.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING
LARAMIE

HEBARD COLLECTION

Published Quarterly

by

The Wyoming Historical Department

Cheyenne, Wyoming



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Contents

JESSE W. CROSBY (Picture)	
HISTORY AND JOURNAL OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JESSE W. COSBY (Introduction).....	145
HISTORY AND JOURNAL OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JESSE W. CROSBY.....	147
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JESSE W. CROSBY FROM CLOSE OF JOURNAL TO TIME OF HIS DEATH.....	218
OLD FORT BRIDGER.....	219
LAST BLACK HILLS COACH LEAVING CHEYENNE (Picture)	222
CAREER OF CHEYENNE-BLACK HILLS STAGE LINE OWN- ER, COLORFUL STORY OF THE "OLD WEST"—By Inez Babb Taylor	222
WYOMING WOMEN CONGRATULATED BY BRITISH WOMEN IN 1891—By Agnes K. Snow.....	227
YOUR STATE MUSEUM.....	229
INTERESTING MUSEUM ACCESSIONS.....	231
ACCESSIONS (Listed)	234

Published Quarterly

by

THE WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

GLADYS F. RILEY

State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio

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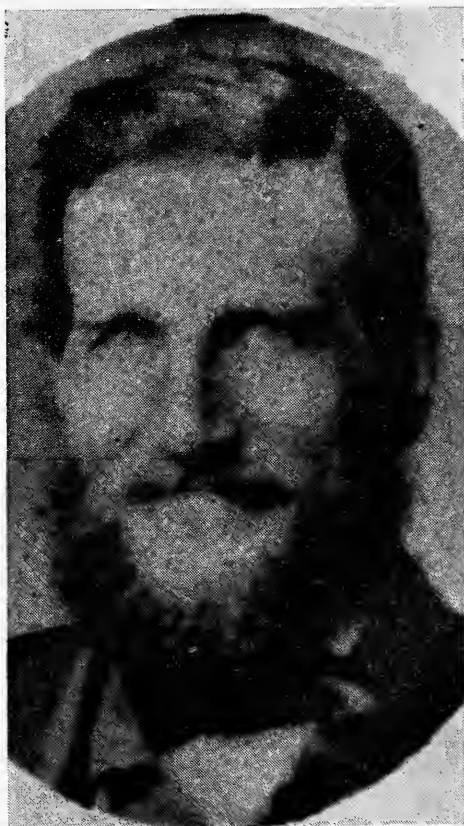
The State Historical Board, the State Advisory Committee and the State Historical Department assume no responsibility for any statement of fact or opinion expressed by contributors to the Annals of Wyoming.

The Wyoming State Historical Department invites the presentation of museum items, letters, diaries, family histories and manuscripts of Wyoming citizens. It welcomes the writings and observations of those familiar with important and significant events in the State's history.

In all ways the Department strives to present to the people of Wyoming and the Nation a true picture of the State. The ANNALS OF WYOMING is one medium through which the Department seeks to gain this objective. All communications concerning the Annals should be addressed to Mrs. Gladys F. Riley, Wyoming Historical Department, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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JESSE W. CROSBY
Born, 1820—Died, 1893.

THE HISTORY AND JOURNAL OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JESSE W. CROSBY

INTRODUCTION

Old diaries and journals of early Western settlers and travelers furnish later generations with valuable historical data and information which serve to create a greater appreciation for the hardships and sacrifices made by those sturdy pioneers.

Danger was their constant companion; suffering was their regular portion; tragedy stalked every footstep; and hard work was a daily necessity shared by all. With the weapons of industry and resourcefulness they proposed to carve a civilization from the wilds of alternating mountains and plains—and neither by the fear of God, man nor beast were they deterred from their worthy purpose.

Such a pioneer was JESSE W. CROSBY when he traveled across the trackless stretch now known as Wyoming and into Utah in 1847. An ardent adherent of the Mormon faith, he was inspired by a religious fervor which gave him a placid outlook upon the turmoil and strife with which he was surrounded. He was one of the very first settlers in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, Mormon community founded by Brigham Young, following persecutions by the Gentiles in the east, and is the ancestor of three successive generations of progressive citizens of Utah and Wyoming.

His journal is a record of events from his birth in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, November 25, 1820, to the time of final entries at Salt Lake in 1859, when "slavery" and "polygamy" were vying for headline prominence in Eastern newspapers. It includes a description of his conversion to Mormonism in his home State, New York, at the age of eighteen; his ordination; his leavetaking to join the body of the Church in west Missouri when the "Mormon War" was at its height; a special mission journey to the British Provinces of nearly two year duration; the westward emigration trek to Utah; the building of a town; a three-year mission journey to England and return; troubles with the United States Government; Indians and crickets and miraculous delivery from the latter.

The day-by-day notes of the journal author during the laborious journey to his Utah destination with an oxen-drawn wagon train, paint a graphic panoramic view of the Wyoming and Utah of nearly a century ago.

While Jesse W. Crosby lived in Wyoming only a short time at Fort Supply, a Mormon supply station located south of Fort Bridger near the present town of Millburne, Uinta County, he provided Wyoming with two of his sons, namely, George H. Crosby, Sr., and Jesse W. Crosby, Jr., who were among the founders of the town of Cowley, Big Horn County, and otherwise were active and valuable citizens of the

NOTE.—Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Kent M. Crosby of Basin, Wyoming; Dr. Lawrence C. Snow of Salt Lake City, Utah, and to Mr. Jesse Crosby III of Cowley, Wyoming, for biographical data and information supplementing the Journal.

Big Horn Basin and of the State. Four other children by his first marriage were Samuel Obed, Thankful Amelia, Joseph, Joshua A. and Elida.

Brief biographical sketches of the two sons who were Wyoming pioneers, follow:

GEORGE HENRY CROSBY, SR., born October 25, 1846, was married to Sarah H. Brown in 1869. He lived at St. George and other localities in Utah, as well as in Arizona, and in 1901 he moved to the Big Horn Basin to make his home at Cowley until 1914, after which he returned to St. George to do Temple work and died in 1916. In 1885 he married a plural wife, Amelia Laney, and by this marriage he had a son and daughter, Fred Crosby and Elizabeth Crosby Partridge, the late Mrs. Clayton Partridge, both of Cowley.

The majority of the children by his first wife live in Arizona, though a son, George H. Crosby, Jr., moved to Wyoming where he lived at Evanston and Lyman and practiced his legal profession. He died in a Salt Lake City hospital in January, 1938. His son, Kent M. Crosby, great grandson of the journal author, is an attorney at Basin, Wyoming.

The following children of George H. Crosby, Sr., and grandchildren of the writer of the journal now live in Wyoming: Fred Crosby, rancher at Cody, and Josh Crosby, Thermopolis. A number of others have died, including George S. Crosby for whom the town of Crosby (about eight miles north of Thermopolis) was named. There are also several great grandchildren, besides Kent M. Crosby, living throughout the State.

During his life, George H. Crosby, Sr., was Bishop of four separate Latter Day Saints Wards. He was the first patriarch* of the Big Horn Stake of the Mormon Church.

JESSE W. CROSBY, JR., was born on June 22, 1848, in Salt Lake City. He died at Cowley, Wyoming, in February, 1915. In 1900, from Panguitch, Utah, where he had become wealthy, he was sent to the Big Horn Basin as a leader of the Mormon settlers. He was Counselor to the Stake** President of the Mormon Church from 1877 to 1882, when he became the President and served to 1900. He served as Counselor to Byron Sessions in the Big Horn Stake Presidency until 1901 and then as its President until 1911.

He was head of the firm of Crosby, Willis and Welch which built a large portion of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad in the Big Horn Basin and has been referred to as "a great pioneer and business man of the Big Horn Basin."

In 1877 he married Sarah Frances Jacobs as a plural wife, who is still living and resides at Cowley, Wyoming. Several of his children, and grandchildren of the journal author, moved to the Big Horn Basin. Amelia Crosby Keats lives in Worland, Wyoming, Marion Willis and Jesse Crosby live at Cowley and other descendants also live in this State.

*An honorary position conferred by the Mormon Church on one of its members whose age and experience, as well as service and leadership, make him a suitable representative of the Church at all times and on special occasions.

** A major territorial unit of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Mormon Church, comprising an indefinite number of wards. At the head is a Stake Presidency, consisting of the president and two counselors and a High Council of twelve. Called more fully **stake of Zion**.

THE HISTORY AND JOURNAL OF THE LIFE
AND TRAVELS OF
JESSE W. CROSBY

Story of Conversion to the New Mormon Faith at Age of 18 (1838), in New York State—Migration to Join Main Body of Church, Kirtland, Ohio—Delayed by Accident—A Miraculous Healing—Kirtland Reached—Journey to Commerce, Missouri, Another Mormon Settlement—Persecutions—Petition by Joseph Smith and Delegation to President Van Buren Unheeded—Nauvoo, Illinois, Incorporated as a City and Mormon Temple Begun, 1840.

When between one and two years of age my parents, with my two brothers John and Obed, and my three sisters Hannah, Eliza and Fanny, emigrated to Chautauqua County, New York, then a new country bordering on the State of Pennsylvania on the West, and Lake Erie on the North, situated in Lat. 42° 30' north.

In the midst of these wilds, and accustomed to the toils and hardships of a new country, I spent the days of my boyhood.

As for religious teachings and ceremonies, I knew but little, having a mind free and untrammelled by the idolatries of the 19th century. I was accustomed to think for myself, yet my parents were of a religious turn of mind and I was taught especially by my mother, whose tender care was always over me, for good, from the earliest period of my recollection, to practice virtue and lead an upright and honest life; to speak the truth and deal justly with all men. In connection with this I was also taught to pray, to believe in and worship God as the Maker and Preserver of all things, and as I increased in years faith and spiritual strength increased within

NOTE.—The journal is copied verbatim and without any changes in text, spelling or punctuation, from the original now on file in the offices of the Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah. In its preparation for publication, the journal has been interspersed with group heading giving highlights of succeeding pages—for the convenience and pleasure of the reader.

me, till I learned to call upon the Lord, in faith, who heard and answered my prayers, visibly and sensibly, at various times, and my whole soul was filled with love and gratitude toward God the Father of the Spirits of all men.

By this time I had arrived at the 16th year of my age, and I began to see and feel the necessity of joining some people, and belonging to some church. I, as it were, awoke from sleep, looked around me and beheld the state of the religious world, and meditated upon it for the first time in my life. Said I to myself, which of all the churches is the Church of the Living God who has heard and answered my prayers? Let me see and hear for myself. I attended churches of different persuasions with a prayerful heart, but there was an aching void still. I retired day after day to the woods and there, where no human eye could behold, I poured out my prayers and supplications to Almighty God that He would send some kind messenger, called and ordained of Him to guide my footsteps in the path of truth.

In answer to repeated supplications, I received that assurance that calmed my mind and gave me to understand that the truth in its fulness should be unfolded to me. My feelings were known to God and to Him alone, for I told them to no one on earth.

The time passed on till the summer of 1838; I was now in my eighteenth year when two Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints¹ came into my father's neighborhood. I went to hear them preach, what was my astonishment when I heard the speaker declare, that God had sent them by special revelation, and that a dispensation of the Gospel was now revealed from God to man, by the instrumentality of Holy Angels, and by the voice of God to man; to be preached as a witness to all nations, and kindreds, and people, and then should be the end of the wicked.

I paused, I considered, I thought upon the prayers and desires I had poured out to God, and of the visions of my mind, and as the speaker proceeded to the Spirit of God fastened the truth upon my heart, and though many mocked and cried out "Delusion," I felt within me that the message was true, that it was from the great Jehovah, and that it would penetrate the darkest corners of the earth, that no power could stand against it. In this joyful news I beheld an

¹ The Church was organized on April 6, 1830, by Joseph Smith, The Prophet, and six others, including an older brother, Hyrum, and a younger brother, Samuel H., in the house of Peter Whitmer, in Fayette, Seneca County, N. Y. It was called the "Church of Christ."—"The Rocky Mountain Saints," by Stenhouse.

answer to my prayers, and that the words of inspiration had saluted my ears which brought peace and joy, I straightway obeyed the message, and realized its power. Many others followed the example, and a branch of the Church was organized. The Holy Ghost was poured out, insomuch that many were healed of their infirmities, some prophesied, some saw visions, others spoke different languages by the gift and power of God as on the day of Pentecost. The language, or dialect of various tribes of the American Indians was spoken, and that, too, by persons who had never spoken with an Indian in their lives. I will own, that though I believed, I was much astonished, but will add that I have since traveled among various tribes of Indians in the Central and uncultivated parts of America and have recognized not only the language but the gestures and very manner in which it was spoken. One may inquire why it was that the spirit of God dictated these individuals to speak in the language of these wandering outcasts. Oh, here is the mystery that the world hath not seen. These are a remnant of Israel, the descendants of Joseph, and heirs to the promises made to their fathers; See Book of Mormon. But I must return to the thread of my narrative.

It was now the **Autumn of 1838**—I determined to go west to join the body of the Church, then located in West Missouri. The doctrine of the "gathering" was strongly grounded in my mind, and I set to work with my might to prepare for the journey; in this I was prospered, for means, almost miraculously came into my hands. The Spring drew near and the time of our departure approached when, one day as I with my brother and brother-in-law was working in the forest, the wind being high, a branch from a high tree some six inches in diameter fell, and struck one end upon the ground, the other upon my head which struck me lifeless to the earth. I was taken up for dead and conveyed to my father's dwelling. The family Doctor was sent for, but my mother and others of my friends being firm in the faith of the Gospel, sent a messenger for the Elders of the Church, living some six miles distant. The Doctor came first, examined my wounds and said in my hearing of Witnesses "that my case was a doubtful one, and that without medical aid I could not recover." But my mother begged him to let me alone, and said "that when the Elders came I should come to myself and live, and not die." The Doctor accordingly left, not a little surprised and with all offended. The Elders came, anointed me with oil and laid their hands upon me in the name of the Lord and prayed. When my reason returned I recognized the inmates of the room, and on being asked if I knew anyone, I replied, "that I knew

them all." This was the first that I had seemed to know or understand since the accident. I found that I had been severely injured and that I was extremely weak, but the whole affair seemed like a dream. However, I was able in about three weeks to follow my former avocation, and driving teams. The time passed it was now April; and all things being ready we set about for Missouri one thousand miles (1,000) distance, traveling by land with horse teams and lodging in our wagons; but before leaving our neighbors called often and remonstrated with us for taking, as they thought, such a random journey. One said, "Have you read the News? Why, the Missourians and the Mormons are at war; they are killing and destroying, and will you persist in going, and running into danger and death?" The reply was, "We have warned you by words, we now warn you by flight." If danger or death gets in our way, we intend by the help of God to face the same like men of God, and show all men by example that we have embraced no friction but an eternal reality, and when the secrets of all hearts are revealed; then, if not till then, you shall know that we are not deceived."

We are now under way, **April 13th, 1839**. Our wagons were so arranged with boxes some 12 feet in length, and with projections over the wheels, as to make them commodious eating and sleeping rooms. In this manner we moved on, and at the rate of about 25 miles per day, meeting reports constantly, that the Mormons were driven, broken up, and destroyed, and that if we persisted in going to the seat of war, we should meet with the same fate. But nothing could daunt our courage; Our course was onward, and we at length arrived at Kirtland, Ohio, the first place of gathering for the Saints as pointed out by revelation from God to be a stronghold for five years; here stood a fine stone building with these words neatly engraved in front:

"HOUSE OF THE LORD"

Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. It was now unoccupied, together with most of the private dwellings of the town. The Saints had previously left for the same locality to which we were journeying. We entered the Temple, and beheld the fixtures, the curtains, the seats, etc. with astonishment being so different from anything we had before seen, and being, as we believed built by revelation and commandment of God. Here the Saints, though few in number and poor, in the infancy of the Church surrounded by opposition, nevertheless, rich in faith and in the knowledge of God, united their efforts, some toiling for a whole

year together, without pay and with scanty food until this fine edifice was completed, being the first building on the face of the earth at that time built by revelation from Heaven. Our hearts were filled with gratitude to God, that we thus highly favored to live in the day when the voice of the Lord was again heard out of the Heavens, and with bosoms burning with the intelligence of God, we still prosecuted our journey westward in order to join the presidency and main body of the Church with whom the oracles of God had been entrusted. We now came into prairie country. The first we entered is in extent, about 16 miles wide and 100 miles in length; we drove through a fine forest for several miles and then at once came into the mighty "Fields of the Woods," a vast plain, stretching out before us as far as the eye could reach. Not a tree, not a shrub met our eye; no abrupt hills or rock, naught but a rich luxuriant growth of grass and flowers of almost every hue, which presented themselves on every hand. Men, women and children might be seen running in every direction to gather themselves a nosegay. We passed on through these beauties of Nature till we arrived near the center of the prairie when we met with some trouble in crossing a stream of water here. Night overtook us, and we pitched our tents on the opposite bank of the water. We here made our horses secure by tying them with long ropes attached picket pines driven in the ground, and spent the night in the midst of this wonderful garden of Nature. Before going to bed a wild deer came near the camp, and seemed to look anxious as though he would like to know what stranger had invaded his territory and had taken possession of his pleasure ground. But the crack of two or three rifles at the same time gave him to understand that he was in imminent danger, and he immediately took his departure. We separated, everyone to his tent or wagon, and were soon in the embraces of sleep. The stillness of night universally prevailed till towards morning when we were a little disturbed by the howling of some wolves that came near.

The morning came and the sun arose with its usual brilliancy. When our camp duties were done, breakfast over, and the usual devotions passed, we were again under way, continuing our course westward with the intention of crossing the Mississippi at Quincy City; but upon arriving within two or three hundred miles of that place, we met several of our brethern, traveling east of Missions, and that they were authorized to consul all Saints traveling west to direct their

course to Commerce,² situated on the East bank of the Mississippi, two hundred and fifty miles north of St. Louis, where the Saints had commenced a settlement and purchased large tracts of land, etc.

After the dreadful persecutions through which they had just passed, called the "Missouri Prosecution," wherein 11,000 persons had been driven from their homes which they had purchasd with their own money, and compelled to leave a Republican State, robbed of their all, while many were martyred and many others died of exposure, having been compelled to leave their homes in the dead of winter—All this for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. We accordingly turned our course two or three points and arrived at Commerce June 6, 1839. Here, instead of meeting the Saints in comfortable circumstances as we had expected to find them in Missouri, they were, as many as had been able to get through, living in tents and wagons for want of houses, some 400 miles from the place whence they had been driven—many in straightened circumstances, some sick and overcome with hardships and fatigue. I walked about the place. The sight was beautiful. Though uncultivated and for the most part covered with timber, brush and grapevines, I concluded to stop and share with the people of the Lord, while some of the company chose rather to go where they could fare better. I procured a lot and commenced to build a house for myself, mother and sister, who had journeyed with me, a short distance back from the Mississippi and near the residence of Joseph Smith.³ Here in the midst of these wilds with but little of earthly substance, I toiled and assisted in opening some of the first streets in that part of the city with my own hands, by cutting down the timber and underbrush which was so interwoven with grape vines that it was difficult to get one free to fall

²Exiled from Missouri, the Saints selected a favored spot on the east bank of the Mississippi river in Illinois, 20 miles southeast of Burlington, Iowa. On high ground in a bend and commanding a magnificent view of the winding river, the group of huts and houses was named **COMMERCE**, but later was changed to "**NAUVOO**,"—the beautiful. The foundation of the first house was laid in 1839 and in less than two years over two thousand dwellings were erected, in addition to schools and other buildings. By revelation the scattered Saints from Missouri and from all parts of the earth were now commanded to gather at this New Zion.

³Joseph Smith was born on December 23, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, into a family of six sons and three daughters. When he was ten years old the family mi-

until several were cut off. However, the brush and incumbrances soon melted away before the persevering hand of industry, and houses sprung into being on every hand. At length we were checked a little, for the sickness season came on and many, very many felt its withering influence. The place had been known years before to be very sickly and our enemies had been known to say that we would die, all of us, if attempted to settle there. Such was not the case; but yet many who on account of their great exposures were easily overcome and fell victims to the destroyer, amongst whom was my mother and brother, and for months together there were not well ones enough to administer to the sick. I, myself, was taken sick in July and was laid up till late in September, and the house which I had commenced was not finished for the season. By and by the scene changed more favorably. As the Winter approached the sickness disappeared, and plans were laid for draining some parts of the land which lay low, etc.

In the Spring of 1840 our strength was greatly augmented by the arrival of Saints from various parts, and the City, for so it had become, grew apace. Large tracts of land were purchased on both sides of the great Father of Waters, and settlements were arriving from various parts.

During this season a delegation was sent to Washington to the President of the United States, Mr. Van Buren; Joseph Smith and several other Brethren comprised the delegation. They presented in legal form (affidavits, etc.) an impartial statement of all the enormities that had been perpetrated against the Latter Day Saints. After a hearing, which was difficult to obtain, The President replied: "Gentlemen, your cause is just, you have been deprived of your lawful rights as American Citizens; but it is an individual State affair, and does not come under the supervision of the General Government;" Thus our petition went unheeded, and, though property was destroyed to the amount of millions and hundreds of lives sacrificed, yet no remuneration has been made to this

grated to Palmyra, Ontario, now Wayne County, New York, and four years later moved to Manchester in the same county. In his fifteenth year occurred the beginning of his religious experience and his first vision in 1820, followed by many visions which gave him the incentive to establish a new religion. While incarcerated in jail at Liberty, Mo., the last three months of 1838 and the first three months of 1839, he received three of his revelations, embodied in the "Doctrines and Covenant" of the Mormon faith. He ran for President of the United States, April 25, 1844, and his dramatic career came to a tragic end the same year, when he and his brother, Hyrum, were taken from jail at Carthage, Mo., and killed by a mob.

day; yet the petitions which were presented from time to time answered the requirements of the revelation which says: "Petition at the feet of the judges; if they heed you not petition at the feet of the governor; if he heed you not Petition at the feet of the President, and if he heed you not I will come out of my hiding-place and vex the nations." (The word of the Lord to Joseph).

But to return. During the Summer of 1840 a Charter was obtained and Nauvoo* became an incorporated City and began to answer to its name, —Fair—Beautiful, and a site was selected for a Temple, and the 19th of October was pitched upon to commence the work of opening a quarry. I was present to assist. Joseph the Prophet was also there and assisted, in company with some 200 or 300 brethren, in opening a beautiful quarry of lime rock almost as white as marble.

April 6, 1841, the Corner-Stones were laid in the presence of many thousands of people. It was a day long to be remembered.

**Mission Journey to British Provinces, April to June, 1841—
Demand by Missouri on Illinois For Surrender of Joseph
Smith and Others—Sent By 'Quorum of the Twelve' on
Second Journey to British Provinces on Special Mission
— Difficulties Encountered and Overcome — Sub-
jected to Mob Violence—Safe Return to Maine—
Destructive Fire Witnessed at Lowell, Mass.**

April 13th, 1841. Having been called and previously ordained (October 1840) I left on a mission to the East, to the British Provinces, journeyed by land through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom by the way.

At Toledo took steamboat for Cleveland, thence to Kirtland and thence to Buffalo, N. Y., preaching as I went; thence to New York City, thence by shipping to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; carried a quantity of books which I circulated, and after stopping with my friends during the Winter of 1841 and preaching round about tidings of Salvation, I again took shipping for Boston; the whole distance from Nauvoo to New York is 1400 miles, thence to Yarmouth 600 miles; Entire distance, 2000 miles. distance across the Bay of Fundi, from thence home by way of New York City, Albany, Erie Canal, thence up the lakes to Chicago, thence to Nauvoo,—arrived in August 1842, journey home 2000 miles long. During this mis-

* See Footnote 2, Page 152.

sion—baptized a number. About the time of my arrival there was a demand from Missouri on Illinois to surrender Joseph Smith and others.

In September a special conference was called upon to go abroad, preach the Gospel and endeavor to allay excitement, etc. I set off in N. E. course towards Michigan, crossing the head waters of the Illinois at Ottawa, thence up the Kankakee River, preaching in every village, and all the principal settlements as I passed, and contending earnestly for the constitutional rights of the Latter Day Saints. I was remarkably prospered, and this undertaking resulted in lasting good, for the Lord was with me in word and in every deed. Arrived in Ypsilanti, Michigan, 30 miles from Detroit and 500 miles from Nauvoo. Here I was tarried and labored for a time around about with some success, initiated such as received the word into the Kingdom. Thence on a more southern route through the north of Indiana and interior of Illinois to Nauvoo; arrived in March, 1843. In this mission I traveled rising of one thousand miles, much of it through a prairie country.—Five-eighths of Illinois is said to be composed of Prairies; Indiana also abounds with the same. The north of Indiana as well as Michigan abounds with small lakes and frequent sandy plains. But to return:

After my arrival in Nauvoo, sometime in June, there was a general excitement raised in consequence of an attempt to take Joseph Smith and others to Missouri. He happened at the time to be on Rock River, one hundred miles from home. The attempt was fruitless, for Joseph returned in triumph to Nauvoo, and was met in the prairie by a great many of the inhabitants who went out on horses and in carriages—a great company—with colors flying, and music playing to welcome the prophet. The scene was animating in the extreme!

About this time I was called upon to accept a mission, but declined being somewhat worned down with traveling. I accordingly tarried in Nauvoo until July when a special mission was tendered me by the Quorum of the Twelve to go in company with Elder B. Brown ⁴ to the British Provinces and such places as seemed expedient. We accordingly made ready, and having been directed by the Conference to stop in Cook County, we accordingly directed our course towards Chicago. We left Nauvoo August 1st, 1843, set off by land carriage in company with brethren traveling to the north, proceeded directly to Cook County, there stopped for a while and

⁴ George H. Crosby, Sr., the eldest son of JESSE W. CROSBY, SR., married Sarah H. Brown, daughter of "Elder Brown."

labored; but as there was not an effectual field upon here, and our mission being to the east, we accordingly proceeded to Chicago, took steamboat "Illinois" bound to Buffalo, got under way in the morning of the 24th of August. The lakes were calm, and we had a very agreeable passage in company with Bros. P. P. Pratt and O. Hyde.⁵ At Mackinaw had a view of a great body of Indians, who had assembled for the purpose of receiving a payment from the United States government. They had pitched their tents all along from miles near the shore. We went on shore, examined the Fort which stands on a very high bluff, thence pursuing our course to Lake Huron, arrived at Fort Gratiot, which presented a beautiful appearance a row of field pieces stood along the bank, and the soldiers were on parade; our band on board the boat played briskly as we passed down the narrow outlet. All was well calculated to enliven the heart, and add joy to pleasure. The scenery along this route is wild and romantic—the Canada side is particularly so. We frequently saw groups of Indians in places. We stopped in Detroit a short time; thence through Lake Erie, passed on to the Canada side. Brother O. Hyde preached under the awning of the Hurricane Deck to the passengers. As we passed my former home, all I could discern in the distance was a mist or smoke. Arrived in Buffalo August 28, 1843. I have traveled these Lakes three times, each time they have been still and calm, comparatively speaking.

Here we parted with our Brother and set off for Lewiston. We did not stop to examine the Cataract of Niagara, as I had visited the Falls before. At Lewiston we had a view of "BROCK'S MONUMENT" standing a little above Queens-town on the Canada side. This is as high up the River or as near the Falls as boats can approach. Thence by steamboat, Rochester. Just before we entered Lake Ontario we had a view of two Forts, situated on each side of the river, which forms the National Boundary. Crossed the head of the lake to Toronto City, the seat of Government for upper Canada. This place is singularly situated—the Harbor is formed by a neck of land extending a great distance, in shape like an Elipse; thence across the Lake, which was still and quiet, arrived in Rochester in the morning. Calling at intermediate Ports, arrived in Sacket's Harbor September 1st, 1843. This

⁵ A coincidence holding special interest for this generation is the fact that Kent M. Crosby, of Basin, Wyo., great grandson of the Senior Crosby, married Miss Janice Hatch, great grand daughter of O. Hyde mentioned here and several other times in the journal. He was Orson Hyde, president of "The Twelve."

is 1450 or 1500 miles from Nauvoo; Here commenced our ministerial labors. At first there was but little opening, but prejudice gave way directly, and our field of labor extended far and wide until the cry from all parts of the country was: "Come over and help us." We labored incessantly day and night, sparing no pains. I frequently had 12 or 15 appointments out at a time, extending a long distance. Assembled in Conference December 30, and 31, 1843, in Jefferson Co. at that time had **baptized 50 persons** into the Kingdom and organized a number of Churches. Conference now over, we designed prosecuting our journey to the Provinces, but pressing invitations called us into the field, from time to time our influence was increased and our labors extended still wider. Held a number of public debates. One in particular, which was published, being held with the Champion of the Country and resulted greatly in favor of the Saints. Thus passed the Winter and Spring; but a few days passed without meetings. My circuit was large and required much traveling, which I estimated at 2500 miles.

Assembled in Conference May 25th and 26th, 1844, in Adams, Jefferson County, New York. There were present on that occasion about three hundred Saints, seven or eight hundred spectators; A number of Elders were present and branches were represented as follows:

Adams Branch—63 Members; Elisburgh—52.
Indian River—44; Clayton—9; Lime—39; Black River—54; Pillar Point—12; Therese—17; Alexandria—23; Scattering Members besides.

During our sojourn here we baptized one hundred and fifty souls (150) there about; Ordained eight or ten Elders, etc.

Conference now over, time would not permit us to stay longer, consequently we prepared, May 29th, to leave.

Proceeded to Lockport, thence to Alexandria Bay, here took passage on board steamboat "Rochester" June 3rd. I left at 6:00 P. M. and arrived at Ogdensburgh at ten. Thirty miles from Kingston. (75) miles. The River presents a rugged appearance, being interspersed with numerous rocky islands producing low shrubs, etc. Current moderate; passed Chipewa and other small towns. At 12 O'clock took passage on board the small steamer "CHARLOTTE" belonging to a line of small boats that ply between Kingston and Montreal; they pass down the St. Lawrence and up the Redean Canal, touched at Prescott, a fine town opposite Ogdensburgh, thence down the river, passed Cornwall, a fine town on the Canada side,—here the river is more rapid; thence through Lake St.

Francis, twenty-five miles long; here the prospect is more pleasant.

Passed Carto, French town, and rapids of the same name. The quick descent causes a tremendous confusion of the water. The Country here is inhabited by French people, small French houses, quite compact, appear on either side. From here to Montreal the river is interspersed with islands and rapid currents. Catholic steeples appear frequently: huge crosses are seen occasionally in front of individual doors. Passed Cedar Town and rapids; here the water appears to be literally mad for three miles, presenting a mass of white foaming water. Next, came to the Cascades, another rapid two miles long; up this it seemed impossible for our boat to live, but she struggled through the foaming water and brought us safely through. Next came LaChine, a town principally French; opposite is an Indian town called Cocknawagon, 11 miles from Montreal; thence Lachine rapids, which surpass any and everything of the kind I ever saw. Here all the waters of no less than eight lakes, the greatest chain on the globe, draining a vast country of three thousand miles, are hurried over rocks, forming almost a second cataract. Our boat passed through a narrow Channel, at times almost buried, while rocks were visible at no great distance on either side. After a struggle of three minutes, came through safe. For some distance the mighty river goes foaming along towards its great reservoir; passed La-Prarie on the right and arrived in Montreal June 4, 1844, at 3:00 P. M. Our boat was locked into the canal immediately, we landed, passed through the City to the lower part, procured a house in which we preached twice while there.

June 5th, 1844: spent the day in viewing the city; passed through the principal streets; they are narrow and irregular; in the best parts the buildings are high and covered with tin; all the back part is inhabited by French. Their buildings are small, irregular and compact. The incorporation extends three miles (three miles square); contains fifty thousand inhabitants—two-thirds French.

One trait in the history of this city is that a four-wheeled carriage is scarcely ever seen, while calashes⁶ and cabs stalk the streets and hedge up the way; we thoroughly examined everything of note, particularly the Parish Church, the largest building of the kind in America—260 by 130 feet; It con-

⁶ A CALASH is a light carriage with low wheels, having a top or hood that can be raised or lowered, seats for four inside, a separate seat for the driver, and often a movable front, so that it can be used as either an open or a closed carriage.

tains 1363 pews, capable of seating 15,000 persons. The Sanctuary is adorned in superior style, tinged with gold. We ascended the tower—260 feet high, by means of 25 stair cases forming 285 steps; from this observatory the whole city is seen at one glance. Spy glasses, etc. are at hand; the square-rigged vessels, about 100 in number, lay along the shore in full view. Men, horses, etc. hurry to and fro along the streets, appear like swarms of Ants. Having satisfied ourselves in viewing the City, we next examined the monster bell. . it weighs about ten tons, cast in London at an expense of twelve hundred pounds sterling. It is suspended in the Western Tower; the opposite one contains thirteen smaller bells. This Fabric is built of hewn stone, and exclusive of bells cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in sterling.

June 6th, 1844, left our lodgings Mr. Griffis's Hotel and repaired to Parish Church; saw High Mass performed and other Catholic ceremonies—great splendor was exhibited. Two or three hundred wax candles were burning, some of them six feet long; one or two hundred priests were present, some of them dressed in garments gilded, others in white robes. Next visited the "Grey Nunnery." The day was spent agreeably. At 6:00 P. M. took passage on board the "CHARLVOX" for Quebec; Bid farewell to the Catholic Metropolis, probably forever. I viewed the country very carefully. It is level, inhabited entirely by French, Houses white, very compact; along the banks of the river Catholic steeples, crosses, are seen as we pass along. The river is broad and beautiful the whole way—, 180 miles. Arrived in Quebec at 9 A. M. June 7th, put up at Meriams Hotel; proceeded to examine the City. The lower town is situated along the water's edge, under a high cliff on which is situated what is called the Upper Town. Besides these there are three suburbs of entire French. The Upper Town is surrounded by a wall of twenty or thirty feet in thickness. We passed through Prescott Gate, obtained a pass from the commanding officer, and attended by a soldier entered the citadel; it contains military stores, etc.—six thousand stand of arms, three thousand barrels of powder, and provisions for seven years. One thousand five hundred troops are stationed here. The walls are mounted with thirty-two-pounders, etc. not only around the citadel, but around the entire Upper Town; two hundred and fifty heavy pieces on the walls, besides hundreds of heavy cannon, and scores, if not hundreds, of cords of shot or balls and bombs of all kinds in the citadel ready for use. Magazine batteries, etc. all numbered in regular order. This fortress is to all appearance impregnable.

After spending some hours in our search, passed out through a strong gateway. Next, examined the old French ruins, then proceeded to the Plains of Abraham. The clash of arms, the groans of the dying had long since ceased—all was silence. The roar of the cannon the crack of musketry no longer fill the plains with blood and carnage; Here fell two brave warriors—**Wolfe** and **Montcalm**. I seated myself beside a monument bearing this inscription: "Here died brave Wolfe." We passed over the battle-ground and descended the bluff where Wolfe and his men ascended, dragging their cannon after them. All was silent and lonely.

June 8th, 1844, Spent the day in reviewing the citadel and all Military works, public buildings.

June 9th, 1844, being Sunday attended Catholic services in the afternoon; thousands of Catholics were assembled and formed a grand procession displaying much pomp and show. The procession commenced their march from the Church which was adorned in the greatest splendor, the sanctuary with its images tinged with gold was lighted up with hundreds of wax candles; the Priests, some in gilded garments, others in robes of white; ahead went boys dressed in white—some with pots of incense, others with baskets of flowers to strew the street; then followed the Altar, the Ark of the Covenant, then the Bishop and a long train. Smoke issued from the pots and the Altar as they passed. The streets were adorned with bushes and flowers and filled with thousands of people. We visited two Churches in Montreal, two in Quebec. They were all built in similar style, being built in a very grand and extravagant manner, especially the sanctuary—thirty or forty feet high, twenty broad, forming a concave front in the middle, stands at the height of twelve feet the Virgin Mary with the Infant in her arms, next above is Jesus on a Cross, on either side around about stand the Twelve Apostles, while above all on the top of the Sanctuary stands God, on a ball, representing the earth as his footstool, holding a sceptre in His hand. The whole front is regularly arranged with candles, when lit up the whole appears like a mass of gold.

Quebec is a large city, but meanly built; quite populous, wealth and poverty, pride and misery abound there. There were three to five hundred square-rigged vessels lying in port; the aspect is rather gloomy. Cabs and calashes are in use instead of four-wheeled carriages, plenty of good teams may be seen running to and fro through the streets. After a stop of four days we engaged a passage on board a French vessel—not a soul could speak English; set off June 11th

with ebb tide sun down with a fine breeze until flood tide, then down anchor, held on till ebb, thence on; the country below Quebec is gloomy, lofty, and precipitous banks, while blue ranges of mountains are seen in the distance, their small white spots scattered over the hills and mountains. Arrived at St. Andre **June 12th.** This is one hundred miles from Quebec—here the country is rocky and very broken; thence to River DeLoup, 15 miles. This is a great place for fishing with wiers; the tide rises at rapidly and high, extends one hundred miles above Quebec to Three Rivers, rises at Quebec 15 feet. From River DeLoup proceeded back from the St. Lawrence, crossed the Lake 15 miles, thence down the Madwaska to its junction with the St. John at Little Falls, twenty-two miles thence by means of our canoe to Grand Falls; 36 miles, hired it drawn around the Falls, thence on our journey as before. Inhabitants nearly all French, till we reached the Grand Falls; below that English people; lumbering is the chief employment; the river is rapid and we passed down swiftly; arrived at Fredericktown June 19th, 1844. Distance from Grand Falls to Fredericktown 130 miles; whole distance from Kingston 768 miles. On our arrival invitations were received for preaching. We accordingly entered the field of labor. We were the first Latter-Day Saints that ever journeyed that way. Our undertaking was an arduous one. We had to clear the ground of heaps of superstition before any seed could be sown to advantage. Priestcraft had reigned predominant and had become strongly rooted. At first it seemed impossible that any of these captives should be made free through the truth.

Hireling priests labored to save their craft. One modern Pharisee prophesied that we would not find one individual who would receive our testimony in the Province. One or two preachers attempted to discuss, as challenges were given by us, but were put to flight and shame. Those who prophesied against, were soon proved to be liars. for about the 15th of July, twelve individuals who had received our testimony in Queensbury County of York, came forward for baptism. The Lord confirmed the word with signs following according to promise. By this time certain persons seeing that none dare stand before us and that we were likely to prosper notwithstanding all their exertions, were moved to anger against us, and began to lay plots. The first thing was to enter complaints to the Governor against us, such as that we were baptizing those who had once been baptized, influencing the people to leave the Province and go to the States, believing in spiritual gifts, speaking against the established church common

prayer book, tearing down churches, going against British laws, etc etc.

At first we paid but little attention to them; continued preaching till we had baptized twenty, when we were informed that the Governor had ordered the Magistrates to meet in Council and inquire into the truth of these complaints. Consequently three met,—their names were Parent, Earls and Morehouse,—having given public notice previously for all who knew of our being guilty of the before-mentioned charges to attend. Two only were sworn; two testified to what we acknowledged our names, place of residence, to what nation we belonged, etc etc. The other, a negro, testified to all intentions and purposes that we preached false doctrine, such as; that we had power to raise the dead, cast out devils, also that we were building a temple that should not be thrown down somewhere in the States, a place of safety, while the residue of mankind should be destroyed. The proceedings of this meeting were forwarded to the Governor. Things having arrived at this pitch we thought it wisdom to take some steps to counteract their proceedings. We accordingly prepared ourselves with documents from Judge Beardsley and Doctor Shelton. We repaired to Fredericktown, appeared before his Excellency. the Governor; Our names were recorded and our place of residence. Our documents underwent an investigation. The Governor was very inquisitive. I was somewhat surprised that the Governor should enter into a debate with us, but this he did, and it lasted about two hours. Many points of our doctrine were taken up; At last, finding himself hard run for arguments accused us of being acquainted with the dead languages. Thus closed our interview without any positive answer; wether we should be allowed our rights or not. Lawyer Wilmot, the Governor's chief counselor, treated us kindly, and told us that there was no law that could harm us. This blowed up the whole affair, and frustrated their plans. We returned to our labors and continued preaching and baptizing. Many were reports were flying abroad about warrants, prisons, etc. The whole country was greatly agitated.

Elder Brown went to Maine a short time. During his absence there was some mob talk. These desperadoes, finding themselves defeated in all their plots, were determined to have revenge. Brother Brown soon returned. Our number had by this time increased to twenty-five.

September the 2nd, 1844: Soon after Dr. Shelton and his family were baptized, he being a man of influence and a Magistrate in the County of York. The excitement seemed to rise

higher than before, and things appeared to converge to a point. **The 11th of September** is a day long to be remembered. In the afternoon I preached in Dr. Shelton's neighborhood; Text, Rev. 12; 14, and labored to show all the fallen-away, the rise of great Babylon and the coming forth of the great work of God in the last days. I had great liberty and spoke at length. Brother Brown and others bore testimony. The spirit of God was there. The meeting closed about sunset. We repaired to the Doctor's house for Supper. everything did not appear just right. Some designing persons walked up street, made use of some hard speeches, and appeared to manifest a hostile spirit. Supper over, Brother Brown left the house and walked down street towards Mr. Foster's. Just before he reached the house, he was met by seven or eight ruffians who knocked him down and beat him most inhumanly, mangled his body by jumping on him, etc. etc. On the appearance of a friend the mob ran off. Brother Brown was brought back half dead covered with blood and dirt. I washed his wounds, found him cut and bruised in a horrible manner, got him in bed in a front room in the lower story. About twelve o'clock at night I laid down with him, fell into a drowse for a moment, to be roused by a prowling mob. I sprang from my bed, seized a chair and held over the bedroom door. The mobbers had possession of the front room and attempted to open our door, but I withstood them. At this moment by means of stones and rails our windows were broken in with a noise like that of thunder. This gave me to understand that there was no other alternative. We must either fall into the hands of a merciless mob, or I must do my best. Elder Brown was scarcely able to get out of bed; all the weapons we had were a chair and cane; The chair appeared to be the heaviest, so I drew it and stood ready for a charge; but none dared to put his head in my reach. I am thankful that they did not. I stood there in suspense not knowing what my fate might be, but was determined to defend myself to the last; for there was no hope of mercy if once in their hands. Our room was small, about ten feet square; stones, rails, etc. were thrown into the room, but as good luck would have it, we were not hurt by them. By this time Mrs. Shelton broke through, for the mob before they commenced their operations crept in and fastened the family into their rooms to prevent them from lending a hand of assistance, and came to our door. Her voice was as the voice of an angel; she bid us come quickly; we did so, and that too was undiscovered by the mob. The night was spent in this deplorable manner. However, about the time we left the bedroom the Doctor left the house by a back door, and after a

while returned with twelve men to protect the house. On examination found the windows broken in a most deplorable manner. Our bed from which we had escaped was covered with stones, rails, etc. One room in the second story had all the windows broken thinking we might be there. The room in which I had taken refuge was searched once, but in vain; the chief enmity seemed to center in me, but miraculously I escaped unhurt. For months the least noise would disturb me, and I would imagine that I heard the breaking of glass; etc. My feelings were such as are not easily described. The mob consisted of about thirty men. The next day we attended our appointments, some miles below, but Elder Brown was not able to appear in public for some time. All this did not discourage us, or the Saints we continued to preach and baptize. For some days we preached and baptized during the day, and slept in the woods in the night-time. During all this we had many more invitations for preaching than we were able to fill.

Having an appointment up the river some miles, our friends assembled for meeting. As we were detained later than was expected, and having heard that a mob was lying in wait for us, thirty or forty of our friends armed themselves with clubs and whatever came to hand, and came rushing to meet us. whether there was a mob or not, I never learned, however. We returned with them, had a good meeting, large and attentive congregation who treated us with all the kindness in their power. We did not lack for friends.

The Summer was now spent, and the time drew near for us to depart. We called the Saints together and organized them into two branches—forty seven in all. We were in the Province about three months. Some had seen us in visions six months before our arrival, and after hearing the Word convinced of the truth and testified that all was fulfilled to the letter; even our dress and appearance they recognized.

All things being now ready we set off for Houlson, Maine; were cordially received preached a few times; procured a passage with the Teamster, and set off October 9th for Bangor, 120 miles; thence by steamboat to Portland, thence by cars to Boston, 400 miles.

October 15th, 1844. Found the Saints in good spirits, between two and three hundred in Boston; was cordially received.

After a short time was called upon to go and visit the Saints in New Hampshire on business, 70 or 80 miles distance. Returned again to Boston being much worn down with excessive labors; concluded to tarry during the Winter and

recruit my health. By invitation consented to take the Presidency of a small branch in Lowell, City 30 miles from Boston, and to take up my abode there. Came into the City December 1st, 1844; kept up regular meetings during the Winter, gave my attention partly to the studying of some useful sciences; baptized a number during my stay.

On the 20th of January, 1845, paid Andover a visit. This is a village about ten miles from Lowell; went in Company with about 200 persons— ten large sleighs. I had the privilege of examining a very large library containing nearly fifteen thousand Volumes. I examined one that was published in 1492 in English.

On the 25th, we had a dreadful storm during the night; the snow drove through the air in almost solid columns. About three o'clock we were aroused by the ringing of bells—every one in the city was ringing. the cry was fire: fire: I dressed myself and went out to witness the most terrific scenery that my eyes ever beheld. Fire engines were in the street but buried in snow; it was impossible to get them to the fire. The Wind blew a hurrican; the air was full; It was difficult to breathe. The reflection caused everything to appear red; the buildings burned down—no assistance could be rendered; the inhabitants escaped with their lives.

Lowell is a manufacturing town—33 Mills, looms 6304; Spindles 204,076; Number of Persons employed 8735—Females 6,320. Yards of cloth manufactured weekly, 6,459,100—Annually 75,873,200.

Made a visit to Boston; had the opportunity of ascending the Bunkerhill Monument, the State House and all other objects of note in the town. Saw a number of small brass cannon that were used on Bunker Hill during the first hostilities with England. Spent the Winter very agreeably up to this date.

RETURN TO NAUVOO, APRIL 25, 1845—Crosby Joined 'Second Quorum of Seventies' — Brigham Young Elected President of Quorum — Work on Temple and Nauvoo House Rushed—Marly Settlement South of Nauvoo Attacked and Burned—Plan of Removing 'As a Church and People Into the Wilderness,' 1845 — Companies of Hundreds, Fifties and Tens Organized for General Exodus — Crosby Left in June, 1847, With Wagon Train for West—Camp-Ground of 'Pioneers' Reached — Prairie Dog Villages are Curiosity — Thousands of Buffalo Seen — Wagon Train Visited by Indians — The Oregon 'Track' Struck at Ft. Laramie

March 12th, 1845, Left Lowell, March 29, proceeded to Boston, thence to N. Y. thence to Philadelphia, thence to Pittsburgh, thence down the Ohio and up the Mississippi; arrived in Nauvoo April the 25th, 1845.

By council of P. P. Pratt nearly all the Elders were called in at that time. Journey home 2168 miles, found all things quiet. On the 29th of May was present at the laying of the last stone of the Temple.

On the 19th of June 1845, had a settlement with Temple Committee—Paid Tithing up to that date from the 12th of October 1840, at which time the Temple was commenced.

On the 1st of July, 1845, joined the Second Quorum of Seventies.⁷ After the death of Joseph the Prophet, the respon-

⁷ During February, 1835, the Twelve Apostles were chosen and another organization, "The Seventies," was introduced by the prophet and leader, Joseph Smith. This was to be a "Quorum" composed of seventy elders, the first seven members of which were to be seven presidents over the whole quorum, and the first of these seven to preside over all; "The Seventies" to be the auxiliaries to the Twelve Apostles, and to form a sort of minor apostleship. Joseph Smith issued the following instructions to the President of "The Seventies":

'If the first Seventy are all employed, and there is a call for more labourers, it will be the duty of the seven Presidents of the first Seventy to call and ordain other seventy, and send them forth to labour in the vineyard, until, if need be, they set apart seventy times seventy, and even until they are one hundred and forty-four thousand.'

—"The Rocky Mountain Saints," by Stenhouse.

sibility of leading and bearing off the Church and Kingdom fell upon the 12 who proceeded to organize and set all things in order. The names of the Quorum are as follows:

President of the Quorum, Brigham Young; Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, P. P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards, John E. Page, Lyman White, George A. Smith, William Smith.

During the Summer of 1845 the work of organization continued till 30 quorums were set in order. I remained at home and worked on the Temple this season. There were but very few Elders sent abroad this Summer—the main object of the Church being to build the Temple and Nauvoo House, which works were rushed on with great spirits.

The season glided away swiftly while all was peace and quietude, until all at once, without any notice, or the least cause, while the Saints were pursuing their common associations, a gang of ruffians on the **10th of September, 1845**, commenced an attack upon a settlement—Marly settlement, South of Nauvoo, by burning their houses and driving defenseless families from their homes. This burning continued and spread in the Country branches, until 70 or 80 houses were consumed. During all this insult the Sheriff (Backentas) thinking that forbearance was no longer a virtue, organized a posse, set off for the burning district; found a company engaged in firing, and attacked them, killing some and driving the rest over the River, or rather they rushed over through fear. The Sheriff, at one time on his route from Warsaw to Nauvoo escaped narrowly, being pursued closely by four or five Ruffians on horseback; the sheriff coming up with friends called on them to save his life, whereupon one man, P. Rockwell, fired and killed a ruffian dead by the name of Warrell. Upon this they retreated. The sheriff with his posse took possession of the principal parties in the country. The Governor, seeing we were likely to overcome our enemies, sent a force of 400 men who paraded the county, and instead of bringing the burners to justice they came to Nauvoo in search of stolen goods, dead bodies, etc. At length troops were dismissed, except 50 men who remained at Carthage to protect the mob. The destruction of property ceased after 10 or 12 thousand dollars loss on our part, and all things remained quiet.

On the 6th of October 1845; we had a General Conference in the Temple. The main business of the Conference was to lay before the Brethren the propriety of removing as a Church and people into the Wilderness, out of reach of Gen-

tile Christians.⁸ Measures were adopted for organizing the people into companies of hundreds, companies of fifties, and companies of tens, whose interest was to be One, for the purpose of removing all rich and poor. A vote was taken to the effect that all our means should be expended, if necessary, or that all should go as far as our means and influence will extend. Much interesting instructions and influence were delivered from the Christian mobs. President B. Young asserted that we owed the United States nothing, not a farthing, not one sermon; they have rejected our testimony, killed our prophets, our skirts are clear from their blood. We will go out from them, let them see to these matters.

At the opening of the Conference the standing of the Officers throughout the entire Church was tested by vote;

⁸ The only written revelation given to the Saints by Brigham Young was issued from his head quarters on January 14, 1847, entitled, "The Word and Will of the Lord concerning the Camp of Israel in their Journeyings to the West." The revelation follows, in part:

"Let all the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and those who journey with them, be organized into companies, with a covenant and a promise to keep all the commandments and statutes of the Lord our God. Let the companies be organized with captains of hundreds, and captains of fifties, and captains of tens, with a president and counsellor at their head, under direction of the Twelve Apostles: and this shall be our covenant, that we will walk in all the ordinances of the Lord.

"Let each company provide itself with all the teams, wagons, provisions, and all other necessaries for the journey, that they can. When the companies are organized, let them go to with all their might, to prepare for those who are to tarry. Let each company, with their captains and presidents, decide how many can go next spring; then choose out a sufficient number of able-bodied and expert men to take teams, seed, and farming utensils to go as PIONEERS to prepare for putting in the spring crops. Let each company bear an equal proportion, according to the dividend of their property, in taking the poor, the widows, and the fatherless, and the families of those who have gone with the army, that the cries of the widow and the fatherless come not up into the ears of the Lord against his people.

"Let each company prepare houses, and fields for raising grain for those who are to remain behind this season; and this is the will of the Lord concerning this people.

"Let every man use all his influence and property to remove this people to the place where the Lord shall locate a stake of Zion; and if ye do this with a pure heart, with all faithfulness, ye shall be blessed in your flocks, and in your herds and in your fields, and in your houses, and in your families . . . * * *

All stood fast except Lyman Wight and William Smith; the former was laid over, but the latter lost his standing either as an Apostle or Patriarch, and directly after was cut off from the Church. Nothing strange or important transpired in Nauvoo, during the Autumn and Winter; the Companies turned their attention to building wagons, etc. The Nauvoo House being discontinued immediately after the commencement of the Hancock riots; the whole force was turned to the completion of the Temple, as also every necessary preparation for our contemplated removal in the spring.

I continued as a regular laborer on the Temple and witnessed the completion of the Upper Room in which the Endowments commenced about the 1st of December, 1845. From this period the Temple was thronged, things being rushed on with the greatest haste. As many as 500 went through in twenty-four hours, this not common. Received my endowments in January, 1846. The work continued till the 8th of February when all was stopped; and immediate preparations entered into for a removal. The crossing commenced on or about the 2nd of February, 1846, and continued till the 16th; as fast as they crossed removed back four or five miles and camped, waiting for all to cross.

April 24, 1846: The ferrys are crowded; the Brethren are crossing with all diligence and going on to join the main camp. The works on the Temple ceased April 23rd, 1846; that is, the Joiner work—the painters and masons continued a few days longer.

Since June 1845 I have labored 202 days on the Temple.

May 24th, 1846; we packed our things and removed to the river-bank; on the 25th crossed the Mississippi and moved back in the Territory 2 or 3 miles and camped.

May 26, 1846: we ascended the bluffs, and some six miles from Nauvoo we found ourselves on a high and sightly place where we had a most splendid view of the Temple and every house almost in Nauvoo; this was a farewell view; thence proceeded on our journey, slowly, at the rate of 12 miles a day. Perhaps reached the Des Moines River on the 28th, crossed the 29th, then onward slowly, found a great number of brethren on the road, as many as forty wagons, tents, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep were seen in abundance; moving onward we traveled through a country interspersed with small prairies well adopted to husbandry, and somewhat improved.

June 5th, 1846; we entered a large prairie about one hundred miles from Nauvoo and very nearly beyond white settlements. This prairie continued all the way to the camp.

We traveled on a high deviding ridge heading the streams and passing near points of timber.

June 15th, 1846; About 8 miles from camp, Mount Pisgah,⁹ I had the misfortune to lose an ox, which broke up my team and frustrated my calculations, as I had not more, nor means to buy.

June 16th; reached the camp, crossed Grand River and pitched tent; here are many people camped in every direction, many ploughing, planting, etc.

On Sunday June 21st, 1846; two messengers returned from the camp of the Twelve on the Missouri River, and brought favorable tidings of the journey to the Mountains, plenty of Buffalo. The principal men at Council Bluffs as well as the big Chief of the Pottawatamies are favorable. One hundred men, mounted, armed and equipped were called for to go from this place with baggage wagons, provisions to serve as a front and rear guard, flanking parties, buffalo hunters, etc. etc. for the camp that moved on this Spring.

June 26th, 1846; Captain Allan attended by some four or six soldiers, arrived here from Leavenworth with documents from General Kearney of the West, who had received similar orders from the President of the United States, calling for 500 Mormons to volunteer to serve U. S. and operate against the Republic of Mexico in the now existing war, the declaration of which is dated May 13th, 1846. They were told after a hearing that all our men were needed to carry out our own measures, but were referred to the Authorities of the Church then to Council Bluffs.

July 3rd, 1846: owing to the disappointments, etc. found myself unable to go and consequently set out on my return to the settlement to procure means at the time of our departure. The Brethren were moving on by scores and hundreds. Arrived at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 10th, where and when my wife set off for the State of Maine, the home of her father. She went on business expecting to return in September, but was taken sick, the news of which reached me by means of letter.

On the **23rd of September** I immediately packed my goods, and took them with me to St. Louis, stored them, pro-

⁹ "Mount Pisgah, Garden Grove, Kanessville and Winter Quarters were necessary resting-places for the weary, where they might recruit their strength and replenish their stores of grain for the preservation of themselves and cattle. It was a hard life. The best among them had nothing too much, and many of them lacked the ordinary necessities of life; but it was suffering for the faith, and they bore their privations with heroism."

ceeded on my journey to her relief. There was at that time a considerable number of Saints in St. Louis; some 60 families arrived during my stay. There were a part of the remnant left in Nauvoo, lately exiled by September mob. Proceeded by way of Illinois River, the chain of Lakes, Canal, Railroad, steamboat, to Clinton, Maine, 200 miles from Boston. Whole journey from Iowa 2400 miles. Arrived on the 21st of October at 5:00 o'clock. In consequence of her previous illness, was of course some time in gaining strength sufficient to return to the West, and even when recovered we found it impossible to get the means we expected because of rascality in those who should have been our friends; finding it impossible for us to get our rights we set off on our way Westward, **January 14th, 1847**, as a company intended leaving Boston, March 1st, 1847. I thought it best to tarry in Lowell for company, freight and passage being increased; the time of our departure was again postponed till April 12th. Proceeded by land across the country by way of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, etc. arrived in St. Louis May 1st. Here detained for a boat to the Bluff till May 11th; whole distance from Maine to the Bluff 2900 miles. Arrived there May 24th, and prepared immediately for a tour of the Rocky Mountains. The Church is in a scattered state, yet a strong body organized themselves and called the town Winter Quarters.¹⁰ During our stay I cruised around and to my astonishment found the Saints with extensive fields of cultivated land. All accomplished within one year.

A company of Pioneers left Winter Quarters April 1st, 300 strong to open the way and select a spot for a resting-place for the people of God. All things now ready I set off June 5th, in company with about 50 wagons, and arrived at the Horn, built a raft and prepared to cross. 9th, all across, but more coming. On the 14th, about 200 wagons camped side by side; here we burned coal, set fires, built bridges, remained in camp till the 19th; thence to the Platte there stopped for all to come on. The same day of our encampment some men on their way to Winter Quarters were attacked by three Indians—Omahaws—one named Weatherby was shot through and died soon after. On the first wagon arriving on the Platte the relics of a man were found. By means of a letter found with him, he was found to be a bearer of dispatches from the Indian agent at the Bluffs to the Pawnee station, evidently

¹⁰ A stopping place established by the main body of Mormon emigrants, located about six miles northwest of the present site of Omaha, Nebraska, called Winter Quarters. It was a city of approximately 700 log huts and dugouts.

an Indian. It was not ascertained by whom he was killed.

While in Camp on the Platte our organization was completed; we kept up a guard by day and night; our cattle are herded in compacts; and the cattle of each 50 by themselves. We are numbered, men and boys from 12 years and upwards, the whole body being organized into hundreds, fifties and tens¹¹—each fifty by themselves, five wagons abreast, or as close as may be. But finding this order inconvenient we traveled two abreast; afterwards our order of camping was by fifty. On stopping the wagons we formed into two half-moons, with an open space between at the extremities. In this our cattle are kept safe. In this order we traveled up the Platte at the rate of 8 to 15 miles a day. The country through which we passed is quite level, so much so that no lock chains are needed; the soil quite sandy, somewhat dry, and barren in places, but good grass and plenty of rushes along the Platte, the land as we pass seems to under lake more.

25th, 1847; Came to Loup Fork, camped on its banks in the evening. Five men from Pawnee passed on their way to Council Bluffs.

Sunday, June 28, 1847: Remained in Camp—130 miles from Winter Quarters; six miles from Pawnee village. The country through which we pass is quite destitute of timber, level and quite sandy, for the most part. There are some small streams to pass, but none of magnitude. The village of the Pawnees seemed a work of some magnitude, but now in ruins, being burned by the Sioux last year. The roofs of their wigwams are round, formed of poles, covered with grass and earth. We saw and examined the cells in the earth where they conceal their corn. We saw no Indians yet some few seemed lurking around. A calf which had lagged behind came up with an arrow shot through his back. A few whites at the station forming for the Indians.

June 30, 1847: Still on the north side of Loup Fork—but finding deep ravines we determined to cross.

July 1st, 1847: All on the side, south, of Loup Fork—18 miles above the Pawnee station a few buffalo seen for the first time.

Sunday, July 6th, 1847, camped on the Platte at Grand

¹¹The journal author was a member of the first ten of the first fifty of the first hundred wagons of Mormons that came into Salt Lake Valley under the leadership of Brigham Young. His signature appears with 27 others in a book of registration which is on exhibition in the office of the Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Island—170 miles from Winter Quarters. The whole camp of near 600 wagons arranged in order on a fine plain, beautifully adorned with roses. The plant called the prickly pear, grown spontaneously; our cattle are seen in herds in the distance; the whole scene is grand and delightful. Good health and good spirits prevail in the camp. Our labors are more than they otherwise would be, on account of the scarcity of men—500 being in the army, and about 200 Pioneers ahead of us. We were one day going from Loup Fork to the Platte, the land somewhat broken.

July 6th, camped on the old camping-ground of the Pioneers; found a guide-board with inscription as follows:

“April 29th, 30th, 1847, Pioneers all well, short grass, rushes plenty, fine weather, watch Indians, 217 miles from Winter Quarters.”

July 7th, 1847, saw herds of antelopes, very wild; shot one. Fine camping ground, good grass.

July 8th, 1847: Weather fine, for three days we have passed multitudes of Prairie-dog villages—they are certainly a curiosity to the traveler; they live in cells, the entrance of which is guarded against the rain. Thousands of these little creatures dwell in composts, and as we pass great numbers of them set themselves up to look at us; they resemble a ground-hog, or wood chuck, but smaller. Passed another Pioneer camping ground; found inscriptions on Buffalo Heads, or skulls. They had killed 11 Buffalo 250 miles from Winter Quarters.

July 10th, 1847: Camped on the Platte which I crossed; found it one mile wide, three feet deep, one foot on an average, current three miles an hour.

July 11, 1847: Killed six buffalo. It was supposed that 1500 hundred were seen at one time. The grass in places is eaten close by them. Those killed weighed from four to ten hundred each, one thing worthy of notice. The ground here and a week's journey back is in many places covered with a something called Salt Petre; the ground is crushed with it. Weather warm, good health.

July 15th, 1847: Camped by a large spring of water 200 or 300 miles from Winter Quarters. Buffalo in abundance; killed all we wanted. Two horses found some distance back and obtained; one had a bridle on, the other a halter. Two found yesterday but could not be taken. With the exception of the Platte bottom the country on this side north of the river is a continual succession of sand-hills, small valleys between.

July 16th, 1847: 216 miles from Fort Laramie, 15 miles from the Forks of the Platte; have seen today many thousand

head of buffalo. On each side of the river hills and valleys were literally covered with them. Their meat is good and wholesome. At evening while our herd was feeding on the plain, some twenty buffalo came running to them; our cattle were frightened and ran. In the meantime our men fired upon them, killed one and wounded three.

July 17, 1847: Traveled 14 miles and camped; at noon killed one buffalo.

Sunday, July 18th, 1847: Remained in camp; were somewhat troubled to keep the buffalo out of the herds. During the night they bellowed about us and an alarm was given by the guard to keep the buffalo out of camp. News reached us that 75 head of cattle were strayed from the third hundred, who were some twenty miles behind; they broke out on the night of the 16th, being frightened. Men being called for to search after them we were still detained in camp during the 19th. We are now in a country entirely destitute of timber—buffalo dung dried on the plain is our only substitute. Yesterday six stray horses were seen, one taken. Some letters reached us from the Morman Ferry,¹² 118 miles above Fort Laramie, North Fork of the Platte. The Pioneers left men there to await our arrival. The bearers of these letters were bound to the States from Oregon—they report 40 head of oxen seen with a herd of buffalo—they were lost by the Ore-

¹²Mokler, in his "Fort Caspar," pg. 9, states concerning the ferry that the Mormons established it in June, 1847, and that for the "succeeding twelve years it was known as the Mormon Ferry. Then in 1859 it was given the name of Platte Bridge Station, (a U. S. Army post) because of the fact that a bridge had been built across the river at this point during the fall and winter of 1858-1859. This was considered of such importance that the name of the post was changed to the dignity of a bridge rather than a ferry. * * * This little military station was first built in the summer of 1858, and was occupied by the soldiers on July 29 of that year, 'for the propose of keeping open the communication with Salt Lake City, and to aid in the prompt forwarding of supplies.' The soldiers remained here less than a year, for on March 23, 1859, the post was ordered to be abandoned, and the troops were withdrawn on April 20, of that year."

The site was reoccupied during the Civil War and re-named Fort Caspar by General Pope in honor of Lieutenant Caspar Collins, killed in action with Indians at Platte Bridge on July 26, 1865. The site was abandoned on October 19, 1867, when the troops withdrew.

The fort, located three miles west of the present city of Casper, has been reconstructed in exact replica of the original buildings and is one of the most interesting spots on the route of the old Oregon Trail.

gon Emigrants. Our men found four oxen and drove them in—strays.

July 20th, 1847: Concluded to raise the oxen lost from other companies, and go on as no trace of the 70 head had been found. Traveled 8 miles to find grass, camped, crossed Rugged Bluffs. Talk of crossing the Platte; for many days we have scarcely been out of sight of herds of Buffalo.

July 21st, 1847: Country sandy, while crossing some Rugged Bluffs we at once came in sight of Buffalo, almost without number, the river for miles swarming with them; as we approached they ran in multitudes over the Bluffs; traveled 12 miles, —camped.

July 22, 1847: Saw the carcasses of 13 Buffalo just killed, which gave us to understand that a large body of Indians were near. At mid-day we came in sight of 100 or 110 Indian Lodges. We were no sooner in camp at evening, than they came running on horseback to our camp, about 100 in number. Report rang through the camp that a body of Indians were coming with a red flag, but on near approach it proved to be the Stars and Stripes. They are of the Sioux nation—the neatest and most cleanly Indians I ever saw. They were friendly; we gave them a feast of bread, etc. after firing a cannon, the Indians retired to their lodges about 2 miles distance.

July 23rd, 1847: remained in camp awaiting the arrival of the third hundred. The Indians again visited us in greater numbers; our people traded with them—gave them bread, meal and corn, etc. for the Moccasins Buffalo robes, and after the usual feast was over they commenced a dance. That over, our people got up a dance also with martial music. After firing two cannons they returned to their lodge in peace.

July 24th, 1847: Traveled 12 miles. As soon as we were under way the Indians were with us by scores to trade. They followed us for some miles; some of our men went over to their lodges and were kindly received and invited to dine, which invitation they accepted. Their meal consisted of dried meat pounded. Our men bought some oxen of them which they had found with the Buffalo. All the dishes which the Indians had were earth shells; skins of beasts are used to carry water, corn, etc. This nation can, we are told, mount thirty or forty thousand warriors—very wealthy in horses. This body of which we speak is merely a hunting party, 2 or 3 hundred strong, with considerable number of horses, for pack-horses.

July 25th, 1847: Lay in camp. Brethren met us from Pioneers; brought us cheering tidings;

July 26th, 1847: Traveled 20 miles; a considerable number of Indians were seen on the other side of the river going on. No timber except some small cedars. We have seen no buffalo for some days.

July 27th, 1847: Traveled 18 miles. Country level with some exceptions. Met another body of Indians. Seemed friendly; good grass.

July 28th, 1847: Traveled 17 miles; saw timber to our left across the river. For some days rocks have shown themselves in the bluffs, but today Lodges appear in some places 20 feet high; at evening we had a gale and thunderstorm—and rain.

July 29th, 1847: Traveled 20 miles; camped near Chimney rock about 90 miles from Ft. Laramie; met a party of men from Oregon on horseback. Saw High Bluffs in the distance; weather fine.

July 30th, 1847: Traveled 18 miles through a country almost barren and camped on a fine bottom of rich grass and rushes. Exceeding high Bluffs, and shelving rocks found some creatures and killed them; that they called Mountain Goats; they resemble our sheep except the wool.

July 31st, 1847: Traveled 15 miles. This high range continues and places resemble wind castles and towers of immense magnitude. Some timber about two miles from the river in the Bluffs, Pine Cedars, etc.

August 1st, 1847: Sunday lay in camp; some of our cattle sick, supposed to be poisoned with Saltpetre spoken of, two died. General health with people. **2nd:** Traveled 25 miles—poor grass, sandy plain. **3rd:** Traveled 12 miles, going sandy very hard; came in sight of some high peaks of the Black Hills. **August 4th:** Traveled 12 miles over sandy plains; some men passed us from California on their way to the States—about fifty in number. General Kearney and his attendents horse back, many pack horses, camped within a few miles of Laramie, thence up the south side; not enter the Black Hills: **5th:** Traveled 8 miles, crossed the Platte at Laramie, thence up the south side; now enter the Black Hills, a range of the Rocky Mountains. These heights are covered with a growth of small pitch-pine; valleys small, land very broken, grass poor, and but little of it. Fort Laramie, so called, is on the Platte. At the foot of the Black Hills, occupied by some Frenchmen. They build for dwellings of some kind of Ft. built of unburnt brick. This does well. As some of our cattle gave out we exchanged with the traders for fresh ones—they sell and buy cattle. At Laramie we struck the Oregon track.

August 6th, 1847: Traveled 6 miles. August 7th remained in camp to recruit and repair for the mountains.

August 8th, 1847: Moved four miles; some men in search of game saw a bear who returned to his den with threatening hard to give battle. The land with the exception of the valleys along the river is one continual succession of hills, rugged in their appearance.

August 9th, 1847: Traveled 16 miles; broke two wagons, crossed rugged hills and craggy rocks.

August 10th, 1847: Traveled 18 miles; we obliged to travel so far and no farther on account of stopping places. Since we left the Platte on the 9th we have no water except at these places where there are brooks and springs; some timber. Pitch-pine on the hills, a species of willow on the water courses, the grass what little there is, is as dry as if cured like hay.

August 11th, 1847: Ascended a very high hill and camped on the top, having broke two wagons; found some grass in deep ravines, gravel roads, some stone and rocks, wearing on our cattle's feet. Traveled three miles.

New Species of Fowl Seen, Called the 'Sage Bird'—'A Plant Called Sage' Is About the Only Vegetation—Traveling Difficult—Wagons Broken—Water Scarce—News Received of Selection of Site Near Salt Lake for City and Temple, 450 Miles Away—Camped at Mormon Ferry on the Platte—Journeyed Toward the Sweetwater 50 Miles Distant—Illness of Cattle Caused by Salt-petre—Arrival at Saleratus Lake, a Wonder to the Traveler—Independence Rock.

August 12th, 1847: Traveled 17 miles—one continual succession of hills, quite difficult. lofty blue peaks are seen in the distance; new species of fowl was brought in called the sage bird.

August 13, 1847: Traveled 18 miles; arrived at our camping grounds late in the evening; roads very bad, broke two wagons, camped on a creek of spring water, some timber, good grass a mile up the creek; country very broken and rocky, a plant called sage is about the only thing seen growing except the water course.

August 14 and 15th, 1847: Lay in camp to repair and recruit. Killed three buffalo, saw hundreds, almost the 1st for some weeks. A man from the Mormon Ferry met us,

brought tidings from the Pioneers that they had pitched upon a place for the Saints to locate— had laid off a City and Temple lot near Salt Lake, 450 miles from us.

August 16th, 1847: Traveled 12 miles; arrived at the Platte—roads a little more level; met E. T. Benson; he confirmed the tidings from the Pioneers.

August 17th, 1847: Traveled 12 miles on the Bank of the Platte.

August 18th, 1847: Traveled 13 miles and camped at the Mormon Ferry, 120 miles from (Fort) Laramie, 400 miles from Salt Lake. Grass very scarce, rainy weather, quite cool.

August 19th, 1847: Traveled 7 miles, crossed the Platte, and camped on the north bank; here met five men waiting for us.

August 20th, 1847: Traveled 14 miles, left the Platte, which here is quite a small stream, and struck off for the Sweetwater 50 miles distant. Saw Buffalo plenty, killed two; camped by a spring, saltpetre here. Three oxen died, one cow, numbers sick; timber seen on the mountains, said to be none on the road for 200 miles. Sage used for fuel; ledges of rock seen here and there; roads hard and good; camped on a brook two miles and a half from its head.

August 21st, 1847: Traveled 12 miles; roads sandy.

August 22nd, 1847: Traveled 14 miles and camped on a fine creek well stored with fish. Grass scarce; the country begins to look mountainous and rocky.

August 23rd, 1847: Lay in Camp. 24th, traveled 12 miles at 12 o'clock arrived at Saleratus Lake—was found dried down to a crust of from one to six inches in thickness, which we broke with axes and gathered all we wanted, tons of white and pure, so far as we know, Saleratus lay here a wonder and an astonishment to the passersby. The earth under this crust appeared to us like potash, equally as strong. There is considerable heat in it. Two miles further we arrived at **Independence Rock**, a place of moment with travelers, where hundreds of names are painted or engraved; here we enter the pass to the mountains, rocky points appear on every side with a narrow defile. Before arriving at this rock we strike the Sweetwater—a branch of the Platte.

August 25th, 1847: Traveled 14 miles up the Sweetwater. After going two miles passed thru the Devils Gate, a defile with rocky heights on either side; here the river passes thru a split in a high rock or mountain.

August 26th, 1847: Traveled 10 miles; roads very sandy, a heavy white frost; saw camp grounds where, to appearance, near one hundred Indians had been a few days since.

**Companies in Rear Request Help for Their Sick Cattle—
Through South Pass—Tar Springs Provide Substitute for
Axle Grease—Echo Canyon Reached—Pratt's Pass—
First View of the Salt Lake Valley for Mountain Top
—“Behold a Resting Place Prepared and Had in
Reserve for the Saints.”**

August 27th, 1847: Frost; traveled 10 miles. **28th:** Traveled 10 miles; traced the Sweetwater thru deep defiles with very high rocky summits on either side. A messenger from companies behind came up with us with dispatches from Brother Taylor, stating that their cattle were sick and dying, and requesting help, but as we could render none, we moved on. This mineral, whatever it may be, proves to be destructive to cattle. At one time being turned out to feed, our cattle came in nearly all sick; Some died; early in the Season this difficulty is avoided, but now the streams are low and the grass short, so that cattle eat the salt-petre with grass; the waters are tinctured with it also.

August 29th, 1847: Traveled 18 miles, roads sandy, without feed or water, met about fifteen pioneers on their return; Ascertained the distance to be less than we expected.

August 30, 1847: Traveled 10 miles; camped at the foot of a large hill.

August 31, 1847: Traveled 8 miles; camped by a springs; snowy mountains seen in the distance; met more Pioneers on their return.

September 1st, 1847: Traveled 15 miles. **2nd:** Traveled 12 miles; went through South Pass, the waters turn towards the Pacific; camped by the Pacific Springs, very miry. **3rd:** Traveled 24 miles without water or grass; passed the Oregon road. We turn South on the California track; camped on Little Sandy. **4th:** Lay in camp. The Twelve and others came up with us; in the evening had an interesting meeting where they gave full description of the land, a good report. **5th:** Traveled 8 miles and camped in Big Sandy; country level and sandy. **6th:** Traveled 17 miles. Big Sandy again. **7th:** Traveled 12 miles and camped on Green River. snow and rain—cold. **8th:** Lay in camp to recruit and repair, and dry goods wet in crossing—found an abundance of black currants on other streams; also we found and dried putty.

September 9th, 1847: Traveled 15 miles and camped on Ham's Fork. **10th:** Traveled 10 miles. **11th:** Traveled 15 miles and camped on Black's Fork, 18 miles from Fort Bridger, a trading post occupied by some French traders. This is near

two small rapid streams of pure cold water. The traders keep a considerable number of cattle and horses, very good horses which are used for riding and carrying burdens from place to place. Furs are carried in this way to water navigation on the Yellowstone; goods bought in this way and sold at a very high price.

September 14th, 1847: Traveled 13 miles and camped on Muddy Creek about 100 miles from the valley. The country is somewhat broken, sandy and barren; some scrub cedars on the high lands, some timber on the creeks. the weather is quite cool; hard frost last night.

September 15th, 1847: Traveled 10 miles and camped on a mountain; night overtook us there.

September 16th, 1847: Traveled 10 miles and camped on Bear River. One mile and a half before arriving at our camp ground we passed a Tar Spring; it is an oily substance resembling tar which we use on our wagon axles.

Sept. 17, 1847: Traveled 5 miles; had trouble about finding our cattle in thickets. Came over a mountain and camped by spring in a deep defile. Traveled 10 miles and camped at a cave rock; killed some antelope; grass somewhat dried and frost-bitten, yet plenty. The country appears more beautiful after crossing the Bear River Mountains.

Sept. 19, 1847: Traveled 10 miles and nearly all day in a narrow defile with high mountains on either side; camped on the head waters of a small stream leading into Weber River.

Sept. 20, 1847: Traveled 15 miles in the before named canyon, Echo; very high rocks, which in places tower for hundreds of feet above, and in places nearby over us as we passed in or near the bed stream. Toward evening struck Weber River and followed it down to our camp ground. This is a small rapid river, well stored with fish; some timber called "Balm of Gilead." Met men and oxen on their way from the valley to meet the camps.

Sept. 21, 1847: Entered Pratt's Pass, traveled 9 miles, having been troubled to find our cattle; got a late start, consequently was out late in the evening. Broke three wagons, tipped one over by moonlight, which with its load rolled down hill. In the morning it was considered best to break up into small companies, which we did.

Sept. 22, 1847: Traveled 9 miles and broke one wagon, left it; roads very bad and dusty.

Sept. 23, 1847: Traveled 10 miles, bad roads; crossed a high mountain; saw the Valley from its top; camped at the foot of another mountain; grass plenty; our view of the Valley

just named reminded me of the space between mighty billows at sea.

Sept. 24, 1847: Ascended the second mountain, very high and steep; in descending it were compelled to chain two wheels. At sunset found ourselves camped within the bounds of Great Salt Lake, in the Great Basin of North America—22 miles from Salt Lake. This valley is said to be about 100 by 20 miles in extent, with a deep rich soil covered with grass, the whole being beautifully diversified with springs and streams of the very best of water, the largest of which runs West of the City, and is called Western Jordan. This Valley is on or near the boundary between the Utah and Snake or Shoshone nations of Indians. There are at no great distance from the City warm and hot springs of both fresh and salt water; four measures of water out of Salt Lake make one of the very best salt, when evaporated, an abundance of salt is procured about the shore at this time of the year. I was led to exclaim when first viewing this beautiful space, hemmed in with lofty mountains, "Behold a resting place prepared and had in reserve for the Saints." There is but little timber in the valley and that little is found along the streams and is called "Cottonwood" or "Balm of Gilead;" in the Canyons or deep cuts between, we find Oak, Maple, Balsam, Fir, etc. This last named timber resembles Pine: from these Canyons we have to haul nearly all our wood and timber from 6 to 10 miles. The weather continued warm until the 20th of October, when a little snow fell in the Valley and made the mountains appear white; from this: the cold increased very fast. The 1st day of November the snow fell about four inches deep, but soon melted. November 16th, snow fell four or five inches deep, frost pretty severe. Thus far in November, since our arrival all have been busily engaged in hauling wood, timber, building houses, sowing wheat. In October a part of the Brethren in the Battalion arrived; some continued their journey to Winter Quarters, others remained with us. About the middle of November a company fitted out for lower California to procure seed, shrubs, etc. etc.

Dec. 15, 1847: Weather cold. Many men complaining of frost bitten feet, though the weather thus far has changed, after cold a few days, pleasant again.

1848—Public Meeting on New Year and First Ordinances Passed for Great Salt Lake City—Harvest Festivity Held and Liberty Pole Raised—Appearance of Crickets, Destruction by Gulls—A Hard Winter—Anniversary of Pioneers' Entrance Into Valley Celebrated, July 24, 1849—Skirmishes with Indians—Crosby Called on Missions to England—Blessing Pronounced by Brigham Young—En Route—Fort Bridger—“Gold Diggers” on Move to California, Including Man with Wheelbarrow—Eight-Day Pause on the Platte to Build Ferry—Report at Fort Laramie on Number of Emigrants.

Jan. 2, 1848: Weather cool, though pleasant for winter weather; the ground being dry at the commencement of cold weather did not freeze, but is now frozen to the depth of 8 inches or more, being moistened by melting snow.

Some Indians have been in and out of camp, but as yet have done no harm. Yesterday, New Year's, a public meeting was held—a few laws framed by a committee and sanctioned by the High Council, were presented to the people, and adopted for the time being. They are as follows: ORDINANCE 1st. Respecting Vagrants, that no exertion be spared respecting cultivating the earth. ORDINANCE 2nd. Respecting disorderly persons or disturbers of the peace, to be punished with stripes not exceeding thirty-nine or fined at the discretion of the judges. ORDINANCE 3rd. Respecting Adultery or Fornication. Any persons or person convicted of the above crime to receive on the bare back lashes not to exceed thirty nine, or to be fined in the sum of, not to exceed \$1,000. ORDINANCE 4th. Concerning stealing, robbing, housebreaking, etc., any person or persons convicted of any of the above crimes to be punished with lashes not exceeding thirty nine, and to restore four fold. ORDINANCE 5th. Respecting drunkenness, swearing, cursing, etc., any person or persons convicted of these charges to be fined not to exceed \$25.00 nor less than \$1.00. Passed in behalf of the High Council and people of Great Salt Lake City, Dec. 27, 1847.

Through **February** and **March** we had considerable falling weather. Heavy rains and frosts in April. A somewhat severe frost on the 27th of May destroyed all our gardens. Light rains on the first of May; about the middle, the dry season set in.

June 22nd, 1848: Jesse Wentworth Crosby born. When harvest was over a public feast was held—A Liberty Pole raised on which a sheaf of wheat, one of barley, rye, and oats were raised. Public thanks offered and all the people with one accord shouted HALLELUAH TO GOD AND THE LAMB"; The entertainment closed with music and dancing.

We had to depend mostly on irrigation, though we had light rains, during the season of raising crops. A kind of cricket, which are our greatest annoyance, destroyed or more of all planted; and would have destroyed more or all, had it not been for the timely interference of the Gulls who came in Myriads, and dispelled the enemy, to our great joy, which was considered a direct interposition of Providence.

The High Council convened and made it a fineable offence to shoot one, notwithstanding our harvest was quite abundant.

The emigration came on in the Fall, some 600 or 800 wagons strong. They brought us news of great revolution in Europe; no particular change in the U. S. Our Winter for 1848 came on early and quite severe, which was very hard on the Brethren—many of whom lived in wagons, tents, etc. during the Winter. The snow fell deep which increased the suffering of the people. The winter finally broke and the Spring opened pleasantly. Things moved on harmoniously, except a few dissenting spirits who left us for California Gold Mines. Some Indians killed some of our cattle and on refusing to give themselves up four of them were killed by a party of our men.

On the 24th of July, 1849: a public anniversary was held in honor of the day on which the Pioneers entered the Valley; several thousand persons were present and a public dinner was prepared, and all invited to partake, rich and poor, black and white. The day was spent very magnificently and the firing of cannon, etc. etc. 24 Bishops with as many banners with very appropriate mottoes, such as

“TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL”

“HAIL TO OUR MARTYR”

“HAIL TO OUR CHIEFTAN”

“HOLINESS TO THE LORD”

“FREE SOIL”

“EQUAL RIGHTS”

“GOD AND LIBERTY” etc. etc.

I had the honor of acting as captain of our division of the people of the 17th ward. Many strangers were present on their way to the Gold Mines, who were invited to come and

partake without money or price of the sumptuous dinner, which consisted chiefly of the fruit of the valley.

Many thousand men passed through the Valley this season on their way to the Gold regions, which the Saints discovered in 1847, but they received as little credit for their discovery as Columbus did for his discovery of America.

Very great improvements were made on every hand and an abundance was raised to supply ourselves and the thousands of Saints that come to our standard. All things passed on steadily till towards spring 1850. A company of renegade Indians committed depredations on a company of the Saints settled in Utah Valley. These grievances had been of long continuance, and could be born no longer. The Indians were a company of thieves and murderers collected out of several Tribes and universally hated by their own people. A company of men were ordered to go in search of these desperadoes to hunt them out and destroy them. There were several hard fights—in one of these one of our men were killed, some two or three wounded slightly. The skirmishes continued some two or three weeks; and ended in the almost entire destruction of the Indians except the women and children who were brought to the city as prisoners of war. They were kept for a while and then set at liberty. Throughout this affair the Providence of God was manifested to a great degree, for the Indians were well armed and had plenty of ammunition; some 40 of them were killed, and only one of our men, and that by his own imprudence

Spring came, and at the April Conference, I was called in company with seven others, to go on Missions to England. We had 16 days notice to get ready for a journey of some 8,000 miles. I accordingly set about the work and made every provision within my reach for my wife and children, three in number, the youngest Samuel Obed, born August 26th, 1849, but 8 months old. I got ready to leave my family, my farm, city lot, house, etc. that I had toiled so hard to improve; and on the 19th of April bid farewell to the beautiful Valley, and left all for Christ's sake, and the Gospel's to go to a foreign nation and travel without purse or script, in the midst of this unfriendly and uncharitable generation, far away from kind friends and Happy Home.

Our first day's journey took us over the first mountain, on the top of which we found snow some 10 feet deep—a great change from the City, only some 8 or 10 miles distance; garden vegetables were up and thriving. We were compelled to stop two days and break a road with our feet, forming ourselves into two lines (there being some 30 men in all traveling

east with us) Treading the snow with our feet in the middle of the day when the snow was soft. Then at night the frost formed a hard road, especially where we had trodden, so as to bear our horses, oxen and wagons. By this means we crossed over snow at least 20 feet deep, and with safety scaled the summit of the second mountain, and proceeded on our journey, but with much toil, as we often found ourselves in deep snow and were compelled to shovel our way, that is, throwing the snow before our teams and wagons for miles together, thus heaping up the snow on either side so that the teams could pass. It seemed a great undertaking being rather early in the season. But as we had started, all to a man refused to turn back, calling to mind the promises of God made to us through his servants when we were set apart by the laying on of hands to go on the mission. (I will here insert a copy of the blessing pronounced upon my head by President Brigham Young, at the time I was set apart for my mission to England:

“BROTHER JESSE W. O. CROSBY: We bless and set thee apart to go on the mission to England in the name of Jesus Christ; and we pray our Heavenly Father to enlighten thy mind that thou mayest comprehend all the arts and sciences. Thou shalt have power over the wicked. Thy enemies shall flee before thee.

Lift up thy voice to the nations of the earth and the Lord will give thee language that thou shalt be able to confound the wisdom of the wise.

The Angel of the Lord shall go before thee that thy feet slip not. Thou shalt have all that thy hear desires in righteousness, and thou shalt return to thy family in peace and be mighty in Israel; The elements will be subject to thee, and thy soul will be satisfied.

We seal these blessings upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, AMEN.”

Those on missions with me to Europe are as follows: Moses Clawson, William Burton, James Works, I. C. Haight, Appleton M. Harmon, Robert Campbell, John O. Angus, C. V. Spencer. Some were of weakly constitutions and our toils were very great, but every man nerved himself up and bared his breast to the storm. Brother Thomas Grover traveled with us, and had his family, but the remainder of the company soon left us, being stronger handed. We had several snow-storms, and on the **28th** we were compelled to leave the road on account of the snow and take to the hills, which were so soft that our wheels cut in half way to the axle-trees. Some of our

oxen tired out.

April 29th, 1850: Came to the Weber River; forded it and camped to let our teams rest, having come forty miles in eleven days, by incessant toil. In the afternoon drove four miles and camped at the mouth of the Red Fork of the Weber.

April 30, 1850: Came up Red Fork 15 miles and camped near a deep ravine; Teams weak; Feed poor, weather fine.

May 1st, 1850: Came about nine miles, roads soft, snow deep in places; some complaining of ill health.

May 2, 1850: Came over a hill divide one and one-half miles, and camped in a snow storm.

May 3, 1850: Snow deep; in places deep mud, heavy roads; came about 9 miles and camped without water, wood or grass of any consequence. Weather cold; shoveled half mile through snow after camping.

May 4, 1850: Came to Bear River, crossed it and same up with a party that had left us; weather clear and fine.

May 5, 1850: Sunday remained in camp. 80 miles from home; having been 17 days performing the journey: All hands wearied and fatigued, and our teams somewhat worn down, yet all in good spirits. We have our devotions morning and evening, singing and prayer.

May 6, 1850: Left Bear River, came 5 miles and camped at the foot of the mountain; roads bad, had to travel on the sides of the hills. Snow deep.

May 7, 1850: Traveled 16 miles, crossed the mountains and camped on Spring Creek; roads rather better, not much snow; weather fine; all well.

May 8th, 1850: Traveled 10 miles; came to Fort Bridger, 113 miles from Salt Lake City. Thus after 20 days of hard and incessant toil we found ourselves out of the snow and in little better footing. After trading a little with the mountaineers; moved onto a camping place of some Frenchmen, with whom we traded cattle, bought provisions, etc.

May 9, 1850: Came to Muddy Creek and camped; 125 miles from the Valley. The snow has disappeared; roads good, but streams very high.

May 10th, 1850: Came 15 miles; crossed several creeks, very high; camped on Ham's Fork.

May 11th, 1850: Crossed Ham's Fork; had to raise our wagon beds and crossed by means of stretching chains across the stream and hitching our teams on the opposite side. Came 13 miles and camped without water.

May 12, 1850: Came 10 miles and camped on Green River; weather fine; traveling good.

May 13, 1850: Crossed, water almost over our wagons,

goods and provisions wet. Met a large body of Snake Indians. Came 17 miles and camped on Big Sandy; feed poor.

May 14, 1850: Traveled 12 miles and camped on Little Sandy. Feed poor.

May 15, 1850: Traveled 20 miles; met a company of "Gold Diggers" on their way to the mines. Camped on Pacific Creek, so called from the fact that from this divide the stream runs westward toward the Pacific.

May 16, 1850: Came 4 miles and were caught in a thunder storm, very violent. Storm over, moved on—16½ miles in all; camped on the Sweetwater; rain storm; A large company of "Gold Diggers" camped with us, from 100 to 150 men.

May 17, 1850: Came four miles and camped on Small Creek.

May 18, 1850: Traveled down Sweet Water, crossed stream, deep and rapid.

May 19, 1850: Sunday, thought best to travel as there was but poor grass for our teams. Crossed a very bad "Alkali" swamp and by reason of taking a wrong road camped at Alkali Springs, after traveling 10½ miles.

May 20, 1850: Traveled 7 miles and camped on the River Bank.

May 21st, 1850: Road very sandy, and a large train of Emigrants for the mines. Amongst others we saw a man with a wheelbarrow, which he had rolled some 800 and was still in good spirits moving on, having some 1200 miles before him yet through the wilds of nature, carrying with him his scanty supply of provisions, bedding, arms and ammunition, etc. Traveled 8 miles and camped at Gravel Bluffs.

May 22, 1850: Wind high, road sandy; came 19½ miles and camped two miles west of Devils Gate. At this gate the Sweet Water River passes through a mountain of rocks which rise some hundreds of feet on either side, in perpendicular form; the sight is grand, standing on a level with the river and viewing men on the summit they seem but mere specks.

May 23rd, 1850: Traveled 17 miles; met several trains of "Gold Diggers"; camped on Grease Wood Creek.

May 24, 1850: Came 19 miles; passed Alkali Swamp and Creek, and camped on dry creek. Brother Grover very sick; the road thronged with gold diggers.

May 25, 1850: Came 21 miles to the Platte; wind high, very dusty.

May 26, 1850: Resolved to stop a few days and recruit and exchange our oxen for horses, etc. In the meantime all went to work, except two that were appointed to trade with the Gold Diggers, and helped the Ferrymen. Sixteen of the

Brethren who came from the Valley for the purpose of establishing a ferry, to build two boats, which was done by going to the mountains for timber some miles distant and hewing large trees down to four inches gunwales, for the sides, and sawing boards with pit-saws for the bottom, etc. These boats were managed by means of large ropes stretched across the stream, then with pully blocks working on the before named rope, then Guy ropes attached to each end of the boat, and to the two blocks with pulleys, then drop one end of the boat so that the force of the current pressing against it will push the boat across, then reverse the process and the boat will recross and make in about five minutes. The stream is very deep and rapid. After a stop of eight days, having assisted the Brethren till the last boat was launched, and our wagons (having left the most of our camp, equipage and wagons, except one) and teams constituted the first load.

Early in the morning of June 3rd, 1850: bid farewell to our friends and two of our party, Father Eldredge and Molen, who had journeyed thus far with us on their way to the States, but concluded to return to the Valley, not able to stand the journey, and we prosecuted the journey with good horse teams: All were well pleased. Traveled 13 miles and camped on Muddy Creek.

June 4, 1850: Came 24 miles; camped on a creek.

June 5, 1850: Came 27 miles and camped on the Labonte. Roads good, and all pleased to be able to expedite our journey onwards.

June 6, 1850: Came 30 miles; Camped on Horse Creek: The road swarming with "Gold Diggers."

June 7, 1850: Arose early in the morning; horses gone; camp rallied; bought a horse to search for the missing. One of the party mounted the horse and rode several miles on the road west but could get no trace of the lost; diligent search was made, and at length a trail was found leading into the mountains which we followed with all diligence and came up with the horses in the evening. All very thankful that we were again able to move on.

June 8th, 1850: Came 24 miles and camped on the Platte.

June 9th, 1850: Sunday, remained in camp—eight or ten miles west of Ft. Laramie.

June 10th, 1850: Traveled 18 miles, passed the Fort which is now a government post. it is surprising to see the whole country teeming with "gold diggers."

The whole number that have passed this Fort are as follows:

16,915 Men, 235 Women, 242 Children, 4,627 Wagons,

4,642 Mules, 14,974 Horses, 7,475 Oxen, 1,052 Cows, as reported to us officially.

This was not supposed to be more than one-fourth of the emigration on the move.

Cholera Plague Encountered Among Hordes of Westward Travelers—Women Left Alone on Trail with Teams—Saints Practically Escape the Disease—Reached Kaneshville and, Though Ill, Embarked by Steamer to St. Louis, Thence to New York and to England—Experiences of Three Years and Four Months Described—World's Fair Visited, London, 1851—Return to Salt Lake, September 10, 1853.

June 11th, 1850: Traveled half the day and stopped to recruit.

June 12th, 1850: Met with two cases of cholera, both fatal; reports of sickness and death before us; great press of wagons insomuch that we seldom see the road.

June 13th, 1850: Traveled about 24 miles. Great number sick.

June 14th, 1850: Still traveling down the south side of the Platte; the stream too high to ford.

June 15th, 1850: Passed two new graves; were told of dreadful havoc with Cholera ahead, one man died near us at night; one of the Brethren dreamed he saw destroying angels in great numbers traveling west, with the gold diggers; he saw that we were compelled to meet these destroyers and he wondered within himself how we should escape. but was told that they had charge not to harm us, he saw that as we met them and came in close contact they turned out and gave us the road, etc.

June 17th, 1850: Traveled 20 miles; heavy trains passing on both sides of the river, almost continually, were saluted with reports of great mortality ahead, and seldom pass a train but what has lost from one to six men—more sick, which they have faith to believe will die soon. This I infer from their own answer. I ask: "Have you lost men?" "Yes, six, and three more sick, which we think will die today." One company of twelve lost 5 and the rest turned back; one company from Ohio lost 6 men; one small company of men all died; some women left alone with teams.

June 18th, 1850: Traveled some 20 miles, camped on the South Fork of the Platte; passed several new graves interred

today, yesterday and day before, as we learn from inscriptions.

June 19th, 1850: Crossed the South Platte, all safe; several emigrant wagons became unoccupied and went rolling down the stream with the current. Quite unwell, several of the Brethren complaining.

June 20th, 1850: Traveled 25 miles; passed many graves—five new ones in one place. We had regular hours of devotion, prayer and singing morning and evening: thousands looked upon us with astonishment, wondering how we escaped the destroyer to a man having little or no sickness, and cheerfully united in singing the songs of Zion to the multitudes that came to talk to us.

One day as we passed a large train the Brethren united in singing as we traveled; all faces were turned towards us; many observations was heard; one said, "They are a cheerful lot, and the first that I have seen for weeks; who are they?"

June 21st, 1850: Traveled some 30 miles. Passed some graves that had been opened by wolves. Passed several heavy trains belonging to Government, bound for Fort Hall, also 100 mounted men, soldiers. Most of the emigrants that we meet now are bound for Oregon; the great mass of the gold diggers have passed the Cholera; still bad, nearly every wagon has lost some; one wagon of 3 men had lost two; one woman said she had lost her father, mother and sister; herself and another sister remained alone.

June 22nd, 1850: All well; met Holiday's train from Western Missouri, some families of Saints, all bound for the Valley. Traveled 18 miles; very few emigrants. The road quite clear.

June 23rd, 1850: Traveled 16 miles. Roads good.

June 24th, 1850: Traveled 20 miles; met a company of Saints from St. Louis and elsewhere; camped with Lorenzo Young and two other families traveling in company with men bound for the mines. Brother Young had some 427 head of sheep, and 70 head of cattle bound for the Valley.

June 25th, 1850: Met Captain Milo Andrus' company, 50 wagons strong, from Kaneshville, bound for the Valley, all well and in good spirits, Traveled 20 miles and camped at Fort Kearney 200 miles from the Bluffs.¹³

June 26th, 1850: Heavy rain during the night, the earth covered with water. Met with Captain Lake's company of 50 Saints; met another train of merchandise, Keincades' all bound

¹³Probably refers to what is today Council Bluffs, Iowa.

for the Valley of the Saints. Camped with a company of the Saints—63 wagons. Captain Thomas Johnson from Kanessville.

June 27th, 1850: Met Captain Aaron Johnson and company of 100 organized men, Saints all bound for the Valley; they had lost some by sickness—the first we heard of among the Saints. Met with Brother William Cameron, Brother Moses Tracy, Calvin, etc.

June 28th, 1850: Met Brother Flemming's Company of 23 wagons, including Blair's goods, all for the Valley; also met Captain James Pace and Sessions¹⁴ with 36 wagons; likewise David Evans with 54 wagons; they had lost 4 by Cholera; also met David Bennetts' company 57 wagons; they had lost 11 mostly children; traveled 28 miles; experienced a severe thunder storm with high wind. Met Captain Otis L. Terry and company of 50 camped with Captain William Wall's company of 50; met my brother and sister traveling to the Valley; some sickness—there had been eleven deaths.

June 30th, 1850: Traveled 27 miles along a very wet bottom; passed Captain Moss and 25 men, 13 wagons, and camped with Brother Roundy and company of 30 wagons.

July 1st, 1850: Traveled 27 miles; met 9 wagons belonging to Brother Snow's company of 100 organized men, and camped with Captain Woodruff's company of 62 wagons.

July 2nd, 1850: Met Brother Snow's company of 62 wagons; Brother Stephen Markham's company of 50 wagons, Saints bound for the Valley; traveled 25 miles and camped at Salt Creek.

July 3rd, 1850: Started on as usual: met 5 wagons—Government Stores bound for Fort Kearney. Met 15 wagons loaded with goods for the Valley, Middleton & Riley's. Passed 15 wagons, camped off the road; Government train, some of the men had died, some had run away, and had the train unable to move. crossed Weeping Water and stopped to Noon; passed nine graves in a row, all dated from June 15th to 29th.

July 4th, 1850: Started on in good season; met Brother Hunter, Woolley and Heywood with 27 wagons, 18 of them loaded with merchandise for the Valley—28 tons weight; stopped to dinner with them, came on and crossed the Missouri River at Bethlehem. The weather intensely warm; fed our horses and came on ten miles and stopped at Brother Jonathan Browning's with Brother O. Hyde, who started that day for the Valley.

July 5th, 1850: Arrived in Kanessville; all well.

¹⁴An ancestor of Byron Sessions of Byron, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

July 6th, 1850: Sold our teams and got ready to ship for St. Louis per steamer, but were obliged to stop on account of Boat which was every day expected. in this way we were detained till the 15th, when all hands tired of delay, we hired a man with a team to take me to St. Joseph 150 miles.

July 15th, 1850: Got under way and traveled some 20 miles to Keg Creek and stopped with some Brethren.

July 16th, 1850: Traveled 33 miles and stopped with Squire Palmer, a worthy man and well situated.

July 17th, 1850: Traveled 35 miles.

July 18th, 1850: Crossed the Nediway and camped five miles west of Savannah; here we heard of the death of President Taylor, that happened eleven day since; also of the commotion in Cuba. This is a good country, well improved.

July 19th, 1850: Friday morning; very sick, started on, though unable to travel; high fever and severe pain in right side; at length arrived in St. Joseph and went to bed till evening. Thence on board the Steamer "SACRAMENTO" bound for St. Louis, Missouri. As I walked down to the Steamer a gentleman walked by my side and wished to converse with me about the mountain country; as we were about to part he said: "I understand you are on your way to England." I replied in the affirmative. Said he, "Are you aware that the Cholera is very bad below? Said I, "It cannot be worse than what we have already passed through." "Well," said he, "I have just come up and would not return to St. Louis at this time for the whole city. I would advise you to stop awhile." "No, I said, "I think we shall not stop; we started on a mission to England, whither we were sent." He said, "Well, I think there is ten chances for some if not all of you to die where there is one for all to get to England." I said, "All you say may be true but we shall go on or die trying." "Well, well," said he, "you have good courage." "Well, we are engaged in a good cause," replied I. These were my feelings, though at the same time I was scarcely able to sit up, and as soon as I had bid the gentleman and others "goodbye" returned to my state room and kept it most of the way down to St. Louis, and for whole days scarcely got out of my berth. Our gallant boat run down that night to Weston (June 19th) lay up till morning; got under way about ten A. M., touched at Fort Leavenworth, Independence, and the Missouri at a good height of water.

July 21st, 1850: Passed Jefferson City.

July 22nd, 1850: After touching at St. Charles (where we got some ripe apples, the first we had seen for three years) arrived at the mouth of the river at 7 A. M., and to St. Louis

at Nine. Stopped till evening; got passage on board the "SENATOR," bound for LaSalle, Illinois River. Left St. Louis at 6 P. M. having parted with four of our company there.

July 23rd, 1850: Passed fine scenery, fine towns. Naples, Meridotia, Beardstown, etc. Met several boats on their way to St. Louis.

July 24th, 1850: Arrived at daylight at Peoria, beautiful prairie bordering on the river; rich farms; the scenery still more delightful; arrived at LaSalle at 4 P. M. Got on board the evening "Packet" "PRAIRIE" State drawn by three horses on Canal; left at 6 P. M., made good speed.

July 25th, 1850: Heat oppressive, health poor; arrived at Chicago 6 P. M. Put up at the New York House; in the evening searched out a few Saints that lived in the town.

July 26th, 1850: Brother Haight and Spencer left on board the "JULIUS MORTON" via Central Railroad to Buffalo. Myself in company with Brother A. M. Herman took passage on steamer "CANADA" for Southport and arrived in the evening. July 27th and 28th, remained at Southport with Brother Herman's friend. A beautiful country, elegant farms, etc. but the chastening hand of God seems to be on the track. The potato crop is cut off with the Rot; The wheat is diseased, it rots in the head; the cholera is amongst the peoples. Six died the day we left; we heard of 30 cases in a day at Chicago.

July 29th, 1850: Took passage on board the "LOUISIANA" bound for Cleveland, Ohio. Got under way at 6 P. M. All things went off smoothly till the night of the 31st. About ten P. M. Stern struck on a ledge of rock; all was confusion for a moment; gamblers forsook their games and ran with consternation to the main deck. Attempts were made to back off but to no effect. The Captain then ordered the deck load thrown over board. The order was obeyed—300 barrels of flour, 150 bbls. of fish, beside potash and other freight was discharged with all possible speed; she then by help of the Engine backed off, and our noble and gallant steamer glided onward through the Lake and River till we were about to enter Lake St. Clair, when we were hailed by the steamer "NIAGARA" lying aground. We were detained 7 hours in getting her afloat; thence onward we glided, touched at Detroit; thence to Cleveland.

AUGUST 2nd, 1850: Repaired to the house of Brother Williams, tarried here till 2 P. M.

August 5th, 1850: Preached once; baptized two; Mary Elizabeth Logan, and Lucy Ann Brown. I was well received and treated with the utmost kindness; the brethren and sis-

ters and friends manifested their faith by their works in assisting me on my mission; they gave me some \$22.00. Thomas Wilson, President John Hawkins, and William Copener and others set off per Steamer and arrived in Buffalo next morning.

August 6th, 1850: At 5 A. M. waited here for Elder Harman till next day. Elder Harman had called at Sandusky to see his friends.

August 7th, 1850: Took the train for New York, via Seneca Lake, got off at 6:30 A. M. and arrived in New York on the 8th. The brethren constituting the delegation for England, though they had taken different routes from St. Louis through the States, and ready to take passage on the same ship. We accordingly engaged our passage on board the new and splendid ship "LADY FRANKLIN" of two thousand tons burden, first trip to sea. Ship not ready for Sea till 14th.

I will now give a summary of distances and first class fare so far as steamers and railroads go:

From Salt Lake City to New York City, from Great Salt Lake City to Kanessville, Council Bluffs on Missouri River, from 1000 to 1060 miles. Land carriage journey performed with oxen, mules, or horses; road leads through the territory of six Indian tribes,—500 tribes, mountainous, abounding with game; the remainder of the distance mostly a level country, abounding with buffalo, etc. Journey performed with horses, in rare cases in 16 days; heavy trains require three months; from the Bluffs to St. Louis 800 miles by water, fare Ten dollars; from St. Louis to LaSalle 300 miles—fare 3 dollars by steamer; from LaSalle to Chicago, 100 miles by packet on canal, \$4.00; from Chicago to Buffalo by steamer, 1000 miles—fare \$8.00; from Buffalo to New York by railroad, 500 miles, fare \$10. Thence to Liverpool, 3,500—common passage per sail ship, 30 days; Steamship from 10 to 30 days; fare from \$150.00 down to \$15.00, to return.

August 14th, 1850: Ship now ready; we hauled off into the stream next morning, towed by steamer out of harbor and put to sea.

August 16th, 1850: Somewhat stormy; high wind sprang up; large school of porpoises along side.

August 17th, 1850: Strong wind in our favor; shoal of porpoises working with the wind; sail seen far to windward; the wind increased to a gale, continued all night; two sails to seaward.

August 18th, 1850: Becalmed with heavy sea rolling; nearly all seasick; dull music, the blue ocean beneath, the blue sky above, not else to be seen except a few Mother

Carey's chickens sporting about the vessel. Toward evening the wind sprang up from the West; a passenger—a Mr. Roach—died and was buried in the Ocean after being sewed up in a strong can, with 50 pounds of sand attached to his feet, then laid on a plank—one end of which was raised till the body slipped into the briny deep, and in a moment disappeared.

August 19th, 1850: Becalmed; wind toward evening.

August 20th, 1850: Wind favorable; **22nd**, fine gale; drawing near the grand banks of Newfoundland.

August 23, 1850: Brisk wind; sail seen to windward, and two or more whales spouting water to leeward.

August 24th, 1850: Fine wind; sail seen to windward. **25th:** Weather pleasant. **26th** Wind fair; sea smooth and delightful; passengers all on deck; 107 souls on board.

August 27th, 1850: Wind still favorable; two sails seen during the day.

August 28th, 1850: Three sails seen, one ship with the topmast carried away.

August 29th, 1850: Wind from the north; ship to the windward.

August 30th, 1850: Wind a little more westerly; ship passed hard by to windward; a large shoal of porpoises sporting about our ship delightfully; they were in the height of enjoyment, while our gallant ship dashed through the foaming brine with great rapidity.

August 31st, 1850: Strong east wind, two barques seen to windward.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1850: Wind the same; Captain Yeaton and Mates—Ward and Noon, fearing a long voyage, put passengers on rations of 2 quarts of water per day each.

September 2nd, 1850: Falling of mercury in the barometer foretold an approaching storm, which proved to be more rain than wind; wind easterly, ship heading east by north.

September 3rd, 1850: Strong head wind; weather dreary; several ships and barques seen. **4th.** Head wind, sail to windward, several shoals or porpoises.

September 5th, 1850: Wind the same. A British Barque, "SIR HENRY SMITH," on the larboard tack; passed hard by, showed colors; our Captain in turn showed Stars and Stripes; and another flag with ship's name "LADY FRANKLIN."

September 6th, 1850: Wind increased to gale; sea tempestuous, but our lovely ship spread her canvas to the gale and rides proudly on the troubled bosom fearless of the rag-

ged deep, striking the minds with awe and portraying power and greatness almost divine.

September 7th, 1850: Passed several sails; wind the same; tacked ship at 4 P. M. in full view of Calloway, Ireland. The shore seemed to consist of rugged rocks of a most gloomy aspect, yet all rejoiced to see "Terra Firma;" ship standing off an hour or two, hid the land from our view.

September 8th, 1850: Wind the same beating against each starboard tack brings us in sight of land; steamship passed bound to New York. Great numbers of sails in view.

September 9th, 1850: Wind the same at 12 o'clock on starboard tack, made Cape Clear, the whole coast so far as we have seen presents a rocky, barren waste; Off Cape Clear is a rugged rock rising out of the sea with lighthouse, in course of erection; several pilot boats hailed us, others seen driving about entered the Irish Channel.

September 10th, 1850: Wind ahead as usual; made slow progress up the Channel; Ireland in full view; on the west farms and fields of grain in the distance. At night wind increased to a gale; sea very tempestuous. Retired to our room; attended to our usual devotions and turned in for the night.

September 11th, 1850: Wind more favorable; sailed well till evening; becalmed.

September 12th, 1850: Breeze till Noon; becalmed off Holy Head, Coast of Wales in full view; on the east fine fields of grain, and a high range of mountains stretching along. A Yawl came along side, told of a ship being lost the night before by running on rocks. Steamers cross from here to Dublin in five hours. At evening was hailed by ship "MONTE-ZUMA" that left two days after us from New York; all well. At 4 A. M. fired two Cannon for a signal; late in the day got a steam tug-boat; the Captain fearing that he would not get over the bar. Hired a second one so as to pass before the tide went down; got into the stream all safe.

September 14th, 1850: Hauled into the dock early in the morning, and all over joyed and hearts filled with gratitude. to God that we all had arrived in safety to the end of our long and tedious journey, and were once more permitted to set foot on "Terra Firma;" repaired to the house of C. Pratt's, Wilton Street; was well received, and after a few days stop at Liverpool, we repaired to our friends of labor;—mine in Warwickshire, center of England. This Conference extends over several shires, includes several large towns and cities, and contains 21 branches of the Church. Immediately on my arrival commenced traveling and preaching the Gospel to

Saints and sinners; traveled through most parts of the Conference preaching almost every night, twice and three times on Sunday, baptizing too, up to October 10th. Went to Rugby to attend my appointment there, and on hearing that Queen Victoria would pass that day, went in company with several Saints to get a sight of Her Majesty. Thousands assembled waiting the arrival; at length the royal train arrived at the station, Her Majesty with Prince Albert and the children, six in number, all rode in a very fine carriage prepared for their accomodation. The train was detained some twenty minutes, during which time the Queen was cheered with loud voices which rent the air, while she stood erect in the carriage and bowed gracefully to the assembled thousands. She is a plain looking person and dresses plainly. Thence to Leamington, thence through the south part of the conference, called Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. I visited his birthplace, a round old house, likewise his burying place in the old church. The spot is covered with a flat stone slab with these words inscribed in ancient English: "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear, to dig the dust enclosed here:" "Biessed be the man that laid these stones; Cursed by the man that moves my bones." The slab forms part of the church floor. This town and church are very ancient, dates back to the Conquest. Many gravestones date back to the beginning of the Sixteenth century. Some ten or twelve miles beyond this is a very ancient place called **Reggley**; near Alcester; it was once the abode of the Kings of England; it has as many windows as there are days in the year. The present owner, it is said, came into possession of the property by the shedding of blood, so they are compelled to this day to wear a hand painted bloody on their carriages. Everything about the country seems to indicate age; altogether it seems like an old garment nearly worn out. The life and mirth of the land is gone, and the people in fulfillment of the words of Jesus Christ are looking for these things that are coming on the earth; yet they are zealous of the traditions of their fathers, and are slow to hearken to the revelations of God. Great exertions are being made to bring the truth within the reach of all. Tracts, illustrative of the principles of the Gospel and the mind and will of God respecting this generation are being carried from house to house through the country so far as possible, thus fulfilling the command of God, that where we cannot go we are to send, and many of the aristocracy of this land will not go to hear anything that is unpopular in the eyes of this wicked generation. There are many hundred of thousands of tracts that are carried from house to house, ex-

changed weekly in England in this Conference alone, consisting only of some 800 Saints. We have some twelve or fifteen thousand tracts in circulation, which are exchanged weekly. In spite of all opposition, the truth gaining ground, and is established in the hearts of thousands notwithstanding the discord of the sectarian world, and the jarring elements of Christendom. Some time in October England was divided into twelve Bishoprics by the Roman Catholics under the supervision of Cardinal Wiseman and twelve Suffragans. This, of course, gave great offense to the Clergy of the Church of England and other parties; petitions were sent to her Majesty, calling on her loudly to put down Popery. The poor Pope was burned in effigy in all the towns; on every wall may be seen these Words: "Down with Popery," "Down with the Pope," "No Pope."

December 25th, 1850: Assembled in Conference at Leamington; much business of interest disposed of, thence to Coventry to attend a Tea Party; thence to Birmingham to attend a conference, at which time some 1600 persons assembled in Livery Street Chapel, mostly Saints. After Conference a Tea Meeting was held; much valuable instruction was given to illustrate the necessity of obeying counsel strictly. The story was related of a man hiring two laborers to work in his garden; he set them at work setting out cabbage plants, with orders that they should be set out with leaves downwards and roots upwards. One man thinking this to be wrong, said to the other, "Let us reverse the plants and set them out properly" but not being able to prevail on his comrade, he set about it alone. But the master returned shortly and discharged one for his disobedience, but told the other he had done well and was to continue, but was now to go to work and set the plants properly. The hearts of the Saints were comforted and all went off well. The season is now very disagreeable and dreary, a deal of rain and fog. The Hall in Birmingham was lighted with gas till 11 A. M. and again at 2 P. M. The day was so dark, and this is a common thing in this country during the winter season; yet the winter is very mild indeed, little or no snow, but little frost; some leaves hung on the hedges all winter. During the winter some 2000 Saints emigrated to America. About 100 were from Warwickshire Conference, of which I have charge. The last Ship with Saints sailed in February, and took Brother C. Pratt from our midst; his labors in England have been productive of much good. He is succeeded by Brother F. D. Richards. The half Annual Report showed 42 Conferences, and 32,000 Saints in England. The Gospel was first introduced into France early in 1850, and a church

organized on the 6th of April, consisting of six members. The Gospel was introduced by Brother John Taylor, he having been appointed to open the door of the Kingdom of God to the French Nation. The Gospel was also introduced into Italy in 1850, by Brother Lorenzo Snow, and others. The Gospel was also introduced into Denmark by Brother Erastus Snow, same year. Much opposition has been manifested against the truth in France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, yet the Elders have been preserved from harm and have been able to establish the truth in these benighted regions, and set up the standard of Zion. A few humble souls gathered around it.

Some time in February I saw a most beautiful panorama of the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio Rivers exhibited, painted on canvas, one mile in length; also panorama of the Falls of Niagara, of the Mammoth Cave, several prairie views, prairie on fire.

April 6th, 1851: Attended a Conference in Birmingham; Brother John Taylor was present and F. D. Richards. The Church was declared to be of age.

May 14th, 1850: Assembled in Conference in Leamington—over 60 had been baptized during the quarter. The dreary winter had passed away and all nature had assumed a more lively aspect. I still continue my labors, preaching almost every day from city to city and from town to town, but my health has been second rate, as the climate does not agree with me, it being too damp and consumptive.

June 1st, 1851: Went to London to attend a Festival to which all the Elders in England and Europe were invited. The Presidents of 40 Conferences were present, 4 of the Twelve, viz: John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow and F. D. Richards. The Conference represented a little more than 2000 Saints. Meeting came off well. The Festival was held on Monday, June 2nd, in the Masonic Hall, Queen Street, London; 1100 persons were present and as many excluded for want of room. The meeting was opened by prayer and singing; a band was in attendance; several songs were sung as the performances of the day were being carried into effect. Twenty-four Young Ladies marched round the room dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads; Twenty-four Young Men with staves in their hands marched in like manner, while the Mountain standard was sung: "Lo, the Gentile chain is broken; Freedom's banner waves on high; List ye nations, by this token, know that your redemption is nigh."

2

"See on yonder distant mountain, Zion's standard wide unfurled; Far above Missouri's fountain, let it wave for all the world.

3

"Freedom, peace and full salvation, Are the blessings guaranteed; Liberty to every nation, Every tongue and every creed.

4

"Come ye Christian sects and Pagan; Pope and Protestant and Priest; Worshipers of God or Dragon; Come ye to fair freedom's feast.

5

"Come ye some of doubt and wonder; Indian, Moslem, Greek or Jew; All your shackles burst asunder, Freedom's banner waves for you.

6

"Cease to butcher one another; Join the covenant of peace; Be to all a friend, a brother, This will bring the world release.

7

"To our Kind the Great Messiah; Prince of Peace shall come to reign; Sound again ye heavenly choir; "Peace on earth, good will to men.

Then 12 young men with the Bible in the right hand and Book of Mormon in the left, then 12 young ladies with bouquets of flowers; then 12 aged men with staves. A piece was sung "Say What Is Truth."

"Oh, Say what is truth, 'Tis the fairest gem,
That the riches of worlds can produce;
And priceless the value of truth will be when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse.

2

"Yes, say what is truth; This the brightest prize
To which mortals or Gods can aspire;
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies
Or Ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies,
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

3

The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp,
Then with winds of stern justice he copes;
But the pillar of truth will endure to the last
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast,
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

4

"Then say what is truth! This the last and the first,

For the limit of time it steps o'er;
 Though the heavens depart, and the earth's
 fountains burst,
 Truth the sum of existence will weather the worst,
 Eternal, Unchanged, evermore."

Refreshments were served up consisting of oranges, raisins, cakes, and cold water. Several speeches were made—one in favor of the young men—and of the assembly, wherein a synopsis of the history of the Church was given, its rise and organization, which took place April 6, 1830, Ontario County, and State of New York, its rapid progress and spread throughout the United States, the building of a Temple in Kirtland, Ohio, settlements and improvements in Missouri, the persecution, the removal of the Church to Illinois; the building of Nauvoo City; the death of the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith, martyred in Carthage Jail, June 27th, 1844; the completion of the Nauvoo Temple, etc.

The introduction of the Gospel into England in 1837 by Elder Heber C. Kimball and others who landed in Liverpool in the month of July, 1837, in a land of strangers without a farthing in their pockets and proceeded to several parts of England. Preston was the first place thus highly favored to receive the Gospel in England; multitudes hearkened and scores were baptized, as many as 130 at one time is mentioned. Thus the work prospered mightily, so that at the end of the three months 700 Saints met in Conference. The work of God also prospered in other parts to which the Elders went till 1840, three years from the time it was first introduced, there were represented at Conference assembled in Manchester 4,019 Saints, and, though the combined powers of earth and hell have brought a storm of persecution unparalleled upon the Saints, yet truth has gained a ground steadily and thousands have enlisted under its banner, until 32 Conferences have been organized consisting of about 33,000 Saints, including some 2000 Elders.

A young lady spoke in favor of the Young Ladies; much useful instruction was given by several of the Elders present, and a fair account of the whole appeared in the "Daily Times" the next day, as taken by a reporter present.

June 3rd, 1851: Went to the Chrystal Palace, and viewed the wonderful exhibition of all nations. The building was built by royal commission, and is a wonder to behold, bearing flags of all nations, waving to attract the assembled multitude from every portion of the habitable globe. No less than one hundred different nations were contributors. It was commenced early in the winter of 1850, and finished in May 1851. The

materials used in the construction of this building were iron, wood, glass; of the first about 4000 tons were used, and about 1200 loads of timber were required for the wood-work. The weight of glass in the roof and upright sash-frames is about 400 tons.

The following account is taken from the "Illustrated Exhibitor" for 1851: "This building, designed by Mr. Paxton, is 1851 feet long by 456 broad and 66 feet high. The number of columns varying in length from 14 feet to 6 inches to 20 feet, is 3,300. There are 2,224 cast-iron girders for supporting galleries and roofs, besides 1128 intermediate bearers of binders; 358 wrought-iron trusses for supporting the roof; 34 miles of gutter for carrying water to the columns; 205 miles of sash bars, and 900,000 superficial feet of glass. The building occupies about 18 acres of ground. The Gallery is 24 feet wide, and extends nearly a mile. The length of tables or table space for exhibiting, is about 8 miles. Any idea may be formed of the unprecedented quantity of materials employed in the edifice from the fact that the glass alone used weighs upwards of 400 tons. The total amount of the contract for use, waste, and maintenance was 70,000 pounds. The total value of the building, if it be permanently retained, is 150,000 pounds."

It is the only building in the world that permits the rays of the sunlight to penetrate to it from every part without interruption.

It is situated in Hyde Park, London, which is the largest city on the Globe and by far the most conspicuous in elegance, wealth, and trade, containing no less than 2,600,000 inhabitants, and is now on the increase, notwithstanding there are nearly one thousand deaths recorded in it weekly. There are many scenes of interest in London, such as the British Museum, containing the greatest collection of curiosities in the world, being a vast building and requiring more than one day to go through all the departments and take but a hasty glance at all the objects which have required ages to collect, from every part of the Globe known to the world. The space allotted to books contains 500,000 or half a million volumes. Admission free to this wonderful place of Wonders.

The Tower of London, and the Thames Tunnel are also marks of admiration. The Tower contains Coats of Arms of every ancient date, numerous instruments of cruelty such as was in use centuries ago. One was noticed by all; it was taken from the Spaniards and lodged in the Tower as a specimen of "Catholic Court Inquisition." It was iron; there were screws so arranged as to confine each thumb, the limbs could be

stretched and joints dislocated, etc. Immense quantities of arms—small arms and cannon.

The Zoological Gardens and the Kew Gardens are also worthy of attention. The former contains animals from every part of the Globe from the inferior, creeping lizard, up to the King of animals and the King of birds, with all the varied species of insects, serpents, quadrupeds and amphibious animals. The Gardens are extensive, abounding with shrubs and evergreens; They were got up and are kept in repair at great expense.

The Kew Gardens contain vegetables of every species and flowers of every hue; here may be seen fruits growing from every clime and every zone. This interesting garden is situated in the Thames below London; artificial heat is extensively used by means of coal fires and flues.

During my stay in London of about three weeks my attention was much taken up with new objects of interest, such as the multitude of assembled people from almost every nation under Heaven who had come hither to see the **World's Fair**—the greatest exhibition that the world ever saw in all probability. The city was thronged and the multitudes were barbarians one to another, as many languages were spoken.

I spent two days in the Crystal Palace, and looked upon the work and specimens of art from no less than one hundred different nations, with interest. Here wealth and beauty presented itself on every hand. Thence to Brighton, 50 miles, situated on the Channel that separated France from England. This is a beautiful town of some 70,000 inhabitants. After a stop of one week, during which time I met with the Saints several times; they are a good people and my visit (designed particularly for the improvement of my health, to bathe in the ocean and get the sea breeze) was an agreeable one. Thence my return to London, where I spent some 4 or 5 days; took another view of the Exhibition; made a visit to Buckingham Palace, the Queen's residence when in London. It is a great edifice, built at the expense of the Government, and cost much merely to enlarge it.

The daily expenses of this establishment saying nothing of Windsor Castle, situated on the banks of the Thames about 40 miles from London, which is the residence of the Royal Family when out of London. These two establishments are kept up at an enormous expense, which I am informed is paid by the Government, independent of the salaries paid to the Queen and her royal consort Prince Albert and their children.

From London I proceeded by train to Coventry about 100 miles distant, in time to attend a festival of the Saints

held in that ancient city, said to be the oldest except two in England, and numbers about 40,000 inhabitants. The chief occupation of the people are Watch and Ribbon making. Three very ancient churches with immense spires, the tallest of which is 303 feet in height, make this city conspicuous. These churches like most of the ancient ones were built by the Catholics, and taken from them during or immediately after the reign of "Henry the Eighth."

1851—On the 24th of June, the Coventry Fair took place, which is celebrated once in three years in memory of a most singular occurrence that is said to have transpired in the fourth century. England was then divided into districts; this city is in that part that was called Meria and Earl Laffrick imposed a grievous tax upon the people, who besought him in vain to release them from the annoyance. His wife was then appealed to, and she begged of him time after time to grant the people's request. At last he hastily said, "If you will ride round and through the town naked it shall be done." Contrary to his expectations the lady agreed to ride; an order was then issued that all houses were to be closed and no one to look out on pain of death. The lady rode, and one man notwithstanding the order ventured to look out and was struck blind. He, or his bust, stands in one of the most popular streets of the town looking out to this day. At these fairs, in memory of this transaction, two ladies ride as nearly naked as possible and not be so. Those who rode upon the occasion of which we speak were French ladies. It was considered a moderate estimate to say that 100,000 persons were present. This, in a manner, shows the state of morals in the old world. It is startling to look abroad upon the face of the earth and see the state of things in their true light.

It is estimated that there are in England alone 200,000 public prostitutes, out of 25,000,000 inhabitants. France and other parts are still worse. It is admitted by all that crime is on the increase to a wonderful extent. Mothers cutting their childrens throats and then their own is no unusual thing; secret and public wholesale murders, assassinations, wars, and commotions make up a great portion of the news of the day. A little addition to the present enormities will fulfill the saying of the Prophet, viz. "It is a vexation only to understand the report."

The present inhabitants of the earth are variously estimated from 8 to 960,000,000, and the number that die annually at 18,000,000, and the weight of this mass of human bodies annually cast into the grave is no less than 624,400.

Human life is but slightly valued, especially by the rulers

who control the mass of the people.

I, as before, continued traveling through the Conference, preaching the word and baptizing, etc., till September when I went to Tifton iron and coal where the country is literally dug hollow, and is settling down frequently, to the great peril of the people. Near here is the **Dudley Castle**, the old "Fortress" of great strength, but ruined by Oliver Cromell, by cannonading and is situated on a hill of some magnitude, which is dug hollow, there being subterraneous passages through for some miles. I spent two days with the Saints here, thence on my way to Liverpool—100 miles—spent a few days, thence to my field of labor again. Continued till **January 4, 1852**; when I resigned the Presidency of the Warwickshire Conference in favor of William Speakman, and as soon as arrangements could be made I proceeded to Liverpool, thence by ship "EMPIRE STATE," Captain Russell, for New York City. After going on board was detained in the Channel seven days by a head wind. Finally we got under way on the 21st of February, and after a voyage of 33 days arrived in New York in safety, though much worn down with fatigue and sickness. After a few days' stop I proceeded to Lowell, Massachusetts, about 200 miles distance, to transact some business and try and get some friends started for the Valley. **April, 1852** From thence by Packet to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to fulfill my appointment as published in the Star, No. 1, Volume 14, January 1st, 1852, viz. "To go on a Gospel to strangers," etc.

I will now return to some general remarks on my mission to England. I was in that country from the 14th of September, 1850, till the 14th of February, 1852—in all 518 days. The climate was trying to my constitution, and my health for a considerable portion of the time — was but second-rate. However, I made the best use of my time I could under the circumstances and traveled according to my daily journal while in England; by railway train 2939 and walked 2735 miles, meaning only journeys from town to town and from village to village and preached during said time over 400 public discourses, saying nothing of those of a more private nature; and some 300 were baptized under my direction, though mostly by those Elders laboring under my charge, my calling being more particularly to preach the Gospel, to counsel and direct those under my charge, etc.

But to return, I arrived in **Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, April 26, 1852**; and labored about three weeks with tolerable success, holding meetings almost daily, and much valuable seed was sown as I have reason to believe, though but few were

baptized. Thence, by brig "Thetis" Captain Kenaby to St. John, N. B.; thence by steamer up the St. John River to Southampton, 150 miles to visit a branch of the Church there. After a few days stop, back to St. John 150 miles, thence to Boston, 490 miles, and New York, 250 miles. There, after some deliberation, resolved on giving up going home till another spring, for though anxious to go home yet felt that my labor was not thoroughly done and commenced getting up a company to go through with me to the Valley, and therefore took a cruise through the States to inform the scattered Saints of my intent and to invite them to fall in the ranks, and went as far south as Toms River, New York, thence visited through some parts of New York, thence through New England some 200 miles, and thence by Steamer "Wail of Erin" to St. John. On our trip down had frolic with two whales, who gave us chase and made much sport for the passengers. During my short stay in the States I aroused many who expressed a firm desire to renew their covenants and gather up for Zion; also baptized several. I arrived in St. John **June 25, 1852**; thence to Sackville, 120 miles—in all from Boston to Sackville, 520 miles. Remained till **July 5th 1852**; preached several times and baptized four. There is a small branch of the Church here; thence by carriage to Shediac—30 miles; thence to Bedeck by Schooner, preached twice; thence to Charlotte Town, about 40 miles, stopped one day, had much conversation with some lawyers, Masons, etc. They offered me a home and their Hall, but I declined thinking to come again; took passage on board the "MARGARET" for Halifax some 400 miles distance—was nine days on the passage; several times becalmed, twice went on shore and preached. Arrived on the **19th of July, 1852**; Got the Saints together and held several meetings.

August 3rd, 1852; Left Halifax in schooner "MARY ANN" for Popes Harbor, 40 miles to the eastward, over 40 miles; one family of Saints here. Remained till the 12th, thence to Halifax by schooner and arrived the same day—40 miles; stopped one day, thence to Chester, 40 miles, and arrived the same day by coach.

August 13th, 1852: Preached once at Brother Calkum's, walked one day 10 or 12 miles to get a hall in Chester but without effect.

August 18th, 1852: Returned to Halifax by carriage, 40 miles. Next day received a parcel of books from Liverpool, \$55.00 worth.

August 25th, 1852: Crossed the river and went five miles by

carriage, held meeting, blessed some children; returned to Halifax.

August 26th, 1852: Went by coach to Windsor, 40 miles; got Temperance Hall and lectured at night; next day lectured again, thence by coach and packet to Sackville, by way of Parsboro and Amherst, in all 100 miles; stopped several days, preached and baptized, thence by private carriage 50 miles to Wallace River, stopped several days, preached and baptized, thence again to Sackville—50 miles—stopped and preached on the way at Amherst, traveled to Herbert River and several small towns and held meetings some 70 miles journey; baptized and ordained, and prepared to leave per steamer for St. John, 120 miles. Procured a hall and preached several times, thence to Eastport 69 miles and delivered a course of lectures; thence to St. Andrew's per steamer in search of my wife's people; lectured at Algiers Hall in the evening and at some private houses for several days; thence to St. George by schooner, 20 miles, preached in Temperance Hall several times to wife's friends and a promiscuous crowd of hearers; thence to St. John.

October 23rd, 1852: Per Schooner "CAPTAIN HALLAM" 60 miles, thence up the St. John River to Southampton—150 miles—Reorganized the branch, held several meetings, baptized several persons, was threatened by mob violence, thence per steamer to Fredrickton—50 miles; thence per carriage with Benjamin Hanson, wife's uncle, to his home; talked nearly all night with the family, thence next day to Fredrickton 12 miles, tried for a Hall—failed—thence to St. John, 100 miles, procured a Hall and delivered a course of lectures; prejudice strong; thence to Yarmouth, N. S., per Schooner LaSalle.

November 24th, 1852: Encountered a heavy gale and snow storm; dare not make the land; stood out for the open sea, and lay too. The night was terrible; the sea broke over us with great violence and swept the deck; in the morning nothing remained but one barrel crammed between the companion way and the bulwarks, even the levers for working the capstan were gone. However, we made the port the next day in safety, 100 miles, labored till about the **20th of January 1853;** Baptized two of my mother's sisters: Thankful Amelia Bancroft and Sarah Shaw, and a few others. Thence to St. John per Brig, velocity 100 miles; thence to Sackville per coach, 130 miles; met with the Saints, counselled and helped them to sell their property prior to leaving in the spring. Delivered a course of lectures at Amherst and Herbert River and other places around about; thence to Halifax, from 100

to 150 miles by coach. Arranged some matters with the Saints there and agreed to meet all the Saints from the province at New York City, April 20th, 1853; there organize for our journey to Utah, thence intended to go directly to Boston, but the Steamer had quit the route and I was obliged to go by way of St. John by coach to Digby; thence by Steamer from 150 to 200 miles; thence to Portland, 300 miles; thence to Bloomfield, Essex County, Vermont, distance about 100 miles. Arrived some time in March; did some business for parties in Utah; preached several times to crowded houses; thence by way of Portland to Boston; called together the Saints and met with them; went to Lowell and did the same; thence to Boston, 60 miles in all. Thence to New Bedford, Fall River, and other places where a few Saints were residing; thence to New York; in all including roundabout 300 miles or more. Thence to Haverstraw; held meeting; thence to New York, 80 miles; waited a few days for the arrival of the Saints from the East, thence on our way to Utah. Left New York **April 20, 1853**, per steamer to Albany; thence to Buffalo, N. Y. Got the families and goods on board the steamer for Cleveland, and thence I proceeded by cars through the country. Stopped at dear old Portland where I spent my early days; expected my father to accompany me but he had gone. Thence to Cleveland, 200 miles, waited one day for the steamer to arrive, thence to St. Louis 700 miles; thence to Keokuk, about 200 miles; brought our wagons per steamer; here we joined the English emigration. Proceeded to Illinois and bought our cattle, and as soon as convenient commenced our move through Iowa. While in Illinois stopped two nights at the Mansion House at Nauvoo; conversed with Emma Smith,¹⁵ while she cooked our supper, found her mind soured against the Saints. The house seemed desolate; the furniture defaced; the west wall of the Temple alone remains, and the place is wonderfully changed.

To return; we left Keokuk in advance of the trains, except one that was two weeks ahead of us; we passed that on Wood River, and beat them about four weeks into the Valley

¹⁵Emma Hale was married to Joseph Smith on January 18, 1827, and to her he was warmly devoted, notwithstanding the number of his other wives. Persuaded by some of the Saints to use her influence, he was induced to return to Nauvoo by a scourging letter in which she reproached Joseph and Hyrum as "shepherds" leaving their "sheep" in danger. Joseph was not a coward, and "though he seemed to fully comprehend the danger of his position, he resolved at once to return to Nauvoo and give himself up to the officers of the law."

of the Great Salt Lake, and arrived at my home **September 10th, 1853**, having been absent from my mountain home three years, four months and 22 days, and traveled according to Journal by land and water, by cars, steamers, sailing packet, canals, coaches, wagons, etc., 24,744 miles, and if small journeys were counted the figures would be increased to 30,000 in all probability.

The Utah Indians had been troublesome during the summer previous to my arrival, set on by Mountaineers who sought the downfall of the Saints. Many of the Brethren were under arms at the time of our arrival. One or two companies we met on Green River in search of Desperadoes. Walker was the leading Chief at the time—a great War Chief—since dead. The troubles were brought to a close and peace restored that fall. The winter passed smoothly but was hard on stock; the spring brought its usual cares.

Grasshoppers, 1854—First Hand-Cart Company Arrived in Salt Lake, September, 1856—Press and Pulpit Accused of Spreading Falsehoods—U. S. Army Troop En Route to Salt Lake; Mormons Barricade Echo Canyon Under Col. Burton—Burning of Fort Bridger in September, 1857—Peace Proclamation, Preceding Which Mormons Evacuated the Valley and Migrated South, Called the ‘Grand Move’—Returned to Their Homes After the Army Passed Through, 1858—‘War of Words’ Ended—Polygamy Bill Passed.

I engaged in farming to the extent of my means; the season seemed favorable till some time in the month of June, as I was at work with my hired man and little boys, we noticed something occasionally dropping near us, on examining it it was “GRASSHOPPERS,” and before evening of that day the air literally swarmed with them; day after day they continued to increase till the air was filled to that extent that at times it was difficult to breathe. Our crops and every green thing was threatened with entire destruction, but before they had completed their work, they had miraculously disappeared, leaving us barely enough to supply the wants of the people, including the emigration and a small detachment of U. S. troops under Colonel Steptoe who wintered with us and left in the spring for California. **In October of this year, 1854**, was married to Ann Shelton, of New Brunswick. December 30, 1854, ELIDA was born.

The next year, 1855 was a trying year to the Saints. The "GRASSHOPPERS" in great numbers appeared everywhere; hatched in the fields, and commenced their depredations. As soon as the grain had fairly commenced to grow, field after field was laid waste and destroyed, root and branch; even after the grain had obtained the height of a foot or more they moved like armies, sweeping the country of every green thing. And the courage of many failed. My crop was entirely destroyed; and late in June I plowed my wheat land and planted it to corn. The corn was all we had to subsist on. We depended much on our cattle, but the Lord seemed determined to try us. The winter was dreadfully severe and our stock died at wholesale. I lost one-half of all I had. Many were reduced to straightened circumstances; even Bran bread was used and famine seemed to stare us in the face, but those that had provisions divided with those who had nothing and none died of want. Some of the eastern papers rejoiced at our calamities and speculated upon seeing the Mormon bones bleaching upon the Plains; but the Lord ordered it otherwise; he did not wish to destroy but to make us feel after him. He effectually removed the grasshoppers with a great wind which swept them en masse into Salt Lake as they arose in the air in the middle of each day. The destruction was so great winrows of dead grasshoppers were seen along the shores of the Lake for scores of miles. Thus was the army removed effectually, and the heavens seemed to smile upon us again.

The Spring of 1856 opened delightfully; our crops grew well and we had a good harvest.

April 30th, 1856: THANKFUL AMELA was born, the summer was one of scarcity, but the autumn brought us plenty, and our enemies in the States and throughout the world were again disappointed and the Saints rejoiced.

It is strange to see the growing prejudice against the Saints; the papers teem with foul misrepresentations, and plots are being laid in Congress to bring the Saints into trouble.

In September, 1856, the first Hand-Cart company arrived—men, women and children walked all the way and drew their provisions, clothing, etc., on carts 1000 or 1200 miles. This fall a reformation was commenced; the effects thereof was felt in the world abroad as well as at home; the Saints drew nearer to the Lord and their enemies ragged the more.

There was a catechism got up and the people questioned as to their morality, their general course of life, love for the

truth, etc. And while this was going on and the Saints laboring most diligently to correct their ways and live their religion, our enemies waxed worse and worse; Memorials were sent to Congress, but were treated with contempt, and it seemed that we were approaching an important crisis, for the Nation seemed drunk with rage against the Saints; and from one end of the United States to the other, one continual stream of lies proceeded from the press and pulpit. All that could be said was said and done to break up the Mormons. The Overland Mail contract had been let to a Mormon between Great Salt Lake City and the States, and when the men went down with the July Mail they were threatened with Mob violence at Independence, and not allowed to bring the mail, but were told an army was on the way to hang, kill and break up the Mormons. The men returned and brought the news.

July 24th, 1857, It was resolved that this army should not enter the Valley. A small company of horsemen under R. T. Burton were sent to meet them, watch their movements, stamper their animals, etc. The army was regarded as a mob. Governor Young having had no official information of troops being sent.

I will here observe that on the **24th of July, 1857,** the news arrived at the approach of the hostile army. Governor Young issued a proclamation declaring the Territory under Martial law, and ordering the entire militia to be ready at a moments warning to proceed to any point to check the invaders and forbidding the troops to enter the territory.

The Company under Burton met, the troops kept out of their way, and by means of flanking parties kept strict watch of them day by day and reported to us by expresses, constantly going to and from over the road. It was thought our enemies intended to separate and approach at different points, but they did not attempt it. At or near the Pacific Springs, our boys prepared with horses, cowbells, etc., rode into the enemies camp, making all sorts of noises in their power. They rode through and through the camp before any one could be aroused. The bugles at length made a faint noise, and the men began to turn out. It was at night and the horses and mules seemed inclined to run to the tents and wagons instead of running away; the plan of stampeding was therefore abandoned. The officer in command fearing for the safety of his baggage, which was in advance, commenced a forced march, and made the best of their way to Ham's Fork of Green River undisturbed; here overtaking their baggage trains they encamped to wait orders. At this period some thousand of our men were ordered out and pitched upon Echo Canyon as the

best place to attack the invaders temporary breast-works were thrown up, batteries of rocks made on high precipices and two deep ditches dug across the canyon to fill with water. Here the enemy could be raked from all our positions, and immense rocks were pried up and fixed in readiness to down some hundreds of feet at a given signal; here the main body of our men took up their quarters; but the horse companies formed themselves into scouting parties and proceeded near the enemies camp. Myself and the company to which I belonged left Salt Lake City September 25th, 1857; we were called in haste and left at 12 o'clock at night, and proceeded to the mouth of Emigration; thence at night on our way and camped at night on the east side of Big Mountain. Our horses were troublesome, and we passed the night without sleep. At daylight got under way and reached Echo Canyon and camped for the night. It was Sunday night; we had a meeting and retired to rest, or some of us had, when an express arrived stating that the troops were approaching rapidly. We immediatley got under way and rode all night. We arrived at Cache Cave early in the morning, chilled with cold; our guns, stirrups, etc. covered to some extent with frozen mud and ice. Here we stopped a short time, gathered what little fuel we could find, and made some fires, those that had no balls, ran some, etc. Here we left our baggage and everything except what could be carried about our persons and again pressed our way and reached the "Muddy" after a long and weary march at dark, having traveled 100 miles without sleep on horseback. Next morning reached (Fort) Bridger and found it in possession of a few men that had come out before us. They received us most gladly, being few in number and being within a few hours march of several thousand disciplined troops in hostile array. Scouting parties out constantly to reconnoiter the enemy and burn the grass in all directions as near their camp as practicable. I went to Fort Supply with a small company of men to help take care of the crops, and to make ready to burn everything if found necessary. After finishing the third day's labor and posting our guards we retired to rest, but were soon disturbed by the arrival of an Express from Bridger, ordering everything destroyed. We took out our wagons, horses, etc, and at 12 o'clock set fire to the buildings at once, consisting of 100 or more good hewed-log houses, one sawmill, one grist mill and thrashing machine; and after going out of the Fort, we did set fire to the Stockade work, straw and grain stacks, etc. After looking a few minutes at the bonfire we had made, thence on by the light thereof.

I will mention that owners of property in several cases begged the privilege of setting fire to their own, which they freely did, thus destroying at once what they had labored for years to build, and that without a word. Thence on the way a few miles we stopped and set fire to the City Supply—a new place just commenced — 10 or 16 buildings perhaps, and warmed ourselves by the flames. Thus was laid waste in a few hours all the labor of a settlement for three or four years, with some 500 or 600 acres of land fenced and improved.

Our work of destruction was now finished and we moved silently onward and reached Bridger a little after daylight and found it in ashes, having been fired the night before. We now joined our companions in arms, who, with us, after some deliberation evacuated the place and moved back in the brush to await orders on the approach of the enemy. After waiting some myself and a small division of men with disabled horses we left for the main camp in Echo, and again joined Col. Burton's command. We were drilled in climbing the Bluffs and occupying the batteries, going through the maneuvers of an engagement, etc. At this time we had about 5000 men in and about Echo watching the movements and ready for any emergency should the troops persist in coming in. All were determined to stop them, and firm in the faith that we could do it and not half try, but we waited and waited in vain. No enemy approached; express after express arrived stating that the troops were moving up Ham's Fork, and it was supposed that they intended to go down the Weber and enter the Valley that way; we expected to be called to go around and stop them. At length we got an express stating that they were going down Ham's Fork again; our scouting parties were then all the time watched and reported every move, and occasionally drove off what cattle and mules they could which came to our camp, and thence on to the Valley to the amount of 1000 or thereabout in all. The troops fired at our men several times, but the fire was not returned, strict orders having been given to that effect.

At length, the rear companies having come up they took the common trail for Bridger, and after two or three days spent in getting ready for fight, reconnoitering the place, etc. they came up in order of battle and deliberately shot some old clothes stuffed with straw stuck about, and finally took possession of the desolate stone walls of Bridger and went into Winter Quarters. When this was ascertained most of our troops returned home and finally all, except a few companies that remained till spring. I was out some four weeks and returned with Col. Burton's command. On our arrival the peo-

ple came out in groups to welcome us home; all were glad to get home, and the excitement gradually subsided.

December 15th, 1857, Joseph was born; the winter was spent agreeably in our usual avocations. Many social dances were indulged in throughout the country; and but little was said about the army, although they were encamped within 113 miles from us—full of hell, and breathing out threats against the Mormons, about whose real character they knew but little, and while all was peace and harmony with us, all was strife and bitterness with our enemies, who must have passed a very unpleasant winter, as their animals nearly all died from the severity of the winter and the poverty of their stock as they were very late, near the first of December, when they arrived at Bridger.¹⁶

President Young sent them a load of salt on hearing they were out, but they would not receive it, and our men scattered it in the snow outside their guards, and returned home. Salt was sold at Ten dollars per handful.

President Young caused it to be published that all who wished to go to the army should have an escort and a carriage to ride in. One woman only expressed a wish to go to their camp, although the army was sent to rescue the oppressed.

During the winter Dr. Osborn (Col .Kane) arrived from Washington via California, as a Peacemaker, and finally two gentlemen direct from Washington—McCulloch and Powell arrived with a Proclamation from President Buchanan to the Mormons—an Oracle to Govern Them. The Peace Commissioners, in making peace with the Mormons, said Proclamation consisted of a routine of slanders and abuses, accusing us of murder, treason and all kinds of meanness, and finally granting us a full and free pardon unasked for on our part. The object of this seemed to be to justify the Administration in their blunder and make the world believe they had committed no blunder. Yet, it was easy to see they felt whipped and anxious to get out of the scrape. After two or three days council with the leading men of the Church all was settled,

¹⁶ This comment refers to Col. Albert Sidney Johnston's forces who left for the west from Atchinson, Kansas Territory, on September 28, 1857, and arrived at Fort Bridger on November 20—after suffering extreme hardships when overtaken by the rigors of winter many miles from their destination. The story of the wearisome journey is related in the diary of William A. Carter which was published in the April issue of the ANNALS. Judge Carter made the trip with the government wagon-train and lived the remainder of his life at Fort Bridger. He was one of Wyoming's most outstanding pioneer citizens.

and an Express was sent to Camp and to the States with the tidings of Peace. Governor Powell and President Buchanan would give more to hear of peace being made with the Mormons than any other one thing in the world. All this about nothing. For there was no war, only on their part.

Before it was known how the thing would terminate, the Saints were counselled to move south some time in March and the Move commenced about the **1st of April, 1858**, when I took my first load of goods. By counting it would appear there were about 600 loads daily moving from the north around the point of the mountain, separating Utah and Great Salt Lake Counties. This continued two months or more. Night and day the roads were thronged with wagons and loose herds. To guess from what I saw there could not have been less than 75,000 wagon loads; it might have exceeded 100,000 loads of grain, goods and household furniture, etc., taken south during the "Grand Move" of all moves of the kind since the world was! So that when the army came in the entire people except what was called the "detailed guard," to which body I belonged and was in the City when the Army came in and passed through the City with their big brass cannon, ammunition, wagons, shining sabers, and rifles, all designed for our destruction, but the Lord ruled it otherwise. They passed harmlessly on to their camp, disturbing nothing, and paying a big price for all they got of us. They moved on to Camp Floyd 40 miles southwest of the City, and there took up their abode. When this was done permission was given for us to return to our homes, and a complete rush ensued. Salt Lake City and the Northern settlements were soon thronged with their former inhabitants. A Gentile paper was started in Salt Lake City. Freight wagons to the amount of 4004 came in during the fall with five or six yoke of oxen to a wagon and bringing all sorts of supplies to the amount of 60 or 70 hundred to the wagon; this beside the supply wagon sent out in 1849 with the troops, some of which our men burned to convince them we were in earnest. Thus terminated the first and second year of this war of words wherein the Nation was impoverished and the Administration disgraced, while the Mormons were made rich by this useless outlay of money—Millions.

Thus the Lord can make the wrath of man to praise him and the remainder of wrath He will restrain.

While the troops were at Bridger the excitement throughout the States was immense, and all sorts of speculations was indulged in with regard to the issue. The prejudice finally gave way; and I believe the Nation is ashamed of the affair.

Yet many are and have been laboring to keep up the excitement and bring about the destruction of the Mormons.

In 1859 more supplies arrived. Whole acres of big wagons are to be seen here and there in the City and Camp. Of all crusades against any people since the World was this is the most singular wherein the power of God was most wonderfully displayed that all who had any knowledge of God might see His work and acknowledge His care for His covenant people. But it is written: "The righteous shall understand but the wicked shall none of them understand." And thus it seems, for our enemies are not satisfied but still seek to stir up new subjects of strife and fill the papers with the lying slanderous abuses to excite the Nation to further acts of wickedness for the destruction of this people. Some excitement continued at Camp Scott, supposing the Mormons might suddenly attack and destroy them. But on our part all have attended to their own business, except a few who have partaken of the spirit of the army and its followers and are converted to the habit of swearing, drinking, stealing, etc.

When it was known that the Army was to be sent here, the Elders abroad were called home, and but few have been sent out since; yet the gathering has continued, and thousands of Elders have continued to preach the Gospel to the nations of the earth, notwithstanding the jarring elements, and the faithful Saints have been able to see most clearly the hand of a kind and merciful God in turning the evil designs of our enemies into good, inasmuch as they have supplied us to overflowing with good mules, oxen, wagons, and iron in abundance, and money to purchase them with. Big wagons that cost \$150.00 have sold here for ten to forty dollars each; oxen, mules, etc. for half of the first cost. Money, which was very scarce when the Army came in was soon so plenty that any man with industry could fill his pockets with gold. This done, a general sale of mules was ordered, and our people bought themselves good mule teams at half or less than the first cost. Iron, which was hard to get at \$10 per hundred weight, was now offered at \$2.50 and much less than that. In similar ways has the Lord sustained this people from the beginning and it is indeed mysterious to all beholders, and as wonderful as the leading of Israel in ancient times.

The Nation, seeing that they had accomplished nothing by this vain endeavor to civilize the Mormons, new subjects arose. The U. S. Judges tried hard to bring the Troops and the Mormons in collision. Soldiers were in attendance to guard prisoners at their courts, and many were taken to Camp Floyd, the head quarters of the judges and their associates, their

families, etc., who came to civilize or destroy us; but after trying in vain they began to leave. Towards the close of the season of 1859, Judge Eccles alone remained to do what he could among us by releasing prisoners convicted by the Probate courts for stealing, etc., not acknowledging the jurisdiction of said court. Several individual encounters occurred—one in which a Sergeant was killed in open daylight by a young man who enquired his name and then shot him. The Sergeant had before struck this young man over the head in Rush Valley. This caused a great excitement at camp; they mustered, ground their swords, and made ready to come to Salt Lake City and kill the Mormons, but General Johnson quashed the move. The eastern papers teem with reports from lying scribblers at Camp Floyd. The sutlers and other Gentile merchants fanned the flame to keep up the excitement and cause more and more money to be expended here, but the Administration determined to remove the troops as it threw money into the Mormons' hands and done no good, as nothing was accomplished. Orders reached us some time in March of 1860 for the removal of the troops to New Mexico and other points, except ten companies.

The great Mormon War, which with the subject of Slavery has occupied the public attention since 1847, but now seems to be winding up, it is said, at a cost of \$20,000,000. At the meeting of the Congress in December, 1859, the House spent about eight weeks quarreling and disputing before the House was organized by choosing a Speaker.

The Harper's Ferry affair seemed first in their minds, and "Mormons" and "Polygamy" next. This Harper's Ferry came up in the fall of 1859, and was led by one John Brown, a Northern man, who with a few followers undertook to liberate the slaves of the South. He privately conveyed arms and ammunition to this place and got possession of one of the U. S. Armories, and could not be dislodged till the U. S. Marines came down from Washington City. He was then taken prisoner and with those who were not killed was afterwards hung. The affair cost Virginia a deal of trouble and expense, and has been among the most interesting topics of this day. Congressmen have several times come near a general fight.

Some time in April one Lovejoy from Illinois got so excited over the subject of Slavery in his speech that he pronounced it the leading sin in the world, and advanced to the opposite side of the House with doubled fists. A general row ensued, and the most bitter language made use of. The Polyg-

amy bill was also warmly discussed, and finally passed, supporters being Methodist preachers.

William H. Hooper, our Delegate, inquired if this Congress was prepared to enforce the bill in case it becomes a law, as the entire people of Utah would refuse to allow Congress to meddle with their private affairs.

Biographical Sketch of Jesse W. Crosby from the Time of Final Entries in the Journal to Time of Death, 1893.

The author of the journal lived in Salt Lake City fourteen years (1847-1861) when he sold his property and moved to Utah's "Dixie" (St. George and vicinity) making his home at St. George. Having gained renown as a molasses maker he had been called by Brigham Young to that place to teach the art to others, molasses being a valuable commodity on the Frontier. Previous to discovery of cane as a source of the molasses product, Mr. Crosby utilized carrots, beets and parsnips. His two eldest sons, Jesse W., Jr., and George H. accompanied him to the new location, spending the winter at Toquerville and continuing to St. George in the spring. Later they were joined by the remainder of the family.

It was said of him that he was the hardest working man in the Rocky Mountain Region, retiring at 11:00 P. M. and arising at 3:00 A. M. The Crosby home in St. George was for many years considered the finest residence in the community.

He was navigator of the expedition sent by the Mormon Church to investigate the possibility of steam boat traffic on the Colorado River, having gained his experience on

An unfortunate incident occurred in connection with the Mormon settlement at Overton. Under the mistaken idea that they were living in Utah, the Colonists organized a county and for approximately eight years paid taxes, after which Nevada brought suit to collect taxes from the Mormon citizens for that period. Had this claim been made for State taxes alone, it would not have worked such a hardship, but the demand included county taxes, also. By the time the lawsuit was settled in favor of the State, the panic of 1895 was beginning to make itself felt and the settlers determined to abandon the town. It is supposed that a compromise settlement was reached in this tax matter, later.

Lake Erie and on fishing boats while living in Nova Scotia. The report of the expedition was unfavorable because of silt and sand bars.

In 1882 he married a plural wife, Minnie Karl, and by this marriage two children were born who now reside in Los Angeles, Calif. In the same year he moved his family to Overton, Nevada, where he lived until his death. Due to ill health occasioned by the hot climate he left his home in Overton, accompanied by a small son, Nephi, for a visit at Panguitch, Garfield County, Utah, with his sons, Jesse W., Jr., and Samuel. Enroute they became lost in the desert and the elderly man nearly died of thirst. Probably due to this tragic experience he suffered a paralytic stroke the day after reaching his sons and passed away, at the age of seventy-three.

"OLD FORT BRIDGER"

On June 16, 1873, the following article appeared in "THE DAILY GRAPHIC, An Illustrated Evening Newspaper" under the above headline, and gives impressions of a visitor at the Fort more than three-quarters of a century ago. The sketch on the front of this issue of the ANNALS appeared with the article and is an artist's idea of the "Frontier Fort."

"An Old Fur-Trading Post—A Motley Population—Mormons—A Mountaineer Dispossessed—Pure Streams—Mountain Sports — Fairy Lakes — Coming Events"

Fort Bridger, June 10.—In this out-of-the-way portion of the world we are glad to see anything fresh and new, and THE DAILY GRAPHIC is a never-ending source of pleasure to us, not only on account of the excellent pictures it contains, but also on account of the character of the reading matter which is both interesting and instructive.

The place where I write this letter is one of the oldest settlements made by white men in this whole mountain region, and, being situated in the handsomest portion of Wyoming, is a point of especial interest to the tourist. James Bridger, an old mountaineer, who came to the Rocky Mountains under the auspices of General Ashley in 1832, built a trading post here in 1841; and since that time it has always been occupied by the whites. The first post was built on a bold bluff, some distance from Black's Fork of Green River; but the Sioux Indians having come in and made a raid upon the little fort,

in which affair two Snake Indians were killed, it was moved down to the place which is now occupied by the United States garrison. For years it was a fur-trading post, and here were congregated a motley crew of hunters and trappers; Snake and Ute Indians, tricked out in all the barbaric pomp of savage finery; squaws were wrapped up in bright colored blankets, and Indian children looking like the sprites of the mountains. Occasionally there was a grand "blow out," or jollification, in which all hands participated, and the hills round about re-echoed their shouts and laughter. It was not a very refined pastime, but served to please the rough mountaineers and the not over-delicate Indian women.

A few travellers came across the mountains in 1842, and still more in 1843; and so on it continued until 1847, when the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, with his horde, came along, and wended his way to the Salt Lake Valley, one hundred miles farther West. Then the gold mines in California were discovered in 1848-49, and a tide of immigration swept across the country, and the fort became a noted place. Hundreds and hundreds of wagons, drawn by horses, mules, oxen and cows, rolled over the road, and a partner of Bridger, named Vasquez, used to air his fur-trading dignity in a coach drawn by four horses. This state of things continued until 1854, when the Mormons thought Bridger had made enough money and ought to be dispossessed. Accordingly, he was paid eight thousand dollars for his cattle and "improvements," and told to leave the country.

After his departure, the Mormons built a high wall of cobblestones laid up in mortar, and erected some cabins inside the enclosure of the fort. Here they held high carnival, and the high-toned saints are said to have more than enjoyed themselves on Jim Bridger's whiskey. They had things all their own way until the arrival of the United States soldiers, which were sent out for the invasion of Utah, under the command of Colonel Albert S. Johnston, in the fall of 1857. At the approach of the soldiers they burnt the buildings, and destroyed everything they could, and then escaped to Salt Lake Valley. Bridger acted as guide to the soldiers, and was a valuable one, as he is acquainted with all the passes in the mountains.

When the troops moved on to Salt Lake in the spring of 1858, a considerable command was left at the fort, who built new buildings, and made the best post on the overland route. Major Canby was then in command.

When the war of the rebellion broke out the regular gar-

ri-son was withdrawn, and volunteers held the place until the return of peace, when the regular soldiers were again sent back. In the meantime houses had gone to ruin, and the fences had been destroyed. These, however, were speedily repaired, and everything again assumed a neat appearance. The overland stage passed daily and large immigrant trains toiled slowly along the excellent roads on the mountains. The valley of Black's Fork was always a favorite camping ground of these movers, the water therein being as pure and bright as any in the world, and altogether unlike the sour and alkaline waters of many of the streams that wend their way along the slopes of the Rockies.

Then came the era of the Pacific Railroad, which passes along eleven miles from the post. The echo of the whistle of the locomotive can now be heard, where but a short time since the shrill war-cry of the savages broke upon the air, mingled with the gruff tones of the grizzly bear, and the wild wailings of the cougar.

To the lover of mountain sports no better place than Fort Bridger can be found. The streams are full of speckled trout; and the lakes in the mountains—twenty-five or thirty miles distant—beautiful. On seeing these lakes, which are from half a mile to a mile in diameter, one is apt to exclaim: "Earth has no fairer scene than this." The dark pines are reflected in the water as in a great mirror, and geese and ducks fly about and disport themselves upon the placid surface. There are several old mountain men living in the vicinity of the fort who have succeeded in raising considerable herds of cattle, and some Snake Indians have gathered quite a number of horses and cows. The garrison is admirably located, being about equi-distant from the reservations of the Eastern Shoshonees and the Uintah Utes, and ready to strike in any direction that may be required. Algebra.

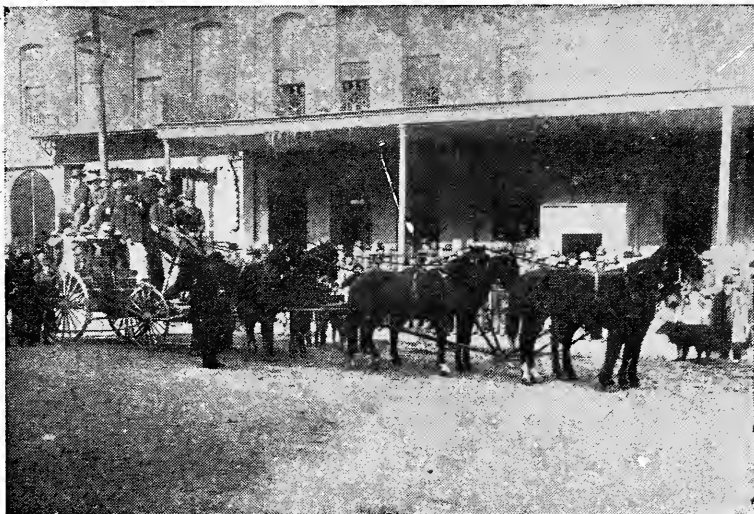
In another column of the same paper, special attention is called to the above article and sketch as follows:

"An interesting article will be found in our reading columns apropos of our sketch of Fort Bridger, in Wyoming Territory. In the hurry of busy life we pay little attention to the romance that clusters around these frontier posts. But some day it will be written up, and our children will wonder that there was no Cooper of our time to catch and transfer to print the adventurous life of the frontiersman of 1873."

CAREER OF CHEYENNE-BLACK HILLS STAGE LINE OWNER, COLORFUL STORY OF THE "OLD WEST."

By INEZ BABB TAYLOR

On Wyoming's extended honor-roll of illustrious and courageous pioneers is one worthy of special tribute, Russell Thorp, Sr., who was born in New York in 1846, and at the age of 52 met an untimely death in a runaway accident a



LAST BLACK HILLS COACH LEAVING CHEYENNE, FEBRUARY 19, 1887

Pushed to points beyond the rails, the old Black Hills "coach and six" pause for the photographer before leaving their Cheyenne starting-place for the last time. George Lathrop, the proud driver, said of the occasion in his "Memoirs of a Pioneer," published in 1927: "I would not have changed places with Grover Cleveland. It was a great day!" W. S. Jenks is beside the driver, and on the ground by the wheel horses is the owner, Russell Thorp, Sr.

NOTE.—Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Russell Thorp, Jr., of Cheyenne, for his generous cooperation with the State Historical Department in furnishing data and information on the life and career of his father, the subject of this article. Highly interested in pioneer history himself, Mr. Thorp, Secretary of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association, owns a voluminous collection of valuable relics illustrative of early Wyoming days and especially those related to the oldtime transportation business and cattle industry.

mile from Lusk, Wyoming, on September 8, 1898, having spent a third of a century in this wild, sparsely settled western country during its most difficult and dangerous times.

He was directly connected with two of the most important historical chapters of the State—the stage-coach era and the cattle industry.

During the Civil War he served as a private in the Union Army, and after his discharge at Clouds Mill, Va., in 1865, he journeyed to St. Joseph, Mo., where he accepted employment freighting potatoes with mule teams from that point to Salt Lake City, Utah.

After engaging in overland freighting for a time he located at Beartown on Bear River near Myers Crossing, approximately eight or nine miles east of what is now Evanston, Wyoming, on the old Overland Stage route, and was one of the town's citizen-defenders in the notorious and terrorizing "Beartown Riot" in 1868.

Upon completion of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1868, Mr. Thorp settled at the new town of Evanston, where he conducted a livery business and engaged in other enterprises. At that place, in 1872, he was married to Miss Josephine Brooks, principal of the Evanston grade school. During the previous year she had taught the first Gentile school in Utah, at Corrine.

Cheyenne, thriving "Queen of the Plains," next beckoned, and in 1875, with his bride of three years, he moved to the

¹Bear River City sprang up during construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, was abandoned upon completion of the road and is now an unmarked site. Its story of tragedy, murders, battles, hangings, the Vigilantes and final complete destruction, reads like a thrilling novel.

The "riot" on November 20, 1868, was one of those hair-raising episodes concerning which a newspaper reporter "on location" wrote special stories for the weekly CHEYENNE LEADER of November 21 and 27:

A reign of mob violence held forth for a day, beginning at eight o'clock, a. m., when the populace was startled by the riotous entry into the city of from two to three hundred "lawless invaders convened from adjacent camps along the line of the U. P. Railroad for the purpose of retaliating for injuries claimed to have been sustained by the operators of the shovel, by the execution of two or three 'notables' recently" at that city. The prisoners in the city jail were freed by the invaders and the jail building, together with the Frontier Index newspaper plant, were burned; whereupon, the "citizens armed themselves and fired into the gang killing twenty-five and wounding fifty or sixty." The city was placed under martial law, soldiers from Fort Bridger were summoned and by eight o'clock the following morning "tranquility" was restored.

capital city where he again conducted a livery business, and where his son, Russell Thorp, Jr., was born in 1877. The business was located west of the old Inter-Ocean hotel on Sixteenth Street.

During the height of the Black Hills gold rush in 1876, the senior Mr. Thorp trailed horses to Deadwood, S. D., and in succeeding years he was occupied variously.

(In the winter of 1882 he purchased and operated a daring enterprise in the form of the old Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage and Express Line, object of numerous road-agent hold-ups and Indian depredations, and one of the most spectacular pioneer undertakings of the West. The line operated between Cheyenne, the Black Hills and intermediate points until the building of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad (now the Chicago and North Western Railroad) and the Cheyenne Northern Railroad (now the Colorado and Southern) in 1889.)

But the new and swifter and safer means of transportation meant the ultimate and inevitable doom of the faithful old stage-coach (the price exacted by Progress), along whose trail exciting and tragic incidents formed the theme for hundreds of colorful tales of adventure, daring and romance of the Old West.

(First curtailment in the activity of the fame-crowned stage line took place on February 19, 1887, when from the midst of a great assemblage of watching citizens, the stage-coach, with its splendid six-horse team, departed for the Black Hills on its last run from the Cheyenne terminal. That day marked the deleting of 50 miles from the southern end of the 200-mile route and the establishment of its southern terminal at Chugwater.²)

The waiting crowd at the old Inter-Ocean Hotel experienced a sadness as all eyes focused on the familiar stage-coach in shining readiness for its last noisy leave-taking from Old Cheyenne. It was a tense moment and a dramatic scene. A newspaper reporter on the Cheyenne Tribune sensed the im-

²A granite monument has been erected at Chugwater, upon which is carved the following inscription:

CHUGWATER
DIVISION STAGE STATION
CHEYENNE—BLACK HILLS TRAIL
ESTABLISHED MARCH 18, 1876
ABANDONED SEPTEMBER, 1887
RUSSELL THORP, OWNER
ERECTED BY THE HISTORICAL LANDMARK
COMMISSION OF WYOMING

1937

portant historical significance of the occasion, as well as the restrained emotions of the multitude, as shown by the following excerpts from that day's issue:

"The stage line from Cheyenne to Deadwood has been compelled to give way to better and more substantial improvements. The last stage has departed from the city. It was like bidding adieu to an old and cherished friend, as attested by the hundreds of people this morning who filled the streets in the neighborhood of the Inter-Ocean Hotel.

"One of the fine and substantial coaches recently built by Mr. Russell Thorp, the genial stageman and proprietor of the line north, rolled down the street with the old-time sound. George Lathrop,³ one of the oldest and best stage drivers in the west, was upon the seat holding the ribbons over six as fine horses as were ever headed toward the gold fields of the Black Hills over 200 miles to the north.

"A stop was made in front of the Inter-Ocean, when Mr. Thorp made the announcement that the coach was ready to depart. At this, a general rush was made to secure choice seats, and within a minute the stage was crowded and some six or eight gentlemen occupied places on the top. Trunks were strapped upon the boot and there was every evidence that the parties so seated were prepared for the long journey to Deadwood."

(The article continued by reciting previous history connected with the stage line and referred to establishment of the line on April 5, 1876, when a coach and six horses owned by Messrs. Salisbury, Patrick and Luke Voorhees was one of the three stages carrying 18 passengers each which made the trip between Cheyenne and the Black Hills. Mr. Voorhees was made superintendent of the line at its beginning and continued in that capacity until its sale to Mr. Thorp. Numerous tragedies had attended the enterprise. Two weeks after its establishment, an old stage driver, H. E. Brown, was killed

³A noted stage driver on the old Cheyenne-Black Hills line, who numbered among his acquaintances some of the most important personages of the day. He died at Manville, Wyoming, on December 24, 1915. In his memory, at Lusk, Wyoming, is a handsome stone marker with inscription describing him as a "Pioneer of the West, Indian Fighter, Veteran Stage Driver. * * * A Good Man Whose Life Was Filled With Stirring Events."

Close beside the Lathrop memorial stone is a beautiful monument marking the Cheyenne and Black Hills Trail, erected in memory of the operators of the line "and the pioneers who traveled it." The inscription includes the names of Luke Voorhees and Russell Thorp, Sr., respective operators of the business, and indicates that both monuments were "Done by popular subscription and unveiled on May 30, 1930."

by the Indians on Indian Creek⁴ when the coach was attacked, and during the following summer the redskin marauders continued to molest the line. Six employees of the company were killed and at one time 98 head of horses were stolen. The Indians finally were brought to order by the troops but a new foe presented itself to the stage company and its passengers, with the advent of desperate outlaws who flocked into the country, so that each journey was begun with misgivings and uncertainties. * * * "Two stage drivers, Slaughter and Campbell, were heartlessly shot down and much property appropriated by the outlaws. The robbery of coaches was almost a daily occurrence, notwithstanding the utmost precaution taken by the officials of the line."

But that particularly trying period was almost over and the newspaper scribe, struck with a sense of deep appreciation for the unconquerable spirit of resolute pioneers who dared risk life and possessions that these wild Western expanses might be tamed, changed from a reminiscent mood to one of reflection, and concluded with the following tribute:

"* * * The country north is free from the Indian pests; the road agents are no more and the country is settled up with happy, prosperous people. Railroads are pushing through and the fertile valleys are being utilized and the mountains of ages commanded to give up their hidden wealth. Such is the change of a few years and for the result we are much indebted to the energy and enterprise of a citizen well respected by all—a gentleman of sterling qualities and one who has ever labored for the advancement of our every interest. (We refer to Mr. Russell Thorp, Sr., who will hereafter run his line of stages from Chugwater instead of from Cheyenne.)"

In 1883, Mr. Thorp moved his family to the headquarters on the stage line at Rawhide Buttes,⁵ Wyoming, at about which time he engaged in the cattle business at that point and remained in that industry after the "staging" was discontinued. He continued to operate his stage line until the early 90's, the last route being between Merino⁶ and Sundance, in eastern Wyoming. In the meantime, he conducted the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad dining stations from Lincoln,

⁴Indian Creek is about 10 miles east of the old Hat Creek Stage Station, which was approximately 15 miles northeast of Lusk.

⁵Rawhide Buttes was a stage station on Rawhide Creek 130 miles north of Cheyenne and 30 miles north of Fort Laramie, also on the stage route.

⁶Merino was the terminus of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, but no longer exists. It was situated near the present town of Upton in Weston County.

Nebraska, to Billings, Montana, prior to installation of dining cars on that railroad.)

Thus ends the partial story of a noteworthy Wyoming pioneer whose resourcefulness and industry not only contributed to the progress and well being of the State he chose for his home, but also broadened and made more complete his own range of experience as he merged himself successfully with the restless tide of a swiftly changing world.

WYOMING WOMEN CONGRATULATED

BY BRITISH WOMEN IN 1891

By AGNES K. SNOW

The Wyoming Historical Department in Cheyenne has lately received from the Smithsonian Institute, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C., two messages of "Congratulations to the Women of Wyoming," on attaining state suffrage in 1890. They were brought to the National American Suffrage Association meeting in Washington, D. C., in February of 1891, by the appointed delegate of a number of British women's societies, for presentation to "the women of Wyoming."

The delegate, Miss Florence Belgarnie, must have presented these on that memorable occasion, but in searching the records, the only mention made of her is at one of the sessions she addressed the convention on "The Status of British Women."

It does not appear that Wyoming had a delegate at that convention which probably explains why these messages of congratulation were never received by the newly formed State of Wyoming.

From the wording of the messages, we surmise that the British suffragettes did not know at the time Wyoming was admitted as a State with the equal suffrage provision, that the Territory of Wyoming had enjoyed "Women's Rights" for twenty-one years. They were correct in saying that Wyoming was the first government in the world to so honor its women, but they did not know that the first Territorial Legislature had passed a bill which was signed by Governor John A. Campbell, December 10, 1869, known as the "Equal Suffrage Bill," giving the women of Wyoming the right to vote and hold office.

Because of this successful experiment in government,

Wyoming's Territorial Representatives in Congress fought in debate for the inclusion of the equal provision in the new State Constitution when asking for admission into the Union. These men made declaration, in effect, that Wyoming would either become a State with the desired provision, or stay out.

These debates in Congress and the publicity given the matter by the press in Great Britain as well as in our own country, probably encouraged the suffragettes of Great Britain to believe that Wyoming's victory as a State, was comparative to that victory for which they were struggling.

After the National Suffrage Amendment was ratified in 1920, the National American Women's Association loaned to the United States Museum three cases of documents and suffrage souvenirs among which were these two hand printed cards. The exhibit was placed in the Smithsonian Institute, one of the United States National Museums in Washington.

The writer, while visiting in Washington in the spring of 1935, happened upon the exhibit while sight-seeing and upon observing the cards of congratulation to the "women of Wyoming," wondered why they had not been received by Wyoming. Learning that photographs could be taken, the writer asked the office of Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney to arrange for securing them. Soon afterward they were received from the Senator.

Later, in conference with Mrs. Mary Bellamy of Laramie and Mrs. John L. Jordan of Cheyenne, it was decided to attempt to bring the original messages to Wyoming. Letters to the Smithsonian Institute were requested from the Governor of the State, Leslie A. Miller and Senator O'Mahoney, among others. Miss May Hamilton, of Casper, historian of the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs, made a similar request by correspondence, in behalf of her organization.

Letters addressed to The Smithsonian Institute were answered by Director Graf who replied that he was referring the matter of sending the cards to Wyoming to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the National American Women's Suffrage Association, as the exhibit had been a loan from that Association.

Mrs. Catt then advised this writer that she knew nothing of the cards but would look into the matter of their ownership. A long and friendly correspondence resulted while records were searched, both by Mrs. Catt and those interested in Wyoming, to ascertain whether some person in authority from Wyoming could have given them to the National American Women's Suffrage Association. It was found that no one had even mentioned the existence of the cards, in any known

record, and a few months ago Mrs. Catt advised her Wyoming correspondents that her organization was relinquishing all rights to the cards, together with the fact that she had requested Director Graf to kindly forward the documents to Wyoming. They arrived on May 11, 1939, and are now hanging on the walls of the State Museum in the Supreme Court and State Library Building, at Cheyenne.

It is the ambition of those responsible for, at last, acquiring these historical messages for this State, after forty-eight years, that they may become the nucleus for a fine, large exhibit of suffrage souvenirs by next "Wyoming Day," December 10, when the State of Wyoming celebrates its Seventieth Anniversary of equal suffrage. It is hoped that the Women of Wyoming and the State Historical Department will cooperate in this highly interesting and worthwhile project.

YOUR STATE MUSEUM

HUNDREDS OF VISITORS ATTRACTED

Visitors and travelers from practically every State in the Union, as well as several from foreign lands, have poured into the State Museum during the summer season and have spent hours amusing and informing themselves by inspecting mementoes of Wyoming's romantic and colorful past.

During June nearly seven hundred visitors signed the guest-log, and a probable high for the season was reached in July when practically a thousand names were added to the "log." A fair proportion of these were from towns in Wyoming, but the majority were from distant points.

Two Chinese travelers affixed their signatures, both in English and in the peculiar script of their own language. Also a young war-chemical scientist from Manchester, England, who had just heard of Cheyenne for the first time while on a vacation trip en route by rail across the country to the University of California at Berkeley, and stopped off a day for sight-seeing. A large percentage of visitors failed to sign the register.

Descendants of early-day Governors of Wyoming were among other visitors, including Audray Hale, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, a great-nephew of Wyoming's fourth Territorial Governor, WILLIAM HALE, who died on January 13, 1885. The Iowa visitor made notes from old newspaper files in the Historical Department concerning the death and burial of his ancestor, at the request of the former's 75-year-old father,

Albert F. Hale, also of Oskaloosa, a nephew of the former Governor and a son of John Hale, a brother of Governor Hale.

Robert Richards Granger, of Chicago, a great-nephew of WILLIAM A. RICHARDS, Governor of Wyoming from 1895 to 1899, was also a Museum visitor. The Governor and his brother, Alonzo V. Richards, surveyed the western and southern boundaries of the State of Wyoming. The visitor's mother was a daughter of Alonzo.

This was the first visit of these two descendants of former Governors of Wyoming to the State, and each was accompanied by his wife.

"GOVERNORS' CORNER," ADDED FEATURE

Improvements of various kinds have been going on in the Museum in recent weeks, most important of which is the arrangement of a "Governors' Corner." Photographs of all the Governors of Wyoming Territory and State, beginning with John A. Campbell, who was appointed by President Grant and served from 1869 to 1875—to and including Governor Nels H. Smith, who began his term on January 1, 1939—have been assembled on the west wall at the south end of the room. The pictures, 26 in number, are reproductions, in beautiful silver and gray frames, and are identical in size. The display attracts interested attention of all Museum visitors.

NEW SHOW CASES PROVIDE ADDITIONAL EXHIBIT SPACE

Two handsome new glass display cases have been added to the Museum equipment, and coats of paint and varnish have given a fresh appearance to other furnishings in the spacious show-room.

In the larger case, which is six feet long by six feet high and twenty-seven inches wide, of heavy plate glass with triple shelving, there is housed among other items a display of gavels and pens used in connection with important Wyoming historical occasions, for which heretofore there have been no suitable facilities for exhibiting.

An attractive exhibit of special interest to children has been arranged in the other new case, which is six feet long by twenty-three inches wide and forty-one inches high, with double shelving.

* * * * *

Another piece of work just completed in the Museum is the re-labeling of all the articles on display, i. e., new identification cards have been typed and general "house-cleaning" has been done. In the elegant Lusk collection of Indian bas-

ketry and bead-work, alone, there are approximately four hundred items, and in the extensive World War collection of trophies of Sergeant Robert O. Pennewill, a gift to the Historical Department by Wm. R. Coe, there are several hundred articles.

INTERESTING MUSEUM ACCESSIONS

TOM HORN'S HANDICRAFT IS ON DISPLAY

During the past quarter, several gifts have been presented to the Museum, among the most interesting of which are a horse-hair lariat and a woven leather watch guard, being gifts of Mrs. Nannie Clay Steele, of Cheyenne. The articles were owned by her late brother, William L. Clay, and were made about the year 1913 by the famed Tom Horn, a Pinkerton detective in the employ of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association during a cattle rustling period. Horn was delayed for a few days by a storm at the Clay Ranch on Mule Creek 60 miles from Cheyenne, and whiled away his time with this handicraft. The lariat is woven with black and white hair from the tails of two horses belonging to his host.

In reminiscing recently on earlier Wyoming days, Mrs. Steele, who is 92 years old, was reminded that she served as nurse to Horn on one occasion when he was ill for several weeks, and though later he was hung for the murder of a child, she has never been convinced of his guilt. "He was a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word," she declared.

Mr. Clay was born in Virginia on March 28, 1855, and died at Cheyenne, Wyoming, on April 17, 1939. He spent his childhood on a plantation near Lynchburg, where his mother died when he was a small child. He and his sister, Mrs. Steele, were reared by a Negro mammy and a governess, and Henry Clay is among their famous ancestors. Mr. Clay came to Wyoming in 1875 and settled at Chugwater; worked as a bullwhacker and mule-skinner in freighting between Cheyenne, Red Cloud, Ft. Fetterman, Ft. Laramie, Ft. Robinson, Deadwood and Custer City; for five years was employed by the Two-Bar.

In 1878 he entered the stock business at Chimney Rock near Chugwater, and later he located on Mule Creek 25 miles west of Chugwater, where Horn made the visit referred to above.

His fraternal affiliations included the Chugwater Masonic lodge and the Wyoming Consistory No. 1 of Cheyenne.

Mr. Clays' death marked the passing of one of Wyoming's most typical Western pioneers of the colorful, old adventurous days.

EARLY WYOMING EDUCATOR'S COLLECTION IS A RECENT GIFT

The Edith K. O. Clark collection consisting principally of items in connection with her overseas Y.M.C.A. work during the World War has been arranged ensemble on an individual shelf. Miss Clark came to Wyoming from Washington, D. C., in 1906, served six years as superintendent of schools at Sheridan County beginning in 1908, and in 1914 was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction; was not a candidate for re-election. In 1918 she served overseas in the recreational division of the Y.M.C.A., returning from France in 1919. After serving the same organization in Mississippi, she returned to Cheyenne in September of 1922 and in partnership with Miss Maud Buford operated a tea-room at "The Gables," old Territorial Mansion on Eighteenth Street, following which she filed on a homestead in Johnson County, where she passed away on June 2, 1936. Burial took place at Cheyenne. Miss Clark was a past president of the Cheyenne unit of the American Legion Auxiliary, and pall-bearers at her funeral services were members of the Francis E. Self Post of the American Legion.

Concerning Miss Clark's contribution to the educational progress of the State, it is stated in Mrs. Beach's "Women of Wyoming" that "she was a member of the School Code Commission created by the Thirteenth Legislature which revised the school laws and submitted to the following session, in 1917, a plan to create a State Department of Education, under a State Board of Education employing a Commissioner of Education whose professional qualifications were fixed by statute. This legislation was enacted in February, 1917." Miss Clark was one of Wyoming's later-day outstanding women.

48-YEAR-OLD MANUSCRIPTS REACH WYOMING

Among the most unique of recent additions to the Museum are two congratulatory messages from the women of Great Britain to the women of Wyoming and dated "February, 1891." The interesting story of their origination, their discovery four years ago, and their ultimate removal to this State is told by Agnes K. (Mrs. Wm.) Snow in this issue of the ANNALS.

Each document is beautifully hand-lettered, artistically

ornamented, encased in a gilded frame, and the two are similarly headed, "Congratulations to the Women of Wyoming."

One of the messages is signed by Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, Westminster, England, and represents 12 organizations of women, while the other is from the Women's Liberal Association and is signed by its executive committee. The two manuscripts are almost identical in composition, therefore, only the former is quoted below:

"We, the undersigned women of Great Britain, representing the Societies named below, desire to send by our appointed delegate, Miss Florence Baggott, our cordial congratulations to the Women of Wyoming on the triumph they have won for all Women in all the World, by the emancipation of the Women of their State from political serfdom.

We believe that the status of the Women of a Nation is the measure of the progress attained by the Men of that Nation, and that the Men and Women of Wyoming, therefore, who stand on the solid basis of political equality and full right of citizenship irrespective of sex, command the highest respect and gratitude of all civilized peoples.

"We believe also that the enfranchisement of the Women of the State of Wyoming is but a step to the enfranchisement of the Women of all other States, and Nations; and we therefore offer our sincere homage to that noble womanhood on whose brow Victory has placed the crown of electoral freedom and equality."



ACCESSIONS

April 1 to June 30, 1939

MUSEUM**Miscellaneous Gifts**

- Brown, Miss Mary A., Omaha, Nebraska.—Collection of the late Edith K. O. Clark, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, prominent Wyoming educator and Y. M. C. A. worker with the American Expeditionary Forces in France during the World War, 1919. Collection includes Y. M. C. A. overseas uniform, prayer-book, sewing-kit, four small silk flags, canteen, china drinking mug, several insignia, package of Y.M.C.A. business correspondence and photograph of Belleau Wood, being approximately 38 items in all.
- Anderson, James E.—3317 Cribbon Ave., Cheyenne. Old wool carder, candle mold, large old rifle, Ray's Arithmetic, dated 1857; and Mitchell's School Atlas, dated 1872.
- Ferguson, John B.—Hagerstown, Maryland. Seven small kodak pictures of construction crews and camp-sites of C. B. & Q. railroad during construction into Wyoming, December, 1899, to March, 1900. Donor was Assistant Division Engineer.
- Mondell, Hon. Frank W., Washington, D. C.—Scrap-book of newspaper serial, "My Story," an autobiography.
- Steele, Mrs. Nannie, Cheyenne, Wyo.—Horsehair lariat and braided leather watch-chain owned by her late brother, William L. Clay, prominent pioneer, who died in Cheyenne on April 17, 1939. Both items made by the notorious Tom Horn.

Pictures

- Thorp, Russell, Jr.—Large oil painting of his father, Russell Thorp, Sr., prominent Wyoming pioneer, in beautiful gold-leaf frame.
- Smithsonian Institution—Two framed documents, congratulatory messages sent to the Women's Suffrage convention, Washington, D. C., in February, 1891, from the women of Great Britain; size, 15x19 inches.
- Fort Bridger Museum.—Large framed picture of Judge William A. Carter, pioneer and early day Fort Bridger resident.

Maps — Gifts

- Four maps from the Union Pacific Railroad Co., showing the original Union Pacific road through Wyoming before any changes were made.

Museum Purchases by the Department

- Meadow-Lark (Wyoming State Bird), mounted. Pair and nest, with eggs.
- Gray Pine Squirrel, three mounted specimens. Native of Wyoming.
- Pack Rat, mounted. Native of Wyoming.
- Black Cap Night Heron, mounted. Native of Wyoming.

BOOKS**Purchased by the Department**

- Kelly, Charles—Outlaw Trails: A History of Butch Cassidy and his wild bunch. 337 pp. Illustrated; copyright, 1938.
- Van de Water, Frederic Franklin—Glory-Hunter; A life of General Custer. 394 pp. Frontispiece, etc. 1934.
- Wheeler, Eva Floy—A Bibliography of Wyoming Authors.
- Ostrander, A. B.—"After Sixty Years." Copyright, 1925.
- Kelly, Charles—"Old Greenwood." 1936.

Pamphlet

- Henderson, Kenneth A.—"The Wind River Range of Wyoming." Supplement. Gift.

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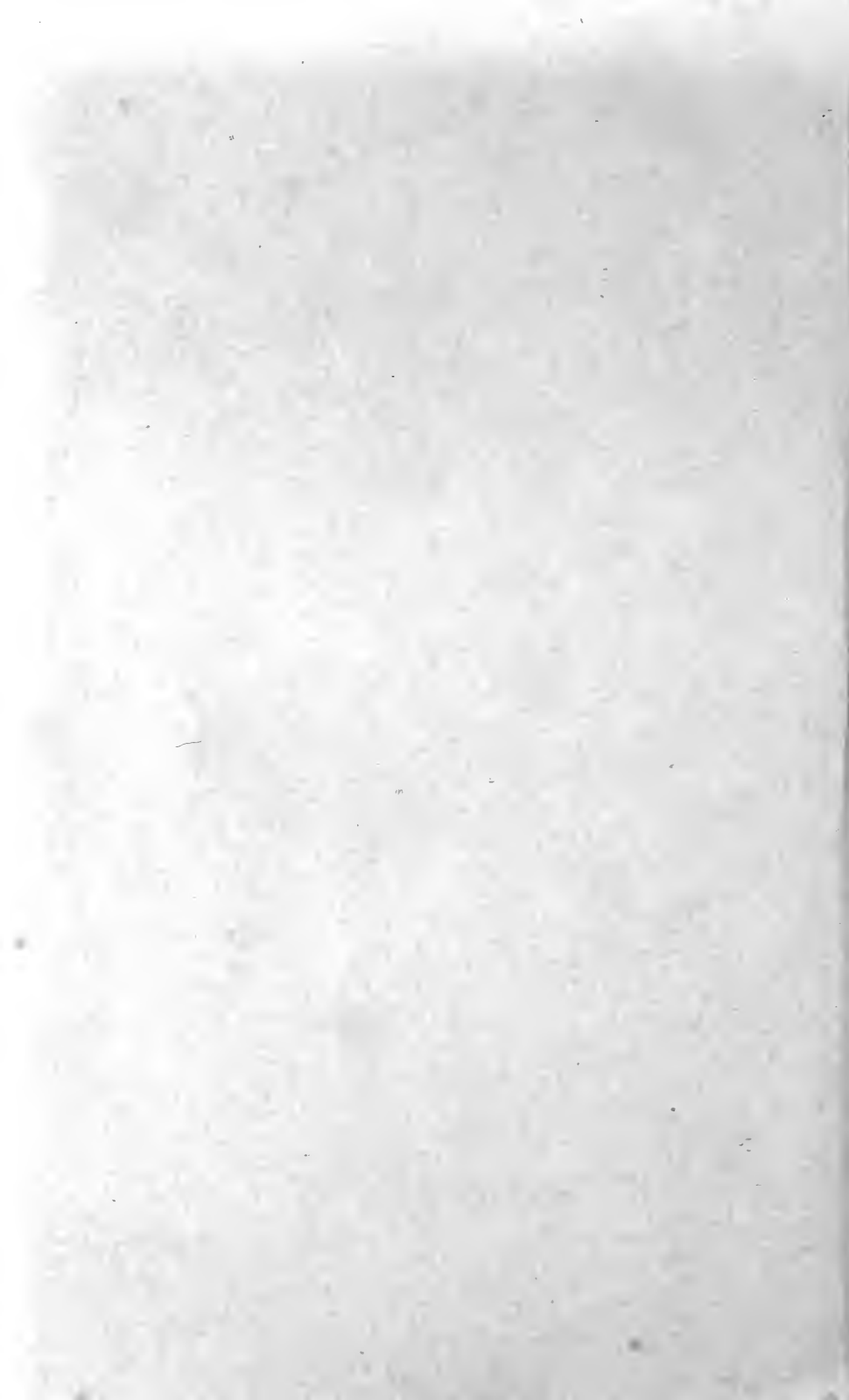
HEBARD COLLECTION

Published Quarterly

by

The Wyoming Historical Department

Cheyenne, Wyoming



Contents

TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS (Pictures)	
WYOMING TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS.....	237
By Harry B. Henderson, Sr.	
PIONEER PATCHWORK.....	254
By Mrs. George H. Gilland	
DO YOU KNOW THAT—.....	276
Ice-Boating, Thrilling Sport at Old Fort Fred Steele, 1881.....	276
FALLEN LEAF (Poem).....	277
By Miss Alice Kenney	
MAPS OF EARLY WYOMING TELL FASCINATING STORY...281	
By Marie H. Erwin	
JAMES BRIDGER, A MEXICAN CITIZEN.....	292
WYOMING TROOPS RAISED FIRST AMERICAN FLAG IN MANILA, AUGUST 13, 1898.....	295
By E. G. Guyer	
ACCESSIONS	297
ACTIVITIES OF WYOMING HISTORICAL LANDMARK COMMISSION:	
Six Monuments Dedicated by the Commission.....	301
Utah Organization Dedicates Plaque in Wyoming.....	306
Minutes of Special Meeting of the Commission.....	307

Published Quarterly

THE WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT
GLADYS F. RILEY

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The Wyoming State Historical Department invites the presentation of museum items, letters, diaries, family histories and manuscripts of Wyoming citizens. It welcomes the writings and observations of those familiar with important and significant events in the State's history.

In all ways the Department strives to present to the people of Wyoming and the Nation a true picture of the State. The ANNALS OF WYOMING is one medium through which the Department seeks to gain this objective. All communications concerning the Annals should be addressed to Mrs. Gladys F. Riley, Wyoming Historical Department, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS

Left to right: John A. Campbell, April 15, 1869 to February 10, 1875; John M. Thayer, February 10, 1875 to April 10, 1878; John W. Hoyt, April 10, 1878 to August 3, 1882; William Hale, (died in office) August 3, 1882 to January 13, 1885; Francis E. Warren, February 27, 1885 to November 6, 1886; George W. Baxter, November 6, 1886 to December 20, 1886; Thomas Moonlight, December 20, 1886 to March 27, 1889; Francis E. Warren, March 27, 1889 to October 11, 1890.

Wyoming Territorial Governors

By Harry B. Henderson

The area now comprising the State of Wyoming was first claimed by Spain in 1493 by virtue of the Grant of the Pope. This claim was superseded in 1682 by LaSalle's claim of the Territory, waters of which reached the Mississippi River, as a dependency of France. In 1762 France ceded the Territory claimed by LaSalle to Spain and again in 1800 it changed hands back to France. France in 1803 sold part of the holdings to the United States. Mexico as a Spanish dependency claimed the southwestern part of the Territory whose waters drained into the Pacific Ocean. In February, 1848, the United States concluded a treaty with Mexico for all Spanish territory north of the Rio Grande River for \$15,000,000.00. At that time a large area of what is now Texas and Colorado was claimed as Spanish holdings and extended into and comprised much of the area now embraced in Albany and Carbon counties. That part of the Territory now called Wyoming, north and west of the Spanish possessions, that is from the headquarters of Green River, was Oregon Territory. Later all that part of the territory lying east of the Continental Divide and south of the North Platte River became part of Nebraska Territory, while that area north of the Platte River and east of the Rocky Mountains was designated as part of Dakota Territory. Idaho took over the area north of the Snake River and east of the Continental Divide. Utah claimed the area in what is now known as southwestern Wyoming, as far north as the Snake River.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.—Born and raised on a farm near Elderton, Pennsylvania, Harry B. Henderson acquired all the education available at that time in the Country Public School of Armstrong County. This was augmented by a short course in a business college.

In April, 1884, he purchased a ticket at Pittsburgh for Rawlins, Wyoming, where he arrived on May 1st. He began work the next day as a clerk in a large merchandising establishment and was shortly placed in charge of the bookkeeping office. Rawlins at that time was the supply and distributing point of goods destined for all settlements North to the Wyoming-Montana line and South into Colorado as far as Meeker and Steamboat Springs. Later Mr. Henderson was employed as book-keeper and cashier of a local bank, served the Union Pacific Railroad Company as Chief Clerk at Rawlins, and subsequently because of his ability as an accountant and his knowledge of government, he was appointed State Examiner. In the mean time he had married Vivia

The Act of Congress finally determining Wyoming Territory and its boundaries was approved July 25th, 1868.

After the United States concluded its treaty with Mexico the government began a policy of entering into negotiations with Indian tribes for treaties. Wyoming was strategically located for such conferences and two military posts became the sites of council meetings. Ft. Laramie and Ft. Bridger, already historic, were selected, the former being the important one. A grand council was called to meet in September, 1851, to which delegations were invited from the Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Assiniboin, Crow, Arikara, Gros Ventre, Mandan and other tribes. It was estimated that 10,000 Indians came to this conference which continued in session for 23 days and at which Colonel Mitchell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, presided. An agreement was reached whereby the government through Colonel Mitchell promised to pay to the Indians fifty thousands dollars per annum for a period of ten years, for a right-of-way for trail purposes through Indian claimed lands. At the conclusion of the meeting a banquet was served to the Indians consisting of wild game meats, garnished with bread and molasses.

In the early spring of 1868 another council was held at the historic point which was attended by the Sioux and several other tribes and by High Commissioners General W. T. Sherman, Gen. W. S. Harney, Gen. C. C. Augur, Gen. Alfred H. Terry, John B. Sanborn, Samuel F. Tappan, Nathaniel G. Taylor and J. B. Henderson. The council met on April 29th and a treaty was entered into whereby the Sioux ceded all

Ada Buck of Albany, New York, and to them was born one son, Harry, Jr.

The family moved to Cheyenne in 1893. On October 5th, 1895, it took up its residence in the house now occupied by the Warren Livestock Company, which became a center of social activity because of its commodious dimensions and the popularity of Mrs. Henderson in many circles.

For many years Mr. Henderson as State Examiner had supervision of all public accounts and state banks. He prepared a uniform system of accounting for which a first prize was awarded in a national contest. Traveling by rail, stage coach, and buck-board from year to year gave him a wide acquaintance during the years of historic importance to the State. His friends were in every county and town. It was his privilege to have a personal acquaintance with more than a majority of the delegates who framed and signed the state constitution adopted in 1889. He had an intimate knowledge of the resources and industries of every section of the state.

Because of his ability, fairness and sincerity of purpose he was kept in office under several state administrations, finally resigning to accept the position of cashier and manager of the Wyoming Trust and Savings Bank. This bank was operated by him for many years and still

lands north of the North Platte River and east of the Big Horn Mountains. Red Cloud, with other important personages, signed for the Indians. On May 7th the commissioners concluded a treaty with the Crows whereby all their lands except a small strip in the Big Horn Mountain country was ceded. On May 10th the commissioners reached an agreement with the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians for their Wyoming holdings.

The commissioners then moved to Ft. Bridger where a council had been called to negotiate with the Shoshones and Bannock tribes. An agreement was reached and signed July 3rd, 1868, whereby the tribes ceded to the government all lands claimed by them south of the Sweetwater.

On September 26th, 1872, another treaty was entered into whereby the Indians granted to the government the lands south of the Popo Agie River, thereby releasing the areas of South Pass, Atlantic City and Miners Delight and removing the dangers attendant to miners engaged in mining in these localities.

The Act of Congress creating the Territory of Wyoming failed to carry an appropriation for organization of the territorial government and it became necessary to await the meeting of the succeeding Congress in 1869 to make such appropriation. Territorial officers were appointed April 7th, 1869. During the territorial regime eight Governors were appointed, consisting of seven personages.

Governor Campbell

John A. Campbell, Wyoming's first territorial governor, was born at Salem, Ohio, May 10th, 1835. He served from April, 1869, to 1875, when he resigned to accept the position

retains its individual charter although it merged with the Stock Growers National Bank of Cheyenne. It was a profitable institution to the depositors as well as the stockholders. During this period Mr. Henderson served as secretary of the Wyoming Bankers Association, assisted in organizing and was a director in the Wyoming Stockmens Loan Company during its existence; an institution that rendered great services to the Wyoming Livestock interests. He also assisted in the organization of the First Joint Stock Land Bank and for years was associated with its management, took an active part in community and state affairs and is now associated in business with his son, Harry B. Henderson, Jr., at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Mr. Henderson is often consulted by those who are collecting information on the resources and history of the State. His keen recollection of men and events enables him to narrate with accuracy some of the early Wyoming history.

Mrs. Henderson passed away on December 16th, 1938, leaving a host of friends throughout the state who continue to feel the loss of her wonderful personality and kindness.

of third assistant secretary of state. He learned the art of printing, became a newspaper publisher and during the War of the Rebellion was a publicity writer. He was breveted a Brigadier General at the close of the war. Soon after assuming the duties of Governor he ordered a census to be taken by the United States marshal which was completed July 31st, 1869. On August 2nd, 1869, he issued an election proclamation for an election of legislative members and county officers to be held September 2nd. At this election there were 5266 votes cast.

Governor Campbell delivered his first message to the first territorial legislative assembly October 13th, 1869. You will bear in mind he was not 35 years of age. He relates at the outset of his message his action concerning the census, the call for an election and the election being held. His next paragraph refers to the security for the people within the borders of the Territory. Shortly after his arrival, the Sioux Indians made an incursion into the Wind River Valley May 10th, killing four white men. The fight occurred just east of where the Fremont County court house now stands. At this fight the mother of Rev. Coolidge¹ was, with her two boys, taken prisoner. Another fight took place on Beaver, September 14th, while a third fight at or near the site of Atlantic City

¹ Canon Sherman Coolidge, an Arapahoe Indian who rose to national renown in the Episcopal Church, was born on the Tongue river near Sheridan on February 22, 1862, and spent 23 years in religious service on the reservation at Wind River, Wyoming.

His father, Bas Banasta, was killed in a battle between the tribes when the son was four years old, and Sherman, at seven was taken prisoner following a battle in a bend of the Popo Agie river on the site where Lander, Wyoming, is now situated. Rescued by Lt. Charles A. Coolidge, officer at Fort Brown, (later Ft. Washakie) the boy was adopted by his benefactor and his wife, and educated to the ministry which he chose as his profession. Ordained to the diaconate in the Cathedral at Faribault, Minn., in 1884, he became a priest at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1886.

Rev. John Roberts, of Wind River, witnessed the meeting of the young man and his own almost-blind mother, Ba Ah Noce (Turtle Woman) following a separation of 14 years while the young man was receiving his education.

In 1902, Rev. Coolidge was married to an eastern young woman engaged in missionary work at Wind River, in a ceremony performed by Rev. Roberts. The former was rector of the Church of the Redeemer at Wind River, before the St. Michaels Mission was founded.

Later, he was transferred to Denver, Colorado, and spent the last 25 years of his life in that city and Colorado Springs in active service of his Church. He was ordained a canon of St. John's Cathedral at Denver and retained that position until his death, which occurred at Los Angeles, Calif., in January, 1932.

took place September 28th. You will at once recognize that the Governor stepped into a real active position. He called upon the commanding officer at Ft. Bridger for troops, arms and munitions for the miners. The raids finally terminated with the signing of the peace treaty in 1872.

One can make a fair estimate of the man when his letters and writings have been carefully read. My estimate of the Governor is that he was a man of real ability. He was more than a politician. He was credited with only a public school education but he was able to express himself fully as well as the average college man, and had the capacity to observe and to reach conclusions.

He said "Our climate presents the most agreeable conditions of climatic influences on earth. It is impossible to estimate the agricultural possibilities of the soil. Large quantities of petroleum have been discovered rendering it certain it will be one of our greatest sources of wealth." The only oil then discovered was the Bonneville Lakes southeast of Lander but the Governor learned of them and wanted the world to know of the resource. Truly oil has been a great source of wealth, but it is unfortunate that Wyoming people did not benefit more largely.

Again the Governor says "It is our duty to carefully watch the strong box of the country, because once carried away, its treasures can never be replaced. Other sources of wealth can be retarded in development but never destroyed. Wool will be the means of bringing a manufacturing population in our midst. The engines and looms will be made from the hidden iron in our soil and propelled by the coal taken from our vast deposits. The building of school houses is urged. The organization of religious bodies and the construction of churches is also urged."

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

He recommended the enactment of game laws and the creation of a territorial library. He discussed the Indian subject at some length. Finally this fine counsel was given: "Let us incur no debt that can possibly be avoided. Let each day bear its own burden."

The most important legislation enacted, and yet perhaps not so regarded at the time, was the act granting to women the right of suffrage and to hold office, which act was approved December 10th, 1869.

The act to incorporate the City of Cheyenne was also passed at the first legislative assembly session.

Governor Campbell in his second message delivered November 9th, 1871, calls attention to the discoveries of new

mineral wealth, the value of our lands for grazing and agriculture. "The farmers of our valleys can by a system of irrigation reap rich rewards for their labor." Thus he presents a subject little known at that time either in Wyoming or elsewhere in the mountain region. He recites his unsuccessful efforts to effect a treaty with several tribes of Indians for ceding areas south of the Popo Agie river. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the organization of a territorial militia. He cites that crime meets no tolerance at the hands of the courts and that vigilance committees are no longer necessary. "Among the most potent auxiliaries in bringing about this condition are the churches and school houses erected in so many places throughout the territory."

Referring to woman suffrage he says, "It is but simple justice to say that the women entering for the first time in the history of our country upon these new and untried duties have conducted themselves in every respect with as much tact, good judgment and good sense as men."

The entire message suggests the keen observation, constructive genius and loyalty of the Governor to the interests he served.

In his message of November 6th, 1873, he says, "I have no promises to make, but leave my past to indicate my future course. Conscious that the success of my administration depends largely upon the support and good will of the people. I bespeak from you and from the people only such a degree of support and confidence as I may be found entitled to and such free and just criticism of my acts as each and every man would ask for his own."

The assessed valuation of property for the year 1873 was \$7,022,000.00 upon which a levy of three mills for Territorial purposes was made. He urged an act to simplify the collection of taxes and thereby remove much of the expense then made necessary by reason of the sheriff being the collector.

Again he says, "The future of Wyoming is assured. We who have made our homes in this the youngest of Territories, know that we are living in a region of boundless wealth and inexhaustible resources where labor and true endeavor are bountifully rewarded."

You will recall he mentioned the subject of irrigation in his second message. Evidently it found favor for in his third message he says, "The subject of artificial irrigation has of late received a great deal of attention and has been widely discussed. With water, our lands will yield abundantly of the kindly fruits of the earth. I recommend a memorial to Con-

gress setting forth our wants and necessities and praying for assistance in some national plan of irrigation."

The entire message is constructive in its suggestions and reflects credit upon its author.

I have given much space to Governor Campbell for the reason that he seems to have been the right man to formulate a constructive policy for the new territory.

Governor Thayer

The next succeeding Governor of the Territory was John M. Thayer, born in Bellingham, Massachusetts, educated in the public school, studied law and located in Omaha in 1854. He was a soldier in the Civil War. He was appointed Governor of Wyoming February 10, 1875 and continued until April 10, 1878, at which time he went back to Omaha and was elected Governor of Nebraska in 1886 and again in 1888 and thereafter elected United States Senator from that State.

Governor Thayer delivered his first assembly message November 4, 1875. He, too, had some very constructive suggestions. He says "Special legislation should be avoided except where imperative. Laws should be passed for the benefit of all the people alike. It is your duty to reduce taxation consistent with the public welfare. The expenses of county governments are too large and in some cases are excessive. County commissioners should not incur expense except where public necessity demands it. The idea is too prevalent that the office is possessed for the advantage it confers on the incumbent. Every officer should be taught to feel that he is to fill the position for the benefit of the people, not for himself."

Recommends the repeal of the act establishing the Immigration Bureau. Suggests further legislation relating to the preservation of game animals and stocking lakes and streams with fish. The law should be amended permitting the wife to convey her property with the concurrence of her husband. Recommends legislation abating taxes for a limited number of years on new manufacturing enterprises and industries. Attention is called to the extensive and fertile lands in the districts of the North Platte, Wind, Powder and Big Horn Rivers. Grazing and pasturage resources are recognized as the great source of wealth of the settler and stockman. He said, "It is the land for stock which on the wide and healthy ranges are free from disease. It is impossible that stock raising where limitless quantities of nutritious grasses are produced spon-

taneously every year as grow here can fail to be an element in material prosperity."

The Indian Treaty of 1868 is freely discussed and recommendations made for a memorial to Congress for its abrogation. The Indian, he said, should be taught to labor and earn his living. "Labor is the law of life and there is no reason why the Indian should be exempt."

The assessed valuation of property had increased to \$8,684,000.00 on which there was a tax levy of three mills.

On November 7, 1877 Governor Thayer delivered his second message to the Legislature. This message follows closely in constructive recommendations to those in the message of 1875. The Governor refers to labor troubles and the conflict that had flared up between the civil authorities and elements of lawlessness. I am assuming such troubles were outside our Territory. He said "Corporations and their employees should be brought into a nearer relationship with each other and led to appreciate that the interests of each are the interests of the other. No combinations of men can be permitted to accomplish their purposes by unlawful procedure. Resistance to civil power can remove no wrong, violations of law can work no remedies, acts of disorder can improve no conditions. The law must be maintained at all times and under all circumstances for in this rests the security of society, the maintenance of government.

References are made to the expense of keeping prisoners at Laramie where \$1.00 per day is charged by the Federal government. Recommends that the fee system in county offices be abolished and that reasonable salaries for county officers be established by law enactment. Recommends that for larceny of \$25.00 or less the court fix the penalty. It is also recommended that Western Dakota be annexed to the Territory of Wyoming. The interests of that section being quite similar to those of Wyoming, should become part of the Wyoming area.

There was shipped for the Territory in 1877, 1,649 cars of cattle and 346,280 pounds of wool. An expression of appreciation of the service of General Cook and those serving under him for efficiency in protecting Wyoming people and their interests is urged.

Governor Thayer was a lawyer and if we are to judge from the wisdom of his utterances, he had real ability.

Governor Hoyt

John W. Hoyt of Worthington, Ohio, was appointed Governor April 10, 1878, and delivered his message November 6, 1878. He was born October 31, 1831 and was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University as Doctor of Medicine. He became an editor and publisher. He promoted and urged the enactment of the Morrill Agricultural College Act, which was to be a grant to state universities, the funds appropriated to be matched by the state. This I think was the first matching appropriation made. We have had several since. Dr. Hoyt was a member of the Wisconsin Railway Commission, commissioner to the exposition in London in 1862, commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1867, commissioner to the Vienna Exposition in 1873, commissioner to the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876 and to the Chicago Exposition in 1893, member of the Wyoming Constitutional Convention, president of the Wyoming Development Company and first president of the University of Wyoming. What more can I say? He was one whose support for the necessities of life seemed to come from his fellowmen.

I became acquainted with Governor Hoyt after my coming to Wyoming. He was what I would term a professional seeker of public position. Was fastidious in dress, silk tie and kid gloves being part of his wearing apparel. In his first message to the legislature he said, "Looking backward and not forward we find much occasion for gratitude to God. The financial distress and business stagnation which have so afflicted our own in common with other countries are passing away. Wyoming has escaped those trials, dangers and loss from which our neighboring states and territories have severely suffered. We are ready for advancement with energies unimpaired and with a new hope."

The assessed valuation of 1878 was \$10,603,000.00. Under the subject of taxation the Governor urges first an act to bring all taxable property in the light. Second, to equalize values so there shall be no injustice to any citizen. Third, whether or not it be possible to reduce public expenditures by a more rigid economy of management. Fourth, uniformity in the system of keeping accounts. Fifth, exposing faulty and erroneous managements to public criticism.

Mining is pointed out as the primary industry that will strengthen and encourage agriculture, manufacturing and commerce. Agriculture must be slow because of remote markets and sparse population. The forest should be protected against hazards of fire and destructive slashing. The buffa-

loes have disappeared. The elk, deer, mountain sheep and antelope are following the extinction. A fish and game enactment for the protection of the game and fish is urged. It is urged by the Governor that a law be enacted by providing for a public highway from some point on the railroad to the Yellowstone National Park. It was cited that the expense of keeping prisoners was now at the rate of forty cents and a dollar per day. Sixty-eight were confined at Lincoln and ten at Laramie. There were fourteen persons in the Iowa hospital for the insane.

In reference to the Indians, the Shoshone and Arapahoes are stated to have conducted themselves in commendable manner. This particular message comprised about 10,000 words and in my judgment was not at all comparable with the messages of previous governors. Notwithstanding that Governor Hoyt was doubtless the better educated.

In the Governor's message of 1880 he reported there were 2,090 school children, 49 teachers and 36 schools in the territory. The average cost per pupil was \$3.32 a month. The average wage to teachers in Laramie County was \$54.57, Albany County \$58.00, Carbon County \$53.21.

In the Governor's third message of 1882, he said "The dawn of a new era for the nation has become the brightening day of a great prosperity. National finances have at last found a solid and satisfactory basis. In duty bound to guard against the tendency material under such circumstances, to extravagant expenditures, and yet clearly privileged to engage in undertakings which by the newness and poverty of the territory were denied our predecessors, it behooves us to act not only with care and prudence but also with wise foresight and courage." These were words of wisdom but I think they were intended for the public rather than for the principles privately entertained by the Governor.

The assessed valuation of property in 1881 was \$13,866,000.00. The Governor calls attention to the discrepancy between the number of cattle in the Territory and the assessment roll. It was estimated there were at that time 600,000 cattle and 400,000 sheep. He may have been in error in his estimate.

Rawlins and Ft. Washakie had been united by a wagon road and a telegraph line. A new and shorter route had been discovered to North Park, Colorado, and sixty miles of the Oregon Short Line had been constructed.

A wagon road was urged from Ft. Washakie to the Yellowstone National Park. A survey had been made by the Governor in person and the War Department by Two-Gwo-

Tee Pass. The estimated expense to the upper Geyser Basin as fixed by Colonel Mason, the engineer at \$40,000.00. The return route was by the Stinking Water Pass. He said, "The route leads through some of the finest scenery on the continent." Strange indeed that these two routes are now those traversed by the tourist of today.

The population in 1880 is reported at 20,788. Johnson County, the first northern county was organized in 1881.

Public schools continue to prosper. There were 57 teachers receiving an average compensation of \$59.31 per month.

In regard to woman suffrage, he said, "It commands more and more public attention in many portions of our land and in other countries whose political institutions look forward to freedom of the people. Today Wyoming is the only spot on earth where the political privileges of women are equal and identical with those of men."

Governor Hoyt covered in his messages almost everything that pertained to Wyoming. He used with one exception more words than any other governor.

William Hale

The next Governor was Hon. William Hale, born at New London, Iowa, November 18, 1837. He was educated in the public schools, studied law and practiced at Oskaloosa, Iowa. He was a presidential elector for Iowa in 1868. His appointment as Governor of Wyoming is dated July 18, 1882. This man was very loyal to Wyoming. In his message of January 16, 1884, he said, "When men meet to make laws for a Territory which is but a day old in point of national existence, the labor must necessarily engage every human energy. It is a work involving the greatest responsibility an individual may assume. To have had something to do or say in the performance of a work like this and where every effort you make in history will be to you a pleasure and a glory, or not, as your efforts may be wisely and judiciously put forth."

"Among the wealth resources of the Territory may be found vast deposits of petroleum now waiting a suitable commercial advantage to warrant the tapping of the basins." At that time there was not a single hole drilled in all Wyoming. The prophecy, if such it was, proved true.

The large deposit of soda west of Laramie is referred to. Perhaps it is not generally known that these soda deposits were regarded of so much importance that the Union Pacific Railway Company constructed a fourteen mile spur to the lakes. For some unaccountable reason the industry failed, but there are yet great soda deposits.

The Governor said, "Coal of superior quality is reported

throughout the Territory while precious metals, copper and iron are in unlimited quantities." Rather a bold statement, but in a measure it is true. He recommended that measures be provided for the building of a railway line from Cheyenne to Montana and from a point on the Union Pacific to the Yellowstone Park. Such transportation is urged because of what it would mean to development of industries and the using of the great grazing fields of the Sweetwater, the Wind River and the Big Horn Valleys. We need capital and reasonable business courage. Agriculture, with or without irrigation is possible in large areas. Ground when broken and suitably prepared for planting produces cereals of all kinds far in excess of what was conceded. The rights of the people who produce from the soil must have all the safeguards the law will grant or confer. They must not be encroached upon.

The Territorial tax levy for 1881 was 4 mills, for 1882, 2 mills, for 1883, 1 mill and there was money in the treasury.

The Governor suggests that elections should be safeguarded by the enactment of a judicious registry law. He complains bitterly concerning the incursions of Indians and the running off of livestock. Montana's delegate in Congress sought to obtain congressional legislation giving to that Territory civil and criminal jurisdiction over the Yellowstone Park. This action stirred Governor Hale and he proceeded to the Park in person and established the jurisdiction of Wyoming Territory. He said of the Park, "It is a royal spot of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Its game, scenery and wonders should be preserved. It is a high privilege to be permitted to pass laws to protect a place abounding with such matchless and all inspiring magnificence."

Governor Hale was greatly admired by the people of the Territory. He died January 13, 1885. The legislature appropriated \$500.00 to defray his funeral expense and to construct a monument to his memory.

Governor Warren

Francis E. Warren, a Wyoming resident, was next appointed Governor, he having reached Cheyenne in 1871. He was born at Hinsdale, Massachusetts, June 20, 1844. His ancestor, Dr. Joseph Warren, was one of the first men in the American Colonies to advocate Independence. He was killed in the Bunker Hill engagement. Governor Warren was educated at the Hinsdale Academy, an institution comparable to the high school of the present day. He enlisted in the Federal Army in 1861, Company C, 49th Massachusetts Infantry. He was promoted to Corporal. He came to Iowa in 1868 and

became foreman of a construction gang for the R. R. I. & P. Ry. After coming to Cheyenne he formed a business partnership with A. R. Converse in general merchandising and succeeded to the firm's business in 1878. He entered into the livestock business and continued in that line until his death. He was elected one of the city trustees in 1872, a member of the assembly, mayor of Cheyenne, appointed Governor February 27, 1885, removed by President Cleveland in 1886 because he was alleged to have fenced part of the public domain; was appointed Governor a second time in March 1889 and elected the first state Governor in 1890. Elected United States Senator in 1890 and again in 1895 and continuing as Senator until his death, November 24, 1929.

Governor Warren was a practical business man and his message of January 18, 1886, may be called a business address to his associates.

He first calls attention to the assessed valuation of property as \$30,717,000.00 upon which the tax levy for territorial purposes was one mill on the dollar.

Federal expense made it necessary to house Territorial prisoners in Illinois and Nebraska. The Governor points out that the resources of the Territory cannot be developed without transportation. That the limited homestead area is not ample for an agriculturist to engage either in farming or stock-raising. He urges that Congress be memorialized upon the subject. He says, "The open range system of stock-raising must gradually recede from our more fertile districts as agriculture receives attention and invites investments."

There were 4,405 school children enrolled in 1885. The average cost per pupil was \$4.14 per month while teachers' salaries averaged \$58.06.

It was during the fall of 1885, September 2, that Wyoming had a most regrettable tragedy when about 200 white miners at Rock Springs attacked the Chinese miners employed by the coal company, killing about fifty Chinese. The Governor said, "The assault was one made by men and women who perhaps had no more rights than did the Chinese. All were born outside Wyoming borders. The inhuman and heartless attack by white miners showed such utter disregard of law that it deservedly received the severest condemnation throughout the country. The Chinese were entitled under existing treaties to the same protection of life and property as any other class of foreigners. The white miners were not justified in murdering helpless victims. It is the duty of the Governor to see that the laws are faithfully executed. The

recent trouble at Rock Springs has convinced me that the power of the Executive would be greatly strengthened if provision was made for a territorial force. A measure offering moderate encouragement of military companies would stimulate zeal and marshall spirit in our community."

The Governor refers to the University and public school lands and recommends that legislation be enacted to make them contribute to the benefits of the institutions for which they were set aside. He also says restrictions on gambling and an observance of Sunday are questions deserving thoughtful consideration.

Governor Baxter

Governor George W. Baxter was the sixth Governor in line of the territory and was appointed by Grover Cleveland on November 6th, 1886. Governor Baxter was born at Sewanee, Tennessee, January 7th, 1855. He graduated from West Point in 1878 and was a lieutenant in the regular army for three years. He resigned and came to Wyoming in 1881. He was the youngest of all territorial governors, being less than 32 years of age when commissioned. Governor Baxter was a rich young man and shortly after coming to Wyoming purchased from the Union Pacific Railroad Company about 50,000 acres of land lying south of the railway line in Laramie County. After acquiring these holdings he fenced large areas thereby enclosing the even numbered sections of land which enabled him to graze government sections free of charge for each section he owned. The President learned of the lands being enclosed and requested him to resign which he did on December 20th, 1886.

Mr. Baxter was a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was a candidate for Governor at the first state election and was defeated by Governor Warren. He was a candidate for U. S. Senator in 1893 and was most active in his campaign with legislative members. At that time the Senators were elected by the Legislature. Mr. Baxter was a likeable fellow. He had ample funds to finance himself and had an able lieutenant by the name of Ed Patrick, who managed his campaign. Mr. Baxter had a fine family and was recognized as a good citizen. His only crime so far as I can learn was that of having fenced government lands. He moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, after his defeat for the Senatorship. There he became an important business and railroad man.

Governor Moonlight

Governor Thomas Moonlight was appointed by President Cleveland upon the resignation of Governor Baxter in December, 1886. He was born November 10th, 1833, in Forfarshire, Scotland. He ran away from home when 13 years of age and came to America as a fore-castle hand on a sailing ship and landed in Philadelphia penniless. He found employment in a glass factory. In 1853 he enlisted in Company D, Fourth United States Artillery, and served in the Seminole War in Florida. He was mustered out of the army in 1859 and thereafter came to Leavenworth, Kansas. He was mustered into the United States Volunteers as a battery captain June 7th, 1861, and was engaged in battles on the frontiers. He was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the State of Kansas in 1867, elected Secretary of State of Kansas in 1868, was chairman of the State Democratic Convention in 1880, nominated for Governor in 1886 and a few days after his defeat was appointed Governor of Wyoming Territory and served until March, 1889. He vetoed university, asylum and penitentiary bills authorizing the issue of bonds for construction.

The message by Governor Moonlight January 10th, 1888, was the longest message written during the Territorial regime. He said, "The feeling is general that taxes are becoming high. Good business sense suggests to the authorities to hold down expenses." He called attention to the salaries being paid to County officers and those paid to the Territorial officers. The former salaries quadrupled some of those of the Territorial officers. He also recited that County officers were able to perpetuate themselves in office because of the princely pay. That this policy was an injury to every taxpayer. That the policy was not confined to any political party. "Public servants are deserving of no more for their service and responsibilities than private individuals holding equally responsible places. Business men are willing to be taxed to pay a liberal salary to public officers but not a dollar more. The time has come to revise the laws of fees and salaries and place public officers upon the same plane with those in private life." The Governor recited there was not enough attention given to the election of County Commissioners. He called attention to the permission of Commissioners to create indebtedness when there was no money available to pay the claims, and said, "It is a dangerous policy and will sooner or later bring the counties which practice it into a condition which will compel them to pay one-half more for everything pur-

chased or service rendered." "I recommend that Counties be permitted to fund their indebtedness and make it a misdemeanor, punishment by imprisonment, for the allowance of any bill when the money is not in the treasury to pay it." The Governor referred to a large portion of the property escaping taxation by reason of the assessors in unfaithfully performing their duties. He said, "The assessor is paid more in proportion for the time employed and the work performed than any other county officer." The Governor called attention to the destructiveness of fire in timber sections and suggested that there should be an officer to make inquests as to crooked and straight fires. I imagine that he referred to incendiary fires and fires caused by lightning.

The University was opened September 1, 1887. John W. Hoyt, former Governor of the Territory, was elected President; Aven Nelson, professor of biological science; J. F. Soule, instructor in Latin. The total pay roll estimated for 1888 was \$11,700.00 and total expenses for the year 1889 was estimated at \$24,000.00. The Governor recommended an appropriation for two years of \$35,000.00. He recommended the building of a dormitory at a cost of \$50,000.00. He also recommended the construction of an insane asylum at Evans-ton and an appropriation and bonds to pay the expenses of construction and management.

For the year 1887 there were 5,284 pupils in the public schools, with 231 teachers employed. He called attention to the Capitol and University bonds of \$200,000.00, bearing interest at 6%, having been sold at a premium of \$51.31 per thousand. The valuation of property for the year 1887 was \$32,089,000.00, while the Territorial tax levy was fixed for Territorial purposes at 3.2 mills.

Governor Warren submitted his last Territorial message in January, 1890. "With a bill before Congress for our admission as a state and with a reasonable assurance of its passage during the present session it is necessary for you to deliberate with two prospects in view. A transformation from a dependency to a sovereign State and/or a continuance of a Territorial government. Statehood involves new conditions and laws. Our Territorial laws will be State laws, until altered or repealed.

The valuation of Wyoming for 1889 was \$31,431,000.00. The Counties had an indebtedness of approximately \$575,000.00. The public buildings of the territory, counties and schools were estimated at two million dollars valuation.

Our office of the State Engineer had been created and

reference to the duties of the office and what had been accomplished was given considerable comment by the Governor. The State Engineer asked for \$2,000.00 for clerical work in his office.

He reported that the Capitol Building Commission had submitted a report together with its recommendations as to further activities. The University of Wyoming reported 77 in attendance. A recommendation was made for dormitory building hall, chemical laboratory and museum. The Governor said, "We take great pride in our public school system. We have provided liberally for its support. Our people wish that we maintain a high standard of educational efficiency. Complaints have been made of extravagance. School trustees in some districts do not adhere to the spirit of the law. While every child in Wyoming should receive an education, it cannot be expected that a teacher should be employed at public expense to teach only one or two scholars. Some other way of educating them should be afforded."

The Governor recommended game laws that would protect the animals. He recommended the enlargement of the militia and that Wyoming make it possible to make an exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. The Governor commented on the compensation of officers and said, "The amount paid should in some degree correspond with the amount paid for similar services rendered to private individuals." The Governor recommended the creation of the office of public examiner and cited the provision of the Constitution already approved by the electors that there should be a state examiner appointed by the Governor. He recommended interest payable on public moneys deposited at banks and reasonable appropriations for public buildings and grounds.

"The general desire throughout the Territory is for exercise of great prudence in public expenditures. I am heartily in accordance with this sentiment." He urged the building of a government wagon road to the Yellowstone National Park.

Brief biographical sketches of the several Territorial Governors undoubtedly would have been interesting, but to me the study of men is in what they thought, wrote and did.

I am indebted to legislative journals, Governors' Messages and Bartlett's History of Wyoming for much of the information contained in this article—all through the courtesy of the State Librarian.

PIONEER PATCHWORK

by

Mrs. George H. Gilland

FOREWORD

To those characters herein depicted who are still living and to the memory of the many others who have "crossed the range," this article is dedicated.

They were, in the main, a sturdy lot who accepted life as they found it and "played the game" as they saw it. Potential readers whose sensitive natures are too finely attuned to the niceties of life, might do well to stop here. Those who read with an open mind and a will to understand circumstances and conditions as they then existed, I trust will find enjoyment in the perusal of these pages.

—C. B. G.

The razing of the Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce building in June, 1936, to make room for the erection of a modern structure suitable to the needs of our growing city, calls to mind the hectic days of the 1880's when it was the rendezvous of the local elite and the cattle barons who came from various ranches to the north, east and west to do their trading, ship their cattle and discuss problems of the range. Many were residents of the state who owned their herds, others capital-

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. — Mrs. Cora Belle Gilland, of Cheyenne, is a typical Wyoming pioneer. She was born on June 24, 1863, in Sheboygan County, Wisconsin, and came west with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Martin, in 1873, arriving in Cheyenne on January 20. In the fall of the same year the family moved to Denver, but returned to Wyoming in the summer the following year, and the father acquired a ranch south of Egbert, Wyoming, about thirty miles east of Cheyenne.

In November, 1885, Cora Belle Martin was married to George H. Gilland, a young man who had come to this section from Vermont in the spring of 1877, began work at the Martin ranch where he soon became foreman and subsequently entered the cattle business on his own account. The couple began housekeeping in a new five-room home in Cheyenne, which still stands at 408 West Twenty-third street.

Following Mr. Martin's death in 1889, Mr. Gilland purchased the old home ranch, and it was there the three daughters and son of the Gillands were reared. However, all the children were born in Cheyenne. In 1909 the Gillands purchased a more commodious home at 2116 Carey Avenue, then Ferguson Street, where Mrs. Gilland still lives, and where her daughters were married: Ida, to Dr. Galen A. Fox, of Cheyenne; Vera (now deceased) to Bruce Jones, also of Cheyenne; and Helen to Dr. Robert C. Shanklin of South Bend, Ind., now of Chicago. The son, George, Jr., also lives in Chicago.

Mrs. Gilland is proud of her one grand daughter, Kathryn Fox, of Cheyenne.

ists from the East, from England and Scotland who saw a great future for the livestock industry on Wyoming's vast expanse of free range with its nutritious and then abundant grasses, and while true western hospitality flourished and champagne flowed, many a gigantic deal was consummated within the walls of the old club house between Wyoming citizens and foreigners, sometimes of a noble birth, who invested vast sums in Texas longhorns and trekked them over the famous Texas Trail to range in what is now Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas. Companies were formed, large ranches acquired, corrals and buildings of logs, adobe brick or, in rare instances lumber were built and cattle by the thousands driven in, all the preliminaries arranged at the Cheyenne Club, which probably witnessed more deals of vital importance to the development of the territory and entertained more guests, great and near-great, than any other structure in Wyoming.

Its fame spread. Why, we rural youngsters when we came to town looked upon it with awe. Who knew but that monocled gentlemen on the porch surrounded by local celebrities might not be an English earl, or that ruddy-faced foreigner in tweeds talking to a group of cowboys in range garb a Scottish lord? I can yet feel the tingle of importance which just walking past gave me, for those were the days when titled foreigners inspired awe. So it was something greater than brick walls that were razed; it was the symbol of a colorful phase of life which will never return, and destruction of an important link in Wyoming's history. Truly, that corner is historic and a marker should be placed to commemorate the famous building and the period for which it stood.

But it was not of that I meant to talk. Rather, to tell of specific incidents, little human experiences which cropped up in the lives of various people in those far-off days. For life is a patch-work of events, the trifles sandwiched in like sandwich spread, to give spice to the whole.

A dear old lady once told me that she came here a bride in 1867 and located in a frame dwelling near Crow Creek west of the present railroad yards. Her husband was foreman of the Union Pacific bridge gang and she cooked for the crew. Hard, out-of-door work produced keen appetites which required hearty food three times a day. Therefore, breakfast was much like the other meals. One morning when she opened the oven door to take out a roast of beef she had left in the night before, the meat was gone. A band of Indians of a tribe

then friendly was encamped not far away. The squaws were notoriously light-fingered and the theft was laid to them. Mrs. F.'s hired girl had brought from the East a hoop skirt which she persisted in wearing. Mrs. F. protested for the kitchen was small and the hoops large. So one morning when the hoops were missing, the girl accused her mistress who shook her head and said, "Watch the Indians tonight." Sure enough; after the evening camp fires were built out from one of the teepees came a squaw attired in a hoop skirt over which was draped a gay plaid shawl. Thereafter the kitchen door was kept bolted.

Much of the picturesqueness of life hereabout had departed when Father, Mother, brother Hobart (then "Bertie"), Aunt Caroline and I arrived via the Union Pacific on a January day in 1873, but enough remained to often shock and sometimes amuse us eastern "tenderfeet." Father had twice before visited the Rocky Mountain region and refused to be surprised at anything. But for the rest of us the West began at Pine Bluffs where "Nigger Sam" was riding a bucking broncho. Passengers flocked to the windows. "He's tied to the saddle or he couldn't stick on," declared one. "No, his feet are tied together under the horse's stomach and he's holding on to the saddle horn," from another. "He ain't tied on and he ain't pullin' leather," retorted a burly plainsman.¹ What did "pulling leather" mean? And of course he was tied on and would be dashed to death! Shock number one.

The next came when a little girl in the neighborhood in which we had settled remarked innocently, "This candy is mighty nice." Mighty! Why, that was like taking the name of the Lord in vain. Should I be permitted to play with her? But we were soon enlightened; the word was often used here but without sacrilegious intent. So our play went on.

Father was a great lover of horses. When we left the Leach farm in Illinois he shipped out our household goods and also several carriage teams in charge of an hostler. They were fine animals and when unloaded here caught the eye of the proprietor of the Bon Ton livery stable situated, with the Cheyenne-Deadwood stage depot, on the corner now occupied by the Plains Hotel, and he and Father entered partnership. But the agreement proved unsatisfactory and Father sold all his horses except Fan and Nell, our buggy team, which we drove to Denver in the fall and the following spring to

¹ It is a disgrace for a real cow puncher to grasp the saddle horn, or "pull leather" as a safety measure.

our ranch on the Muddy Creek south of Egbert, Wyoming.

One day before leaving Cheyenne in the fall of '73, Father engaged a livery rig from the Bon Ton to take us to see our first roundup at the Hay ranch, now the Hereford Ranch, six miles southeast of Cheyenne. Mother's feelings were outraged by the way the cowboys literally spurred their ponies to top speed until they panted, and vowed she would complain to the humane officer. She was shocked again when told there was no such person in the territory. We rode in an open barouche that day behind a spanking team of blacks driven by Johnny Slaughter. He became a famous stage driver and three years later was killed by road agents between Cheyenne and Deadwood.

If there were no humane officers by that name, at least there were good policemen who kept order in the town notwithstanding wide-open saloons, gambling dens which lured the riffraff and a "Red light" district whose inmates were not forbidden the streets. They could be told by their chalk-white faces, scarlet-painted lips and cheeks, sometimes with a red feather or red bow on their hats and leading a little dog on a leash. For at that particular time only "fallen women" appeared in public with rouge on their faces, red on their garments or paraded little dogs on leash. Verily, times have changed.

An incident occurred that winter which rocked church societies to their foundations and temporarily split the congregation of one. A girl from the "red light" district ran away and appealed to the clergy for protection. According to her story her lover had betrayed her, and upon his promise to marry her she had come with him to Cheyenne where he had taken her to a house of ill fame, entered her under an assumed name then disappeared, forcing her into a life of shame for self support. Desperate, she determined to throw herself on the mercy of the clergy, one of whom more broad-minded than the rest, feeling that she was more sinned against than sinning and supported in that opinion by his wife, took her into his home. A battle royal over the morals and ethics of the situation raged within and without the pulpit and finally waned. But whether the girl was persuaded to reveal her identity and return to her home, I do not remember.

At that time the Railroad House and the Planter's Hotel on the south side of Sixteenth Street were the principal hostelries. Later, the Inter Ocean was built on the present site of the Hynds Building. The Inter Ocean bus met every arriving passenger train, Ben, the big, jovial but dignified color-

ed driver standing on the platform ringing a bell and calling in stentorian tones, "The In-ter O-cean Ho-tel," intoning his words to the swing of the bell. Another established figure was "Apple Annie," a small, bleary-eyed old woman in shabby clothes and calico sunbonnet who greeted alighting passengers with, "Buy my apples, please?" Her living must have been meager notwithstanding the nickels, dimes and quarters dropped into her basket. At one time nothing under a nickel was handled in change; pennies were considered too "small fry" to bother with in this expansive atmosphere.

Speaking of money, friends of ours once came in from their ranch to shop and put up at the old American House. The man of the family gave his wife a ten dollar gold piece which she absent-mindedly handed to their small daughter sitting in her lap before a window. The child immediately stuffed it into a crack in the window sill and it rattled down through a hollow place in the wall, beyond retrieve.

Which calls to mind an experience of ours some years later. My husband, three small daughters and I had come to town to attend a political rally, engaged rooms at the Normandie Hotel, above the present Forbes Pharmacy, and proceeded to see the sights. Returning after supper to put the children to bed, we were unable to open our satchel; the key didn't fit and the lock wouldn't give. Finally George, my husband, found a locksmith who came to our room, opened the bag and lo! Instead of "nighties" out tumbled rolls and bundles of papers and accounts. The proprietor was summoned and it developed that the bellhop had exchanged two unmarked satchels of identical appearance, taking ours to the room of a gentleman also just arrived and his to ours. Explanations were in order, the man in question who had noticed the mistake, fortunately possessed a sense of humor, and all was well.

But to return to my own youth: After leaving Cheyenne in the fall of '73 Father located a ranch thirty miles east of here on the Muddy, built a home, corrals, etc., bought cattle, and the following summer sent for his family who had spent the intervening months in Denver. One evening before leaving there Bertie and I sat on the door step watching a band of Utes who were riding through town, when a blanket worn by one of the squaws slipped from her shoulders revealing her bare back. Shocking — in 1874! That squaw was born sixty years too soon.

The Ute Indians were then friendly,² unlike the Sioux who gave ranchmen so much concern that they went armed and kept twenty-four hour vigil over the stock, homes and families. This was particularly true after the Custer massacre in '76. Our valley wasn't raided but cowboys returning from roundups told of skirmishes and escapes. Southeast of us lived a ranchman called Ranger Jones, who cooked for round-up outfits and was quite a character. His devotion to one particular frying pan brought forth many a good-natured jibe from the boys. Once while eating supper beside their evening camp fire, an alarm was sounded that Indians were coming. Hastily hitching his team to the camp wagon and throwing in bed rolls and cooking utensils indiscriminately, Ranger was off, the wagon careening as he lashed the team into a run, the mounted cowboys keeping pace, guns ready for action. "Hey, Ranger," shouted one, "there goes your frying pan!" "Humph," snorted Ranger, "it's nary a frying pan I want now!"

After the marauding Indians were captured by government troops and returned to their reservations, old Spotted Tail,³ a Sioux, came or was brought to town. A reception was

² For an account of the Ute uprising of 1906, see article containing the "History of the Ute Expedition" in the ANNALS of WYOMING, April 1939 issue, page 133.

³ "Spotted Tail (Sinte-galeshka). A Brule Teton Sioux chief born about 1833 near Ft. Laramie, Wyo. He was not a chief by birth, but rose by dint of his fighting qualities. He won his wife in a duel with a subchief and proved his prowess in battle, so that when the head chief died the tribe passed over the hereditary claimant and aspirants of riper years and experience in favor of the young warrior. He had borne a conspicuous part in the destruction of Lieut. Grattan's detachment in 1854 when it entered the Brule camp to arrest an Indian who had taken an old cow abandoned by some emigrants, and in the subsequent depredations on the Oregon trail. After signal punishment was inflicted on the tribe by Gen. Harney at Ash Hollow, w. Nebr., Spotted Tail and two others of the murderers, whose surrender was demanded, surprised the soldiers at Ft. Laramie by marching in, arrayed in war dress and chanting their death songs, to give themselves up in order that the tribe might be spared. He regained his freedom and was chief of the Lower Brules in 1865, when commissioners treated with the Sioux for a right of way through Montana, and was in favor of the treaty, though neither he nor any other prominent chief signed, while Red Cloud, the Ogalala chief, led the party that opposed the cession of the overland route to the Montana mines. With the other chiefs he signed the treaty of Apr. 29, 1868, accepting for the Teton a reservation embracing all the present South Dakota w. of Missouri r., and assenting to the construction of a railroad, the Government acknowledging as unceded Indian territory the sections of Wyoming and Montana n. of the North Platte as far

held for him at the Inter Ocean and many called out of curiosity. We were in town and went in. To our surprise five-year-old Bertie squared his shoulders, stepped up to the chief and declared defiantly, "You can't scalp me!" When interpreted to him Old Spot shook with laughter. That surprised me as I hadn't supposed that an Indian could laugh.

"Maudlin sentiment," was the verdict of many toward the attention shown him, an opinion shared by Miss Sawyer, sister of W. W. Sawyer, the photographer, who had come west for her health fired with sympathy for the "poor Red Men." She went to a ranch on Horse Creek, twenty-five miles north of Cheyenne, to spend the summer with her brother who, rather than leave her alone when the rest were away, would hide her in the under-brush of the creek banks where, with her reading and a lunch, she would spend weary and anxious hours. Once, as she told it, she was so near that she saw a band of Indians raid the ranch, set fire to some of the buildings and run off stock. When safe to travel she returned to town, her zeal for their cause dampened. Yet in the beginning they were right and did what we would have done, de-

w. as Bighorn mts. and abandoning the road to the mines, with Ft. Phil. Kearny, where the massacre of Lieut. Col. William J. Fetterman's command had occurred on Dec. 21, 1866, and Ft. Reno near the head of Powder r. When gold was discovered in the Black Hills, Spotted Tail and Red Cloud, who were recognized as the chiefs at the respective agencies called by their names, arranged to go to Washington to negotiate a sale of the mineral rights; and thoroughly to inform himself of the value of the minerals, Spotted Tail visited the hills, hung around the camps of the prospectors, listened to their talk, and conceived the idea therefrom that the mines were immensely valuable. Under the treaty of 1868 the chiefs could not make treaties for sale of lands, hence commissioners were sent to the Indians, finding that Spotted Tail had raised the Indian expectations so high that sixty million dollars were demanded for the concession. The Government could not agree to this, hence no treaty was made that year, and miners were permitted by the troops to pass into the Black Hills without hindrance. Then all the young men on the reservations joined the hostilities. Red Cloud was suspected of disloyalty, and in the course of the campaign that followed the Custer disaster in 1876, Spotted Tail was appointed chief of all the Indians at both agencies, and negotiated the settlement by which his nephew, Crazy Horse, came in from Powder r. and surrendered in the spring of 1877. Spotted Tail was killed near Rosebud Agency, S. Dak., Aug. 5, 1881, by a tribesman named Crow Dog. The facts relating to the killing are in dispute, but there is not much question that Spotted Tail, at the time, was leading a hostile party against Crow Dog, who deemed his life in peril and shot in self defense."—Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, Part 2, pp. 626-627.

fended what they considered their lands from invasion. Their crime lay in their atrocities inflicted on the innocent. To live in hourly dread of the scalping knife is a horror never to be forgotten. But life goes on and Mrs. Cora M. Beach tells in one of her books of a picnic once held at Sherman Monument under protection of a cavalry escort from Fort Russell.

That was soon after Wyoming became a territory, in the "horse and buggy days." Before the appearance of automobiles Cheyenne boasted a street car line which, if not one hundred per cent efficient, was at least accommodating. One day when Father was in town from the ranch, he was invited by Mr. Frank "Rainwater" Jones to go home with him to dinner. Starting up Ferguson street (now Carey) they met the street car (I believe they was only one on the line) coming down. Mr. Jones hailed the conductor. "Hitch the horse to the other end of that car and take us up the hill, won't you?" And he did.

Speaking of picnics, until the late 1890's our trips to town were usually made either in a lumber wagon, if a load of grain or groceries was to be taken back, or a light spring conveyance, both open to the elements. The sight of the twelve-mile crossing on Crow Creek where we usually stopped to eat and to feed and water our team, still calls to mind delicious rice puddings and buttermilk biscuits Mother would bring for our lunch, and the pail of tea brewed over a hasty camp fire, for Father seldom drank coffee. Another route we sometimes took was a cutoff to Hillsdale, Wyoming, 15 miles northeast of Cheyenne, and thence along the railroad. One cold day when Father made a hasty trip to town and I came with him, Mother, unprepared for a lunch, put up for us all she had, a bottle of tea and some cold suet cake, which we ate on the way near Hillsdale, taking turns with the driving. To this day I cannot pass Hillsdale without sensing the woolly taste of cold suet in the roof of my mouth.

For several years it was the family custom to meet the general roundup the last of June or first of July at its rendezvous on Crow Creek near Arcola, ten miles south of our ranch on the Muddy. For six weeks the cowboys who worked on various ranches had ridden the range which encompassed hundreds of square miles, rounding up cattle and finally bringing them to this appointed place where the creek afforded water. the grass was abundant and the valley wide. Many thousands of head were thus collected, each outfit cutting out its own cattle and helping other units until the entire herd had been "worked" and each bunch of riders started with its cattle for

their home range. This sometimes required several days or a week of the most strenuous and hazardous work. Each unit carried its own branding irons to be used as needed. Once George and Bert White, one of his riders, had roped a steer and with the help of another man were trying to throw it to brand, when it broke away, the loose end of the rope took a flying twist around Bert's ankles and away he went, feet first, in the wake of the frantic bovine. George hastily mounted his horse and gave chase. Opening his jackknife he caught up with them and with his pony still running at top speed, leaned far down and cut the taut rope. Bert was scratched by cactus and bruised by stones but not seriously hurt.

Such incidents were all in the day's work. Whether victims of an accident or hero of a rescue "the boys" appeared unconcerned. Drudgery and danger may have ruffled their appearance but did not harden their hearts. Yet the idea persisted in the East that cowboys were a race apart like Indians, or "like farmers," Father laughingly remarked, recalling an experience of our own in Illinois. He had gone from our farm there to Kenosha, Wisconsin, as a delegate to a dairyman's convention, taking Mother and me with him. Because of meager hotel accommodations we were assigned by prearrangement to the house of a resident. At the supper table that night the young son of our hosts, looking anxiously out the window exclaimed, "We were expecting some farmers tonight but they don't seem to come." He was puzzled by the laughter which followed.

Once we met the roundup on Mother's birthday, which was the anniversary of one of "our boys." By way of celebration Mother made and took over a large cake baked in an eight-quart milk pan, frosted in white with trimmings tinted yellow with carrot juice. She had intended it for our own boys but when word spread that there was a "cake in camp" a general rush ensued until every crumb was gone. Home cooking tasted good after several weeks of camp fare.

The passing of those great general roundups ended an epoch in the valley of the Crow and all the country around. First came the "thundering herds" of buffalo which literally darkened the horizon (the wagon train in which Father first crossed the plains in 1860 once narrowly escaped annihilation by a stampeding herd), then the large bands of wild horses, the Indians, and finally the immense herds of Texas longhorns trekked up the trails and apportioned among different owners, all to range on the great, unfenced public domain. Roundups came as an inevitable sequence. But in time these, too,

yielded to changing conditions in those regions where ranchmen turned to small herds and enclosed pastures.

Father, who pioneered in a small way on the Muddy in the raising of grain under irrigation, liked to envision the time when the Crow and Muddy Creek valleys would be dotted with small farms raising pedigreed stock and growing their own grain. Once when we were returning to Cheyenne he audibly visualized such a time. We had driven up the day before in an open wagon which he had loaded with provisions. He was also taking back two young men to work in the hay field. They were newcomers and perhaps the more to impress them, he became a little too expansive in his predictions and a trifle too enthusiastic over the beauties of our summer climate. The boys appeared interested until a storm which had arisen in the west overtook us, first a few drops, then a shower and finally the deluge, accompanied by wind and hail which riddled the men's straw hats, turned my umbrella wrong side out and soaked my lovely new stiffly-starched green gingham sunbonnet until I took it off and wrung it out. (My Sunday hat, always taken along to be put on just before reaching and just after leaving town, was safely tucked away in a box under the seat). At last Father stopped the frightened team before the cabin on our sheep camp at the Beaver Dams. The wife of the herder gave us some hot tea to drink and with the first lull in the storm, we started on, ten more long shivery miles, for home. Even Father's spirits were subdued. "Boys," said he, "This streak of weather is very unusual." Twenty-five years later my husband, George Jr. and I made our first visit to "Sunny California." Said a friend after several days of hard rain and chilling breezes, "This weather is very unusual." Instantly my mind flew back over the years to that ride with Father. Incidentally, one of the boys who was with us that day in Wyoming had settled in Los Angeles and engaged in the real estate business. I wondered if he, too, remembered Father's remark and had introduced it there. However that may be, Los Angeles is still having spells of "very unusual" weather. So are we.

Father sometimes told of his boyhood days in Maine where he and his brothers helped their father fell and haul logs on sleds drawn by oxen over corduroy roads. They slept in the attic where snow sifted in through chinks in the logs and they shook it out of their clothes in the morning; milked the cows before their six o'clock breakfast, then walked two or three miles to school, often through bitter cold and deep snow to build a fire and heat the school room for "teacher"

and the "sissies" as they called those who came later. But all the boys took turns at this, a week about. One winter when Father went to school in Augusta he boarded with an elderly couple whose favorite supper dish was brown bread and milk, and as they were practically toothless they ate the inside of the loaf and gave him the crust. Here too, he slept in the attic, but the chill was supposed to be taken off by the heat from the stove-pipe which extended from the stove in the room beneath up through his room to the roof. He was allowed one tallow dip; this must last two evenings to study by and two mornings to dress by.

Tallow dips were used in New York, too, in Mother's girlhood and in Wisconsin in my childhood. Kerosene lamps also, probably, but my first recollection of them is when we moved to Illinois in 1867 and Father leased the Leach farm two and a half miles from Rockford. When we called to look at the house the three youngest Leach daughters were busily rolling paper fagots to save lucifer matches which were "so expensive." The house was large, each room lighted by one or more lamps which were collected in the morning, wicks trimmed and smoky chimneys washed. At night the first lamp was lighted with a match, others by a long fagot rolled very tight and tapering at one end. There were two long halls upstairs, each dimly lighted by a suspended lantern. But you either groped your way up the dark stairway or carried a lamp. Mr. and Mrs. Leach also owned a large house in town into which they moved. I was sometimes invited to visit the youngest Leach daughter, near my own age, and it was there that I first saw lamps grouped in a chandelier; in Wisconsin candles had been used.

Kerosene was also used to light Pullman cars when we came west in '73. But candles were still popular, only now they were molded instead of dipped, and for additional smoothness and durability Mother added a little beeswax melted with the tallow. After stringing several dozen molds with candle wicking, a fussy and particular task, you begin to appreciate the value of even the lowly tallow candle.

No one then was overburdened with conveniences, yet to Grandfather we lived in a wonderful age—railroad trains to ride on, kerosene lamps to burn. He would tell of going courting in his youth and sitting up by the light of one tallow dip. When the wick began to sputter in the saucer about midnight it was time to take leave. If neither the young lady nor her parents made objection to his first call he went again the next Saturday and sat up all night. At the end of the third

call the young lady capitulated and the engagement was announced. "What did we talk about? Why, there wasn't much to say; we just sat." Could that have been the beginning of "sit-down" strikes?

Then followed the wedding as soon as the prospective bride could spin, weave and make her trousseau and enough linen to complete her hope chest. She was also supposed to bring to her husband a workable knowledge of cooking and housekeeping. "And," chuckled Grandpa, "Lydia filled the bill." Dancing was sometimes indulged in at weddings but no gifts were given the bridesmaids.

Grandmother baked in a large brick oven heated by hickory knots, then the coals were raked out and the baking put in—bread, pies, cake, beans, ham—the door closed and banked and not opened until everything was supposed to be done. If the time were winter and the pies mince, they were stacked in a tight trunk in the wood shed to freeze and taken out to heat as needed. On Sundays Grandpa and Grandma marshalled their numerous family to church in the big wagon, they sitting on the one spring seat in front, the little girls behind on a board across the box and the boys in the rear. In jogging over the two or three miles of rough country road, sometimes one end of the board slipped off and the little girls in their quaker bonnets, pink calico dresses, pantalets and copper-toed shoes landed in a heap in the bottom. But their squeals of delight were quickly hushed by Grandmother's admonition that it was "wicked to laugh on the Lord's day." And if, during the two-hour sermon, either boys or girls grew tired of sitting on the hard benches fighting flies in summer or rubbing chilblains in winter (the church was unheated except by a small wood stove and the warming pans brought from home) their lack of attention to the sermon showed disrespect to the minister and like other misdemeanors committed on Sunday, brought punishment on Monday. This usually meant a switching administered by Grandfather. He didn't enjoy it. "Perhaps I wasn't always as strict with the children as I should have been," he would say. "If their mother didn't catch them in some mischief, it seemed to escape my observation too."

Sometimes Aunt Helen, the eldest, was left at home to start dinner when company was expected. Then the children were never permitted to eat at the table with the guests but must stand respectfully back against the wall awaiting their turn, and taking what was left without complaint, a Spartan training. But their reward came when the dinner work was

done; they they were permitted to take a "quiet walk" in the yard. If their walk became a riot Grandmother was usually too busy with her guests to take notice and Grandfather had only to appear on the piazza to send the youngsters scampering beyond hearing.

In the fall of 1847 the family moved to Wisconsin, embarking at Canojoharie on the Erie Barge Canal for Buffalo, thence across the Great Lakes to Sheboygan. The voyage was rough and particulars are lacking; also of the slow, tedious ride in a towboat through the canal. But just to throw a little light on that epoch, let me quote from an article in a comparatively recent Denver Post article concerning Hennesy's Hotel in Rome, New York, said to have been "the most famous tavern along the route of the canal." Some of the rules of the tavern were,

'Four pence a night for bed.'

'Six pence for supper.'

'No more than five to sleep in one bed.'

'Organ grinders to sleep in the wash room.'

'No beer in the kitchen.'

Verily, "manners aren't what they used to be."

Many years after leaving the Mohawk Valley homestead as a child, Aunt Caroline returned for a visit. Her cousin, Charles Button who had bought the place, still thrashed his buckwheat with a flail; the old parlor was still kept closed and darkened, to be opened on the occasion of a wedding or a funeral; cousin Hannah still cherished a black silk dress folded away in a bureau drawer for her burial robe. And when Auntie inquired at the post office for some paper wrappers the bewildered post master brought forth some brown wrapping paper.

The Wisconsin community in which the Phelps family settled offered better opportunities. Grandmother thought, for bringing up a family. Grandmother was deeply religious and a leader in religious circles. But the early death of little William, the youngest child, coupled with her own failing health proved fatal and she survived him less than a year.

At first Grandfather's grief overshadowed his sense of responsibility toward his family. But as time passed each of his three daughters took her place in turn at the head of his household, so the home was not broken up. "Life was becoming complicated," Grandfather would say, "and it was sometimes hard to tell which pleasures to permit and which to forbid the young folks, what with kissing bees, singing bees,

spelling bees, dances and festivals." Once a rural swain invited one of the sisters to a strawberry festival and ordered one dish of berries with two spoons.

The dances were always chaperoned, if small by one married woman, if large by two. Aunt Caroline liked to tell of a ball once held at the largest hotel in Oconomowoc. A sleigh load of young people, duly chaperoned, went from their town, each girl carrying a satchel or bandbox containing two ball dresses and accessories such as reticules, slippers, fans and lace mitts. When they arrived they were shown to the dressing room where they changed from their warm merinos to their first ball dresses. Auntie's on this occasion was a sprigged delaine. Her second, donned at midnight for supper and the dancing which followed till dawn, was of brown nun's veiling made very long and full and worn over a large hoop skirt, two starched petticoats and a bustle. Imagine a ball room filled with swirling hoop-skirted figures, bustles bobbing and chignons too, as they waltzed 'round and 'round the room in one direction! For the reverse step had not yet been introduced and they danced one way until dizzy. They schottisched, too, and polka'd and vesuvianna'd, to say nothing of the square dances and cotillions which were more in favor.

That was in the 1850's and before my time. But twenty years later I went to my first dance at Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, a thousand miles from there, and Aunt Caroline chaperoned the party from our ranch. No one enjoyed it more than she and she danced divinely still. The music that evening was furnished by a cottage organ and a jewsharp. As the organist pumped the treads her bustle worked around under one arm. It was whispered that many a rural bustle was merely a tin can with a string running through it to tie around the waist. That was never verified, but it was a fact that the brand of flour used on many a ranch could be told by the washing on the line. For flapping in the breeze were aprons and undergarments as well as tea towels, all made out of flour sacks inscribed with "Pride of the West" or some other trade mark in red and blue letters emblazoned across their length or breadth for all who would to see.

No "lingeries" then; nor did we wear evening dresses, for the good reason that we didn't have them. But we strove to make the best possible appearance in what we had and O, the time we spent curling our bangs with a slate pencil heated over a lamp chimney! We even dusted a little corn starch on our noses, but that was a profound secret.

A friend who came west as a bride many years ago and

settled on a ranch far from town and neighbors, told me of her quandry over what to wear to the first dance to which they were invited. Ignorant of the local custom and beyond the reach of advice, she finally chose from her quite elaborate eastern trousseau a gray velvet evening gown, low-necked, short-sleeved and long-trained! She was undisputably the "bell of the ball."

To return to the Pine Bluffs district: The first family to make a permanent residence between Cheyenne and Fort Sidney was said to have been that of Judge D. C. Tracey who lived in an adobe house west of Pine Bluffs station. Judge Tracey had been an agent for the Overland Stage Company and was a genuine "old timer." In later years he built a brick residence in Cheyenne on Sixteenth street; this was torn down several years ago to make room for a filling station. On his trips between his home in town and his ranch at Pine Bluffs, Judge Tracey occasionally stopped at our ranch on the Muddy, and always had something interesting to relate about his early life on the plains. Once, before our valley was settled, he was ambushed by Indians at the Blackstone Place, a point of rocks a mile west of our ranch buildings, and escaped only because his pony was fleetest and his gun more deadly than their arrows. After hearing that story I never passed that ledge without subconsciously looking for Indians. Many arrow heads were found on the bluffs bordering our valley.

Among other settlers of the Pine Bluffs region were Major and Mrs. Garland, maternal grandparents of Mark Chapman,⁴ the Holcomb and Park families and the J. R. Gordons. Mr. Gordon who had been a young Union Pacific surveyor, was one of the first station agents at Pine Bluffs. He is said to have had the first garden in eastern Wyoming. He planted it back of the station and kept it watered from the Union Pacific engines. Many years later he wrote a letter to his sister and published at the time, * * * "The garden proved such a success that the railroad wished me to experiment with it further and gave me enough lumber from the snow fence to enclose five acres, which was afterward increased to fifteen. This venture was considered so remarkable that people came to see it from all parts. J. M. Carey⁵

⁴ Engaged in the real estate business at 222 West nineteenth Street, Cheyenne.

⁵ Joseph M. Carey, Governor of Wyoming from January 2, 1911, to January 4, 1915, the only Governor of the State whose son also held the same position. Robert D. Carey served as Governor of the State from January 2, 1919, to January 2, 1923.

was greatly interested and wandered about the patch at his own sweet will."

Mr. Gordon brought his bride, Sophia Parks, out from Iowa. Young, beautiful and charming, she was also vivacious. Mr. Gordon wrote, "She was intrepid and a skillful horse-woman and had the reputation of being able to handle anything in the way of horseflesh. On one occasion she was driving a pretty lively pair with the intention of going to the Martin ranch, when she was bantered by the train men just as the train, consisting of some emigrant coaches and several freight cars, was leaving for Egbert. As the wagon road at that time followed the railroad and she herself was as spirited as a seventeen year old young woman of those stirring times could be, she at once started out for a neck and neck race with the train, * * * and contrived to cross the tracks at Egbert just as it approached, * * * declared the winner by the gallant train crew and cheered by the passengers."

Mr. Gordon was no less daring. Tall and commanding, he had been schooled in hard knocks on the plains. Once, recognizing a fugitive from justice by the description telegraphed from Cheyenne, he armed himself with a short crooked stick which he thrust inside his coat front with his hand placed as if on the butt of a revolver, walked up to the fellow, ordered "hands up" and placed him under arrest. He then confined him under guard until the arrival of the sheriff.

Indian raids occurred and twice men were killed within a few miles of the station. Finally, in '76 about the time of the Custer massacre, a couple of Indians evidently friendly to Mr. Gordon entered the Bluffs ahead of a raiding party and warned him that he and his "white squaw" had better leave. After spreading the word they did, Mr. Gordon wrote. Temporarily, however, for Mr. Gordon owned a ranch on or near the site of the present J. R. Wilkinson ranch, near Pine Bluffs, where he and his family lived until the early '80's. They then went to Central City, Nebraska, and later settled in Pueblo. Incidentally, Mr. M. J. Galligan, the first Union Pacific agent at Egbert and a friend of Mr. Gordon, also went to Pueblo, became "Judge" Galligan and settled in the same block.

Mrs. Gordon and Mother became warm friends notwithstanding the difference in their ages. They often exchanged visits and also quilt material, for silk crazy quilts and log cabin patterns were then in vogue. In 1933, almost a half century later, while visiting in California I was shown one of

those quilts which Mrs. Gordon had made, and in it was a piece of one of my wedding dresses, neatly feather-stitched among others.

When we settled on the Muddy in the summer of '74, there were only three families in the valley, the T. C. Dicksons at the head of the creek two and a half miles west, the William Dolans three miles east and the William Rolands six miles farther down. Later came the William Dunstans,⁶ Anthony Wilkinsons and others, all excellent neighbors, and good friends still. Mr. Dickson, or "Dickey" as he was called, was reported to have been a "gentleman gambler," now "thoroughly reformed," according to the opinion of his friends. White-haired, ruddy-faced and genial, he was an ideal host and a good neighbor. Although he no longer gambled he did retain enough of the "gentleman" complex to shun work himself and "permit" his wife to shoulder the heavy burdens of running the ranch. Of this she was fully capable however distasteful some of her duties must have been. She could lariat a calf and haul it out of the muddy bottom of the creek; round up cattle and drive any team the men could handle. And when all other methods of starting them had failed, she could swear at a team of balky mules with such talent that they eagerly lunged forward. "Why, Mrs. Dickey!" Mother once protested. "Well," she replied, "that's the way the men do and it's the only language these critters understand."

That was one side of Mrs. Dickey's nature. The other side shown forth as an angel of mercy in sickness and trouble, a loyal friend and a woman of keen intelligence whose hope was some day to retire from ranch life, build a house in town and possess a black silk velvet dress and diamond brooch! And her dream was realized. For after Mr. Dickey sold his Muddy Creek ranch and the one on Pole Creek where they lived for a couple of years, he built a house in town just west of the old Cheyenne Club; when it was torn down several years ago, there went another link with the past. For it was there that Mrs. Dickey spent the few remaining years of her life and it was my privilege to have seen her in her velvet dress and diamond brooch, a handsome, dignified woman, unbowed by the trials of earlier years.

One morning while they still lived on the Muddy word came that Mrs. Dickey was ill. True to the unwritten law of

⁶ Father of Mrs. D. J. O'Connell, of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

the community, Mother at once laid aside her own work and began to pack emergency articles in the pockets of her three-horned side saddle. But first she killed a chicken and put it on to cook. In time she was off, bridle reins in one hand and a pail of stewed chicken in the other, and with each lobe of the pony one could see daylight between her and the saddle. For while Mother was a skillful driver she was not a graceful rider. If half the broth in the pail spilled out on that uncomfortable two and a half mile ride, Auntie and I who had watched the start from the west window in our sitting room, were none the wiser.

So many memories center around that cheerful west window! It was there that we used to gather to watch the gorgeous sunsets; there that we watched for Father returning from Cheyenne, or for our men folk when riding the range in a blizzard or when late to a meal. Often they would fail to return to their mid-day dinner until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. With the first sign of their appearance in the distance the kitchen fire was replenished and the victuals put on to heat. How ravenously they ate! And six o'clock usually found them ready to eat again. The amount of cooking and baking accomplished was a wonderment when you consider that it all had to be done in one small kitchen over-supplied with inconveniences—no running water, no refrigeration, no egg beater, the nearest market many miles away; where housekeeping at all was a daily challenge to one's ingenuity and company arriving unexpectedly. Always welcome though and room on the floor for extra beds. Flies so thick from May to October that round screens were used to cover cold food on the table and "swishers" wielded by the cook to keep them away from the rest. Butter served in a covered dish, condiments in cruets set in a revolving castor, each tightly corked. After the meal was cleared away the room was darkened except one outlet toward which the flies were driven. This was repeated in the kitchen. Then, with a satisfied look around the rows of shinging pans on shelves neatly covered with nicked and scalloped newspapers, the clean white-washed walls, and the kitchen was left to its fate until time to start another meal.

Once its "fate" was rather surprising. We had gone for a ride that Sunday afternoon, leaving a newly-arrived man cook to get supper for the hay crew. Upon returning we found the walls covered with pink "Police Gazettes," a sports publication permitted in the bunkhouse but not in the house. The apologetic cook spent the evening tearing them down and

in the morning covered the soiled places with more white wash.

Mother was partial to calsomine; she could have fresh walls often and delicately tinted they were attractive. Then, with unbleached muslin lambrequins on the beds and over the tops of the windows trimmed to match the tint of the walls, the effect was pleasing.

Housecleaning was an event; even the pictures on the walls were taken apart, for dust and flies would creep in. No screens then, but mosquito netting tacked over the windows and strips of newspapers fastened above the doorways to rustle in the breeze, may have frightened a few flies away. There was always a piece of netting handy, too, to pull over your head when you lay down on the couch. Palm-leaf fans were another luxury and as much of an institution in summer as crocheted fascinators to wrap around your head, a hot soap stone at your feet and a baked potato in your muff in winter. When the edges of the fans became frayed you bound them with velvet. As a matter of courtesy you always offered them to guests.

Canning time presented few problems because there was little fruit to can. We depended largely on dried fruit, inferior to the evaporated product we have now, but very palatable once the art of cooking it was mastered. But in the hands of a novice— Well, a woman then recently arrived from England was once engaged to cook on a sheep ranch. She was unfamiliar with dried apples, but finding some in the cupboard she essayed to make an American pie. She had made English tarts, so the pastry part offered no difficulty. Carefully washing the apples she added sugar and spice, a little water, and put the pie in to bake. When she opened the oven door some time later, the two crusts had parted company and in between bulged a swollen, wabbly mass of tough dried apples.

Speaking of cooks: One summer Mother engaged through a Cheyenne employment agency a woman to help in the house through haying. She came, pleasant and buxom, so buxom in fact that Mother's suspicions were aroused. But Matilda declared that she was "only dropsical and subject to such attacks." On Monday morning, however, she left the kitchen. Not returning soon Mother went in search of her and found her outside, helpless. How Mother, Aunt Caroline and Mrs. Wilkie, our school teacher, got her to the house and into her room is a story in itself. But with the aid of a wheelbarrow they did and in the course of a few hours a bright baby girl appeared on the scene. Meanwhile Mrs. Wilkie had

admonished me to keep the other pupils, all younger than I, in the school room which was several yards from the house, and amuse them as best I could as she was needed elsewhere. Aunt Caroline was in the kitchen cooking dinner for the hay crew when into the yard drove Reverend J. Y. Cowhick, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Cheyenne, and Mrs. D. C. Tracey who was on her way to join her husband at their ranch at Pine Bluffs. Well, they were friends of the family and Auntie met the emergency by saying that Mrs. Martin's hired girl was "a little indisposed" and would Elder Cowhick please drive up into the hay field and tell Mr. Martin that dinner would be a little late? He did so. Auntie then took Mrs. Tracey into the house, explained the situation and since it was a hot day and Pine Bluffs still twelve miles away, invited her to stay for lunch. She then prepared it and when Elder Cowhick returned he and Mrs. Tracey ate a picnic lunch on the bank of the creek under the shade of an umbrella!

After the baby's birth Mother delved into Matilda's trunk and became convinced that Mathilda was, in truth "subject to such attacks" for she found a complete layette which showed previous use. Little sympathy was felt for Matilda who was a woman well past thirty, but during the three weeks that Mother kept and cared for her and the baby, the latter won a place in all hearts. They were sent to Laramie where Matilda claimed she had friends.

Our next "hired girl" was Mary from Nebraska. She was young and appeared rather flighty; the boys liked to tease her and Mother felt apprehensive. But Mary soon proved she could take care of herself. One morning early Mother saw her leave the kitchen carrying a large dipper of water. Cautiously approaching the sleeping form of one of the boys rolled in his blanket in the yard, (in the summer the boys often slept out of doors) she dashed the cold water on his head. He was subject to rheumatism and wore red flannels. With a yell he ran into the bunkhouse, followed by the laughter and jeers of the rest. Mary rose in their respect.

Many of the boys on ranch and range were educated and refined, others cast in coarser mold, but the majority were worthy of the trust reposed in them. Their religion was of deeds, not words, and they despised hypocrisy. Once an anemic looking fellow applied for work as a "hand," but a few days of his soap-box oratory so annoyed the others that Father assigned him duties around the building, one of which was to cut and carry in wood for the kitchen stove, for which he showed little zeal. On Sunday morning after breakfast

Father reminded him that the wood box was empty and that fuel would be needed with which to cook dinner. Rolling his eyes he replied, "Mr. Martin, Jesus never commanded his disciples to chop wood on the Sabbath." Father told him, very well; he was entitled to his convictions, but—"no wood, no dinner," and handing him his week's wages, turned on his heel. Crestfallen, the fellow departed.

Quite in contrast was N. D. Hillis, then a very young man, who stopped over night at our ranch in the summer of 1881 while traveling through the country for the purpose of establishing Sunday Schools. He had met with some success in eastern Iowa but found conditions very different on the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming where ranches and settlements were too far apart and the population too sparse to support them. But he felt that as the country settled up and the population increased, church societies would follow. In that he was right. The "silent immensity" of the plains, the majesty of the mountains and the spirit of courage in the face of difficulties everywhere manifest seemed to impress him and he said, "I came to teach; I am staying to learn." He thought he could understand, he said, why men who led such a strenuous existence six days of the week wanted to rest in their own way on the seventh. Thus, even then, Mr. Hillis showed the broadmindedness which, years later, was said to have characterized his pastorate of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn, New York. Incidentally, Reverend John C. Blackman^s recently told me that he once conducted services with Dr. Hillis. That, I understand, was in Mr. Blackman's seminary days, since Mr. Hillis was a much older man than he.

* * * * *

Back now, to that little, old west window in our ranch sitting-room of blessed memory. I see myself, a small impressionable little girl, sitting before it turning the pages of Godey's Lady Book and gazing enraptured at the picture of a tall, stately lady in a gorgeous blue silk dress, and tight-fitting basque buttoned from neck to hem, flowing sleeves with frilled lace undersleeves, long, full, flounced skirt which swept the floor—"That," I declared with conviction to a skeptical mother and Aunt, "is the way I shall look on my wedding day." In the course of years the wedding day arrived but alas! the tall stately form and the blue silk dress

^s Pastor of the First Congregational Church, now being re-constructed at Cheyenne.

with its twenty yards of material were missing.

But some of the pictures framed by that old west window were very real. There were the hail storms sweeping down the valley and beyond, levelling alfalfa and garden truck, pelting young colts and calves and sending chickens squawking to shelter. One vivid memory is of a long line of five hundred black cattle, Galloways, stringing tandem over the snow at a certain time every afternoon to the hay stacks in the upper meadow where the men awaited them, for the snow was so deep that for six weeks they had to be fed. The habit of coming for feed had grown so strong that long after the hay was gone, the snow melted and green grass appeared in the spring, they had to be turned back to graze on the range.

Another vision seen through that window is of a couple in an open wagon hurrying down the valley in the teeth of a blizzard, the man urging on his team, the woman struggling to hold a bed quilt around her shoulders. For bed quilts played their valiant part in the "Winning of the West." Not always the "Star of Bethlehem" and "Rose of Shannon" patterns placed by our grandmothers; they were held too sacred for such use; but more often Montgomery Ward's dollar and a quarter red calico comforts which, with Arbuckle's coffee, were undeniably "Standard Brands" of those days. But those comforts while warm were not color fast, and after a soaking by rain or snow stained everything they touched. And the drying out process—

Then Mother had an idea: Why not use the good parts of the men's cast off woolen garments for quilt tops and line them with Montgomery Ward's gray outing flannel blankets? That met with instant approval from the children for then Papa's coats needn't be made over into jackets for them and perhaps they could have some new!

Followed a time washing and ripping up old clothing, sending to town after cotton batting, ravelling the tops of old woolen stockings for "tying" yarn and lo! two "wool" comforts blossomed forth, something out of nothing, and so neat and warm they were used both for robes and for bed covering in a blizzard. What they lacked in beauty they supplied in weight, and to sleep under one you arched it over you like a tunnel.

In later years my husband trapped wolves and coyotes and we made fur robes. These, too, were often put over our beds to protect us from wintry winds whistling through drafty walls. Let me assure you that there is no greater satisfaction than to nestle into a warm bed on a stormy night knowing

that all your family are safely at home, well fed and comfortable, after battling blizzards or constantly feeding poor fuel into old stoves and striving to keep one or two lively youngsters up off cold floors, their ears never warm. Yet they were not particularly subject to colds; generations survived similar conditions through all the ills children are supposed to be heir to, to say nothing of the remedies used—mustard plasters on their chests, onion poultices on the soles of their feet, castor oil and bitter mountain sage tea forced down unwilling throats— O, the good old days—

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The first regularly appointed Episcopal clergyman in Cheyenne was Rev. Joseph W. Cook of Pennsylvania, who arrived January 14, 1868?

The first session of the Wyoming Territorial Assembly provided at its first meeting in 1869 for the regulation and maintenance of education?

The first public school at South Pass City, Wyoming, was started by the teacher, James Stilman, in the early part of 1870, following the organization of Wyoming Territory; and before money from school taxes was available to pay salaries? Mr. Stilman took chances on receiving his pay after collection of levied funds; his salary was paid after such funds had been collected. The first school house in South Pass was a log building about 18 feet long, and approximately 15 feet wide, with one window and a dirt floor. The furniture consisted of crude, homemade benches and desks.

The first railroad station building in Cheyenne was a frame structure erected in 1867 by the Union Pacific railroad?

ICE-BOATING, THRILLING SPORT, OLD FT. FRED STEELE, 1881

The occasion of the first and probably the only ice-boating in Wyoming is related by John J. Clark, Apartado 15, Bis, Mexico, D. F., in a letter dated September 23, 1939, and addressed to the Wyoming State Historical Department, as follows:

“I read in your publication (Annals) mention of many
(Continued on Page 309)

AH-HO-APPA—FALLEN LEAF

Ah-ho-appa, better known as Fallen Leaf, was the daughter of Sinte-galeshka (Spotted Tail), a Brule Teton Sioux chief. There are many stories told about this beautiful maiden, some in prose and some in poetry. One of the finest is the poem written by Miss Alice Kenney, who has captured the tragic spirit of the Indian maiden's life in this lovely poem:

FALLEN LEAF'**By Alice Kenney**

Ah-ho-appa, brown and tall,
 Born to dying in the fall,
 Born to Sioux Chief Spotted Tail,
 Learned to love the lonesome trail,
 Learned from childhood loneliness,
 Learned to like the women less,
 Sought to follow warrior's life,
 Learned to use the bow and knife.
 Daughter of an Indian chief,
 Ah-ho-appa, Fallen Leaf,
 Bore a strange and lonely light
 Longing always to be white.
 Wooded by every warrior's son,
 Ah-ho-appa looked at none;
 Ever walked in dignity,
 Saw what others could not see:

(Far away where the sun comes up
 And the pale-faced moon finds sleep,
 People drink from a shell-thin cup
 And laugh both long and deep.
 Birds sing there, and the grass is lush
 And crickets chirp in the evening hush,
 Berries grow in the underbrush;
 Cool are the beds with sheeting white;
 The hammocks slung between tall trees
 Tilt in the wind, and through the night
 The lilacs sway in the drifting breeze.)

Reprinted from COLLEGE VERSE with permission. Alice Kenney is a former student at the University of Wyoming where she won two A. C. Jones prizes for poetry, 1936 and 1937. She has published in COLLEGE VERSE and other periodicals. Miss Kenney is now employed on the Republican-Bulletin, Rawlins, Wyoming.

Ah-ho-appa, do not hide,
 You were born when autumn died,
 Stranger to the Indian grief
 —Fallen Leaf—Fallen Leaf—
 Leave the tree that begot you,
 Follow the free wind's call,
 Sail down the rivers it taught you,
 Plunge with the turbulent fall,
 Leave it and know with the leaving
 Life has been torn with the stem,
 Never you bother with grieving—
 Learn to sew a fine hem.

Come to this dying with laughter,
 Be as the white women are.
 What could ever come after
 Someone has reached for a star?

Around Fort Laramie camped the friendly Sioux
 To traffic with the Great White Father's sons.
 They traded wampum beads of turquoise blue
 And pottery and furs with zealous ones
 For rusty muskets, mirrors, calico.
 Thus lovely Ah-ho-appa learned to know
 The soldiers from her bench outside the store,
 And mounting of the guard was always made
 More dashing for her smiles—the simplest chore
 Became a ceremonial well played
 Before the maiden they were pleased to call
 "The Princess," though her sweeping skirt and shawl
 Paraded dauntless yearning to be white.
 Discarding Indian ways, she struggled still
 To flee her heritage. It was her right,
 Though skin be red, to change her state at will.
 She swore she'd never be an Indian's wife,
 And slashed a dogging Blackfoot with her knife.

Across the hills	Can find the world
the whippoorwills	a rose uncurled
Are calling from the East;	And life a pleasant breath,
The red-birds fly	But dying land
through limpid sky	cannot withstand
And there both man and beast	The steady march of death.

O Fallen Leaf, this certain grief
 Should not belong to you,
 And yet it must, for from this dust
 Have ever sprung the Sioux.

Ah-ho-appa silent sat
 On the bench before the store,
 Saw the soldiers laughing at
 Some recruit who knew no more
 Than they'd known before they came.
 Ah-ho-appa looked at him,
 Knew a sudden inward flame,
 Seeing one so fair and slim.
 (Faster beat her heart and her pulse beat fast;
 Fallen Leaf, Fallen Leaf, he has come at last,
 Listen to your heart beat like a white man's clock,
 Likely a newly wound one, tick-tick-tock.
 Listen to your heart: He has come, he has come,
 Ah-ho-appa listen: your heart is like a drum.)

The days had gathered themselves to months and through
 This time "The Princess" Fallen Leaf became
 The friend of him she loved. He never knew
 Within her flickered up a twisted flame
 That scarcely could be hidden. Then one day
 They walked together where the sunshine lay
 Across the hill like corn dust. They sat down
 With golden backs turned toward the setting sun
 And watched the shadows creep upon the town
 Where lights preceding stars came one by one.

Words that she should have been saying
 Caught in her throat unsaid.
 She might very well have been praying,
 Silently bowing her head.
 What could she say to this right man?

"Come to my tent in the trees;
 Hunt me the wolf and the whiteman,
 Both will be your enemies.
 Let me build fires for my master,
 Let me raise sons for your pride;
 Blame me for every disaster,
 But sorrow a bit when I've died."

He stopped the silver silence then and spoke
 Of home back East, of slender candle-sticks
 And fragile cups that seldom ever broke;
 And quiet evenings when the lighted wicks
 Were low, and how blackberries, wet from dew,
 Can look in china dishes; how all through
 The evening hush the crickets scraped their bows
 Across their fiddles' unresined strings,
 He told her how the ladies' laughter flows

And tinkles through tall rooms. He told her things
 About a certain girl with golden head—
 "Someday I'm going to marry her," he said.

Fallen Leaf, a fragile cup
 Often breaks from simple sound.
 Never may the sun come up
 When tomorrow whirls around.
 Fallen Leaf, you dreamed a dream
 Drifting from the hated bough.
 You must take the twisting stream,
 You must drift with dead leaves now.
 Indian maiden, Fallen Leaf,
 Do not weep a whiteman's grief.
 Tie your heart with a buck-skin thong
 And tread your way in silent song.

The Sioux had made complete their long exchange,
 And empty now of furs and trading goods,
 They left the fort to seek an open range,
 Beyond the Powder River where the woods
 Go down to meet the water's edge and where
 The level plains stretch out for miles from there.
 Poor maiden, Fallen Leaf, would always ride
 With Spotted Tail. She never laughed nor sang
 Nor spoke to anyone. It seemed inside
 She was a withered leaf. No bowstring twang
 Could rouse the old-time interest in her eyes.
 She liked to walk alone where grey moss lies
 And listen to the lost wind in the trees.
 So slowly Ah-ho-appa thinner grew,
 Became the victim of a dread disease,
 That neither she nor any tribesman knew.

Two grasses and two snows had passed away
 Along the Powder River. In the pines
 Stood Ah-ho-appa's tepee where she lay
 And watched with pain the turning ivy vines.

First red

Then dead

Tossed on the top of a chilling breath

Up so high

Because they're dry

Dead and dry as death.

Soon the leaves of the quakers

Will fall in a torrent of gold

Leaving the arms of the shakers

Empty and withered and old.

(Ah-ho-appa, this is dying,
 This is singing, this is sighing,
 This is laughing soft and crying,
 Fallen, Fallen Leaf,
 Never think this less than grieving,
 It is giving and it's thieving,
 This is merely autumn leaving,
 Fallen, Fallen Leaf.)

Your eyes are tightly shut and your tongue is stricken
 dumb,
 But your heart, O Ah-ho-appa, is beating like a drum;
 A hundred Sioux stand round it from a hundred Indian
 bands,
 And they're beating out its rhythm with their copper-
 coloured hands.

Couldn't there be a voice of white
 Calling her through the leafless night,
 Telling of cups so fragile and broken,
 Calling her—couldn't the words be spoken?

Ah-ho-appa, chieftain's daughter,
 Spread your wings across the water,
 Bleach your feathers, make them white,
 Pale-face heaven comes tonight.

Ah-ho-appa, do not dread,
 You have died with love undead,
 This is all there is of grief,
 Fallen Leaf—Fallen Leaf.

MAPS OF EARLY WYOMING TELL FASCINATING STORY

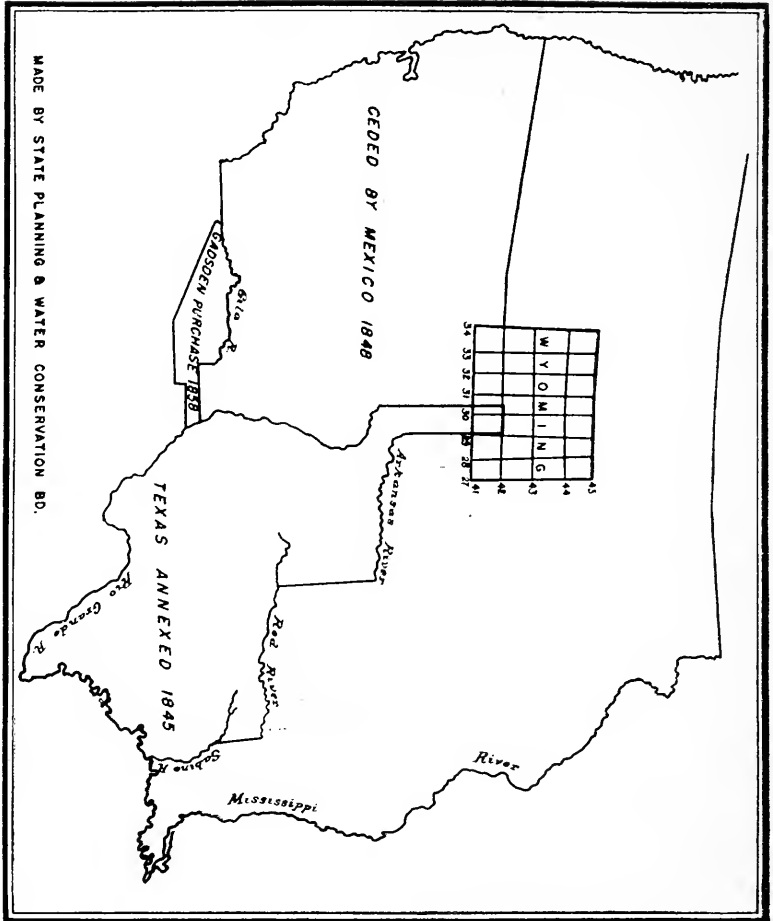
By Marie H. Erwin

Maps—frequently looked upon as prosaic and dull—do in reality picture a vivid and colorful drama of a changing world. Even now in some countries of Europe the boundary lines move so rapidly that mapmakers cannot keep up with the swift procedure.

While the circumstances in America always have been less extenuating than those of the countries just mentioned, the United States map has not always shown the dignified rectangular square of which all Wyoming citizens are so proud today.

As a matter of fact, even before Wyoming Territory

MAP NO. 1.—THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS AT TIME OF ANNEXATION (1845)—
SHOWING THAT PORTION INCLUDED IN PRESENT SOUTHERN WYOMING.



existed, a bit of what is now this State belonged to the Republic of Texas, which reached up and took a "bite" out of the land, which at the present time is a portion of southern Wyoming. (See Map No. 1.)

The subject has provided a topic of controversy among historical writers in the past, some of whom have contended that there is no available documentary evidence as to old boundary lines—especially concerning the boundaries within the present Wyoming.

That this contention is erroneous is evidenced by public documents and other reliable sources of information submitted in the succeeding pages:

1819 TREATY WITH SPAIN: FEBRUARY 22, 1819.

Treaty of amity, settlement, and limits, signed at Washington February 22, 1819. Original in English and Spanish.

Art. 3.—The Boundary Line between the two Countries, West of the Mississippi, shall begin on the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of the River Sabine in the Sea, continuing North, along the Western Bank of that River, to the 32d. degree of Latitude; thence by a Line due North to the degree of Latitude, where it strikes the Rio Roxo of Nachitoches, or Red-River, then following the course of the Rio-Roxo Westward to the degree of Longitude, 100 West from London and 23 from Washington, then crossing the said Red-River, and running thence by a Line due North to the River Arkansas, thence, following the Course of the Southern bank of the Arkansas to its source in Latitude, 42. North, and thence by that parallel of Latitude to the South-Sea.¹ The whole being as laid down in Melishe's Map of the United States, published at Philadelphia, improved to the first of January 1818. But if the Source of the Arkansas River shall be found to fall North or South of Latitude 42, then the Line shall run from the said Source due South or North, as the case may be, till it meets the said Parallel of Latitude 42, and thence along the said Parallel to the South Sea, all the Islands in the Sabine and the said Red and Arkansas Rivers, throughout the thus described, to belong to the United States; but the use of the

NOTE.—In quoting the documents from the volumes indicated, the text, spelling, capitalization and punctuation have been copied verbatim.

¹ Or Pacific Ocean.

Waters and the navigation of the Sabine to the Sea, and of the said Rivers, Roxo and Arkansas, throughout the extent of the said Boundary, on their respective Banks, shall be common to the respective inhabitants of both Nations. The Two High Contracting Parties agree to cede and renounce all their rights, claims and pretensions to the Territories described by the said Line: that is to say.—The United States hereby cede to His Catholic Majesty, and renounce forever, all their rights, claims, and pretensions to the Territories lying West and South of the above described Line; and, in like manner, His Catholic Majesty cedes to the said United-States, all his rights, claims, and pretensions to any Territories East and North of the said Line, and, for himself, his heirs and successors, renounces all claim to the said Territories forever.

Art. 4—To fix this Line with more precision, and to place the Land marks which shall designate exactly the limits of both Nations, each of the contracting parties shall appoint a Commissioner, and a Surveyor, who shall meet before the termination of one year from the date of the Ratification of this Treaty, at Nachitoches, on the Red River, and proceed to run and mark the said Line from the mouth of the Sabine to the Red River, and from the Red River to the River Arkansas, and to ascertain the Latitude of the source of the said River Arkansas, in conformity to what is above agreed upon and stipulated, and the Line of Latitude 42. to the South Sea: they shall make out plans and keep Journals of their proceedings, and the result agreed upon by them shall be considered as part of this Treaty, and shall have the same force as if it were inserted therein. The two Governments will amicably agree respecting the necessary Articles to be furnished to those persons, and also as to their respective escorts, should such be necessary.²

1836. The Texas congress on December 19, 1836, passed an act³ by which it marked the limits of the Republic as follows:

An Act. to define the boundaries of the Republic of Texas.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the republic of Texas, in congress assembled, That from and after the passage of

² Miller, Hunter, Ed., TREATIES AND OTHER INTERNATIONAL ACTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Doc. 41. (United States Government Printing Office, Washington.) 1933..

³ Gammel, LAWS OF TEXAS, 1, pp. 1193, 1194.

this act, the civil and political jurisdiction of this republic be, and is hereby declared to extend to the following boundaries, to wit: beginning at the mouth of the Sabine river, and running west along the Gulf of Mexico three leagues from land, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, thence up the principal stream of said river to its source, thence due north to the forty-second degree of north latitude, thence along the boundary line as defined in the treaty between the United States and Spain, to the beginning: and that the president be, and is hereby authorized and required to open a negotiation with the government of the United States of America, so soon as in his opinion the public interest requires it, to ascertain and define the boundary line as agreed upon in said treaty.

IRA INGRAM,

Speaker of the house of representatives.

RICHARD ELLIS,

President pro tem. of the senate.

Approved, Dec. 19, 1836.

SAM HOUSTON.

1845-1848.—These boundaries were accepted by the United States after Annexation and the Mexican War.⁴

Sept. 9, 1850.—An Act proposing to the State of Texas the Establishment of her Northern and Western Boundaries, the Relinquishment by the said State of all Territory claimed by her exterior to said Boundaries, and of all her Claims upon the United States, and to establish a territorial Government for New Mexixco.

PROPOSITIONS OFFERED TO TEXAS, WHEN ACCEPTED, TO BE BINDING UPON HER AND THE UNITED STATES. PRO-
VISO.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following propositions shall be, and the same hereby are, offered to the State of Texaxs, which, when agreed to by said State, in an act passed by the general assembly, shall be binding and obligatory upon the United States, and upon the said State of Texas: PROVIDED, The said agreement by the

⁴ Harriett Smither, Archivist, Texas Library and Historical Commission. (Letter).

said general assembly shall be given on or before the first day of December, eighteen hundred and fifty:

BOUNDARY OF TEXAS DEFINED.

First. The State of Texas will agree that her boundary on the north shall commence at the point at which the meridian of one hundred degrees west from Greenwich is intersected by the parallel of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, and shall run from said point due west to the meridian of one hundred and three degrees west from Greenwich; thence her boundary shall run due south to the thirty-second degree of north latitude; thence on the said parallel of thirty-two degrees of north latitude to the Rio Bravo del Norte, and thence with the channel of said river to the Gulf of Mexico.

CESSION OF TERRITORY TO THE UNITED STATES.

Second. The State of Texas cedes to the United States all her claim to territory exterior to the limits and boundaries which she agrees to establish by the first article of this agreement.

TEXAS RELINQUISHES ALL CLAIM UPON THE UNITED STATES FOR LIABILITY OF HER DEBTS OR INDEMNITY, &C.

Third. The State of Texas relinquishes all claim upon the United States for liability of the debts of Texas, and for compensation or indemnity for the surrender to the United States of her ships, forts, arsenals, custom-houses, custom-house revenue, arms and munitions of war, and public buildings with their sites, which became the property of the United States at the time of annexation.

\$10,000,000 IN STOCK BEARING FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST TO BE PAID TO TEXAS THEREFOR.

Fourth. The United States, in consideration of said establishment of boundaries, cession of claim to territory, and relinquishment of claims, will pay to the State of Texas the sum of ten millions of dollars in a stock bearing five per-cent. interest, and redeemable at the end of fourteen years, the interest payable half-yearly at the treasury of the United States.⁵

⁵ United States Statutes at Large, Vol. 9, pp. 446-447, (Little, Brown and Co., Boston) 1854.

1850.—The southwestern part (west of the Continental Divide) of that portion of Texas lying within the present boundaries of Wyoming became part of Utah Territory. The remainder of the aforesaid portion of Texas was included in "Unorganized or Indian Territory."

1854.—Nebraska Territory was organized from the northern part of the Unorganized or Indian Territory, with the Continental Divide as its western boundary.

1861.—Dakota Territory was carved from the Nebraska Territory and embraced most of present day Wyoming, north of the 43rd parallel. But Nebraska Territory was extended west to embrace part of Utah Territory lying east of 33° longitude, west from Washington. This included all of the Wyoming portion of the former Texas Republic.

1863.—Idaho Territory was created to embrace all of Wyoming with the exception of the southwestern corner (33°-34° Longitude west from Washington, between 41st and 42nd Parallel) which remained Utah.

1864.—Dakota Territory was created to take in all of Wyoming except Idaho Territory (33°-34° longitude from Washington between 42nd parallel and Continental Divide,) and Utah Territory, (33°-34° Longitude west from Washington between 41st and 42nd Parallel).

1869.—Wyoming Territory was formed to include all that ~~portion of Dakota, Utah and Idaho Territories between the~~ 41st and 45th Parallels of latitude, and between 27° and 34° west from Washington, the present boundaries of the State.

Thus the above documentary evidence removes all doubt as to the exact boundaries of the Republic of Texas in relation to the present State of Wyoming.

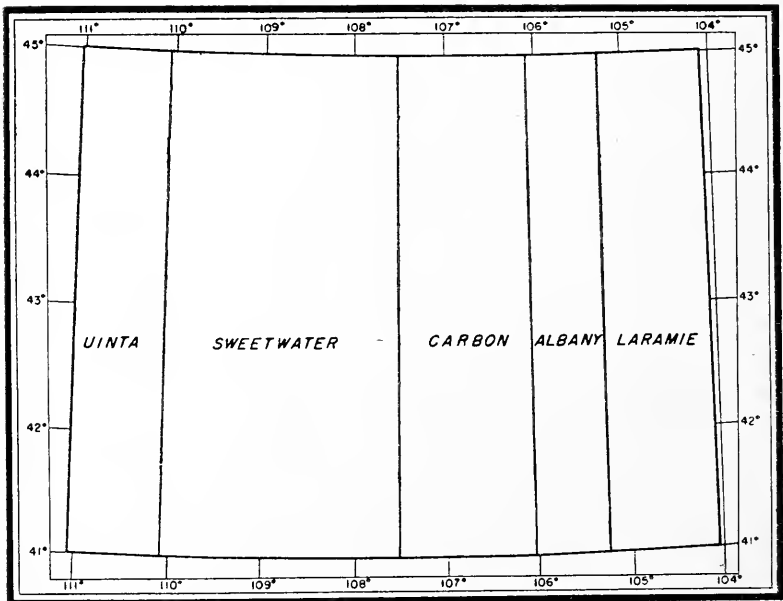
Note: Longitude lines from Washington are approximately three miles to right from longitude line west from Greenwich. For example: the 27° line west from Washington is about three miles right from the 104° line west from Greenwich.

EARLY WYOMING TERRITORY COMPRISED ONLY FIVE COUNTIES

Originally, Wyoming Territory contained only five counties, in 1869, their generous proportions being separated by four north-and-south lines, a fact which the beginning student of Wyoming history is surprised to learn.

However, the passing of 70 years has seen numerous changes in this respect and the following governmental procedure which created these first five huge sections of the State gives an accurate and interesting account as to how, when and where this was accomplished: (See Map No. 2.)

Laramie County was the only county within the boundaries of Wyoming Territory which retained its name from that given it by Dakota Territorial Legislature. When the Wyoming Territorial Legislature in 1869 defined the county boundaries, it left that of Laramie County undefined; however, the eastern boundary of the Territory always had been



MADE BY STATE PLANNING & WATER CONSERVATION BD.
WYOMING 1869

MAP NO. 2.—Shows the first five-county division of Wyoming Territory, (1869). This is an interesting contrast to the 23 counties which now checker-board the state.

the eastern boundary of Laramie County, and the eastern boundary of Albany County formed the western line of Laramie County. Carter County which was established by the Dakota Territorial Legislature was completely eliminated by the first Wyoming Territorial Legislature.

LAWS OF DAKOTA TERRITORY 1867.
LARAMIE COUNTY. (Dakota Territory.)

Chapter 14

AN ACT TO CREATE AND ESTABLISH THE COUNTY OF LARAMIE.

Section 1. That all that portion of the Territory of Dakota west of the one hundred and fourth meridian west, be and the same is hereby erected into a county by the name of Laramie.

Section 3. The county seat of said county is hereby located at Fort Sanders.

LAWS OF DAKOTA TERRITORY 1867-68.
CARTER COUNTY

Chapter 7.

AN ACT TO CREATE AND ESTABLISH THE COUNTY OF CARTER.

Section 1. That all the portion of the County of Laramie, and Territory of Dakota, west of the one hundred and seventh degree and thirty minutes west longitude, be and the same is hereby erected into a county by the name of Carter.

Section 3. The county seat of said county is hereby located at South Pass City.

Approved December 27, 1867.

LAWS OF DAKOTA TERRITORY 1867-68.

Chapter 8.

AN ACT TO RE-ORGANIZE THE COUNTY OF LARAMIE.

Section 2. That all that portion of the Territory of Dakota, west of the one hundred and fourth meridian west, and east of the one hundred and seventh degree and thirty minutes west, be, and the same is, hereby erected into a county by the name of Laramie.

Section 5. The county seat of said county is hereby located in the City of Cheyenne.

Uinta, Sweetwater, Carbon and **Albany** Counties were organized, and their boundaries defined by the 1869 Wyoming Territorial Legislature as follows:

LAWS OF WYOMING TERRITORY 1869.

UINTA COUNTY.

Chapter 34.

AN ACT TO CREATE AND ESTABLISH THE COUNTY OF
UINTA.

Section 1. That all that portion of the Territory of Wyoming, bounded and described as follows, be, and the same is hereby erected into a county by the name of Uinta: Commencing at the intersection of the forty-first parallel of latitude, and the thirty-third meridian of Longitude west from Washington, running thence north along said thirty-third meridian of longitude, to its intersection with the forty-fifth parallel of latitude; thence west along said forty-fifth parallel of latitude, to its intersection with the thirty-fourth meridian of longitude west from Washington; thence south along said thirty-fourth meridian, to its intersection with the forty-first parallel of latitude; thence east along said parallel to its place of beginning.

Section 2. That the county seat of said county be temporarily located at Merrill, near Fort Bridger, until the people of said county shall, at their first election for county officers, definitely fix upon a county seat for said county.

SWEETWATER COUNTY.

Chapter 35.

AN ACT IN RELATION TO THE ORGANIZATION OF THE
COUNTY OF SWEETWATER.

Section 1. That all of that portion of the territory of Wyoming erected into the county of Carter, by an act of the legislative assembly of the territory of Dakota, approved December 27th, 1867, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, where the thirty-third meridian of longitude crosses the said parallel of latitude, thence south along said meridian being the eastern line of Uinta county, to the forty-first parallel of latitude, being the southern boundary of the territory; thence east, along the said southern boundary to a point thirty degrees and thirty minutes west from Washington; thence north along said meridian (of) thirty (degrees and) thirty minutes west, to the forty-fifth parallel to a point thirty degrees and thirty minutes west from Washington; thence west along said forty-fifth parallel to the place of beginning, shall be and continue a county by the name of Sweetwater; PROVIDED, That the eastern line

of said county shall be deemed to run one-fourth of one mile west of Separation station upon the Union Pacific Railroad, until a government or territorial survey shall prove said station to be west of the said east line. The county seat of Sweet-water county shall be located at South Pass City until removed according to law.

CARBON COUNTY

Chapter 37.

AN ACT TO ORGANIZE THE COUNTY OF CARBON AND TO ESTABLISH THE BOUNDARY LINES THEREOF.

Section 1. That all that portion of Wyoming territory described as follows, be and is hereby organized into a county by the name of Carbon, to-wit: Commencing at a point one-half mile east of Como station, on the Union Pacific railroad, and running thence due north to the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude; thence west along said parallel to the one hundred and seventh degree and thirty minutes west longitude; thence south along the eastern boundary of Carter county, (namely:) the one hundred and seventh degree and thirty minutes west longitude, to the forty-second (forty-first) parallel of north latitude; thence east along said parallel to a point due south of the point of beginning; thence north to the place of beginning.

Section 3. The county seat of said county is hereby located at Rawlin's Springs until removed therefrom according to law.

ALBANY COUNTY

Chapter 38.

AN ACT TO ESTABLISH THE BOUNDARY LINES OF ALBANY COUNTY.

Section 1. That all that portion of Wyoming territory embraced within the following described boundaries, shall be known as Albany county; Commencing at Buford station on the Union Pacific railroad, thence due north to the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, thence west along said parallel to the eastern line of Carbon county, thence south along said eastern boundary line of Carbon county to the forty-first degree of north latitude, thence east along said forty-first parallel of latitude to a point due south of Buford station, and thence north to the point of beginning.

Section 3. The county seat of said county is hereby located at the town of Laramie, until removed therefrom according to law.

Perhaps the early day Legislators showed more foresight in dividing the State into a smaller number of large counties than have their successors in making subsequent divisions. Particularly one may be inclined to arrive at this conclusion in view of present-day discussion as to advisability of consolidating a number of the counties for the purpose of decreasing the cost of administration—claimed by economists as much too high per capita for the State's approximately 250,000 inhabitants.

JAMES BRIDGER, A MEXICAN CITIZEN

A Description of Fort Bridger, 1859.

As James Bridger's declining years advanced and he found his finances becoming a problem to him, he undertook to collect rentals and the purchase price of Fort Bridger from the U. S. Government to whom he had rented in 1857. From this claim a struggle with the Government ensued which lasted many years.

This claim was still unsettled at the time of Bridger's death July 17, 1881, and his daughter, Mrs. Virginia Bridger Hahn, later carried on the fight, which was finally settled about eight years after James Bridger's death.

Through this controversy interesting facts as to the method of Bridger's acquisition of the land and the building of his Fort, were brought to light.

In 1843, when he selected the site for his fort, for the "convenience of emigrants"¹ and protection against Indians, this part of the country was then Mexico. He no doubt had to have permission from the Mexican government to build his fort on Mexican soil.

It was therefore necessary for him to become a Mexican subject, contact Mexican authorities, which he must have done, for we find in the Congressional Documents:²

"In the Matter of the Claim of James Bridger.

Honorable Committee on Claims,

United States Senate:

"Under the auspices of the government of Chihuahua, in 1843, before the Mexican War, Capt. James Bridger was

¹ Alter, James Bridger, p. 178, (Shepard Book Co., Salt Lake, Utah) 1925.

² 52d. Congress—1st Session, Senate Report 625. Exhibit 18.

induced under a promise by the Government of a large grant of land to establish a colony in Green River country, Utah, then Mexican territory, which he did at great expense, and erected Fort Bridger for protection against Indians, at a cost of over \$20,000.

“Under the Spanish rule he was to plant said colony and retain possession of the country for a term of years before he was to receive the title to that grant.

“The Mexican war entirely changed his plans, as under the treaty of 2d February, 1848, his possessions became a part of the United States territory. He then felt easy, as he was protected in all his possessory rights by treaty, and as it was generally understood that the protective policy of the United States (which protected the persons and property of the Spanish and French subjects in the acquisition of Florida and Louisiana) would be also extended over all who came under our flag from Mexico. In this belief he rested contented, as he believed himself under the most liberal and just Government on earth. By treaty he became an American citizen without doing a thing on his part. Continuing on in possession of his property, the possession was guaranteed to him by said treaty, until, shortly after peace was declared, the Mormon troubles broke out, when his relations were again disturbed by the U. S. Army quartering in his fort in 1857.

“Being an illiterate man (as will be seen from making his mark to the lease), these intelligent army officers ingeniously worded the lease of his property to suit alone the interests of the Government, and got possession of a property in which he had put his earnings of a lifetime—his all on earth. Two years after this possession by the army, the President, in violation of the sacred treaty stipulations, as will be seen hereafter, declared it a military reservation, thus defeating all efforts to complete his title, commenced under the Spanish laws and to be completed under ours.

“This ruined him completely; it was his financial death-blow, from which he never afterward recovered. He died disheartened, leaving a destitute family, at the lack of good faith on the part of the United States Government.

“The fact that the Government officers leased this property in question at \$600 per year, and were to pay \$10,000 for it if they purchased, shows that it was regarded as very valuable and of great use to the Army. The strong and well-built stone wall, well laid in cement, was 18 feet high and 5 feet thick around an area of 100 feet square, and was pronounced the strongest fort of the kind in the West. The

transportation of the cement some thousand of miles over a wild country, with which to construct that cemented stone structure, cost alone several thousand dollars. The construction of this fort—the wall alone—in the wilderness, where material was so costly and so inaccessible, would be reasonably worth, from builders' estimates, \$18,000.

As a former citizen of Mexico he is entitled to have his rights respected and protected by treaty of 2d February, 1848 . . . ”

* * * *

The following description of the Fort is given by Assistant Surgeon Robert Bartholow³ who accompanied the Utah Expedition:

“The fort originally consisted of an irregular collection of log houses, surrounded by a stockade, arranged in part for defense against the Indians, in part for the kind of trade here carried on. When the Mormons occupied the valley of Salt Lake, and grew into a formidable community, the fort came into their possession, and was further strengthened by the erection of a quadrangular wall. Upon the arrival of the army, in the fall of 1857, nothing remained of Fort Bridger but this wall, all the wooden structures having been burned by the Mormons when they could no longer maintain possession.

“The erection of the necessary quarters for a garrison of five companies commenced immediately after the advance of the army in June, 1858; but, owing to the scarcity of the indispensable materials, the buildings, though in a state of considerable forwardness, are, as yet, uncompleted. The hospital was so far advanced toward completion as to be considered habitable in December last, and the company quarters a few weeks later. In this half finished state, the officers' quarters were occupied in January. The quarters are built in a substantial manner of logs. The work of completing them is still going on as vigorously as the coldness of the weather will permit: they make haste slowly . . .

“On the hills, five miles distant, grow groves of stunted cedar trees, from which the fort is supplied with fuel. The buildings recently erected are arranged in a quadrangle, the wall of old Fort Bridger forming one side. Through the parade ground, and in front of the line of officers' quarters, runs one of the numerous branches into which Black's fork is divided at this point. . . ”

Between 1857 and the abandonment of the Fort, the

³ 36th. Congress—1st Session—Senate Ex. Doc. 52—pp. 306-307.

history of Fort Bridger concerns the Military.

In Brigadier-General John R. Brooks' Report-Letter⁴ September 5, 1891, the following statement occurs:

"November 6, (1890) Fort Bridger, Wyoming, finally abandoned."

WYOMING TROOPS RAISED FIRST AMERICAN FLAG IN MANILA, AUGUST 13, 1898

By **E. G. Guyer**

My attention has recently been called to articles in the newspapers and other publications regarding the raising of the American flag in Manila on August 13, 1898, after the entrance of American troops into that city. Since Wyoming furnished at least four and one-half times her quota of volunteers for the Spanish-American War and many of her citizens were members of the first organization to get into action both in the Philippines and in Cuba, I have felt that our Historical Department should have in its records a correct and concise statement by those who participated in the events of that war. I shall confine my interest in this article to the circumstances surrounding the raising of the Wyoming Battalion of Infantry flag which it was my privilege to carry into Manila on that memorable day forty-one years ago on the 13th of August.

The Battalion was encamped at Camp Dewey, south of Manila. Bright and early on the morning of the 13th day of August, the Battalion was started on the march. We followed a road not far from the Bay. On our left between this road and the Bay and somewhat in front of us were the Colorado troops. At times we were deployed and at other times where the way was clear, we marched in columns of four. Upon reaching the Pasig River we saw the flag of the Colorado regiment flying over old Fort San Antonio on the point between the river and Bay and commanding a view of the Bay. Quickening our time, we rapidly advanced into the residential part of the city and were soon alongside the moat and the old walled city, close to the south entrance and in the immediate vicinity of the Luneta Barracks which had housed the 73rd Spanish Regiment of the line. The advancing American troops had converged at this point and were massed in front of the walled city which walls were crowded with Spanish

soldiers fully armed. About the time we arrived at this point, the white flag was displayed in the most prominent point on the parapet where it could not fail to be seen. The various regiments were soon set in motion and assigned positions in and around the city. The Wyoming troops were made the Headquarters guard for General Anderson and were assigned to the Luneta Barracks in front of which he had been halted. Immediately upon taking possession of the barracks, we raised our flag. As Color Sergeant, it was my duty to do this. At our first attempt to raise the flag the rope, being old, broke. Some one soon found new rope which we spliced, and at 4:45 P. M. the flag was raised—the first flag raised near the center of Manila. The official flag of Admiral Dewey was raised at 5:43 P. M. on the walls of the old city, almost one hour after the Wyoming flag had been raised.

There is no controversy over who raised the first flag at Manila. It is conceded that the first flag was flown over Fort San Antonio on the outskirts of Manila and that that Fort fell before the Colorado troops, but by advancing rapidly and due to the fortunate circumstance of being appointed Headquarters Guard for General Anderson, the Wyoming troops undoubtedly raised the first flag in the City of Manila proper. Comrade Chriss Hepp of C Company, Buffalo Wyoming, now deceased, was the most active in assisting me in raising the flag although there were many of the boys around the flag pole at the time.

A few words as to the history of the flag. The purchase price was given by citizens of Wyoming—just who initiated the idea I do not know but to the best of my recollection it was the women of Wyoming. The flag was presented to the Battalion while in camp at Camp Merritt on the Military Reservation called "The Presidio at San Francisco." The presentation was made either by Governor Richards or some one delegated by him. The acceptance speech, as I remember, was made by First Sergeant C. H. Burritt of C Company, Buffalo, Wyoming, and Sergeant Fuer of Company G, Sheridan, now deceased, received the flag. The flag is now in possession of the Historical Department of the State¹.

* * * *

The above article, written by Mr. Guyer on August 13, 1939, from Sheridan, Wyoming, and sent to the State Historical Department, Cheyenne, was accompanied by a certi-

¹ The flag, whose silken folds are somewhat tattered and broken, is on public view in the State Museum in the Supreme Court Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

licate signed by six of the author's comrades, as follows:

"We, the former members of Company G, Wyoming Volunteer Infantry, and now residents of Sheridan County, Wyoming, attest to the correctness of the statement made above and hereby endorse by our signatures.

(Signed) NILES R. COLEMAN
GEO. N. AKIN
W. D. JUNE
HENRY GEORGE
HENRY T. RULE
CHARLES J. SCHUBERT."

Mr. Guyer was a "member of Company G and discharged as Sergeant-Major of the Battalion."

ACCESSIONS

June 30 to September 30, 1939

MUSEUM

Miscellaneous

- Finrock, Mrs. W. E., 1402 Custer, Laramie, Wyoming.—Gentleman's old-fashioned key-winder gold watch, given to donor's husband the late W. E. Finrock, a pioneer, of Laramie, by his aunt, Mrs. John White, of Ohio; souvenir of nuptial anniversary April 21, 1869.
- Morton, Mrs. B. B., 210 East 20th St., Cheyenne, Wyoming.—One huge coffee cup, white china, brought by donor's mother, Mrs. M. S. Lockhart, of Cheyenne, from Iowa in 1894. Family lived many years at Bonanza, Wyo., near Basin and Hyattville. Cup, one of set of six, with floral design and individual verse on each. Probably made in 1889 or earlier date.
- Stewart, Mrs. Olive L., Hat Creek, Wyoming.—One "Lusk, Wyo., Pioneer Scrap Book, 1886-1887, Lusk Herald Items." A 6x5½ in. stenographer's note book, 34 pp. in which are pasted newspaper clippings. One 2½ in. photo of Olive L. Stewart on inside of cover.
- Harvey, Jennie, Rock Springs, Wyoming. — One 5½x9 in. shipping label; in ink—"U. S. Ex. E. D. Woodruff, M. D., Rock Springs, Wyo. From Arkinson & Wormwood, Tailors, Rockford, Ill., Aug. 21, 1883.
- Carroll, Theresa E.—One Testimonial of Graduation, Laramie, Wyoming, High School, July 1, 1881, issued to Theresa Evangeline Carroll.
- Hancock, John J., Casper, Wyoming.—One specimen each, antelope and deer heads, from Natrona County.
- Harvey, J., Rock Springs, Wyoming.—Pieces found in 1935 at site of old Fort Stambaugh, near Atlantic City, Wyoming.
One "H" shell with bullet, about 45 calibre.
Four 3 in. square hand made nails.
One metal piece ½x½ in.
One 1½ in. diameter gear wheel.
One round nozzle from U. S. Army canteen.
One round metal U. S. Army canteen, battered and rusty.

- DeLoney, N. J., Jackson, Wyoming.—Thirteen photos by S. N. Leek.
- One 4x7½ in., about 200 Elk being fed linseed cake.
 - One 5½x8 in. dead starved elk; live mate standing near.
 - One 6x8 in. close-up of about 1,000 Elk being fed hay.
 - One 6½x8¼ in. close-up of large Elk herd packed together.
 - Two antlered bulls high on hind legs to fight.
 - One 6¼x8 in., baby elk lying calmly behind trees, petted by man, labeled "Hand of Protection."
 - One 7x10 in., six men including State Game Warden and State Veterinarian dissecting diseased elk.
 - One 8x10 in., six colors, 11 elk being fed hay on top of snow.
 - One 8x10 in., bull elk shot, six point antlers; Gov. B. B. Brooks, Mr. Burke, pure food commissioner, and state veterinarian examining carcass for scab.
 - One 8x10 in., live elk bedded in snow, and Com. Burke.
 - One 6½x8½ in., S. N. Leek, photographer-author standing before big camera on tripod on "Elk sland" in Jackson Lake, Mt. Moran in distance.
 - One 6½x8½ in., beautiful mountain stream, close timber, peak in distance.
 - One 8x10 in., five different colored mountain views.
 - 12-stanza poem by S. N. Leek, "Where Old Snake River Flows," all photography.
 - One 7¾x10 in., colored, five fishermen, two boats, two strings fish, shore Jackson Lake.
 - One genuine black leather brief case.
 - Portfolio of Clarence D. Clark.
 - Badges of Hon. Chas. DeLoney.
 - Three photos, one, Colorado-Wyoming Grand Encampment, 1909 G. A. R.
 - Golden Wedding Anniversary of Charles and Clara Burton DeLoney, Jackson, Wyo., Nov. 27, 1921.
 - DeLoney family tree and branches.
 - One gold-plated G. A. R. badge.
 - One gold plated crossed swords badge.
 - One round cloth gold braid badge.
- Loby, Mr. Septimus, Verbob, British Columbia, Canada; former cow-puncher in northeastern Wyoming.
- One 5x8 in. photo, S. Loby on cow-horse, lariat.
 - One 3½x5 in. mount, (two pictures); one on reverse side.
 - One unmounted 3¾x5¾ in. brown commercial photo of S. Loby, Canadian Army Officer, World War, 1914-1918.
 - One mounted 5x7 in. photo S. Loby.
 - Two views—"Cowboy, white bronco, corral, camps," banks of Yellowstone.
 - One handwritten ink letter, 19th April, 1917, signed by Septimus Loby.
- Reitz, Mrs. Minnie A.—
- One 2¼x4 in. newspaper clipping on Capt. Wm. J. Fetterman, ambushed-massacred by Indians Dec. 21, 1866.
 - One commercial photo 3¾x5¼ in., 1896, of Hugh Cramer.
 - One 5x7 in. commercial photo of Ruth Elizabeth Griffin, age 6 mos., granddaughter of Mrs. Reitz; styles of 1881-1912.
 - One commercial photo of Ruth Elizabeth Griffin, age 3.
 - Blueprint of plans and specifications of four U. S. stations (camps) Platte River Station, Deer Creek Station, La Bonte or Camp

Marshall Station, Horse Shoe Station.

Kelly, Ed. S., Guernsey Lake Museum, Guernsey, Wyo.—Hand-made letter-opener of red cedar from a pole of the first telegraph line built across the plains in 1861, by Edward Creighton. Opener made by donor, Wyoming pioneer, in charge of Guernsey Lake Museum.

Collections

Wyley, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Brien, Douglas, Wyoming.—John D. O'Brien collection:

- One white parchment appointment John D. O'Brien to 2nd Principal Musician.
- One white parchment appointment John D. O'Brien to Co. Qr. Mstr. Sergeant in Company "H" Fourth Reg.
- One white parchment appointment to Principal Musician in Non Com'd. Staff & Band, 4th Reg. of Infantry.
- One flexible covered packet, sewed at top, "Army Enlistment and Character Manuscripts."
- One U. S. A. certificate of citizenship.
- One two sheet pen-ink handwritten letter, Dec. 26, 1888, addressed to John D. O'Brien, Douglas, Wyo., signed by Thomas Moonlight.
- One original pen-ink handwritten letter, "Elizabethtown, Kentucky, Sept. 10, 1872," to Major V. W. Howard, 3rd Artillery, Fort Pulaski, Ga., signed John D. O'Brien, citing enlistments, etc.
- One Homestead Certificate No. 32, application 21, March 17, 1892, favor John D. O'Brien, 150.05 acres. Benj. Harrison, Pres. U. S.
- One U. S. Army Discharge, Sept. 23, 1899, John D. O'Brien, Capt. Co. H. First Battalion, Wyo. Inf.
- One Special Account War with Spain, Invalid Pension increase, March 7, 1906.
- One 6x8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. photo John D. O'Brien (1838-1915) who helped build Ft. Fetterman in 1867.

Pictures — Framed

- Deming, William C., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Six pictures.
 - Grenville Dodge Memorial Inn, first building erected at the summit, head of Telephone Canyon, by William C. Deming and Leslie A. Miller. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (Framed)
 - Bunk House and Ranch Home, Warren Livestock Company, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, former president; Hon. B. B. Brooks, former governor of Wyoming; Hon. James R. Garfield, former Sec'y of Interior; Robert D. Carey; Senator Warren; Charles Irwin; W. C. Deming. Picture taken in 1910 at North Warren Ranch. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
 - Robert Burns Statue, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Mrs. Andrew Gilchrist, donor, and others. 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ x12 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches.
 - Commissioner as Receiver of Public Moneys at Cheyenne, Wyoming, February 25, 1907, from President Theodore Roosevelt to William C. Deming. (Framed) 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ x24 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
 - Early day Cheyenne street scene. 1902. 10x12 inches, tinted, mounted.
 - Scene of Frontier Days at Fair grounds, Cheyenne, 1902. 10x12 inches, tinted, mounted.
- Eklund, Mrs. Bertha B., Green River, Wyo.—Five post-card size photos:
 - 1849 Overland Stage.
 - Two-seated buggy; two horses and harness.
 - Two wheeled "pulled" hand-cart.
 - Wagon and four horse team.

- Man on horseback, representing Thomas Fitzpatrick, Trapper, discoverer of South Pass Oregon Trail, Green River, Apr., 1824.
One photo 7x8½ in. pair child's shoes.
- Scanlon, Miss Stella, Cheyenne, Wyoming.—One outstanding picture 9x11 in., by J. E. Stimson, Cheyenne, excellent likeness of Percy Holt, horseback; autographed by Hoyt who was famous pioneer-benefactor-philanthropist.
- Ingham, Mrs. Maud, Laramie, Wyoming.—Two copies 5x7¼ in. photos; one of Josiah J. Fisher; one of Fannie Smith Fisher, his wife, Laramie City, Wyo. Ter., father and mother of Mrs. Ingham. One 5x8¼ in. mounted photo of Old Keystone Mine, Douglas Creek; standing against veranda of frame building are 18 men in clothing of the time (1885).
- Irvine, Bob, Douglas, Wyoming.—One 6¾x9 in. enlarged snapshot of "Bob" Irvine on Paddy, summer 1897. Robert Lawrence Irvine, age 14.
- Warren, Frederick E., Cheyenne, Wyoming.—Photograph of residence of Francis E. Warren, 200 East 17th St., Cheyenne, Wyo. 7x9¾ in. Built in early 80's by Major Glafke. Purchased by Francis E. Warren prior to 1884. Birthplace of Frederick E. Warren and other members of the family. Changes made in roof and other remodeling. Since 1927 the house has been used as an office by the Warren Livestock Co. and Warren Mercantile Co., the latter handling the real estate business of the Warren interests.
- Anderson, Miss Esther L., State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Cheyenne, Wyoming.—Thirty-five pictures of Historical Landmark Dedication trip July 2 to 6, 1939, when six monuments were dedicated.

Books — Gifts

- Rankin, M. Wilson, Boulder, Colo.—One 7¼x11 in. volume, *Reminiscences of Frontier Days*, including authentic account of Thornburg and Meeker Massacre, by Wilson Rankin.

Newspapers

- Greenburg, Daniel W., Cheyenne, Wyoming.—One paper cover 6x9 in. "Fort Bridger Wyoming, a brief history comprising Jim Bridger's Old Trading Post, Etc." Cover picture "Old Fort Bridger 1843-57." Schmehl, Walter T., Wind River, Wyoming.—
One copy "The Arapahoe Agency Courier." Published for John C. Burnett, Arapahoe County, Wyo.
One copy "The Shoshoni Capital," first newspaper at Shoshoni, Wyoming, Saturday, Feb. 24, 1906.
One copy "The Miner," Hudson, Wyo., Nov. 7, 1913.
One copy "Wind River Mountaineer," Lander, Wyo., June 4, 1885.
One copy "The Fremont Clipper," holiday edition, Lander, Wyo., Dec. 29, 1893.
- Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. S. G., Green River, Wyoming.—One 4 pp. well preserved copy "Rock Springs Miner," Rock Springs, Wyo., Nov. 9, 1892.
- Law, Mrs. Nora Moss, 1001 Sierra Street, Berkeley, Calif.—Three numbers of "Pony Express Courier," Placerville, Calif. (Historical) November and December, 1938, and January, 1939, containing the diary of the donor's father, William Cartier Moss, entitled "Overland to California in the Early Sixties."

Purchases — Pictures

Two sets pictures purchased from Walter Schmehl, Wind River, Wyoming.

One set "General oldtime Indian pictures" taken about 1882-1883. 44 photos in the set.

One set of 32 pictures, "Ft. Washakie Group" taken about 1890-1892.

Purchases — Maps

Map of Wyoming (Official).—Purchased from George Cram & Co., 730 East Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. 41x48 inches. In color.

❖ ————— ❖
**ACTIVITIES OF
 WYOMING HISTORICAL LANDMARK
 COMMISSION**
 ❖ ————— ❖

SIX MONUMENTS ARE DEDICATED BY THE COMMISSION

Visible evidence of Wyoming's appreciation of her outstanding pioneers, the impress of whose lives and work will mark the future of this land for all time, is gradually spreading itself throughout the length and breadth of the State with the installation and dedication, from time to time, of handsome monuments to their everlasting memory.

Such meritorious activity has been the definite program of the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission, of which Warren Richardson, of Cheyenne, is chairman; John C. Thompson, of Cheyenne, treasurer; and Joseph F. Weppner, of Rock Springs, secretary.

Six such markers were dedicated with appropriate and impressive ceremonies during the week of July 2, 1939, when a motor caravan tour was conducted by the members of the Commission, in which State officers and other prominent personalities participated.

The starting point was Cheyenne, Wyoming, on Sunday morning of July 2 at eight o'clock, and the party consisted of the following: Mr. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Thompson, and their sons; Miss Esther Anderson, state superintendent of public instruction; James B. Griffith, Commissioner of Public Lands and Farm Loans, and Mrs. Griffith; Frank Kelso, Superintendent of the State Highway Department, and Mrs. Kelso; George O. Houser, secretary of the State Department of Commerce and Industry, and Mrs. Houser; Charles Seifried, Chief Engineer of the State Highway Department, Mrs. Seifried and daughters; Dr. Marshall C. Keith, State Health Officer, and Mrs. Keith; William Taylor, a member of the State Highway Commission; Captain William

Harwood, of the State Highway Patrol, and P. S. Orr, photographer, from the State Department of Education.



—Courtesy State Department of Commerce and Industry.

THE HISTORICAL LANDMARK COMMISSIONERS AND GOVERNOR NELSON H. SMITH

(Left to right): John Charles Thompson, Governor Smith,
Joseph S. Weppner and Warren Richardson.

Owen Wister Monument

Arriving at Medicine Bow, Wyoming, at 12 o'clock noon, for dedication of the Owen Wister monument, the caravan was joined by several others, including Joseph S. Weppner, secretary of the Landmark Commission, and Mrs. Weppner of Rock Springs; former Governor Bryant B. Brooks and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spurlock, all of

Casper; Hon. Charles W. Moore, a member of the Legislature, of Dubois, and Mrs. Moore; Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Spaulding, of Evanston, Wyoming; and some out-of-state visitors, including Mr. Henry Joy, Jr., of Detroit, Michigan, and Mrs. Helen Joy Lee of Watchhill, Rhode Island.

Promptly at 12 o'clock the ceremony was opened by Mr. Worth Garretson, the mayor of Medicine Bow, and chairman of the program committee, and the invocation was given by C. D. Williams, of Hanna, Wyoming.

Former Governor Brooks gave a splendid dedicatory address and also read a personal letter received from Mr. Wister a few months before he passed away. Preceding the address, Mr. Garretson made a short talk in behalf of the Lions Club and the City of Medicine Bow, and the high school band provided several musical numbers. Following a few talks by local oldtimers, the party adjourned to the Virginian Hotel for a chicken dinner.

The Joy Monument

The caravan continued westward on the Lincoln Highway, after dinner at the Virginian, to a point on the Continental Divide between Rawlins and Wamsutter, where at 4:45 o'clock, p. m., a program dedicating the Joy monument was presented.

Governor Nels H. Smith and Mrs. Smith joined the party here, having just returned to the State from an eastern trip, and the dedicatory program was presided over by Mr. P. W. Spaulding, a close friend of the Joy family. The first speaker was Governor Smith, followed by Hon. Charles W. Moore, of Dubois, who as a personal friend of Mr. Joy's, talked on the many memories of days gone by which he had spent with Mr. Joy in Wyoming.

Mr. Richardson, who also had been a close friend of Mr. Joy's, made the formal dedicatory address, and related the many experiences of himself and Mr. Joy when laying out the original Lincoln Highway. Henry Joy, Jr., then read a telegram from his mother telling of her illness and disappointment in not being able to be present, after which Mrs. Helen Joy Lee, the daughter, made a few remarks following her introduction, and placed a beautiful wreath sent by her mother, Mrs. Joy, at the base of the monument.

The party then left for Rock Springs, Wyoming, where they spent the night, and the following morning, Monday, July 3, the caravan, headed by Captain Harwood, departed for Fort Bridger, where the group arrived at 10:30 o'clock,

a. m. A complete tour of the Fort was enjoyed, and after luncheon the party left, by way of Kemmerer, for the Star Valley, which they reached at 5:30 p. m.

Lander Cut-Off Monument

A large assemblage greeted the touring party at the lower end of the valley at the Lander cut-off monument, where Senator Lester Barrus, of Lincoln County, was chairman of the program.

John Charles Thompson made the dedicatory address following introduction of individual members of the party by the chairman, and the remainder of the program included a talk by Governor Smith, a selection by the Afton high school band, a number by a mixed quartet, and an invocation.

The party and the crowd then continued to Afton, Wyoming, twelve miles distant, where the new Valleon Hotel was headquarters for the caravan. The Governor and his party were entertained by a local boxing program, followed by a grand opening of the hotel and a ball.

Snake River Canyon Road Monument

On Tuesday morning, July 4, the dedicatory party, which had been joined the previous evening by Mr. Mart Christensen, State Treasurer, and Mrs. Christensen, left for the scene of the Snake River Canyon Monument, about thirty-five miles distant into the lower valley.

The monument marks the site where the returning Astorians, led by Robert Stuart, were attacked by Indians and their horses stolen in September, 1812.

Senator Barrus was chairman again, and promptly at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., the program began with an invocation by Bishop Dana, of Thayne, Wyoming, after which the dedicatory address was given by Bishop Fluckiger, of Aetna, Wyoming.

Other speakers were Mr. Peterson, chairman of the Utah State Highway Commission, representing Governor Blood, of Utah, who made a short address, followed by Senator William Taylor, of Montpelier, Idaho, representing the Governor of that State, and Governor Smith, who expressed the appreciation of Wyoming to both representatives of the Governors of the neighboring states. Several selections by the Afton high school band preceded the departure of the assemblage for the official opening of the Snake River Canyon road some twenty miles up the canyon in a beautiful park, large in area.

The celebration opened with a series of races, and there were two soft ball games by selected teams, together with numerous other sports.

Approximately twenty-one or twenty-two hundred automobiles entered the canyon after the opening, and it was estimated that there were between six and seven thousand people at the celebration.

John Colter Monument

At 2:00 p. m., the same day, July 4, the caravan left for Jackson, Teton County, where it arrived at 5:00 o'clock, and promptly at 6:00 o'clock, the program began for the dedication of the John Colter monument in the city park. Mayor Harry Clissold was the chairman and Governor Smith was the first speaker, while Mr. Weppner, secretary of the Landmark Commission made the dedicatory address, which included a sketch of the life and history of John Colter, the first white man to enter the Jackson Hole country, and the discoverer of Yellowstone Park.

After dinner the party enjoyed dancing and other entertainment.

Grave of Sacajaewa Visited

The following morning, Wednesday, July 5, at 10:00 o'clock, the caravan proceeded to Teton National Park, and thence to the top of Signal Mountain, where they viewed the inspiring panorama of the Jackson Hole country. They then continued over Two-Gwo-Tee Pass to Dubois and the Charles Moore ranch, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Moore at a chicken dinner. Leaving the ranch about 5:00 o'clock, p. m., the party drove to Fort Washakie, and the home of Dr. John Roberts, who accompanied them to the grave of Sacajaewa, upon which her great, great grand daughter placed a wreath, furnished by Miss Esther Anderson, preceding which Dr. Roberts made brief remarks.

In the same cemetery the party paused at the grave of Chief Washakie, where Dr. Roberts spoke on some of his memories of Washakie, and the oldest son, Dick Washakie, who is approximately ninety years of age, placed a wreath on the grave of his father.

The day was brought to a close at Riverton, Wyoming, where a dinner given by the Lions Club was enjoyed.

Esther Morris Monument

The concluding ceremony of the spectacular tour took place at South Pass City, a picturesque ghost town and relic of colorful mining days, in Fremont County, on Thursday, July 6, at 12 o'clock noon, with the dedication of the Esther Morris monument. Mrs. Harnsberger Stone was chairman of the program, which was opened with an invocation followed by an address by Governor Smith. Mrs. Stone then introduced

several of the oldtimers ranging in age from eighty to ninety years, who had been at South Pass when the town was the largest city in Wyoming. A number of these pioneers made interesting remarks and comments on their memories of the early days, some of whom were personally acquainted with Esther Morris, the first Justice of the Peace in the world, and co-author, with W. H. Bright, of the Equal Suffrage Bill.

Miss Esther L. Anderson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, gave an excellent dedicatory address, and Mr. Robert Dubois, of Cheyenne, a great grandson of Esther Morris, placed a wreath at the base of the monument.

The caravan then proceeded to Lander, where it arrived at 3:00 o'clock, p. m., and the group was entertained in Pioneer Park by the Business and Professional Women's club and other civic organizations of Lander, during which a program of early-day reminiscences by oldtimers was presented, followed by a picnic luncheon. The party dispersed at about 5:00 o'clock and all proceeded to their respective homes.

UTAH ORGANIZATION DEDICATES PLAQUE IN WYOMING

In a program conducted under the direction of the County Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, a plaque on the first school house erected in Wyoming at Fort Bridger in 1866, was dedicated on August 25, 1939.

The Lyman High school band, under the direction of Blaine Blonquist, opened the program at 2:00 o'clock with a concert, followed by an invocation by Chaplain Eliza Roberts.

Mrs. J. W. Slade, County President, was chairman, and the marker was unveiled by H. J. B. Taylor, one of the oldest pioneers living in the valley.

Mrs. Henrietta Slade then made a brief address in behalf of the organization, in which she described the work of the Chapter, and concluded her remarks with the presentation of the plaque as a gift from her organization to the State of Wyoming.

Acceptance of the gift was made by Mr. Joseph Weppner, in behalf of the Historical Landmark Commission, who expressed the thanks of the Commission to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers for their beautiful token.

Other speakers on the occasion were Mrs. Ida B. Kirkham, of Salt Lake City, Utah, president of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, whose address was followed by an ovation, and Mrs. Kate B. Carter, of Salt Lake City, historian of the

Central Camp, whose talk also was appreciated by the assemblage.

In conclusion of the ceremony, a dedicatory prayer was offered by Ida M. Hamblin, of Fort Bridger Valley, and there were several selections by the band.

Minutes of a Special Meeting of the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, Held on Sept. 25, 1939, in the Office of Warren Richardson in the Hynd's Building, Cheyenne, Wyo.

A special meeting of the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming was held on September 25, 1939, in the office of Warren Richardson in the Hynd's Bldg., Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The meeting was called at 2:30 p. m., and the following Commissioners were present:

Warren Richardson, Chairman
J. S. Weppner, Secretary
J. C. Thompson, Treasurer

The first matter of business brought up by Mr. Weppner was the water situation at Fort Bridger, Wyoming. He explained to the Commission that for the past three months there were times when there was no water at all in the mains of the water system at Fort Bridger, and that the water had been diverted into the Lyman ditch about four or five miles up the creek. Mr. Richardson stated that he had called at the office of the State Engineer some weeks before and he had been promised that a full supply of water would be had at Fort Bridger. The Commission authorized Mr. Weppner to make a personal call on the State Engineer and find out why this condition exists at Fort Bridger.

The next routine of business was brought up by Mr. Thompson, which was a tentative dedicatory program for next year in conjunction with the fiftieth anniversary of Wyoming statehood. Mr. Weppner informed the other members that the Oregon Trail Memorial Association would hold its national convention sometime in the month of August next year at the Jackson Lodge near Moran. Mr. Dan Greenburg had told Mr. Weppner that at the meeting in Sacramento he had been successful in getting the convention for Wyoming next year.

Mr. Weppner then made a motion that a plaque with proper data be furnished by the Commission to be placed on the Old Trappers' Trail monument on the shores of Jackson

Lake at Leek's camp. This motion was seconded by Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Richardson was authorized to order the same.

The following item of business was brought up by Mr. Richardson, regarding the acquisition of the Woodruff cabin on Owl Creek, west of Thermopolis. After much discussion, the Commission authorized Mr. Weppner to contact organizations at Thermopolis and to meet with them in the near future to see if a plan of obtaining the cabin and moving it into the city park of the town of Thermopolis, could be carried out. The Commission also authorized Mr. Weppner to go on to Buffalo and meet with the local Pioneer Association, regarding the erection of a monument on the highway near Lake DeSmet, in memory of Father DeSmet, who discovered the lake in 1840, the 100th anniversary of which will be celebrated next year. He was also instructed to go from there on to Sundance and meet with the civic organization there, regarding marking the old Pioneer Trail at that point leading into the Black Hills.

Mr. Richardson gave Mr. Weppner a small bronze plaque which was ordered by the Commission to be placed on the Esther Morris monument at South Pass, commemorating the dedication of same.

Each member of the Commission then received a supply of the Sixth Biennial report from Mr. Richardson, which he had received from the printer, and the report was checked over by each member and accepted as satisfactory. Mr. Weppner then proceeded to the State Capitol where he called on Mr. Bishop, the state engineer and found that he was out of town. He then contacted Mr. Bennett, the assistant engineer to Mr. Bishop, who had very recently been over to Fort Bridger and had checked the water situation over, and he admitted that the entire situation was very poorly handled this summer, and he assured the Commission that it would be taken care of in the proper way next year. Mr. Weppner then reported this to Mr. Richardson.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

(Signed) J. S. Weppner,
Secretary.

ICE-BOATING, THRILLING SPORT, OLD FT. FRED STEELE, 1881

(Continued from Page 276)

of Wyoming's 'firsts' and want to have included in the record one that I believe has not been touched upon.

"I refer to ice-boating.

"In January, 1881, Captain Edwin M. Coats, commanding officer at Fort Fred Steele,¹ then a garrisoned post, built and sailed an ice boat on the North Platte River. An early thaw had swelled that stream far outside its banks and, at a point a little below the Union Pacific bridge, it attained a width of two and three hundred yards, across which the Captain's craft made lightning trips, attaining a speed of considerably over sixty miles per hour on the short sweep before the sail was released and the ship stopped and started back with startling suddenness. Had the distance been greater it was estimated that over one hundred miles per hour could have been reached.

"It was, nevertheless, ice-boating par excellence with all the thrills that characterize that bizarre sport. The rapid acceleration, the terrific speed, the shifting boom, the breath-taking slur and reversal of direction each contributed to make it an almost dramatic diversion and not without an element of danger.

"Among those whom I can remember as having, like myself, been favored by Captain Coats with invitations to participate in the pastime were Captain Dewees, Lieutenants Lovering, Beach and Rawolle, Mr. J. W. Hugus, merchant and post trade and my brother, Edward H. Clarke, Union Pacific Station agent, any of whom, if now living, can verify the correctness of the foregoing.

"Although a resident of Wyoming from 1874 most of the time until 1891, I have never heard of another instance of ice-boating, and, considering the conditions of those primitive days, have little doubt that this was the earliest occasion of its having been practiced there. Anyone who may know of an earlier case should inform your department and have the record corrected."

¹ Fort Fred Steele was the third military post to be established along the Union Pacific right-of-way, and was located at the point where the railroad survey crossed the North Platte River, in Carbon County. Established in June, 1868, by four companies of the 30th Infantry, under command of Brevet Col. R. I. Dodge, Major, 30th Infantry, it was occupied until August 7, 1886.

