STATE OF WYOMING
HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

(Double Number)

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WYOMING

We sing Wyoming and her good brown plains,
Tang of warm sagebrush in the tonic air;
Winds that blow four-cornered from the sky,
And whimsy trails that loiter everywhere.

Her cattle roam a thousand hills,
Her flocks are gathered to an ample breast;
Grim pines with long beards in the wind
Are shaggy sentinels on many a crest.

Hers is the glory of wide sunset skies,
Coral isles on westward sweeping seas;
Or gold tumultuous to the zenith tossed
In wildering ecstasy by crimson breeze.

We sing Wyoming and her tinted hills
That fall asleep for long midsummed dreams,
When quiet skies are lit with primrose light
And fisher-birds dip into shadowed streams,—

Yea and the wonder of far purple peaks,
Enforested ambrosial heights,
And phantom ranges of the silver brows
Where ravelled clouds are rent by heavenly lights.

—Dr. June E. Downey.

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published by the Wyoming Historical Department

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FOREWORD

It is the desire of the State Department of History to publish quarterly a small brochure on Wyoming History. The present number is the first of these little pamphlets to be issued. The material presented has all been written by Wyoming people on Wyoming subjects. The Department solicits such contributions.

This second edition of Nos. 1 and 2 of the Quarterly Bulletin is issued at this time to supply the demand for unbroken files. These numbers have been out of print for a year.

Four pages of unpublished history have been added to the original numbers in order to bring this double number to twenty pages to conform with the size of subsequent issues of Vols. 1 and 2.

A PLACE IN WYOMING WORTHY OF A MONUMENT

SOUTH PASS

Far in the West there lies a desert land,
where the mountains,
Lift through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits,
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where
the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the
emigrant's wagon.—Evangeline.

In Wyoming there are many, many, points of invaluable historic interest, for instance, Fort Laramie, Independence Rock, Fort Phil Kearney, Fort Bonneville, Fort Bridger and others. All of these points are surrounded with thrilling histories,—yet there is a place which stands out clear cut above the others, it is the place in Wyoming most worthy of a fine monument,—South Pass.

South Pass is in the Continental Divide in the Wind River Range, in range 101 and 102, township 27, 28. Altitude about 7500 feet. The pass is 947 miles from the Missouri River and was considered the dividing line or the half-way mark on the Oregon Trail. It was here that the emigrants looked toward their goal and forgot the country from which they had come. From here the Sweet-water rises and flows toward the East to the North Platte, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and Gulf of Mexico. On the other hand, Pacific Creek and Sandy Creek flow westward into the Green, the Colorado, and the Gulf of California. This then was the dividing line.

Westward, the Oregon flows and the
Walleway and Owynee,
East, with devious course, among the
Windriven Mountains,
Through the Sweetwater Valley precipitate
leaps the Nebraska,
And to the South, from Fontaine-qui-bout
and to the Spanish Sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by
the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound,
descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud
and solemn vibrations.

The country leading up to the pass is gently sloping and rises gradually to the divide. The pass itself is over three miles long and is a dip in the extreme southeastern part of the Wind River mountains. The sides of the pass are exceedingly rough altho not very high. Its gulches afforded abundant forage and excellent water. From now on in speaking of South Pass we will consider the pass and the neighboring slopes leading up to and away from it.

There is a pass across to the head of Green River near Union Peak, called Union Pass and also another across to the Gros Ventres fork of Snake River. Animals have been ridden across from the head of Green River to Camp Brown but this is probably quite a difficult task. It is impossible to get wagons thru these passes, therefore leaving South Pass the only opening thru this branch of the mountains which afforded easy passage for people traveling with wagons.

A far more level country would have been across the desert. There was a trail which turned out ten miles west of Devil's Gate thru Crook's gap, but there was a stretch of eighty miles from there to the Green River without water. Rivers came up and then disappeared in the sand leaving alkaline pools which were not fit to drink. The buffalo trails crossed the north edge of the desert, also antelope trails, but the emigrants kept north along the Sweetwater thru South Pass. One author says: "The Sweetwater takes us below the foot of the Big Horns, thru the Devil's Gate, and leads us gently up to that remarkable crossing of the Rockies known as South Pass, a spot of great association."

John D. Hunter, by some was believed to have lived in captivity, and is reported to have said that he and some Plains Indians, made the journey to the Columbia and back thru passes in the Rockies, probably South Pass. We are bound to believe that these Plains' Indians antedated the first white man in the discovery of South Pass.

In 1743 the Verendryes just missed discovering South Pass. They were in the Wind River mountains about 100 miles north of the long looked for pass. The Snakes and Shoshones, however, frightened them by telling them that the hostile Sioux would kill them if they went any farther, so worn out and despairing of finding the Western Sea they turned back.

In 1811 John Jacob Astor's land party guided by Indians, afraid of the other Indians crossed the Rockies thru Union Pass, eighty miles to the north of South Pass.

In 1812 Robert Stuart and his party of trappers just missed the Pass.

The first white man believed to have discovered South Pass is Etienne Provost. Provost was one of Ashley's men. It seems that William Ashley of St. Louis, organized a company called the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. On April 12, 1822, his first expedition left St. Louis. Ashley sent Andrew Henry with eighty men to the Yellowstone country to trap. Henry sent Etienne Provost to trap to the southwest. It was there, while trapping in the Wind River Mountain that Provost discovered the Pass in the mountains, and probably gave it its name from its location in the southern part of the Continental Divide. James Bridger was a member of Provost's party when the pass was discovered.

In 1824, General Ashley took his little wheeled cannon thru South Pass to his fort at Utah Lake. This doubtless was the first wheeled vehicle which had gone over this route.

About this time the Missouri Fur Company revived under the leadership of Lisa, Pilcher, Hempstead, and Perkins carried on their operations in the South Pass country.

Although to Smith, Sublette, and Jackson belongs the distinction of taking the first wagons across the plains into the mountains, nowhere do we find that they took the wagons thru South Pass—that honor was left

to Captain E. L. Bonneville, who in 1832 led a party of one hundred and ten frontiersmen across the plains to the Rockies. Bonneville led his caravan of twenty wagons hauled by "bull teams," thru South Pass, tracing for the first time with wagons the Overland Trail. Captain Bonneville received a leave of absence from the army and for two years carried on operations around this neighborhood.

Following closely after Bonneville in 1832 we find Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who led a party of adventurers over the same route thru South Pass with a load of provisions which he intended to sell for a large sum of money. At that time, however, there was a change in fur companies and they refused to buy the provisions. Wyeth was disgusted and returned to the East. Soon he gathered a band of Methodist missionaries and turned his face westward again toward the Rockies. Among these missionaries were Jason and Daniel Lee.

The next year 1835, Samuel Parker and Whitman, two missionaries set out by the trail thru South Pass on their way to Oregon. Leaving Parker, near the western boundary of Wyoming, Whitman accompanied by two Nez Perces Indians, boys, returned to the east. While East, he and a friend, Rev. Spalding by name, were both married and in 1836 started west with their brides. The party consisted of Rev. and Mrs. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Gray and two Nez Perces boys.

"From the Missouri river Dr. Whitman's party journeyed with a fur trader's caravan. On the night of July third the travelers reached South Pass. Early in the morning of the Fourth, the fur trader's caravan journeyed on, but Whitman's party remained in order to show their patriotism. Dr. Whitman spread a blanket on the ground, then took a national flag and a Bible from the wagon. After placing the Bible on the ground and grasping the flag in his hand, he raised his voice in prayer. Then in the name of God, and of the United States the reverend man took possession of the territory" which is now our glorious state of Wyoming. This patriotic service closed with a hymn led by Mrs. Whitman.

Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were the first white women to cross over the Overland Trail thru South Pass. Soon however hundreds of women came thru on their way to the west.

Soon after Whitman had aroused the people concerning the missionary work, Father Jean Pierre De Smet in 1840, left Westport with a party of the American Fur Company. He journeyed thru South Pass on his way to the Green River "rendezvous." The next spring Father De Smet returned with two priests and three laymen, they were met at South Pass by ten lodges of the faithful Flatheads. Many times after that Father De Smet passed back and forth thru South Pass on his way from tribe to tribe of the Indians as he performed his missionary work.

"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village, the Black Robe
Chief of the Mission,
Much he teaches the people, and tells them
of Mary and Jesus,
Loud laugh their hearts with joy and weep
with pain when they hear him."

At this time (1840), the Overland Trail was becoming a well worn road. South Pass was the resting place for many trains. The fine grass and water there afforded excellent camping grounds and gave ample opportunity for repairing and getting ready for the long pull west. Altho, to some travelers the journey seemed near its close at South Pass, yet it was only half over. Up to this time the people traveling thru, were trappers, traders, and missionaries, but now in 1842 came the first party of actual colonists, 112 in number, which was headed by Dr. Elijah White, who was sent out a sub-Indian agent.

In this same year, 1842, Senator Benton, a patron of fur trade received for his son-in-law, John C. Fremont, a detail in command of an exploring party to South Pass. Fremont, guided by Kit Carson, started with a party from Cyprian's Chateau's place on the Kansas, and reached the destination, South Pass, on Aug. 8, 1842. His journey of observation was continued along the Wind River Mountains, and to the top of the peak which now bears his name. In 1843, Fremont made a second and more extended governmental exploration to the Rockies. He split up his party and sent part thru South Pass again.

As soon as the Indians began to see that the white men were pushing into their country to stay, they began their depredations. The South Pass country afforded them excellent opportunity for carrying on their warfare. As a result, the government established a soldier camp about one and one-fourth miles northeast of South Pass. A stockade and post were built and called Fort Stambaugh. This was used for several years as a protection to emigrants in the pass but several battles took place, they were of no consequence.

For many years South Pass City and Camp Stambaugh were outfitting posts for trappers and traders. The Northwest Fur Cumpany established a trading post here, which after the fur animals disappeared was used as a country store.

In 1847 the Mormons, led by Brigham Young started for the West. An advance party under the leadership of Starbell, consisting of 143 men, 72 wagons, 175 horses went thru South Pass in search fo the "Promised Land." During the summer, party after party passed thru until by October there were approximately 4,000 Mormons in the vicinity of Salt Lake.

In 1849, the great cry was "Westward, Ho," and "California." Thousands of gold seekers pushed west. One authority states that 42,000 people crossed the continent during this year, another states that 100,000 gold seekers passed over the trail between May and October, 1849. These travelers went over the trail thru South Pass. It seemed that there was an endless line of the white canvass wagons creeping and crawling along over the way. These people were going to

stay and were carrying their families and all of their household possessions with them.

"Close at their sides their children ran,
and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped
some fragment of playthings."

The loads grew heavier and heavier, it seemed, on the long journey and as a result carved tables, bureaus, trunks, chairs, and everything imaginable were strewn along the path. Many men and women pitched their camps along the streams in South Pass. For some now the journey seemed almost over, but for some the journey was forgotten, all thoughts were turned upon a loved one who was sick and dying out in the wilderness; or else, the young people out in the clear starlight would be busy with their love-making. Song and sorrow were alike familiar to the trail.

The tremendous stream of people which started in '49 continued until so many people were in California and Oregon that by 1881 a mail service became necessary. Therefore Hockaday and Ligett established a stage line to carry mail and passengers. This line ran over the regular route thru South Pass. Large Concord coaches were used and fine horses and Kentucky mules. The stages went night and day at full speed.

In 1858 Russell, Majors, and Waddell purchased the stage line. These men had in operation 6,250 freight wagons, and 75,000 oxen.

A little previous to this time, in the early fifties the first gold mined in Wyoming was mined in South Pass. The principal strike was made in Strawberry gulch in the extreme eastern part of the Pass vicinity. Very rich quartz mines have been found in South Pass and an immense amount of mining has been done there which is proof enough that some day it will be the center of industry.

The government offered a prize of $40,000 a year to the person or company who should first build a telegraph line along the Overland Trail. A California Company undertook the enterprise and built to Salt Lake. A man named Creighton began at the east and built toward Salt Lake. By rushing his line thru Creighton completed it on October 17, 1861, making him the winner of the prize. Telegraph stations were established along the line, one being placed at South Pass.

The Indians soon learned that the wires carried messages for help, so they were not long in tearing the line down. Many cruelties were committed by the savages. South Pass offered a fine place for them to carry on their depredations. Matters began to grow very serious, until finally the U. S. Volunteers were sent out to fight the Indians.

In 1859, Russell, Majors and Waddell undertook the enterprise of the Pony Express. This was a marvelous undertaking. The men rode day and night thru storm and sunshine. They were given just two minutes at each station in which to change horses and be off. The average time required for rushing this mail across half of the Continent was eight days. This was once cut down to seven days and seventeen hours. Two noted as Pony Express riders were: Buffalo Bill, Cody, and Pony Bob (Robert H. Haslan). There was great danger from Indians and the strain upon nerves was tremendous. In all the time that the Pony Express was in operation, however, there was only one mail lost. About the most marvelous ride ever made on the Overland Trail was made by a Canadian, Francis Xavier Aubrey, who rode on a bet that he could cover the distance between Santa Fe and Independence (800 miles) in eight days. The bet was one thousand dollars. Aubrey did not stop to rest, changing horses every hundred miles. He finished the ride in five days and thirteen hours.

About 1862 the stage route was changed from the South Pass route to the southern route thru Cheyenne and across the Laramie Plains. This was brought about chiefly from the influence of Denver men who persuaded Ben Holliday, then proprietor, to change the line. From that time on, the greater number of travelers took the southern route instead of going thru South Pass. During the latter part of the fifties and early sixties, surveyors crossed Wyoming hunting a line for the Union Pacific Railroad. A railroad could have been built thru South Pass but the Indians were bad in that part of the state for one reason, and then the surveyors were after the shortest way, and last the influence of the Denver men was brought to bear upon them. For these reasons the survey was made across the southern part of the state and the railroad was accordingly constructed. After the construction of the railroad thru South Pass was seldom used by emigrants.

In 1869 Mrs. Esther Morris, joined her husband and three children at the mining camp at South Pass. Here she was made the first woman Justice of the Peace in the world, and it was she who co-operated with Colonel Bright in securing suffrage for the women of Wyoming.

To every one the word South Pass should call up the early history of Wyoming. It was the gateway to the western civilization. Surely a place with so many historic relations and famous associations is worthy of a monument. Do not let us forget that the only monuments which we have for it today are the old campfires, which will soon fade from sight.

"As the emigrant's way on the Western
desert is marked by
Camp-fire long consumed, and bone that
bleach in the sunshine."

Essay written for prize offered by Jacques-Laramie Chapter of D. A. R., Laramie, Wyo., 1911. Written by Agnes R. Wright. (This essay won the prize.)

EARLY PIONEER OF WYOMING

Tex Eastwood was a soldier of the Mexican War. He came to Wyoming in the early fifties, and for years followed the trail as a trapper and a scout. He was a great friend of James Bridger and was acquainted with Kit Carson. Tex was well known far and near in the Green River Valley. He had

a ranch on Big Piney and this was his home for many years. He also raised many good horses, and oftentimes had them stolen by the Indians. The summer of 1878 at the headwaters of Green River, his horses were all stolen by the Indians, his partner killed and himself badly wounded. Tex claimed after he was wounded he wandered about in the wilderness for fifteen days, with neither food nor shelter. All he lived on was sage brush and grease wood. At that time game was plentiful but he did not dare fire a shot, as he knew he was in the heart of the Indian country. At the end of the fifteen days he fell into the hands of two trappers and they took charge of the great scout until he had almost recovered. Tex told his sad story to the trappers who had taken charge of him. The first meal they gave him was some gruel from dried elk meat, and a small cup of tea, and he said, "that was the best meal he had ever tasted." He was so near starvation and they were very careful in his diet. They gave him the same kind of food for many days, in small amounts but very often. The trappers gave Tex the very best of care while he was with them.

After he had almost recovered the trappers brought Tex down to Fontenelle and left him with John W. Smith who was a good friend to Tex and he was there for many months, and finally fully recovered from his severe wounds. He then went back to his trapping grounds. I heard him say once, "that he caught six hundred beaver in the tributaries of the Green River in one season." He always received good prices for the furs, and as he understood the fur business thoroughly he always prepared the furs so he might receive good prices. He was a good reliable man and honest in all of his dealings. He was a man that was afraid of nothing or of no one. He left a large amount of property at the time of his death, which occurred the latter part of May, 1894, and the remains were placed in the cemetery of La Barge.

CLARENCE HOLDEN.
Fontenelle, Wyo.

June 3, 1923.

THE MOUNTAIN'S SECRET

What secret hold ye within thy walls,
So massive from base to crest?
Mighty and fearless ye stand aloof
From all earth's loveliness.
Gigantic thy strength for such support
As the trees and rocks demand,
And the precious metals which men so seek
Ye yield and defenseless stand.
Do the gloden sun and the fleecy clouds
Thy silence understand?
They rise and sink, o'er thy topmost brink,
Baffling bewildered man,
Who may worship and gaze and perhaps understand
What part ye are of the Infinite's plan.

—Bess Hilliard Glafcke.

ell, 2 - Aug 1 - 1923

To the State Historian of Wyoming:

Madam:

"Old timers" can, without cost to themselves, do a great service to their friends, to Wyoming, and to the United States. There is vital need for this service, and only "Old-timers" can give it.

A host of fiction writers, through many years, have been drawing pen portraits of the Western pioneers. More recently the "movie people" have flooded the country with screen portrayals of those same pioneers. Painters and book illustrators have evolved innumerable pictures relating to the same subject. The portraits, the portrayals, and the pictures do not show the pioneer as he really was. They set forth a mere swash-buckler, but they have convinced the majority of Americans that what they set forth is an accurate presentment.

Until recently Westerners could afford amusedly to ignore the libel, for it gave no promise of harming any one or anything. But conditions have changed, and the possibility of serious harm has been clearly revealed.

The many immigrants now landing in the United States arrive upon its shores with no knowledge of its history. Their school is the "movie" screen and the short story. Thus they rapidly become persuaded that the West was founded and shaped by thieves and murderers, that it had no worth in its inception, that it has no merit in its traditions.

There is grave danger unless this conception be corrected. At least, many of the Australian contingent in the late World War assert that there is; and these Australians are, by reason of their own experiences, expert judges. These Australians, on leaving home, had in mind naught but the idea of complete and enthusiastic accord with their allies in assailing the German army. These Australians received, as they expected, bullets from the German army; but they received, as they did not expect, gibes from their allies; gibes so frequent and so galling, as at times seriously to impair morale. They were tauntingly accused of being the descendents of criminals; all this because England, during a few years before the colonization of Australia began, maintained a penal colony at Botany Bay in Australia and sent to Botany Bay a limited number of convicts. "The man on the street" of England, of Canada, event of the United States had, for the moment, become the man in the trenches. He believed that the Australian soldiers traced their ancestry to the felons of Botany Bay, and he often acted accordingly.

As one of these Australians later said, "Unless the Americans substitute a truthful picture of the Western pioneer in place of the libelous caricature that now prevails, that caricature some day will rise up and haunt future Americans as Botany Bay has haunted us. Why don't the Americans advertise the actual Western pioneer, and thus convert a national liability into a national asset."

Unfortunately there now is, in written or printed form, the very scantiest record of actual doings in the early West. Accordingly there are available for the serious-minded historian only few and fragmentary records wherefrom to construct a truthful account. But it is not too late for this deficiency to be averted. There still live many "Old-timers"

If they will write you letters in which they tell in detail of what they saw and did and suffered in the bygone days, of their dealings with their fellow pioneers, whether these fellow pioneers were honorable or infamous, in which they tell in detail of wrongful deeds as well as of praiseworthy acts, then out of the aggregate of these letters will come a history that will be authoritative and conclusive. If, however, the "Old-timers" remain inactive in the matter, all proof of decency will die with them, and the West may pass down in history with the unwarranted stigma of having had a disgraceful parentage.

Let the "movies" and the fictionists continue to give to the public, for its entertainment, their oftentimes charming pictures of fictitious Westerners, but let the public be taught that the pictures are inaccurate, that the average Western pioneer was a constructive citizen, a builder of empire, and not a "two gun" killer.

Respectfully yours,
PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS.

Gamaliel? O, Gamaliel!

The hearts of us are sad today,
The eyes of us are dim with tears,
Thy hand no longer points the way,
Thy words no longer still our fears,
Gamaliel, O, Gamaliel!

Disconsolate, we voice our woe;
Our souls shrink with the pain of it.
Desolate, we voice our sorrow;
Our heads bowed with grief of it.
Gamaliel, O, Gamaliel.

—E. RICHARD SHIPP.
The Wyoming Poet.

August 2, 1923.,
Written on President Harding's passing.

CHAPMAN DIARY

Diary of Mr. W. W. Chapman who left his home in Illinois on March 12, 1849, for the gold fields of California, traversing across what is now Wyoming. Through the courtesy of the son, Mr. Albert Chapman, an early settler and prominent citizen of Cheyenne, we are permitted to use this diary.

Now I shall book something of my California trip. I broke up housekeeping March 12th, 1849. Started for the relms of gold on 13th and I left St. Louis April 5th. Arrived at St. Joseph May the 2nd.

Wednesday left there the 5th, first day 6 miles campt on the bluffs noon; 10 miles campt on Musquto branch a pleasant stream; Missouri bottom heavy timbered the rest of which is rolling prairie in delightful mounds broken country.

The 3rd day 12 miles campt on Wolf creek perfect mud hole at the ford a delightful stream we saw Indians plenty they are thick round the camps.

May 8th, 9 m passed the Indian mission they were planting corn. Saw plenty of Indians they said fourteen days travels to Buffalo. Sold one of the company a pony passed the lone tree it was desolate monarch it seems to be the lone monitor of the plains God's mandate bade it rise; no timber—campt on a large spring in prairie, the sun rose and set behind mounds in prairie. Soil rich grass tolerable game scarce snakes plenty and the thought of my wife and my boy were constant. Some company fell in.

9th, some 8 or 10 m campt in prairie on mound no timber in sight. Stopped at noon organized, adopted constitution T. R. Knopp Captain, Maxey Assistant Captain the weather cold and cloudy appearance of rain. Whittock and Fowler sick, traveling slow, nothing extraordinary happened the camp in good spirits.

10th, some 10 m campt on Turkey creek scattering timber, weather cool, a talk of more company, colera in the camp (Whittock) a spirit of gloom seems to prevail over the camp. Every soul concerned and feelings not expressed but conveyed by the soul, by the jestures of every creature.

11th, James Whittock died with colera about noon, spoken high of by his comrades died in great agony, a cloud of rain passed over in which the spirit took shelter that wafted his soul away. We burried him who left his beloved wife for gold, whose flesh was not yet cold. campt in prairie neither wood nor water the prowling wolves made music for the night, timber and game scarce soil extremely rich.

12th, some 25m all prairies along the road; timber on either side from one to two miles a forced march for no cause except to show the hand of inexperience and ignoring officers. The rapture scenes that rises to my sight make our travels — fields of delight. campt in the regions of the creek Nemahah a great stream of water passed a pond in prairie of pretty and clear water.

Sun. 13th lay by on the Nemaha, turkeys in camp prim and brown overhauled our load. Elected a second captain. James Bowers, rained in morning.

M. 14th, 20 mi campt on small branch an ox took lame timber and water plenty weather cold and cloudy appearance of rain a dead ox found a calf and shot it.

T. 15th, 18 or 20 mi campt on Blue river a considerable stream of water clear and cold some body had left their wagon some trouble to get a cross timber tolerable prairie country rolling country game scarce.

W. 16th, 15 m lame ox campt in prairie these prairies divine wrought by the hand of God Divine took in company 2 wagons one lady passed 10 graves twixt here and St. Joseph a creek in evening game scarce soil good.

Th. 17, 16 miles prairie in rising mounds the camp in good spirits our team fresh.

F. 18, 18 miles prairie some timber passed the man by his trunk supposed to be set out crossed several streams of water.

Sat. 19th, 20 m camped on little Blue river it is pretty high a great stream of water colera in the camp rained in the morning and about 3 o'clock a. m. an Indian rode into camp at the top of speed was apprehended by the guard and rode away as fast as he came he came no doubt to see what chance there was for a stampede I was on guard myself and had he came a jump or two far-

ther I should have shot. I had my gun in good trim he frightened the cattle this was the first frightful times I have seen we ran great risk we passed soon some fellows from Illinois, Bloomington who lost 40 yoke of oxen come into game country here we saw very frequently the head of an antelope or deer brought to the road side grass and soil very poor poor yielding soil. Comer still worse most likely will die.

S. 20th lay by on the Blue. Comer died of colera died very suddenly great pain. Had plenty of fish saw signs of Buffalo. Died about 4 o'clock.

M. 21, 18 or 20 mi campt on Blue poor soil nothing of importance took place.

T. 22nd, 20 m campt on branch of Blue water and wood plenty of game.

W. 23rd, some 20 mi campt on Platt River the river surprised us all so large over one mile across scarce of timber the bluffs look as desolate and romantic saw antelope plenty his surprising speed can baffle both horses and guns.

Th. 24th, 12 m campt 4 miles this side of the Fort Chiles passed the fort about noon I stopped in fort half day and all night had a wagon box made there the fort was built of sod not a solid material house in fort a perfect new city, torrents of rain fell.

F. 25th, 12 m campt on Platte had wood and water road bad lots of teams swampt broke down and timber scarce soil poor, had a fight.

Sat. 26th 18 m camp Platte lots of frost grass good.

S. 27th, 18 m campt on Platte beautiful day qnite warm and pleasant. Saw elks, antelope, killed wolf and hare roads getting better.

M. 28th, 18 m campt on a little stream a tributary of Platt killed 2 antelope in buffalo country.

T. 29th, 15 m campt on Platte rained all night and blew like pell-mell.

W. 30 Lay by cold rained all day very uncomfortable.

Thr 31st 12 m killed a buffalo. Saw an elk and Antelope and campt water and wood Rocky Bluffs appeared.

F. June 1st, 15 m campt on a slew on the South Fork of Platte had lots of buffalo meat.

Sat. 2nd, 15 m campt on big Platte killed another buffalo crossed at the lower ford.

S. 3rd, 16 m campt on Platte killed antelopes lots.

M. 4 lay by several of our wagon box and repacked (lion took lame).

T. 5th, 15 m campt on river ox very lame had to turn him out passed some wigwams and Indians of the Sioux tribe.

W. 6th, 15 m my train before I had stayed behind with my ox behind some 8 or 10 m.

Th. 7 still behind ox lame.

Friday, June 8th, Still behind come in sight of the courthouse rock a stupendous sight some 3 or 4 hundred feet high one of natures curiosities has the appearance of an ancient castle a romantic scene a place where the poet might take tea and see the sun set literally in the distant western ground come in sight of Chimney Rock.

June, Sunday 10th, 20 miles, camped on Scotts Bluffs at a spring, Bluffs clothed with cedar and pine.

Monday, 11th, 25 miles, camped on a small Creek passed Scotts Bluffs came in sight of Rocky Mountains, Laramie Peak, its appearance is as a rising cloud it was high, the nest of things.

Tuesday, 12th, 18 miles, camped on the Platte Willman behind with lame steer.

Wednesday, 13th, 5 or 6 miles, we camped at Fort Laramie, in fording the river we got all things wet. The company drove off and left us in distress.

Thursday, 14th, still at the fort trailer wagons, etc etc.

Friday, 15th, 8 miles left the fort and camped on Platte nothing extra ordinary took place.

Saturday 16th, 20 miles camped on a small swift stream fed from the mountains passed the warm springs.

Sunday, 17th, lay by fitted our wagon set the tires and put in an extra etc.

Monday, 18th, some 18 miles, camped by a fine stream of water. Horse creek found a box of coffee commenced to travel with company Buel of Missouri and Levens of Illinois. crossed the Black Hills some of them very broken.

Tuesday, 19th, 10 miles, still on the Blackhills and camped on them.

Wednesday, 20th, 16 miles, camped 6 miles from Platte at a spring.

Thursday, 21st, 18 miles, struck Platte at Deer Creek, Jerseyville Company was crossing the Platte camped on Platte.

Friday 22nd, 17 miles camped at the Morejor ferry.

Saturday, 23rd, lay at the ferry refitted our Buggy.

Sunday, 24th, crossed the ferry and went 5 miles camped on Platte.

Monday, 25th, 28½ miles camped at Willow spring saw any amount of deer and lame oxens.

Tuesday, 26th, 15 miles, camped on a small stream of water, fine lots of small rains a heavenly shower refreshed animate creation as well as.....8 miles from Sweetwater.

Wednesday 27th, came to Independence Rock it is a large mass of solid rock covered with a thousand names, mine I left on the W side, it seems to have been ushered from the bowels of the earth.

Thursday 28th, 15 miles camped on Sweetwater passed the Devils Gate it is a gap in the mountains which the water fought through, some thirty feet wide the banks 400 feet perpendicular high.

Friday 29th, 16 or 18 miles camped on the Sweetwater.

Saturday 30th, 15 miles on Sweetwater I killed a mountain hare and an antelope I went hunting myself.

July, Sunday 1st, lay by on Sweetwater.

Monday, 2nd, 8 miles, rough roads saw lots of snow wind cold high hills approaching the mountains.

Tuesday 3rd, 15 miles came to the summit passed the ice springs had plenty of ice the mountains amazing high. A person to be placed there of a sudden would wake in

their dream that he had escaped from this earth would think he was in realms unknown. Started on the descent then down the rugged cliffs we passed our way over, our wagons began to rack and tremble loose. Came to the pacific springs and camped.

Wednesday 4th, now broke on us the American Anniversary the bright sun seemed to bring good and merry tidings from the east. 12 miles camped on Little Sandy.

Thursday 5th, 12 miles camped on Big Sandy, caught the old company took the cut off.

Friday, 6th, Lay by until three o'clock in the afternoon, then went for Green River 53 miles no water first end of road good the last pretty rough got Green River about Sunday 8th, ferried the river.

Monday 9th, 8 miles camped on a creek fine grass passed the old company at noon.

Tues, Wed, Thurs, Friday traveling from Green River to Bare River good grass and plenty of sage and come to Bare River on Friday. And on Sat. Sun. Mon. Tue. & Wed., till noon traveling down Bare River which is a camping ground from where we came to it till we left. The Soda Springs are a great curiosity. We left Bare River.

Wednesday 18th, at noon traveled 15 miles on a westerly direction had splendid grass and water and willows. Took Hedgepeth's cut off.

Saturday 21st, 15 miles grass wood and water plenty at noon and night.

Sunday, 22nd, 25 miles no water in this distance good grass and tolerable good road come to water in spring hollow water and grass plenty, mountain sage also. The general tenor of all the aforesaid cut off is good road with the exception of a few steep short pulls.

Monday 23rd, 9 miles camped at a spring just on the W. side of the summit of the mountains.

Tuesday 24th, 23 miles camped on a creek in valley.

Wednesday 25th, 6 miles camped on raft on river in sight of the Hall Road.

October 17th, 1849. Westward. This day W. C. Crabb and self desolved, one yoke of oxen and one wagon $142.50 divided 71¼. The cradle, 1 shovel, 1 frying pan, 1 tin, 1 coffee pot and blue buckett. Note of 80 dollars to James Brady, Hankins, Ceavers, Davis and Hannibal House * * *

Sat. Dec. 8th, 1849. Started from Sacremento to getting out timber up the Sacrimento with following names. Commenced work Friday 14th.

		F.	S.	S.	M.	T.
Alvey	¾					
Baker	¼	1	1		1	1
Burk		¾	1	1	½	1
Constant		¾	1	1	½	1
Cealey		¾	1	1	½	1
Williams		½	1	1	½	1
Hauley		½	1	½	1	½

An account of duebills out to the following persons bearing date Jan. 3, 1850.

T. 2nd,

Burk the sum	$115.00
W. W. Sheby the sum	122.50
Constant the sum	87.25
Sealy the sum	71.25
T. B. Alvey paid	84.00

March 1st, 1850 Received of W. W. Chapman 164 stick of hewn timber from 7 to 11 feet long and from four to eight square inches amount 1476 feet, one hundred and seventy feet which is due Hardy the aforesaid lumber received from Alex Little to be sold at 30 cents per foot.

March the 2nd, 1850 This day Alex Little myself and Hosa, an Indian boy started from Vernon to the mines of gold.

March 3rd took another Indian William, Indians left May the 7th, 1850.

March 14th, Things which I bought sugar and flour $7.80, flour pork, 20.00 Beef 11.00, Beans and Eugar 9.00, shoes 3 pair * * * 12.00 tobacco 1.00 to E. Eldred for halling goods and tools 15.00 by Joseph Crabb beef & 25.00 from ship 3.00 * * *

September 6, 1850 left the mines Francisco 17th, arrived at Reoley's 7th of October, arrived at San Juan 4th of May, left San Juan 14th May.

Duluth, Minn., July 5th, 1898.

Col. C. G. Coutant, Laramie, Wyoming.

Dear Col:—

Your letter enclosing some pages of history of Fort Washakie, only reached me today.

I have such a press of work on hand that I am unable to devote much time to the doing of any "history" work, but have run off something in that line that you are welcome to if you feel inclined to use, and if it be not too late to be available, which I expect is the case. Should you wish to use any part of that which I send, do not hesitate to use a blue pencil on it.

Yours truly,

R. A. TARRUP.

The telegraph line was built after my time. Dr. Maghee of Rawlins could tell you all about it.

Fort Washakie, Wyoming.

Latitude 42-59 North.

Longtitude 31-51 West Wash.

Located on the Shoshone Indian Reservation in the Wind River Valley, thirty-two miles a little east of north from Atlantic City, Wyoming. The Post to which this is the successor was established on June 28th, 1869, on the site now occupied by Lander, the county seat of Fremont County, Wyoming, and was then designated as a sub-post of Fort Bridger, Wyoming.

It was named Camp Augur in compliment to Brigadier General C. C. Augur, U. S. A., then commanding the Department of the Platte.

The Post was established in compliance with the terms of a treaty with the Shoshone and Bannock Indians for their protection against the Sioux, Arapahoes, and Cheyenne as well as other hostile bands.

Temporary quarters were soon erected and occupied by a company of the 4th U. S. Infantry under command of Colonel Bartlett of the same regiment. Its designation was changed to Camp Brown in accordance with General Orders No. 12, Headquarters Department of the Platte, March 28, 1870, and on August 20, of the same year, it was announced as an independent Post by General Orders No. 35, Headquarters Department of

the Platte, series of 1870 in honor of the memory of Captain Frederick H. Brown, 18th Infantry, who was killed at the Fort Phil Kearny massacre, December 21, 1866.

In the spring of 1871 Captain Robert A. Torrey, 13th Infantry, U. S. Cavalry, relieved the garrison then, at Camp Brown and was given orders to select a site for the post to be moved to, which was done June 26th, 1871, the location being on the south bank of the South Fork of Little Wind River about one hundred and fifty yards above its junction with the North Fork, where Fort Washakie now stands, on the Shoshoni Indian Reservation; the old post was abandoned, all available material being transported to and used in the construction of the new post. Adobes were the material selected for the construction of the post, and by autumn the officers and troops were well and comfortably housed, almost entirely by their own labor.

Lieut. H. C. Pratt, 13th Infantry, was one of the first officers to serve at the new post. Lieut. John B. Guthrie, since captain of his own old company, and recently wounded in the battles before Santiago de Cuba was stationed for a considerable time at the post. Dr. R. B. Grimes, now a well known physician at Cheyenne, Wyoming, was one of the early post surgeons, and so was Dr. Maghee, the well known physician and surgeon at Rawlins, Wyoming, who rendered effective service both at the post and with Captain Bate's expedition against hostile Indians.

Captain A. E. Bates, since a Brigadier General of U. S. Volunteers, with his Company of the 2nd U. S. Cavalry formed a part of the garrison at an early day.

Major Baker of the 2nd Cavalry, a well known fighter of the war of the rebellion, and later in Indian campaigns, commanded the post at one time, being relieved in the winter of 73-74 to command an expedition against hostile Indians.

Hostile Indians made an attack on the old post soon after the arrival of Company "A," 13th Infantry, resulting in a very lively skirmish which took place within sight of where Lander now stands, no serious damage being done by the enemy who were beaten off. Somewhat later a woman living near the site of the abandoned post was murdered and mutilated by Indians. A number of other hostile raids were made at different times, the settlers being kept in an almost constant state of alarm.

In the spring of 1873 the commanding officer of the post was ordered to take a company of men and explore toward the head of Big Wind River to ascertain whether a practicable route for a wagon road existed, and loaded wagons were taken above the mouth of De Noire Fork.

In the early spring of 1874 the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, two bands at that time affiliated with the Indians belonging to Red Cloud's Agency; usually made their home at "Pumpkin Butte," near the Powder River, or further west in the valley of the Big Horn where the Wind River breaks through the Big Horn Mountains. From this last point they commenced a series of raids upon the friendly Shoshones near Camp Brown (Fort Washakie) in the Wind River country, also stealing stock from the settlers in the valleys of the Big and Little Popoaggie Rivers.

Captain A. E. Bates with Troop "B," 2nd Cavalry, a detachment of Company "A," 13th Infantry and about one hundred and sixty friendly Shoshones, started from Camp Brown (Fort Washakie) to break up a rendezvous of the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, discovered about ninety miles from Camp Brown, and on July 4th, 1874, came up with and engaged them, and after a gallant fight completely defeated the hostiles near Bad Water branch of the Wind River, Wyoming. Twenty-six Indians were killed, over twenty wounded and two hundred and thirty ponies captured. The troops had four killed and six wounded, among the latter being Lieut. R. H. Young, 4th Infantry.

On December 30th, 1878, the designation of the post was changed to Fort Washakie, pursuant to General Orders No. 9, Headquarters Division of the Missouri, series of 1878, in compliment to an Indian named "Washakie," chief of the Shoshones in Wyoming, who is a half breed Snake and Flathead, with a benevolent and kindly expression of countenance, well made, strictly honest, and possesses superior intelligence and influence, brave to a fault, and long time friend of the white man.

On April 29th, 1882, Lieut. George H. Morgan, Third Cavalry, with a detachment of six men from Troop "K" of the same regiment, was sent from the post to arrest "Ute Jack," a chief of the White River Utes. Armed with knife, "Ute Jack" resisted arrest, attempted to escape, when he was wounded by a shot from the guard. He then took refuge in an Indian tepee where he obtained a carbine and succeeded in killing the sergeant of the detachment. Major Mason, Third Cavalry, arrived on the spot soon after, and further measures were taken, resulting in the capture and death of the Indian. Fort Washakie has been continuously occupied from its establishment to date.

CHERRY CREEK MASSACRE

W. W. Towse, my father, a native of Qubec, Maine, passed away at Chivington, Colo., four years ago at the age fo 84. In his youth he had been a seafaring man, went to California through Panama, came to Wyoming ahead of the Union Pacific, had a ranch at Rawlins. I last visited him in 1915. He then told of the Indian affair outlined in the Coutant notes. The object of the attack, which was made on the east and west ends of the town at the same time was to secure horses in a corral near the Springs. Several Indians fired on us children at long range. Our mother rushed us in the old log house and barricaded the door. At the east end of the town Perry Smith at the slaughter house replied to the fire of the hostiles. This group quickly rejoined the party at the west end. Father, on the best horse in the settlement and with an excellent rifle started

with several others after the Indians and overtook them at a place called "Cherry Creek." Here the little engagement took place as described in the Coutant notes. Father said the Indians made a great effort to carry off the body of the one he had killed. I asked him why he exposed himself as he did and he said that he had only contempt for an Indian with a rifle, that the Redman did not understand the "use of a hind sight." It is related that several bullets broke the dust near father.

The body of the Indian was taken to the railway track and brought into town on a switch engine. After much bantering father proceeded to scalp the Indian, though he did not care for that sort of thing. Mother would not allow the scalp in the house and father and "Uncle Dan" Towse, his brother, stowed it in a large tin can in the barn for the night. A few days later father sold it to a Chicago newspaper man for $50.00.

I believe that father was also with the party that killed a number of raiding Indians at a place called "Lone Pine." This affair was investigated by a congressional committee, but nothing came of it. Father also joined a number of prospecting parties north of the Sweetwater into the South Pass country, where they met fighting Indians and on one occasion were besieged in a log cabin for several days. They were well prepared for this. The camp was on a hilltop and they had ample supplies of food and water.

My Uncle Dan Towse, who afterwards became a banker in Southern Colorado, was also a typical frontiersman. He had the reputation of being the only man who ever made Jack Watkins, a famous bad man of the day, "take water."

ED TOWSE, of Honolulu, T. H.
Cheyenne, Wyoming.
July 2, 1923.

EARLY EXPLORERS

By GEORGE H. CROSS

Last winter our Legislature commenced making inquiries regarding early explorers with the intention of giving their names to new counties, but they ignored one I call the greatest early explorer of Wyoming, a man who made himself immortal. I refer to Robert Stuart, who in 1812, as leader of the Astor Expedition crossed what is now Wyoming, on his way to report to Mr. Astor in New York.

Robert Stuart with his little band of heroes started from Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river on the 29th day of June, 1812, well equipped with both saddle and pack horses, and after a long, hazardous journey, reached the border of what is now Wyoming, where the Indians stole all their horses, leaving them on foot in an unknown country among hostile savages.

You can imagine how they felt probably. Some of you old timers have been in the same predicament when you lost your horses in the mountains or on the prairie and hunted them for days without finding them, running the risk of being scalped. Fortunately for the Astorians they got a horse, although jaded, for a few trinkets from a friendly band of Indians, which proved a savior to them, as among other things they made him carry their scanty supply of bedding. Several times they nearly died of starvation, as no game of any kind was encountered for many days. The severity of the winter had driven it south, but a trap they had, proved a God-send, as with it they caught a beaver, and on one occasion a wolf. They got into what is now Wyoming in October, 1812, passing the Teton mountains. These mountains received their name from French-Canadian trappers in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company, Teton meaning "a woman's breast."

In 1787, McKenzie, McTavish, McGillivray, McLeod, and other Scotch fur traders of Montreal, Canada, founded the famous Northwest Fur Company, the most aggressive fur company that ever operated on the continent of North America. The "Nor-westers" as they were familiarly called, became at this time the chief influence in trade and in public affairs in French Canada. The executive and legislative councils of Lower Canada were made up of Nor-westers or those under their influence. Even the judges on the bench must bow before this powerful combination. Although Canada had been taken from France by Great Britain less than thirty years previously, this company won the affections of the French Canadians, between two and three thousand of whom they employed as trappers and voyagers, dispersing them over the Hudson Bay Company's territory, now known as the Candaian Northwest, the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Northern Wyoming, the boundary line between Canada and the United States not being at that time designated. Forts were established over this immense territory by the Company. The chief officials were called by them bourgeois, and were Scotchmen, and the employees, French Canadians. This accounts for so many of the physical objects in our western States having French names.

To show the extent of this company's power and influence, John Jacob Astor, who established Fort Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia river in 1811, was regarded by it as an intruder, and was boldly opposed by its trappers, who occupied the headwaters of the streams and succeeded in monopolizing the fur trade. Mr. Astor was glad to sell out in 1813 to these determined traders of Montreal.

In 1805 Lewis and Clark had given up all hope of finding a pass across the mountains on their exploring journey to the Pacific ocean, when the Indian woman, Sacajawea, wife of Chaboneau, an employee of the Northwest Fur Company, showed them a way through the mountain defiles. The Nor'westers had evidently overrun this unknown country prior to the advent of Lewis and Clark.

To return to our explorers, Robert Stuart and his companions, who after passing the Teton mountains hopelessly wandered in different directions until they discovered the Sweetwater river. Descending it they came to the North Platte river which they fol-

lowed, as it ran in an easterly direction, believing it would lead them to the Missouri river and civilization, passing on the way the present site of the Pathfinder dam, and going into winter quarters just below it, where they built a warm, comfortable log cabin. As game was plentiful they soon had their larder well stocked with buffalo, deer and elk meat, sufficient to carry them through the winter. The party now reveled in abundance after all they had suffered from hunger, fatigue and the severity of a cold, hard winter.

From such happy dreams they were startled one morning at day-break by a savage yell, and much to their dismay saw the timber on the river alive with Indian warriors, whom they soon found out to be an Arapahoe war party on the trail of some Crows who had carried off some of their women and most of their horses, from a village situated several days to the east.

The Stuart party invited the Indians to partake of their hospitality, which they were delighted to do, gormandizing all day and for a good part of the following night. The next morning, fortunately for the Astorians, the Indians left, carrying with them winter stores to last them a week. As soon as the Indians were out of sight, the little party held a council and determined to move and thus take no chance of the savages returning, so on the 13th day of December, 1812, they left their comfortable winter camp, where they had enjoyed sweet repose, and a well earned rest for five short weeks.

The weather was extremely cold, the snow deep and crusted through, which they broke at every step, causing soreness of the feet. They hurried on, sleeping where night overtook them, going down the north side of the Platte river, passing in sight of the present towns of Casper, Glenrock and Douglas, and the future site of historic Fort Laramie, and going into winter quarters a second time, about on the border of the present States of Wyoming and Nebraska. There they sojourned for a time, reaching St. Louis on the 30th of April.

Robert Stuart blazed the way for a new road across the continent. He will always be known as the Pioneer Explorer of the North Platte River and Overland Trail, the discoverer of the most practical route across the muontains, which saved the great Oregon Territory from falling under the Dominion of Canada.

What has Wyoming done to honor the memory of her greatest explorer? Nothing. Even President Roosevelt, an historian, displayed great ignorance of our early history, by naming the Pathfinder dam after a man who did not pass its site until thirty years after Robert Stuart had explored it, and then with all the comforts of a United States army officer, with troops looking after his welfare.

A word or two about Fort Laramie, the historical ground of our State. There is more of history connected with it than any other part of Wyoming. This fort was established by Robert Campbell, in 1834. He called it Fort William after his friend and partner, William Sublette. Unlike our Legislature, he did not consider Sublette very euphonious. Campbell and Sublett sold the fort to Jim Bridger and Milton Sublette, a brother of William, who turned it over to the American Fur Company in 1833. This company highly esteemed the Sioux as great hunters, as it had procured great quantities of furs from them through the numerous forts in the Indian country, so on its acquisition of Fort Laramie it sent two men, Kilplin and Sibylle over the Missouri river, the domain of the Sioux, to persuade some of them to move to Fort Laramie.

The mission of these men was very successful as they returned with one hundred lodges of Ogallalas under the command of Chief Bull-bear. The Sioux could not have been strangers in the Fort Laramie country as Red Cloud, (Moopeacloud, lute-red) claims he was born between Rawhide creek and Fort Laramie in 1819.

I was reading Major Powell's history of Fort Laramie, published in Frank Leslie's magazine in 1895, where he mentions that Jacques Laramie, from whom the fort received its name, was a French trapper, who was killed by Arapahoe Indians. He was not a Frenchman. We have had in Wyoming three different French nations, namely French Canadians, our own French from Missouri and Louisiana and Frenchmen from France. Jacques Laramie was a French Canadian. I paid a visit to Eastern Canada during the war and while there interviewed a leading French Canadian, who resented his people being called French. He said, "We are not French, having less sentiment for and less attachment to France than the Americans have for England. We are bitterly opposed to conscription and taking part in European wars."

In 1846 when Francis Parkman, the historian, with his friend Shaw visited Fort Laramie, Papin was bourgeois and Bordeaux his deputy, both of whom were French Canadians. You will notice the Northwest Fur Company's name "Bourgeois" is used for the chief official of a fort. Fort Laramie was sold by the American Fur Company to the United States Government in 1849 for four thousand dollars.

I will now drift over to later days to episodes within the memory of those of us who are alive, and recall incidents in the history of the Fort Fetterman country.

Forts Russell and Fetterman were established by the United States Government in 1867. The year 1868 was eventful for Wyoming, as that was when Congress set it off as a territory. In the same year the great Sioux Treaty was signed at Fort Laramie, one of the signers for the United States Government being General W. T. Sherman. In that treaty the government agreed to abolish all forts north of the Platte river, but unfortunately for peace, the terms in the treaty were never fulfilled. That is what started Red Cloud on his war against the whites. He said, "If the buffalo are exterminated, my people will have to get on their knees and beg for a living."

When we spoke o fthe Fetterman country in the early seventies, we included the following creeks, viz: Horseshoe, LaBonte, Wa-

gonhound, La Prele, Box Elder and Deer creek. Robert Walker and Skew Johnson established a cattle ranch on Horseshoe in 1874. William Daily, Clint Graham, Joseph and Andrew Sullivan, Alec Wilson and Charles Campbell drove cattle from Colorado and settled on La Bonte creek in 1875.

I remember that when cattle strayed from there across the North Platte river, it was risky to go after them. One day some of the boys crossed the river to round them up and bring them back to the range on La Bonte and to their great surprise they discovered eleven ponies grazing on a hillside close to where Lost Creek empties into the Platte. Their Indian owners were camped a short distance away eating a meal. Without a moment's hesitation, the boys urging their horses to their utmost speed, dashed in between the Indians and their ponies and succeeded in driving the latter away from their owners, not however, without running the gauntlet of a fusillade of bullets as the Indians, realizing their intentions, did their utmost to frustrate them. In the scrimmage, Daily was knocked off his horse by a ball that struck a heavy cartridge belt he wore around his waist, causing it to glance off without doing any permanent injury.

The captured horses were driven to the La Bonte ranch. One was retained there for use as a cow horse, one was ridden to Colorado by one of the boys and the remaining nine were sent to a ranch on Horseshoe, near Cheyenne, where they were supposed to be out of reach of the Indians, but it was not long before the owners found out their whereabouts and recovered the nine horses. The other two they never found.

In the fall of 1876 Andrew Sullivan was killed by Indians on a tributary of La Bonte creek and two years later his brother was killed by a horse on La Prele creek. In 1874 Speed Stagner had a herd of cattle on La Prele and Al Ayres and George Powell wintered their oxen on the same creek. In that year John Hunton had cattle on the old S O Ranch on Box Elder creek, which he then owned. In the year 1877 the great movement of cattle from the South commenced.

The following parties established their cow ranches that year, namely: William C. Irvine, on the Platte river where the home of James C. Shaw is now located. A few miles farther up the river, his neighbor was John Sparks, who was aftrewards Governor of Nevada. Douglas William settled on Wagon Hound creek, Emerson Brothers, Eugene Baker, J. H. Kennedy, Steve Day and Byron Hambleton on La Prele creek. Farther west on the Platte river, Taylor Brothers and Governor Boyd, of Nebraska, located. Major Wolcott settled on Deer creek and J. M. Carey and Brothers made a cow camp out of the ruins of old Fort Casper. Their foreman, John Lind, was a renowned cowman. In 1878 the first cattle round up on both sides of the North Platte river, between Fort Laramie and old Fort Casper, occurred under command of Michael Oxart, who was then foreman for William C. Irvine. This was probably the best equipped round up in horses and men that ever took place in Wyoming.

For my valedictory I quote the words of the historian, Francis Parkman, written in Boston in 1872, over a quarter of a century after his visit to the Rocky Mountains. He said, "The wild cavalcade that defiled with me down the gorges of the Black Hills with its paint and war plumes, fluttering trophies and savage embroidery, bows, arrows, lances and shields, will never be seen again. Those who formed it have found bloody graves. The mountain trapper is no more, and the grim romance of his wild, hard life is a memory of the past."

I will add: The old forts are dismantled; neither the piercing blast of the trumpet nor the warlike sound of the fife and drum that disturbed the slumbers of the soldiers at reveille will ever more be heard. Silence reigns within those crumbling walls. The free, open, unlimited range and with it the big hearted cowman, whose latch was ever open to friend and stranger, and the fearless, hard-working, generous cowboy, are gone forever.

The pioneer sheds tears for his lost Eden.

Hudson, Wyoming.
July 28th, 1923.

State Historian,
Mrs. Cyrus Beard,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Mrs. Beard:—

In the essay written by Agnes R. Wright regarding the South Pass Country, I wish to call your attention (on page 6) to where she speaks of South Pass City and Camp Stambaugh, also of Fort Stambaugh and what she says might lead one to imagine that this was an earlier date than Camp Stambaugh was established, which was I believe in 1870 or '71. I think '71 is probably correct and South Pass City in '68 or '69. Camp Stambaugh is about six miles northeast of South Pass City and was named after Lieutenant Stambaugh, who was killed by the Indians on a little creek about six miles (possibly less) northeast of Camp Stambaugh in 1871 or '72. I think '71. It don't seem to me that there could be any fort by that name other than Camp Stambaugh. I was stationed there as telegraph operator from the spring of 1873 to '78 and it seems to me that if there was such a place as she speaks of other than Camp Stambaugh, where I was stationed, I would have known about it. It also leads one to believe that the South Pass is a narrow pass thru the mountains, while in fact it is a broad, open, rolling country, many miles wide. I am sure also there is an error in her date that in 1881 a mail service became necessary and that the line ran over the regular route.

In 1873, the year I came here, the stages were coming from Green River City and had been so doing for several years, furnishing mail and passenger service for South Pass, Atlantic City and Miners Delight and Camp Stambaugh and later on Lander. I think this line was owned by Ben Holliday.

I hope to be able some day to write a little of the early history of this section as I know it from 1873 to the present time. If

these are errors I speak of, and I think they are, they should be corrected, as I think history should be recorded as perfect as possible. Anything I can do to help it along shall be very glad to do it.

Very sincerely yours,
R. H. HALL.

COUTANT NOTES
(1886)

There is some uncertainty about the erection of the first building in Cheyenne but while several small shanties and portable buildings were put up among the great field of tents and wagons which then dotted the shores of Crow creek, the first substantial wooden building, erected on the present site of the flourishing city of Cheyenne, was built by Judge J. R. Whitehead and its erection was commenced on July 1st, 1867. This building, the material of which had to be cut and hauled from the foothills "twenty miles away" at great expense, is still standing in an excellent state of preservation on Eddy street in Cheyenne.

Across the street and where Ellis's establishment now stands Judge Whitehead at this time had a tent pitched which served as a temporary home and a law office as well. Into this tent on the second day after the erection of the building had been commenced walked a tall pale faced young man who inquired for Judge Whitehead. The Judge was there and responded for himself when the young man who had walked nearly all the way from Denver handed him a letter. The letter was from an old friend of Judge Whitehead's in Denver, introducing W. W. Corlett, and suggesting that it might be a good plan to form a law partnership with him. "Well," said Judge Whitehead, "I am very busy just now with other business and if you have a mind to try your hand with me in the law business you can do so. This is my office and here are my books and papers. Pitch in for everything you see in sight." While the Judge was speaking a party came in who wanted some kind of a paper drawn. Corlett seated himself at the only table in the tent and proceeded to "pitch in." The paper was drawn up in fine form for which the young lawyer received two five dollar greenbacks, one of which he handed to Judge Whitehead, keeping the other himself. The law partnership and firm of Corlett & Whitehead, which lasted for some years, was formed then and there. As soon as the survey of the town site was completed and even before the sale of town lots was begun, some of them bringing fabulous prices, the erection of many other buildings, principally along what is now Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eddy, Thomes and O'Neil streets, was at once begun and in a very few days after the completion of the survey (July 19th) the embryo city began to acquire quite a substantial appearance. All kinds of business establishments, believed to be three and four hundred in all, were opened, and among them several gambling houses and as many as sixty saloons. Boarding houses and small hotels also began to spring up, and among the latter the "Dodge House," near the corner of O'Neil and Eighteenth streets, which is still standing and being used as a steam laundry. The population of the city, which had been officially christened "Cheyenne," began to be estimated by the thousands long before the season was over, and it was made up of men, women and children from nearly every country and clime on the face of the globe. This population was composed of three elements, the active respectable and energetic business men, the transient and the uncertain element, which contained many bad characters of both sexes. While it has many times been said and no doubt believed, to the contrary there never was a time in the history of the early days of the Magic City of the Plains when the respectable element of its people did not outnumber all other classes nearly two to one.

December, 1877, Mr. C. W. Bramlee bought 568 sheep at a ranch twenty-three miles from Laramie City, and went to Laramie to make some arrangements connected with the purchase. Next day, Sunday, December 30th, Mr. Bramlee returned to the ranch for them, and found that a mountain lion had got into the pen and killed 54 of the sheep and six were wounded. That night a beaver trap was set at the corrals and the mountain lion put his foot into the trap, but the trap was not sufficiently fastened to hold the lion, so the lion got away from the corral, and took the trap with him. Messrs. Daugherty and Clugstone started on the trail of the mountain lion and overtook the lion some two miles away. Mr. Daugherty fired at the lion, and if it had not been for a dog with the party he would undoubtedly have been killed, as the lion made a leap for him, but was foiled by the dog, giving Mr. Daugherty an opportunity of firing two more shots, which proved effectual and gave the party the opportunity of killing the lion, which proved to be very large—seven feet and three inches in length, and weighing about 200 pounds.—"American Field" of 1881.

NOTES
(Historian)

District number three reports the permanent organization of a local Historical Society, with the following officers: Representative, P. W. Jenkins, Cora, President; Mr. Al Osterhaut, Big Piney, Vice President; Mrs. Frances Clark, Cora, Secretary; Mrs. Vigo Miller, Daniel; Mr. John Budd, Big Piney; Mr. E. V. Cockins, Pinedale; Mr. B. N. Tibbles, Boulder, together with the elective officers make up the Advisory Board. Mr. P. W. Jenkins is a member of the State Advisory Board from this district.

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Mr. R. D. Hawley, Advisory Board member from District number six, and Miss Margery Ross, member for District number five, report that Historical records are being collected in their districts. Mr. E. H. Fourt is organizing Societies in District number eight.

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Mr. Moekler of Casper has recently published his History of Natrona County. This

is the first of the County Histories to appear and is a valuable addition to any library. Mrs. Charles Stone has her History of Uinta County nearly completed.

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Mr. E. T. Payton, well known in newspaper circles in Wyoming, has issued Nos. 1 and 2 of his "Mad Men" series of booklets. No. 1 has gone into the second edition.

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Philip Ashton Rollins is a native of New Hampshire but spent much of his early life in the west and rode the range in Wyoming. After graduating from Pinceton he became a corporation lawyer, in which profession he continued until the breaking out of the World War. After his return from overseas he abandoned law and now devotes his entire time to writing western history. He is a contributor to the Saturday Evening Post and is the author of "The Cowboy," which was published this year.

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Arthur H. Clark and Company has just issued "The Journal of John Work." The Journal is a history of the great fur trading industry of the Hudson's Bay Company's activities in the Snake River district. The Journal gives the record of Work's hunting, trading and exploring expeditions in those regions of which Montana and Idaho now form a part. There are several geographical illustrations and a map of John Work's route. The book has a complete index and many foot notes. The edition is limited to one thousand copies and the type distributed and there will be no reprints. Price $6.00. The State Historical Department has purchased one copy.

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Extract of a letter written to the State Historical Department:

I was born in Gloversville, Fulton county, New York, around 1878, and still have friends and relatives in that vicinity, where I sometimes visit. Lived also in Massachusetts, my father's native state. In my twenties I started roving without a fixed purpose except to gain a varied experience, and so I traveled from Canada to the Gulf and from coast to coast and at last came to Wyoming in the "Tenderfoot Rush" in 1906 for the purpose of homesteading some of the well known "free land" that had been opened for entry on the Wind River reservation in Fremont county. I proved up on my land in 1908 by commuting and soon after came to Casper, where I still reside. It is clear that I have no model successful life to boast of, and am by nature and instinct an humble and obscure citizen without political affiliations or lodge degrees. I married in recent years the sweetheart of my childhood, also from Fulton county, New York, and we are very happy, strange to say! Have been a man of many and varied occupations, the present one being correspondent and general utility man in the office of the Inland Oil Index.

Yours very truly,

ROY CHURCHILL SMITH.

WYOMING DAYS

By ROY C. SMITH

O sing us a song of the wilds of Wyoming,
A song of the Plains and the rolling brown hills.
Not boastful, but playful, that sets Fancy roaming
To the sunny green slopes where the meadow lark trills.

The great silent spaces where cattle are grazing,
Remote from mankind in this altitude high;
The shadowy dusk, with the red sunset blazing
From behind the bald peaks sharp against the clear sky.

There's a sod covered shack on the old Reservation,
A corral of pine poles by the side of a stream,
And here, far removed from all civilization
Are the cow ponies trained by the cow boy, supreme.

There are ranches and farms — there are mines in Wyoming;
There are hamlets remote from which news never comes.
There are forests untouched where the big game is roaming,
Where the trout leap the falls and the wood partridge drums.

Our progress is marked by wonderful changes
In our cities and towns since the country was young,
But this song is a song of the wide open ranges
Where the live stock is grazing the brown hills among.

Casper, Wyo., 1922.

MY ASSOCIATION WITH WYOMING

By FRANK S. LUSK

In 1877 I was wintering in Denver instead of on the ranch, when Henry Stratton, son of my father's partner in the business college firm of Bryant, Lusk and Stratton died near Fort Collins. His mother in New York wired me asking if I would bring his body East. He had spent a good deal of time in and about Cheyenne and was pretty well known to a good many of the people there, so I went via Cheyenne, where I had previously wired the Converse & Warren Company as it was then, to meet me, telling them my mission. One of the pleasantest, most energetic and efficient men I ever met was at the station. He proved to be F. E. Warren, with whom I have maintained a friendship ever since. There were also several other of Henry Stratton's friends and every one was so nice that I was very much impressed with the class of people then in the Territory.

I was at that time in the cattle business in Colorado, east of Greeley. In 1879, we

thought we were being crowded and determined to move. My partners were favorable to moving into eastern Colorado, close to the Nebraska line, but I remembered that the people I had met earlier in Wyoming and those I had subsequently met, were a fine class of people and I decided that we would go to Wyoming. We did not really move our headquarters until 1880, although cattle we were interested in and acquired wholly at a later date were moved into the Hat Creek Basin Country in 1879. We located our home ranch on Running Water, about 15 miles east of where Lusk is now situated. The station, "Node Ranch" was named after our brand and that ranch. In 1882, I acquired from a man named Newton and George Wilson, some land just south of where Lusk is now located and at the crossing of Running Water by the Black Hill's Stage Road and a year later I established a horse ranch where the present town of Lusk is located. The post office, Lusk, was established, I think in 1882, as a star route Post Office on the mail route from Cheyenne to the Black Hills. It was established at the instance and on the recommendation of Luke Voorhees, who attended to all the details and who named the Post Office.

The cattle that belonged to the Company that I was operating, ran almost entirely over in the Hat Creek Basin, with a few on Running Water, now called Niobrara River. Prior to 1880, we had either purchased small bunches of cattle from neighbors or brought cattle up from Texas. The winter of 1880 was very disastrous to cattle men and particularly hard on Texas cattle, so we decided to buy western cattle. I spent a good deal of time in the winter of 1880 and 1881 in Nevada and in various western localities.

In 1881, E. W. Madison told me he thought the northwestern country was a good place to buy cattle, and went up there. He contracted a good many cattle in southern Montana, just west of the Yellowstone Park, for delivery in 1882. I came up in the spring of 1882 and received the cattle with him and we attempted to drive the cattle across the Yellowstone Park on some old Government roads that were said to have existed. We had located a ranch the fall before on Gray Bull, a man named Billy Keating who was well known in Wyoming, having attended to the matter for us and these cattle were intended to be the start of a herd in that locality. When I went up in the summer of 1882 to look the Gray Bull country over, I did not like it and later purchasers for the "she" stock and the ranch appeared in the persons of Dick Ashworth and Alex Johnson, who lived in the country for quite a long while. The steers we drove down to the Hat Creek Basin and after that we confined our cattle operations in Wyoming to the country around the Hat Creek Basin.

The winters of '85-'86 and '86-'87 were most disastrous. A good many people who had never had any experience in cattle, thought all they had to do was to buy the cattle and turn them loose and when they got fat, ship them and pull off a big profit. Generally, they had no conception of how many cattle could survive and prosper in any section. In the fall of 1885, I recall that one man, in spite of protests of everybody who was running cattle in that section, turned about 8900 head of big Texas steers loose, right on top of us. He only gathered about 1/00 of these steers, but it increased the losses of everybody who had cattle on the same range, enormously.

Our neighbors in the Hat Creek Basin were the Emmons & Brewster Company, the Tom Swan Company, the Converse "O. W." Company, T. B. Hord, J. Howard Ford, C. A. Guernsey, and farther up, on the Cheyenne River, the Fiddle back outfit of E. Tillottson and Thomas & Page's outfit. Still beyond them were the Sturgis & Lane and Sturgis and Goodell outfits, and over in Dakota, N. R. Davis and the Oelrichs' Brothers ran their cattle.

South of us were Luke Voorhees, Van Tassell, Billy Irvine, Keeline Brothers, Adams & Glover & Pratt & Ferris. A good many of these people have "gone ahead," but they were surely a "royal crowd" in their day.

Our cattle drifted to the south and east in the winter and our big roundups were down Rawhide to the North Platte River and in the hills north of the Platte.

We hunted the country as far down the Platte as the Sidney Bridge and there wasn't a settler anywhere in that whole country at the time, and as far up the Platte as the Fetterman Bridge.

We also hunted the "south side," but seldom found any cattle there and what were found there were easily traced, as having been crossed with cattle belonging on that side when they were taken across and a few strays that had been overlooked. There was little stealing or rustling in our country in those days. Rustling activities were confined almost wholly to getting the "mavericks" which were calves of the previous year that were unbranded, generally from being overlooked when rounding up.

There were very few, almost none in fact, small cattle owners, so the mavericks were supposed to be owned by the outfit on whose range they were found and this arrangement was usually adhered to.

In 1886, the Chicago & Northwestern road which owned the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railway, decided to extend into Wyoming for a coal supply. They had built into Chadron in 1885, headed for the Black Hills, northwest from Chadron. The laws at that time did not permit a railway ownership or construction by a Corporation not organized in the Territory, so the Wyoming Central Railway was organized, in which I was one of the directors. Also, the Shawnee Coal Company was organized, which was owned by some of the principal owners of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. My recollection is that the other directors, excepting myself, of the Shawnee Coal Company were the owners of about seventeen millions out of the fifty millions which was then the capital of the Chicago & Northwestern Road. I was Vice-President and General Manager of the Coal Company, which later proved to

e an unsatisfactory investment and was bandoned.

At the time of the incorporation of the Vyoming Central Railway, Lusk was the nly Post office on the projected line in the 'erritory and was named as the headquar-ers of the Railway.

I was also interested in town sites and af-er the construction of the Wyoming Cen-ral had been definitely determined upon, the ocality of the terminus was considered very arefully. The Railway Company had not btained a right-of-way across the Fort Fet-erman Reservation, so the site of the town as necessarily restricted to the most con-enient point to the east of the Fetterman Reservation. A good many people were in-erested in watching every move that was ade and it was necessary to exercise con-iderable secrecy in connection with the lo-ating of the town site. In January of 1887, rode horseback from the ranch at Lusk and ooked over the lay of the land. It was a ide of about fifty miles and I had to stay p in that country for a day or two. I un-ertook to ride back from Fort Fetterman, here I was put up for the night, but was o delayed that it was nearly dark by the me I got through at what is now Douglas. picketed my horse, sat down in a little ulch, under the only Cottonwood Tree round there, built me a fire and camped ere all night, riding back to Lusk the next ay. There were no ranches at all, or places o stop, between Fetterman and Lusk at that me.

After the location of the town site where Douglas is now, had been determined upon, e discovered that certain speculators had ut fictitious entries on some of the land that was proposed to include in the town site. he town site was acquired by using Gov-rnment script. This was easily done, hen the people who were responsible for em were cornered and forced to admit that e entries were fictitious. The Company old me that I might file on the adjoining nds after the site had been selected and led upon, so when everything was ready, went into the land office at Cheyenne, here E. W. Mann was the officer in charge, nd presented the filing for the Townsite Company, and immediately after it was re-eived and registered, I filed a desert claim or myself on 560 acres, adjoining the town n two sides. The bridge across the North Platte River rests at each end upon the lands pon which I filed. This land was almost mmediately contested upon the ground of eing coal land and I took Charles A. Guern-ey into partnership with me in this land. Ve spent a good deal of money in litigation, axes, expenses and improvements and I nally was very glad to give my entire in-erest in this property to the First National Bank of Douglas to get off of notes which had endorsed to obtain money to make the arious improvements on this land. I never ot a dollar out of it and spent a good many housands of dollars, in addition to what was orrowed.

As Vice-President of the Shawnee Coal Company, I made a great many trips to in-vestigate alleged deposits of "Rock Springs Coal." We spent a good deal of money try-ing to prove and test various deposits and learned to our cost and sorrow that there is no "Rock Springs Coal" very far north of the Union Pacific Railroad.

A little later, after the right-of-way across the Fort Fetterman Reservation had been granted, the Railway Company decided to complete the line which had been graded from the west side of the Fetterman Reser-vation, quite a distance up the North Platte River, in order to get the large stock ship-ments. Here, again, the question of a suit-able townsite became important. The site which I favored was where Strouds now is, but Mr. Hughitt said that as long as the road was being built to get the cattle busi-ness, he thought the terminus should be on the north side of the river. He was the of-ficial who decided all such matters. An in-vestigation at the land office and on the ground, showed that the only two quarter sections in that country, to which there was a title, were owned by the "C Y" Cattle Company or J. M. Carey & Brother. They were a little way from the river, but fairly good, level land, so the Townsite Company purchased these two quarter sections and laid out the townsite of Casper. It was a bleak place, but a good point from which to ship cattle.

In the late '80-s after two disastrous win-ters, my associates in the cattle business de-cided we would move our cattle to a locality where the winters were less severe and the "she" cattle were gradually moved down to New Mexico, the steers being shipped as they got fat. I did not approve of the move and having other interests, I remained in Wyo-ming.

However, conditions were pretty difficult to combat and through my railway friends, I went into the railway contracting business, going, of course, temporarily to whatever place the railway construction was going on. This took me in the East to Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and in the West into Colo-rado, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Califor-nia, Nevada, South Dakota and Montana. I continued, however, to keep a small interest in cattle and ranches in Wyoming, but after coming to Montana, in 1907, to do construc-tion work on the Northern Pacific and Chi-cago, Milwaukee & St. Paul lines and find-ing climate and many other conditions favor-able, during the three years I was at work on this construction, I decided to remain in Montana permanently and purchased control of the First National Bank, in Missoula, Montana, it being the oldest National Bank in the state and one of the largest banks of the State and was President of it for ten years. I gradually disposed of most of my interests in Wyoming, but still retained the feeling that Wyoming, where I resided for thirty years, was really my home State.

February 4th, 1924.

REMINISCENCES OF HARRIET ANN DURBIN

I was born in Preble County, Ohio, No-vember 16, 1853. Middleton, Ohio, was my

home until I came to Cheyenne in 1871. In the fall of 1871 my brother, E. P. Johnson, who was then making his home in Cheyenne, returned home on a visit, and as I had not been in very good health he persuaded mother and father to let me return to Cheyenne with him, as he thought the change in climate would benefit me. We were delayed a few days in starting our journey on account of the Chicago fire, but on the 19th day of October, 1871, I landed in Cheyenne in company with my brother, his wife, and Mrs. Josiah Strong, who was the wife of the first pastor of the Congregational Church. We were met at the train by Mr. S. A. Bristol and Rev. Strong. After leaving Chicago, we ferried across the Missouri River and then continued our journey on to Cheyenne by train. The railroad fare from Cincinnati to Cheyenne was about $80.00 at that time.

At the time of our arrival in Cheyenne the town was experiencing one of the usual depressions, known to new towns in those days, and my brother's wife said to him, "Shall I unpack our trucks here?" and he replied that "Cheyenne would always be a town, and we would stay." I lived with my brother and his wife in a little house on West 19th Street, between Eddy and Thomes, during my first year in Cheyenne. During that year I sang as soprano in the Congregational choir, the other members being I. C. Whipple, tenor, Mrs. Josiah Strong, alto, and S. A. Bristol, bass, with Minnie Slaughter, daughter of Judge Slaughter, as organist.

The first school house in Cheyenne was erected on the ground just south of the present City and County Building, and Stephen Scriber was the first teacher. When I came to Cheyenne Miss Elizabeth Snow, (Mrs. Hawes) and C. L. Morgan were teaching in the little brick school house, but the east four rooms of the present Central School building were in the course of erection.

The post office was in a frame building on the corner of 17th and what is now Carey Ave., and the Masonic Lodge held its meetings in the room over the post office.

The first two story brick house was built on the southeast corner of 16th and Ferguson Sts., (now Carey Ave.,) and Posey S. Wilson had a bank just east of that building. The First National Bank was on the northeast corner of 16th and Eddy Sts., (now Pioneer Ave.). Adams and Glover built the building now standing on the southeast corner of Pioneer and 16th, and used it as a drug store. Abe Underwood and A. G. McGregor built the one story building on the northwest corner of 17th and Pioneer, and ran a bakery and grocery there.

The houses built in the early days were apparently erected any place, without regard to streets, etc., and very few had any chimneys. It was thought that it was so windy that chimneys would not stand, so most people placed a piece of tin in the place of one of their window panes, and put a stove pipe through the window.

I was married on November 12, 1872, to Thomas F. Durbin, who had a meat market in Cheyenne, and also had a contract to deliver meat to Ft. Russell. A few years later he entered the cattle business.

We had four sons, but only one lived to maturity. Edward graduated from the Cheyenne High School in 1904, and in 1908 he graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan College. He is now making his home in Omaha.

We have lived in our present home on the corner of 20th and Ferguson Sts., (now Carey Ave.) for over forty years, having moved here after residing for eight years in the little home we bought on 19th and Thomes, when we were married.

I consider Zane Gray's "Description of the Building of the Union Pacific" very good, and the early history of Cheyenne given therein as quite accurate.

W. W. Corlett and E. P. Johnson, my brother, came out from Yale, as young lawyers, in 1867 as far as Omaha. From Omaha they came on as far as Denver with a military guard, and from there came up to Cheyenne by ox train. The first tent was pitched in Cheyenne in July, 1867. Both Mr. Corlett and my brother had to sleep in dug outs and packing boxes when they first reached Cheyenne, as there were no houses at that time.

Cheyenne began on the west side of Crow Creek, but in a very short time the residences were built on the bench on the east side of the creek. The Dyer Hotel was one of the first fine buildings. Eddy Street, now Pioneer Avenue, was the principal street in Cheyenne in the early days.

The Indians made their last raid close to Cheyenne, in the vicinity of the present Poor Farm, in 1870.

General Fremont was at the head of the military guard which went from Omaha to Denver in 1867. The first tents were pitched in Cheyenne on July 27, 1867.

When I first came to Cheyenne we used hanging oil lamps, but as Cheyenne was the first city or town to have electric lights, it was not long before the light plant was established. Senator Warren, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Church were among the organizers of the light plant. Mr. Secrest was one of the early employees of the light plant, and had a very good patent for some electrical devices. He now has a very good business handling light fixtures in Denver.

W. R. Stebbens and Mr. Post were the first bankers in Cheyenne.

Mr. Stebbens took the stage and went into Deadwood from Cheyenne about a week before I went to Deadwood. He announced that within a few days there would be plenty of currency there for the starting of the new bank.

The first time I went marketing in Deadwood I took a bottle of gold dust, more like sand and pebbles, to pay for the things I should purchase. I bought a beef steak and then had to give the butcher my bottle of gold dust, and he would shake out and weigh enough of the gold dust to pay for my meat.

After Mr. Stebbens made the announcement that there would be plenty of currency in Deadwood occurred the first stage robbery

On the morning that I was leaving on the stage for Deadwood with my baby, accom-

panied by Mr. Durbin's brother John, the banker said to my brother-in-law, "John, here is a little package that I would like to have you take to Deadwood with you." That day when we got to the first stage station my brother-in-law gave me the money and said that it would be safer with me than with him. The money went out from the bank of Stebbens and Post. Mr. Stebbens had gone in to Deadwood about a week before to make arrangements for the establishment of the bank. I went to Deadwood in March, 1877.

The Post and Stebbens bank was on the southeast corner of 17th and Ferguson Sts., now Carey Avenue.

The present windows in the Durbin porch are the original windows which were in the Post and Stebbens Bank.

After one of the early fires B. L. Ford, a colored hotel porter, built the first Inter Ocean Hotel on the corner of 17th and Hill Sts., now Capitol Avenue.

The Dodge House was located on the present site of the Sherman Building and was run by Mrs. Cairns.

Boughton's Lumber Yard was where the Coliseum and Hose House is now.

I. W. French built a ware house on the present site of the Van Tassell coal office.

Thomas Franklin Durbin, my husband, was born on March 20, 1847, in Aurora, Indiana. His parents were John B. and Mary Jane (Bailey) Durbin.

He learned the printing trade when he was only a small boy, as his father and two brothers were in the Civvil War, and he worked in the printing office at $1.00 a week. He always gave his mother ninety cents out of his weekly wage, but he also always kept out ten cents as it was his rule never to spend his last cent. His clothes consisted in those days of jeans and muslin suspenders, and he went bare-footed except in winter.

He was educated in the schools of Aurora, and then he went into the printing office. He still has one of the poems written for the carriers, or the printer's devils, as a New Year's gift.

For a year he worked in a grocery and dry goods store, and then he came West in August, 1869, making the trip directly to Cheyenne as his brother John was then living here. He worked as a meat cutter for a while and then he and his brother John bought out the Amos Peacock meat market, which was located on the corner of 17th and Ferguson Sts., now Carey Avenue. Soon after this he started to purchase cattle and in 1872 he had the contract to deliver meat at Fort Russell. In 1874 they sold the market to Henry Helpinstein and Richard B. Durbin. After disposing of the market they gave their entire time to cattle raising and the sheep business, and it was in the blizzard of that winter that George Durbin had his feet frozen. They had their first cattle out by the city water works. Then they established the J. H. D. Ranch out on Horse Creek, and afterwards they had the V. B. Ranch on Bear Creek.

In 1903 Thomas Durbin was clerk for the Board of Live Stock Commissioners, and later he was appointed Secretary of the Board which position he held for twelve years. He retired at the end of that time.

I am of the seventh generation of the descendants of John Alden and Priscilla, his wife, my parents being Thomas Skeils Johnson and Ann Parker Ewer.

Dictated by Mrs. Durbin, October 30, 1920.

THE STORY OF A PIONEER

About the year 1850 there lived in a rural community, of north-eastern Texas a family named Armstrong. They were well to do, as farmers, enterprising and industrious. The fabulous tales of the golden West, of California and Oregon reached this quiet settlement, and at once the spirit of emigration prevailed over the wiser counsels of the older people, and yet even some of these were caught in the general excitement, while others too feeble to undertake the long journey watched the long train of wagons depart, with regret, that they were denied the privilege. Of the Armstrong family were father, mother, several boys and girls, of whom the oldest was Malinda Jane, a bright pretty girl of seventeen. What a joy she was helping with the packing of clothes and necessaries that were allowed to each wagon. She was the one on whom the mother depended. The wagon train of seven or eight teams with men on horse, a cow or two tethered to the wagon, passed safely over the Texas range and somewhere struck what was later called "The Cherokee Trail." It was the Jones route of 1850, leaving the North Platte River, crossing the desert and coming down to the Green River crossing below the outlet of Currant Creek. From the crossing they turned northward reaching old Fort Bridger, on Black's Fork, continued up the Bear River, stopped and drank at the Bear Springs, and on to old "Fort Hall" on the Snake River. Here they found many wagon trains and had company. At Fort Hall the trail to California and that of Oregon separated and our Texas friends turned to the Californias. The land of their dreams did not fulfill the expectations and after but one year's residence the party decided to return to Texas. They followed the old trail. John Stallcup drove a team of two wagons. One horse died and they put three horses for one wagon. It was called a spike. This was a hard journey, so hot and dusty, and the Indians were a constant fear.

Miles of rough way over the sage brush, fording streams, camping cold nights on the desert, without a fire to cook a scanty meal. Scarcely daring to wander far from camp, altho, deer, elk and buffalo were roaming the hills. At Fort Bridger, Malinda Jane was taken ill of a fever. There was little at the Fort and they traveled on to the Green River crossing, then up the Jones route to the Hogback between Currant Creek and Sage. After crossing Spring Creek they reached the brow of the hill that looks down on Trout Gulch, and turned out to encamp, at a shady spot not far from water. Here Malinda died and was laid by her loving friends in a lonely grave. John Stallcup of Sherman City, Texas, kept the record, helped to carve her name

on the stone slab, that has been replaced by another, the first having been nearly obliterated by time. The initials, or name, was also carved on a tree, at the head of the grave.

The present stone is exactly the copy of the first.

1834-1852
IN MEMORY
of
MALINDA J. ARMSTRONG
Died Aug. 15, 1852

The old tree has fallen, but Mr. Robert Ramsey, Jr., and brothers, have preserved the grave and recut the stone. As of old the sagebrush and the cedar cover the mountainside, and the clear water of Trout Gulch flows down to the Sage, Bluebelle and rose, and primrose, and lily love the spot, and little merry birds twitter among the branches.

To Mr. John Stallcup of Sherman City, and his niece, Mrs. Bettie Fink, and Mrs. William Bates, we are indebted for this record. Mr. Stallcup has been dead many years. When he knew that his niece was coming to Wyoming, he told her the circumstances, and directed her to the spot. The family on Trout Gulch knew where it was.

The wagon train remained three days on the gulch. The mother was broken hearted.
Received from
Mary A. Paterson, 1920.
Rock Springs, Wyoming.

The Shoshoni Indian name for lynx and wildcats is Too-coo-bintse, and when a hunter succeeded in killing or trapping one of them he was greeted with a great deal of applause. A wildcat robe is a great ornament and is worn by the Indians when in full dress. The fur reaches down the leg of the lynx and between the toes, thus enabling the animal to readily withstand the vigorous winter weather, and to roam about during storms, when other animals and birds are seeking shelter under trees and bushes where he can kill and drink the blood. The lynx cares little for the flesh after he sucks the blood of the animal.—Colonel A. J. Brackett, U. S. A.

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Thomas J. Montgomery, born September 20th, 1850, at Brighton, Illinois, crossed the plains with William H. Loveland of Golden, Colorado, in the spring of 1866, and clerked in a store belonging to Loveland. There was a telegraph office in the store and young Montgomery learned the business of an operator. In the spring of '67 he went to Fort Sedgwick to work for the Government, as an operator; then went to Mud Springs and took charge of the office, remaining until the office was abandoned and the line changed to Cheyenne and Fort Laramie. He then went to work under Superintendent Cuak for the Union Pacific, in the capacity of conductor and line supervisor. That fall the Company put in an office at Cheyennec, on the day that the first train arrived. There had been a temporary office for the construction department, and after about thirty days an office was put in at Granite Canyon—the Colorado Junction office was put in fifteen days before—from this they followed the line of construction and put in all the offices as fast as the road went into operation. Cyrus Warren was the first yard master; Willis the first division superintendent from Cheyenne, east; Toney Sanford, the first train dispatcher and circuit manager; Montgomery was the first operator, and Mike Owens was the policeman at the depot in Cheyenne. Richard Parcell was the first section foreman and laid the first ties and tracks around the roundhouse and depot. The first road master was Gus Egbert, afterwards Division Superintendent of the Colorado branch of the Union Pacific Road.

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John C. Davis, born March 14th, 1851, at Tipperary, Ireland, and educated in the south of England, came to the United States in June, 1870, and located in northwestern Kansas, remaining there until March, 1870, when he located permanently in Wyoming Territory. He worked in various places along the Union Pacific Railroad, from Green River to Laramie. He was night telegraph operator and continued in this until January, '76, when he took a six months' lay-off and went on a visit to Ireland. He returned to Fort Steele in August, '76, and became night operator there.

In the fall of '77 he went to work for Trabing Brothers at Medicine Bow, taking charge of the store, and remained until December 31st, 1878. He then became junior member of the firm of Hayes & Company, post traders at Fort Steele. Major Thornburg was in command at the Post. In September, 1879, Davis went with Thornburg and was present at the Milk Creek fight. He was wounded on the first day of the fight, the bones in his left foot were broken. He returned to Fort Steele, remained in the government hospital three months, and went back into the store. In August, 1880, he formed a partnership with Mr. Hayes, bought out Trabing Brothers there, and the store and government freighting business at Medicine Bow and Rawlins, and became a resident of Carbon County, moving the goods from Medicine Bow to Rawlins. He put in the first Western Union office at Medicine Bow in the store, and also in Rawlins. The J. W. Hayes & Company bank was organized, and in 1890 was consolidated into the First National Bank of Rawlins, with Davis as cashier. He established a store at Meeker, Colorado, in 1886, and organized a bank in August, 1890; located a store at Craig, Colorado, and established a bank there in 1892. He established a store at Rifle, Colorado, and organized a bank at that place July 1st, 1899. He established a store at Four Miles in March, '91, one in Hayden in '96; organized the bank at Steamboat Springs, January 1st, 1899, and organized a store at Dixon, Wyoming, in May, 1899. He was elected Mayor of Rawlins, 18.....; elected County Commissioner in the fall of '89 and elected a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1886, held at St. Louis. He was married January 9th, 1883, to Ella Mary Castiday, the eldest daughter of David R. Castiday, and by this union there were five children, three boys and two girls. One of the boys died in infancy. —Coutant Notes.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

ol. 1 Cheyenne, January 15, 1924 No. 3

IOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES BRIDGER

y MAJ. GEN. GRENVILLE M. DODGE

At this late day it is a very difficult under-king to attempt to write a connected his-ry of a man who spent a long life on the ains and in the mountains, performing eds and rendering services of inestimable lue to this country, but who, withal, was modest that he has not bequeathed to his scendants one written word concerning the rring events which filled his active and eful life.

It is both a duty and pleasure to make blic such information as I possess and ve been able to gather concerning James idger, and it is eminently proper and ap-opriate that this information should be pub-hed at the time when his remains are re-oved to the beautiful spot where they will ever rest, and a simple monument erected at posterity may know something of the narkable man whose body lies beside it.

James Bridger was born in Richmond, rginia, March 17, 1804. He was the son of mes and Schloe Bridger. The father at e time kept a hotel in Richmond, and also d a large farm in Virginia. In 1812 he migranted to St. Louis and settled on Six le Prairie. He was a surveyor, working St. Louis and Illinois. His business kept n continually from home, and when his fe died in 1816 he was away from home the time, and three little children were left ne. One, a son, soon died, the second—a ughter, and the third the subject of this etch. The father had a sister who took arge of the children and farm. In the fall 1817 the father died leaving the two chil-en entirely alone with their aunt on the m. They were of Scotch descent. Their ther's sister married John Tyler, who was erwards President of the United States, d was, therefore, uncle by marriage to mes Bridger.

After the death of his father and mother idger had to support himself and sister. e got money enough together to buy a tboat ferry, and when ten years of age ade a living by running that ferry at St. uis. When he was thirteen years old he s apprenticed to Phil Cromer to learn the cksmith's trade. Becoming tired of this, 1822 he hired out to a party of trappers der General Ashley, who were enroute to e mountains. As a boy he was shrewd, d keen faculties of observation, and said when he went with the trappers that the money he earned would go to his sister.

The Rocky Mountain Fur Company was organized by General W. H. Ashley in 1822, and commanded by Andrew Henry. It left St. Louis in April, 1822, and it was with this party that Bridger enlisted.

Andrew Henry moved to the mouth of the Yellowstone, going by the Missouri River. They lost one of their boats which was loaded with goods worth $10,000 and while his land force was moving up parallel with his boats the Indians, under the guise of friendship, obtained his horses. This forced him to halt and build a fort for the winter at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and they trapped and explored in this locality until the spring of 1823.

Ashley, having returned to St. Louis in the fall of 1822, arrived with his second expedition in front of the Aricara villages on May 10, 1823, where he was defeated in battle by the Indians, losing one-half his men, his horses and baggage. He then sent o courier across country to Henry, who went down the Missouri River with his force, and joined Ashley near the mouth of the Cheyenne. The United States forces under General Atkinson were then coming up the Missouri Valley to quell the Indian troubles and Ashley and Henry expected to remain and meet them, and their party joined this force under Colonel Leavenworth.

After this campaign was over, Henry, with eighty men including Bridger, moved in August, 1823, to his fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and in crossing the country lost two men in a fight with the Indians. He arrived at the fort August 23, 1823, and found that 22 of his horses had been stolen by the Indians, he abandoned the fort, and moved by the Yellowstone to near the mouth of the Powder River. Meeting a band of Crows, he purchased 47 horses. He then divided his party, and in the autumn of 1823 despatched the new party under Etinenne Prevost, a noted trapper and trader. They moved by the Big Horn and Wind Rivers to Green River. With this party was Bridger, and no doubt it was this party that late in the fall of 1823 discovered the South Pass. The South Pass is the southern end of the Wind River Mountains and all the country there gives down into a level valley until the Medicine Bow Range is reached, some one hundred and fifty miles southeast. It forms a natural depression through the continent, and it is through this depression that the Union Pacific Railroad was built. In those days the pass was known to the trappers in

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Edited by Mrs. Cyrus Beard

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the Wind River Valley as the southern route. This depression is a basin smaller than Salt Lake, but has no water in it. It is known as the Red Desert, and extends about one hundred miles east and west, and sixty or seventy miles north and south. The east and west rims of this basin make two divides of the continent.

This party trapped on Wind, Green and other rivers, and in 1823 to 1824 wintered in Cache Valley on Bear River. So far as we have any proof, Bridger was the first man positively known to see Salt Lake. It is claimed that a Spanish missionary, Friar Escalante, of Santa Fe, visited the lake in 1776. To settle a wager as to the course of Bear River, Bridger followed the stream to Great Salt Lake and found the water salt. He returned to his party and reported what he had learned, and they concluded it was an arm of the Pacific Ocean. In the spring of 1825 four men in skin boats explored the short line, and found it had no outlet.

Andrew Henry was in charge of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company until the fall of 1824, when Jedediah S. Smith took the place, and remained Ashley's partner until 1826 Ashley sold the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to Smith, Jackson and Sublette in July. 1826. Bridger trapped in the interest of these men until 1829, Christopher Carson being with him this year. The winter 1829-30 Bridger spent on Powder River with Smith and Jackson, and in April, 1830, went with Smith by the way of the Yellowstone to the Upper Missouri and to the Judith Basin, and then to the yearly rendezvous on Wind River, near the mouth of the Popo Agie.

Sublette left St. Louis April 10, 1830, with eighty-one men and ten wagons, with five mules to each wagon and these were the first wagons to be used over what was known as the Oregon Trail. They reached the Wind River rendezvous on July 16th.

On August 4, 1830, Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold out the company to Milton G. Sublette, Henry Frack, John B. Gervais and James Bridger. The new firm was called the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and under these people was the only time the company operated under its own name. The trappers divided and occupied different sections of the country. Bridger, with Fitzpatrick and Sublette, took two hundred men, went into the Big Horn Basin, crossed the Yellowstone, then north to the great falls of the Missouri, ascended the Missouri to Three Forks, went by the Jefferson to the divide, then south several hundred miles to Salt Lake, here they obtained the furs collected by Peter Skeen Ogden, of the Hudson Bay Company. They then covered the country to the eastward, and reached the valley of Powder River by the first of winter, traveling in all about 1,200 miles. Here they spent the winter. It is probable that during this trip Bridger first saw Yellowstone Lake and Geysers, and he was probably the first fur trader to make known the wonders of Yellowstone Park. He talked to me a great deal about it in the fifties, and his description of it was of such a nature that it was considered to be a great exaggeration, but the development of the park in later years shows that he did not exaggerate its beauties and wonders. Bridger was evidently well acquainted with its wonderful features. Captain Chittenden, in his "The Yellowstone National Park," quotes from Gunnison's "History of the Mormons," giving Bridger's description of the park as follows: "A lake sixty miles long, cold and pelucid, lies embosomed among big precipitous mountains. On the west side is a sloping plain, several miles wide, with clumps of trees and groves of pines. The ground resounds with the tread of horses. Geysers spout seventy feet high, with a terrific, hissing noise, at regular intervals. Water falls are sparkling, leaping and thundering down the precipices, and collect in the pools below. The river issued from this lake, and for fifteen miles roars through the perpendicular canyon at the outlet, in this section are the "Great Springs," so hot that meat is readily cooked in them, and, as they descend on the successive terraces, afford a length delightful baths. On the other side is an acid spring, which supplies vermillion for the savages in abundance. In this admirable summary we readily discover the Yellowstone Lake, the Grand Canyon, the falls, the geyser basins, the mammoth springs and Cinnebar Mountains."

Bridger talked about the Yellowstone Lake and its surroundings to every one he met and it was not his fault that the country was not explored and better known until in the sixties. A small lake near the headwaters of the Yellowstone has been named Bridger Lake.

In the spring of 1831 Bridger and Sublette started for the Blackfoot country, where they met a band of the Crows who stole all their horses. Bridger led a party of his men in pursuit and recaptured all these horses as well as taking all the ponies of the Crows. Fitzpatrick had gone to St. Louis to bring out the winter supplies. Bridger and Sublette followed nearly their previous year's route in their hunting, and in the fall reached the rendezvous on Green River, where they met Gervais and Frack, who were at the head of another party of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

After leaving St. Louis Fitzpatrick came out with his supplies by the way of Santa Fe, and was so long in reaching the rendezvous on Green River that Sublette returned to the Powder River to winter, and here they first met the competition of the American Fur Company, which finally drove the Rocky Mountain Fur Company out of business. Fitzpatrick and Frack joined Bridger here on Powder River, but becoming disgusted with the movements of the American Fur Company under Vandenburg and Dripps, Fitzpatrick and Bridger with their entire outfit moved west some four hundred miles to Pierre's Hole, near the forks of the Snake River, in the spring of 1832 they moved up Snake to Salt, up that stream and across to John Day River, up that river to its head, and across to Bear River in the Great Salt Lake Basin. Here they again met the American Fur Company, with Vandenburg and Dripps. They struck off into a different country, and finally rendezvoused again at Pierre's Hole waiting for the supplies from the states being brought out by William L. Sublette. At their rendezvous concentrated this summer the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, the American Fur Company, under Vandenburg and Dripps; Arthur J. Wyeth with a new party coming mostly from the New England States, a large number of free traders and trappers and numerous bands of Indians, and here occurred the celebrated battle of Pierre's Hole, with the Gros Ventre Indians, which was one of the hardest battles fought in an early day on the plains, the losses being very heavy.

The battle of Pierre's Hole, or the Teton Basin, was fought July 13, 1832. Of the different fur companies and free traders there were present some three hundred men and several hundred Indians of the Nez Perces and Flathead tribes. The Gros Ventres, about one hundred and fifty strong, always hostile to the whites, were returning from a visit to their kindred, the Arapahoes. They carried a British flag captured from Hudson Bay Company trappers.

When the Indians saw the band of trappers, who were some eight miles from the main rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, the Indians made signs of peace, but they were known to be so treacherous that no confidence was placed in their signs. However, Antoine Godin, whose father had been killed by this tribe, and a Flathead chief, whose nation had suffered untold wrongs from them, advanced to meet them. The Gros Ventres' chief came forward, and when Godin grasped his hand in friendship the Flathead shot him dead. The Gros Ventres immediately retired to a grove of timber, and commenced piling up logs and intrenching. The trappers sent word to the rendezvous, and when Sublette and Campbell brought reinforcements the battle opened, the trappers charging the Indians, and finally tried to burn them out, but did not succeed. The Gros Ventres, through their interpreter, made the trappers believe that a large portion of their tribe, some 800, were attacking the rendezvous. Upon learning this the trappers immediately left for its defense and found the story was a lie, but by this ruse the Indians were able to escape. The whites lost five killed and six wounded. The loss of the Gros Ventres was never fully known. They left nine killed, with twenty-five horses and all their baggage, and admitted a loss of twenty-six warriors. The Indians escaped during the night and affected a junction with their tribe.

In 1832 the American Fur Company, operated by Vandenburg and Dripps, came into the territory of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which was under Fitzpatrick and Bridger, and undertook to follow their parties, knowing that their trapping grounds yielded a great many furs. They followed them to the headwaters of the Missouri and down the Jefferson. Fitzpatrick and Bridger thought they would get rid of them by going right into the Blackfoot nation, which was very hostile. Finally Vandenburg and Dripps located on the Madison Fork on October 14, 1832, and near this place the Blackfeet killed Vandenburg and two of his men and drove his party out. The Blackfeet also attacked Bridger and his party, and in his "American Fur Traders" Chittenden gives this account of the wounding of Bridger:

"One day they saw a body of Blackfeet in the open plain, though near some rocks which could be resorted to in case of need They made pacific overtures, which were reciprocated by the whites. A few men advanced from each party, a circle was formed and the pipe of peace was smoked. It is related by Irwing that while the ceremony was going on a young Mexican named Loretto, a free trapper accompanying Bridger's band, who had previously ransomed from the Crows, a beautiful Blackfoot girl, and made her his wife, was then present looking on. The girl recognized her brother among the Indians. Instantly leaving her infant with the Lorettos she rushed into her brother's arms, and was recognized with the greatest warmth and affection.

"Bridger now rode forward to where the peace ceremonies were enacting. His rifle lay across his saddle. The Blackfoot chief came forward to meet him. Through some apparent distrust Bridger cocked his rifle as if about to fire. The chief seized the barrel and pushed it downward so that its contents were discharged into the ground. This precipitated a melee, Bridger received two arrow shots in the back, and the chief felled him to the earth with a blow from the gun, which he had wrenched from Bridger's hand. The chief then leaped into Bridger's saddle, and the whole party made for the cover of

the rocks, where a desultory fire was kept up for some time. The Indian girl had been carried along with her people, and in spite of her pitiful entreaties was not allowed to return. Loretto, witnessing her grief, seized the child and ran to her, greatly to the amazement of the Indians. He was cautioned to depart if he wanted to save his life, and at his wife's earnest insistence he did so. Sometime afterwards he closed his account with the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and rejoined his wife among her own people. It is said that he was later employed as an interpreter at the fort below the falls of the Missouri.

"One of the arrow heads which Bridger received in his back on this occasion remained there for nearly three years, or until the middle of August, 1835. At that time Dr. Marcus Whitman was at the rendezvous on Green River enroute to Oregon. Bridger was also there, and Dr. Whitman extracted the arrow from his back. The operation was a difficult one, because the arrow was hooked at the point by striking a large bone, and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it. The Doctor pursued the operation with great self possession and perserverance, and his patient manifested equal firmness. The Indians looked on meantime with countenances indicating wonder, and in their own peculiar manner expressed great astonishment when it was extracted. The arrow was of iron and about three inches long."

In the early thirities Bridger discovered the "Two Oceans Pass," the most remarkable pass, probably, in the world. It is 8,150 feet above the level of the sea. Its length about one mile, and width nearly the same. From the north a stream comes from the canyon and divides in the pass, part following to the Atlantic waters by the Yellowstone and part to the Pacific by the Snake River, the two minor streams bearing the names of Atlantic and Pacific Creeks. A stream also comes from the south and makes the same divergence. Fish by these streams pass from one water to the other. Bridger used to tell the story of this river and fish passing through it, but no one believed it until in later years it was discovered to be true, and it is now one of the curiosities of Yellowstone Park.

The first great highway across the plains was no doubt developed by Bridger, and his trappers and traders, in their travels, as the most feasible route to obtain wood, water and grass. Its avoidance of mountains and difficult streams to cross was soon made patent to them. It was known in an early day as the Overland Trail, and later on as the Oregon Trail. It was established by the natural formation of the country. It was first used by the wild animals, who followed the present trail very closely in their wanderings, especially the buffalo. Next came the Indians' feasible method of crossing from the Missouri River to the mountains. Following them came the trappers and hunters, then their supply trains, first by pack and later by wagon. The first wheeled vehicle known to have passed over the trail was a six pound cannon taken out by General Ashley to his posts in Utah in the summer of 1826, and the first carts to pass over it were those taken out by the route the name of the Oregon Trail. Next came the Mormons, and following them the great immigration to California from 1849 on.

In his "American Fur Trade" Captain Chittenden gives this description of the Overland Trail:

"As a highway of travel the Oregon Trail is the most remarkable known to history. Considering that it originated with the spontaneous use of travelers; that no transit ever located a foot of it; that no level established its grades; that no engineer sought out the fords or built any bridges, or surveyed the mountain passes; that there was no grading to speak of, nor any attempt at metalling the roadbed, and the general good quality of this two thousand miles of highway will seem most extraordinary. Father DeSmet, who was born in Belgium, the home of good roads, pronounced the Oregon Trail one of the finest highways in the world. At the proper season of the year this was undoubtedly true. Before the prairies became too dry, the natural turf formed the best roadway for horses to travel on that has probably ever been known. It was amply hard to sustain traffic, yet soft enough to be easier to the feet even than the most perfect asphalt pavement. Over such road, winding ribbonlike through the verdant prairie amid the profusion of spring flowers with grass so plentiful that the animal reveled on its abundance, and game everywhere greeted the hunter's rifle, and, finally, with pure water in the streams the traveler sped his way with a feeling of joy and exhiliration. But not so when the prairies became dry and parched, the road filled with stifling dust, the stream beds dry ravines, or carrying only akaline waters which could not be used, the game all gone to more hospitable sections, and the summer sun pouring down its heat with torrid intensity. It was then that the trail became a highway of desolation, strewn with abandoned property, the skeletons of horses, mules, and oxen, and, alas! too often, with freshly made mounds and headboards that told the pitiful tale of sufferings too great to be endured. If the trail was the scene of romance, adventure, pleasure and excitement so it was marked in every mile of its course by human misery, tragedy and death.

The immense travel which in later years passed over the trail carved it into a deep furrow, often with several wide parallel tracks, making a total width of a hundred feet or more. It was an astonishing spectacle even to white men when seen for the first time. Captain Raynolds, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, tells a good story on himself, in this connection. In the fall of 1859 he came south from the Yellowstone River aong the eastern base of the Big Horn Mountains and struck the trail somewhere above the first ford of the North Platte. Before reaching it he innocently asked his guide, Bridger, if there was any danger of their crossing the trail "without seeing it." Bridger answered him only with a look of contemptuous amazement.

It may be easily imagined how great an impression the sight of this road must have made upon the minds of the Indians.

Father DeSmet has recorded some interesting observations upon this point. In 1851 he traveled in company with a large number of Indians from the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers to Fort Laramie, where a great council was held in that year to form treaties with the several tribes. Most of these Indians had not been in that section before, and were quite unprepared for what they saw. "Our Indian companions," says Father DeSmet, "who had never seen but the narrow hunting paths by which they transport themselves and their lodges, were filled with admiration on seeing this noble highway, which is as smooth as a bare floor swept by the winds, and not a a blade of grass can shoot up on it on account of the continual passing. They conceived a high idea of the "Countless White Nation," as they express it. They fancied that all had gone over the road, and that an immense void must exist in the land of the rising sun. Their countenances testified evident incredulity when I told them that their exit was in no wise perceived in the land of the whites. They styled the route the "Great Medicine Road of the Whites." From 1833 to 1840 Bridger conducted trapping parties in the interest of the American Fur Company through the country west of the Big Horn River, reaching to the Snake, and had many fights with and hairbreadth escapes from hostile Indians.

In 1840 he was associated with Benito Vasquez in charge of an extensive outfit, which they conducted, in person until 1843, when Bridger and Vasques built Fort Bridger, which seems to have terminated Bridger's individual trapping, and his experience as the head of trapping outfits.

In 1842 the Cheyennes and other Indians attacked the Shoshones near the site of Bridger's fort and got away with the stock. Bridger at the head of the trappers and Snakes followed them, killing many of the Indians, and recapturing part of the stock. However, the Indians got away with several of the horses. On July 8th, Mr. Preuss, of Fremont's expidition, met Bridger's party on the North Platte near the mouth of the Medicine Bow. Writing of this meeting, he says:

"July 8th, our road today was a solitary one. No game made its appearance—not even a buffalo or stray antelope; and nothing occurred to break the monotony until about 5 o'clock, when the caravan made a sudden halt. There was a galloping in of scout and horsemen from every side—a hurrying to and fro in noisy confusion; rifles were taken from their cover; bullet-pouches examined; in short, there was a cry of "Indians" here again. I had become so accustomed to these alarms that now they made but little impression on me; and before I had time to become excited the newcomers were ascertained to be whites. It was a large party of traders and trappers, conducted by Mr. Bridger, a man well known in the history of the country. As the sun was low, and there was a fine grass patch not far ahead they turned back and encamped for the night with us.

"Mr. Bridger was invited to supper, and, after the table-cloth was removed, we listened with eager interest to an account of their adventures. What they had met we would be likely to encounter; the chances which had befallen them would likely happen to us; and we looked upon their life as a picture of our own. He informed us that the condition of the country had become exceedingly dangerous. The Sioux, who had been badly disposed had broken out into open hostility, and in the preceding autumn his party had encountered them in a severe engagement, in which a number of lives had been lost on both sides. United with the Cheyenne and Gros Ventre Indians, they were scouring the upper country in war parties of great force, and were at this time in the neighborhood of the Red Buttes, a famous landmark, which was directly on our path. They had declared war upon every living thing which should be found westward of the point; though their main object was to attack a large camp of whites and Snake Indians who had a rendezvous in the Sweetwater Valley. Availing himself of his intimate knowledge of the country, he had reached Laramie by an unusual route through the Black Hills and avoided coming in contact with any of the scattered parties.

"This gentleman offered his services to accompany us as far as the head of the Sweetwater, but in the absence of our leader, which was deeply regretted by us all, it was impossible for us to enter upon such an arrangement."

Fort Bridger, located in latitude 41 degrees 18 minutes 12 seconds and longitude 110 degrees 18 minutes 38 seconds, is 1,070 miles west of the Missouri River by wagon road, and 886 miles by railroad. Bridger selected this spot on account of its being on the overland emigrant and Mormon trail, whether by the North or South Platte routes, as both came together at or near Bridger.

The land on which Fort Bridger is located was obtained by Bridger from the Mexican Government before any of the country was ceded by Mexico to the United States. He lived there in undisputed possession until he leased the property in 1857 to the United States by formal written lease signed by Albert Sidney Johnston's quartermaster. The rental value was $600 per year, which was never paid by the Government. After thirty years the Governmet finally paid Bridger $6,000.00 for the improvements on the land but nothing for the land. A bill is now pending in Congress to pay his estate for the value of the land. The improvements on the land, were worth a great deal more money, but after the Government took possession it seemed to have virtually ignored the rights of Bridger.

The fort occupied a space of perhaps two acres, surrounded by a stockade. Timbers were set in the ground and elevated eight or ten feet above the surface. Inside this stockade Bridger had his residence on one side, and his trading post in the corner directly

across from it. It had swinging gates in the center of the front, through which teams and cattle could be driven safe from Indians and renegade white thieves. He owned a large number of cattle, horses and mules, and his place was so situated that he enjoyed a large trade with the Mormons, gold hunters, mountaineers, and Indians.

In a letter Bridger wrote to Pierre Chotau, of St. Louis, on December 10, 1843, he says:

"I have established a small fort, with blacksmith shop and a supply of iron in the road of the immigrants on Black Fork of Green River, which promises fairly. In coming out here they are generally well supplied with money, but by the time they get here they are in need of all kinds of supplies, horses, provisions, smith-work, etc. They bring ready cash from the States, and should I receive the goods ordered will have considerable business in that way with them, and establish trade with the Indians in the neighborhood, who have a good number of beaver among them. The fort is a beautiful location in the Black Fork of Green River, receiving fine, fresh water from the snow on the Uinta range. The streams are alive with mountain trout. It passes through the fort in several channels, each lined with trees, kept alive by the moisture of the soil."

It was a veritable oasis in the desert, and its selection showed good judgment on the part of the founder.

In 1865 Bridger had trouble with the Mormons. They threatened him with death and the confiscation of all his property at Fort Bridger, and he was robbed of all his stock, merchandise, and in fact, of everything he possessed, which he claimed was worth $100,000. The buildings at the fort were destroyed by fire, and Bridger barely escaped with his life. This brought on what was known as the Utah Expedition under Albert Sidney Johnston. Bridger piloted the army out there, taking it through by what is known as the Southern Route, which he had discovered, which runs by the South Platte, up the Lodge Pole, over Cheyenne Pass, by the old Fort Halleck, and across the continental divide at Bridger's Pass at the head of the Muddy, follows down Bitter Creek to Green River, crosses that river, and then up Black Fork to Fort Bridger.

As the troops had made no arrangements for winter, and shelter for the stock was not to be found in the vicinity. of Salt Lake, Bridger tendered to them the use of Fort Bridger and the adjoining property, which offer was accepted by Johnston, who wintered his army there. It was at this time that the Government purchased from Bridger his Mexican grant of Fort Brdiger but, as heretofore mentioned never paid him for the property, merely paying the rental, and claiming that Bridger's title was not perfect. This was a great injustice to Bridger. His title was one of possession. He had established here a trading post that had been of great benefit to the Government and the overland immigration, and he was entitled to all he claimed. The fort was the rendezvous of all the trade and travel, of the Indians, trappers and voyagers of all that section of the country.

Concerning his claim against the Government, under date of October 27, 1873, Bridger wrote to General B. F. Butler, U. S. Senator, as follows:

* * * "You are probably aware that I am one of the earliest and oldest explorers and trappers of the Great West now alive. Many years prior to the Mexican War, the time Fort Bridger and adjoining Territories became the property of the United States, and ten years thereafter (1857) I was in peacable possession of my old trading post, Fort Bridger, occupied it as such, and resided thereat, a fact well known to the Government, as well as the public in general.

"Shortly before the so-called Utah Expedition, and before the Government troops under General A. S. Johnston arrived near Salt Lake City, I was robbed and threatened with death by the Mormons, by the direction of Brigham Young, of all my merchandise, stock, in fact everything I possessed, amounting to more than $100,000 worth—the buildings in the fort practically destroyed by fire, and I barely escaped with my life.

"I was with and piloted the army under said General Johnston out there, and since the approach of winter no convenient shelter for the troops and stock could be found in the vicinity of Salt Lake, I tendered to them my so-called fort (Fort Bridger) with the adjoining shelter, affording rally for winter quarters. My offer being accepted, a written contract was entered into between myself and Captain Dickerson, of the Quartermaster's Department, in behalf of the United States, approved by General A. S. Johnston, and more so signed by various officers on the general's staff such as Major Fitz-john Portor, Drs. Madison, Mills and Bailey; Lieutenant Rich, Colonel Wright, and others a copy of which is now on file in the War Department at Washington. I also was furnished with a copy thereof, which was unfortunately destroyed during the war.

"I am now getting old and feeble and am a poor man, and consequently unable to prosecute my claim as it probably should be done. For that reason I respectfully apply to you with the desire of entrusting the matter into your hands, authorizing you for me to use such means as you may deem proper for the successful prosecution of this claim. I would further state that I have been strictly loyal during the later rebellion, and during the most of the time in the war in the employment of the Government.

"Trusting confidently that you will do me the favor of taking the matter in hand or furnish me with your advise in the matter, I have the honor, etc."

On July 4, 1849, Bridger's second wife, a Ute, died. He had been for some time considering the movement of his family to the states, where his children could be educated, intending to devote his own time to the trading post at Fort Bridger. He went to the State in 1850, taking with him his third wife, a Snake woman, and settled upon a little farm near Little Santa Fe, Jackson County, Missouri. Bridger usually spent the sum-

mers on the plains and went home winters. In the spring of 1862 Bridger was at his home in Little Santa Fe, when the Government called him onto the plains to guide the troops in the Indian campaigns. I found him there when I took charge of that country in January, 1865, and placed him as guide of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry in its march from Fort Riley to Fort Laramie. Bridger remained with them in the many encounters they had with the Indians and his services to them were invaluable. In the Indian campaign of 1865-6 Bridger guided General Conner's column that marched from Fort Laramie to Tongle River, and took part in the battle on Tongue River.

Captain H. E. Palmer, Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, Acting Assistant Adju. General to General P. E. Conner, gives this description of the Indian camp on Tongue River, August 26, 1865:

"Left Piney Fork at 6:45 A. M., traveled north over a beautiful country until about 8 A. M., when our advance reached the top of the ridge dividing the waters of the Powder from that of the Tongue River. I was riding in the extreme advance in company with Major Bridger. We were 2,000 yards at least ahead of the General and his staff; our Pawnee scouts were there and there was no advance guard immediately in front. As the Major and myself reached the top of the hill we voluntarily halted our steeds. I raised my field glass to my eyes and took in the grandest view that I had ever seen. I could see the north end of the Big Horn range, and away beyond the faint outline of the mountains beyond the Yellowstone. Away to the northeast the Wolf Mountain range was distinctly visible. Immediately before us lay the Valley of Peneau Creek, now called Prairie Dog Creek, and beyond the Little Goose, Big Goose, and Tongue River Valleys, and many other tributary streams. The morning was clear and bright, with not a breath of air stirring. The old Major, sitting upon his horse with his eyes shaded with his hands, had been telling me for an hour or more about his Indian life — his forty years' experience on the plains, telling me how to trail Indians, and distinguish the tracks of different tribes; how every spear of grass, every tree and srub and stone was a compass to the experienced trapper and hunter—a subject that I had discussed with him nearly every day. During the winter of 1863 I had contributed to help Mrs. Bridger and the rest of the family, all of which facts the Major had been acquainted with, which induced him to treat me as an old-time friend.

"As I lowered my glass the Major said, 'Do you see those ere columns of smoke over yonder?' I replied, 'Where, Major?' to which he answered, 'Over there by that ere saddle,' meaning a depression in the hills not unlike the shape of a saddle, pointing at the same time to a point nearly fifty miles away. I again raised my glass to my eyes and took a long, earnest look, and for the life of me could not see any column of smoke, even with a strong field glass. The Major was looking without any artificial help. The atmosphere appeared to be slightly hazy in the long distance, like smoke, but there were no distinct columns of smoke in sight. As soon as the General with his staff arrived I called his attention to Major Bridger's discovery. The General raised his field glass and scanned the horizon closely, after a long look, he remarked that there were no columns of smoke to be seen. The Major quietly mounted his horse and rode on. I asked the General to look again; that the Major was very confident that he could see columns of smoke which, of course indicated an Indian village. The General made another examination and again asserted that there was no column of smoke. However, to satisfy curiosity and to give our guides no chance to claim that they had shown us an Indian village and we would not attack it, he suggested to Captain Frank North, who was riding with his staff, that he go with seven of his Indians in the direction indicated to reconnoitre and to report to us on Peneau Creek or Tongue River, down which were to march. I galloped on and overtook the Major, and as I came up to him overheard him remark about "these damn paper collar soldiers" telling him there was no columns of smoke. The old man was very indignant at our doubting his ability to outsee us, with the aid of field glasses even. Just after sunset on August 27 two of the Pawnees who went out with Captain North had discovered an Indian village."

It was this villiage that Conner captured the next day, the fight being known as the battle of Tongue River.

In May, 1869, Captain Raynolds was assigned to the exploration of the country surrounding Yellowstone Park, and I have no doubt it was from hearing of Bridger's knowledge of that park and its surroundings that caused him to engage Bridger for his guide. Bridger was with him about a year and a half, but they failed on his trip to enter the park, being stopped by the heavy snows in the passes, but they explored and mapped the country surrounding the park.

In 1860 Ned Buntline, the great story romance writer, hunted up Bridger at his home in Weston and Bridger gave him enough adventures to keep him writing the balance of his life. Bridger took a liking to Buntline, and took him across the plains with him on a scouting trip. After a while Buntline returned to the East, and not long afterwards the Jim Bridger stories commenced to be published. One of these was printed every week, and Bridger's companions used to save them up and read them to him. Buntline made Bridger famous, and carried him through more hairbreadth escapes than any man ever had.

Bridger's first wife was the daughter of a Flathead chief. She died in 1846. Her children were Felix and Josephine, both of whom were sent to school in St. Louis. Felix enlisted in the spring of 1863 in Company I, Second Missouri Artillery, under General Totten. He served throughout the Civil War, and later was with Custer in his Indian campaigns in Texas and Indian Territory. He died in 1876 on the farm near Lit-

tle Santa Fe, Missouri, having returned there from Dallas, Texas.

Bridger's second wife was a Ute, who died July 4th, 1849, at the birth of her first child, now Mrs. Virginia K. Waschman. Bridger brought this child up on buffalo's milk. When she was five years old she was sent to Robert Campbell in St. Louis, and two years later joined her sister Josephine in the convent.

When Virginia was about 10 years old she obtained from Mrs. Robert Campbell a daguerreotype of her father which was taken in 1843. She colored or painted his picture, and in 1902 presented it to me, saying: "I am most sure you will be pleased with it as a gift from me, and it will remind you of the great old times that you and father had when you were out in the mountains among the wild Indians. I have often heard my father speak of you, and have wanted to see you and tell you a great many things that happened when I was a child at Fort Bridger. Before my father's death he was very anxious to see you regarding old Fort Bridger, but could not find you."

In 1850 Bridger took as his third wife a Snake woman. He bought a little farm near Santa Fe, Mo., and moved his family there from Fort Bridger that year. Mary was born in 1853. William was born in 1857, and died from consumption in 1892. In 1858 his wife died and buried in Boone cemetery, near Waldo Station, Missouri. Bridger was on the plains at the time of her death, but returned to Missouri in the spring of 1859, soon after he heard of her death, and remained on the farm until 1862. This year he rented the farm to a man named Brooks, and bought the Colonel A. G. Boone house in Wesport. He left his family there in charge of a Mr. London and his wife, and on the call of the Government in the spring of 1862 he left for the mountains to guide the troops on the plains. He remained on plains until late in 1869 or 1870. In the spring of 1871 he moved back to his farm near Little Santa Fe.

Of his life from this time until his death, his daughter Mrs. Waschman, writes me the following:

"In 1873 father's health began to fail him, and his eyes were very bad, so that he could not see good, and the only way that father could distinguish any person was by the sound of their voice, but all who had the privilege of knowing him were aware of his wonderful state of health at that time, but later, in 1874, father's eyesight was leaving him very fast and this worried him so much. He has often-times wished that he could see you. At times father would get very nervous, and wanted to be on the go. I had to watch after him and lead him around to please him, never still one moment.

"I got father a good old gentle horse, so that he could ride around and have something to pass away time, so one day he named his old horse "Ruff." We also had a dog that went with father; he named this old, faithful dog "Sultan." Sometimes father would call me and say: "I wish you would go and saddle old Ruff for me; I feel like riding around the farm," and the faithful old dog would go along. Father could not see very well, but the old faithful horse would guide him along, but at times father would draw the lines wrong, and the horse would go wrong, and they would get lost in the woods. The strange part of it was the old, faithful dog Sultan, would come home and let us know that father was lost. The dog would bark and whine until I would go out and look for him, and lead him and the old horse home on the main road. Sometimes father wanted to take a walk out to the fields with old Sultan by his side, and cane in hand to guide his way out to the wheat field, would want to know how high the wheat was, and then father would go down on his knees and reach out his hands to feel for the wheat, and that was the way he passed away his time.

"Father at times wished that he could see, and only have his eyesight back again, so that he could go back out to see the mountains, I know he at times would feel lonesome, and long to see some of his old mountain friends to have a good chat of olden times away back in the fifties.

"Father often spoke of you, and would say, 'I wonder if General Dodge is alive or not; I would give anything in the world if I could see some of the old army officers once more to have a talk with them of olden times, but I know I will not be able to see any of my old-time mountain friends any more. I know that my time is near. I feel that my health is failing me very fast, and see that I am not the same man I used to be.'"

Bridger was 77 years old when he died, and was buried on the Stubbins Watts farm, a mile north of Dallas, not far south of Westport. His two sons, William and Felix, were buried beside him.

On Bridger's grave-stone is the following:

"James Bridger, born March 17, 1804; died July 17, 1881.

We miss thee in the circle around the fireside,
We miss thee in devotion at peaceful eventide.
The memory of your nature so full of truth and love.
Shall lead our thoughts to seek them among the best above.

At the time of his death Bridger's home was a long two-story house; not far from where he is buried with big chimneys at each end. It is now abandoned and dilapidated, with windows all broken. It is about one mile south of Dallas. He had 160 acres of land. No one lived in the house for years. The neighbors say it is haunted, and will not go near it.

One of his wives is buried in a grave-yard several miles east of his grave. I found Bridger a very companionable man.

In person he was over six feet tall, spare, straight as an arrow, agile, rawboned and of powerful frame, eyes gray, hair brown and abundant even in old age, expression mild and manners agreeable. He was hospitable and generous, and was always trusted and respected. He possessed in a high degree

he confidence of the Indians. He was one f the most noted hunters and trappers on he plains. Naturally shrewd, and possessing een faculties of observation he carefully tudied the habits of all animals, especially he beaver, and, profiting from the knowldge obtained from the Indians, with whom e chiefly associated, and with whom he beame a great favorite, he soon became one f the most expert hunters and trappers in he mountains. The beaver at first abound-d in every mountain stream in the country, ut at length, by being constantly pursued, hey began to grow more wary and diminish n numbers, until it became necessary for rappers to extend their researches to more istant streams. Eager to gratify his curosity, and with a natural fondness for mounain scenery, he traversed the country in evry direction, sometimes accompanied by an ndian, but oftener alone. He familiarized imself with every mountain peak, every eep gorge, every hill and every landmark n the country. Having arrived upon the anks of some before undiscovered stream, nd finding signs of his favorite game, he vould immediately proceed to his traps, and hen take his gun and wander over the hills n quest of game, the meat of which formed he only diet of the trapper at that early ay. When a stream afforded game it was rapped to its source, and never left as long s beaver could be caught.

While engaged in this thorough system of rapping no object of interest escaped his crutiny, and when once known it was ever fter remembered. He could describe with he minutest accuracy places that perhaps e had visited but once, and that many years efore, and he could travel in almost a direct ine from one point to another in the greatest istances, with certainty of always making is goal. He pursued his trapping expediions north to the British possessions, south ar into New Mexico and west to the Pacific Ocean, and in this way became acquainted vith all the Indian tribes in the country, and y long intercourse with them learned their anguages, and became familiar with all their igns. He adopted their habits, conformed o their customs, became imbued with all heir superstitions, and at length excelled hem in strategy. He was a great favorite vith the Crow nation, and was one time lected and became their chief.

Bridger was also a great Indian fighter, nd I have heard two things said of him y the best plainsmen of his time; that he lid not know what fear was, and that he ever once lost his bearings, either on the lains or in the mountains.

In those days Bridger was rich. He was t the head of great trapping parties, and wo great fur companies—the Rocky Mounain Fur Company and Northwestern Fur Company. When he became older he spent is winters in Westport, and in the summer vas a scout and guide for Government troops getting ten dollars a day in gold.

Unquestionably Bridger's claims to remembrance rest upon the extraordinary part he bore in the explorations of the West. As a guide he was without an equal, and this is the testimony of every one who ever employed him. He was a born topographer; the whole west was mapped out in his mind, and such was his instinctive sense of locality and direction that it used to be said of him that he could smell his way where he could not see it. He was a complete master of plains and woodcraft, equal to any emergency, full of resources to overcome any obstacle, and I came to learn gradually how it was that for months such men could live without food except what the country afforded in that wild region. In a few hours they would put together a bull-boat and put us across any stream. Nothing escaped their vision, the dropping of a stick or breaking of a twig, the turning of the growing grass, all brought knowledge to them, and they could tell who or what had done it. A single horse or Indian could not cross the trail but that they discovered it, and could tell how long since they passed. Their methods of hunting game were perfect, and we were never out of meat. Herbs, roots, berries, bark of trees and everything that was edible they knew. They could minister to the sick, dress wounds—in fact in all my experience I never saw Bridger or the other voyagers of the plains and mountains meet any obstacle they could not overcome.

While Bridger was not an educated man, still any country that he had ever seen he could fully and intelligently describe, and could make a very correct estimate of the country surrounding it. He could make a map of any country he had traveled over, mark out its streams and mountains and the obstacles in it correctly, so that there was no trouble in following it and fully understanding it. He never claimed knowledge that he did not have of the country, or its history and surroundings, and was positive in his statements in relation to it. He was a good judge of human nature. His comments upon people that he had met and been with were always intelligent and seldom critical. He always spoke of their good parts, and was universally respected by the mountain men and looked upon as a leader, also by all the Indians. He was careful to never give his word without fulfilling it. He understood thoroughly the Indian character, their peculiarities and superstitions. He felt very keenly any loss of confidence in him or his judgment, especially when acting as a guide, and when he struck a country or trail he was not familiar with he would frankly say so, but would often say he could take our party up to the point he wanted to reach. As a guide I do not think he had his equal upon the plains. So remarkable a man should not be lost to history and the country, and his work allowed to be forgotten, and for this reason I have compiled this sketch and raised a simple monument to his memory, reciting upon it briefly the principal facts of his life and work. It bears this inscription:

1804—James Bridger—1881

Celebrated as a hunter, trapper, fur trader and guide. Discovered Great Salt Lake 1824, the South Pass 1827. Visited Yellowstone Lake and Geysers 1830. Founded

Fort Bridger 1843. Opened Overland Route by Bridger's Pass to Great Salt Lake. Was guide for U. S. exploring expeditions, Albert Sidney Johnston's army in 1857 and G. M. Dodge in U. P. surveys and Indian campaigns 1865-1866.

This monument is erected as a tribute to his pioneer work by Major Gen. G. M. Dodge:

THE ONLY LIFE OF THE FAMOUS TRAPPER

A very important (and scarce) narrative, by his friend, Gen. Dodge. Privately printed and none for sale. Printed for Friends this work has passed entirely away and is today one of the very "Hard" works to find.

GIRLHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF LARAMIE IN 1870 AND 1871

"We shall not travel by the road we make,
Ere, day by day, the sound of many feet
Is heard upon the stones that now we break
We shall be come to where the cross-roads meet.

For them the shade of trees that now we plant
The safe, smooth journey and the final goal,
Yea, birthright in the land of covenant—
For us day labor; travail of the soul.

And yet—the road is ours as never theirs!
Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?
For us the Master-Joy, O Pioneer:
We shall not travel but we make the Road."

—Friedlander.

It seems only a very short time ago yet five decades have passed since that memorable tenth day of June, 1870, at about two p. m.—and a gloriously bright, sunny day it was, when our family of eight members arrived in Laramie. We came for a visit but that visit has proven a sojourn of more than fifty-three years on my part. I am the only member of the family whose lot has been cast on the crest of the wonderful Rocky Mountains; I alone am left to tell what to me is a most interesting experience.

My father, Luther Fillmore, and my only brother, Millard Fillmore, had preceded us; my father about two years before and my brother a few months. Fresh from college and just past twenty-one my brother came and plunged boldly into a very tragic experience which hurried our coming. After being here a week or so my brother for some reason was sent out over the Union Pacific Railroad as a special conductor. He was to make only the one trip—and a memorable one it was. A few miles east of Fort Steele at a station I think then called St. Mary's, two soldiers who had been out hunting and tired of walking got on the train to go to Ft. Steele. One of them had money enough to pay his fare, the other had none and was told he could not ride, so the train was stopped and he was put off. My brother and the soldier friend stood looking out of the door window of the car, my brother in front, when the soldier from the outside fired through the door shooting my brother through the thigh, making a flesh wound. The same bullet passed into the body of the soldier friend, killing him instantly. The train was quickly run to Ft. Steele where my brother was taken to the Army Hospital until he recovered.

One day I was standing with my brother on the hotel platform when a fine looking man came along. I asked who he was and was told that he was Judge Brown, the lawyer who defended the soldier that shot my brother. I immediately said, "I never want to meet him." Strange to say in about four years' time I married that very man and we are expecting to celebrate our golden wedding next year.

I have realized more and more as the years have passed what a trying ordeal it was for my dear mother to come out to this strange and new country, almost fearing she might have to make it her home, and I, fearing we might not. The pioneer blood of ancestors was coursing through my veins and I longed for adventure. Coming from an old aristocratic town, as old as Philadelphia, it was quite remarkable that conditions in this new country pleased and satisfied my father, my brother and myself. My three sisters were too young to care about the change. Of course we were lonely many times but I can truly say I have never felt regret. There were no trees or flowers to greet us and we missed them more than I can tell, but we had the wonderful mountains and beautiful hills to behold. I had seen great mountains but never such hills. They were a constant source of wonder and delight and I can say after fifty-three years of acquaintance with them they have never lost their pristine beauty to me. I truly believe much of my happiness and joy have come from lifting my eyese unto them. We went on a picnic to them a short time after we arrived. We went in government ambulances with an escort of soldiers and had a beautiful day. I forget the members of that party excepting one, Mr. Joseph Cornell, the Episcopal clergyman. I suppose I remember him because of a lapsus linguae he made. I asked him why we were so long getting to the hills, they seemed so near. He said, "The reason is, that the 'lead devil' of the plains causes them to seem nearer than they really are." Of course he meant 'dead level,' every one laughed and so did I, immoderately. A girl of sixteen can see almost too much fun in things.

We were always afraid of meeting Indians somewhere but we never did. In fact, I have never seen one in or near Laramie excepting those who have come with exhibitions or some sort. There was an Indian scare soon after we came at Lookout Station. The Indians came into the place consisting of a telegraph station and section house. No one was home so the visitors did all the mischief they could, pouring molasses into the feather beds and emptying all the groceries they did not want over the floor. The people living in small places like Lookout had cellars or

rather tunnels concealed into which they could hide, something like the cyclone cellars people have nowadays.

The mountains at the west of us were majestic and glorious. The wonder and beauty of the Laramie Plains have ever increased to me until now I am not happy away from them. I recall how beautifully green they were when I first saw them and when I first rode over them and saw the thousands of head of cattle—one time five thousand head together, my wonder was almost beyond me.

The antelope we saw at that time in large herds were a magnificent sight. They were graceful and beautiful. The prairie dogs were new to us, their little villages seemed everywhere. I was always looking for the little owl and rattlesnake I had heard burrowed with them; but I never saw them tho I know they did all live together in the early history of this country. The antelope I had seen before for we owned two in our home in Pennsylvania—Bill and Eliza great pets that my father brought to us on his first visit home from this country. They became so domesticated they would do all sorts of things for us. They rather be fed from our hands than other other way. People were always coming to see them but they were very exclusive and knew only our family. They were very funny when we would tie a straw hat on Bill and a shaker on Eliza, immediately they would trot proudly off to make us laugh and run after them. Over fields and brooks we would fly and then all lie down together to rest. We felt very sad to give them up. Father presented them to Governor Packer of Pennsylvania for his beautiful private park. I always felt so sorry when I saw the beautiful herds of them that Eliza and Bill had ever been taken from their native haunts. To see them in such numbers and so beautiful seemed like a fairy tale come true. Fortunately the Fillmore family were all lovers of nature. Everything we saw here seemed to us the very desire of our hearts.

I recall our first visit to the Hutton and Alsop ranches. It was at the time of the summer round-up and such a sight as that was. I remember Mr. Edward Creighton of Omaha was one of our party. It was through him I believe that Mr. Hutton began the business of cattle raising. At that time the breed of cattle here was entirely Texas—their long, wide spreading horns were very threatening. They stood in groups curiously looking at us. I never felt comfortable near them. I expected them to start running at us. If they ever had it would have been good-bye to us.

The first visit to Mr. Hutton's ranch was wonderful but the next one was even more so for we found out what ranch life really was in those days. When Governor Campbell and his lovely Washington bride came they were taken out to visit Mr. Hutton's ranch. I was invited to be one of the party. I felt quite like an old timer—'sour dough' they call them in Alaska — showing Mrs. Campbell about the place. I remember she asked me a great many questions. I think I answered them all satisfactorily and felt quite puffed up with pride. Finally Mrs. Campbell said, "I wonder if we could have a glass of milk?" I said, "Oh, yes, of course." I found Mr. Hutton and asked him if we might have some milk and bread. I never will forget his astonished gaze when he said, "Milk? Why we never have milk or bread. We always have biscuit. Go and see if there are not some cold ones in the cupboard." We went on a voyage of discovery. All we found was half of an uncooked ham. We both exclaimed "Old Mother Hubbard." I asked Mr. Hutton why they never had milk with thousands of cows around. Surprised at me again he said, "We never have time to milk a cow. And besides the calves must have all the milk there is." There were a number of men standing and lying in the shade of the corrals. After a good dinner they were resting. The cooks were in the bunk house asleep. Mr. Hutton insisted upon calling them and having a dinner cooked for us but we would not hear to it. After that time we always took our own lunch basket with us for we learned the business of a ranch in those days was raising cattle and nothing else. Ranching was then in its infancy. Women were rarely seen about at all. Today, ranches have become lovely country homes—some of them almost luxurious.

Mr. Hutton was a peculiar man and a most unique and original one. He was as interesting to us children as Santa Claus. He and my father became very dear friends. His presence in our home was always hailed with delight. He was one of the very bright spots in our new life and was as unusual as the many other things we had met. He truly belonged to the Laramie Plains. He was a part of them. If his business ability had been half equal to his good humor and kindness of heart he might have been a great cattle king. I doubt if any man ever had a better opportunity. I shall never forget his merry laugh and twinkling blue eye or the splendid philosophy of his life which was enough to make him envied. It never seemed right to me that he died a poor man. Some one said to me in the early days that Charlie Hutton was his own enemy and the only one he had. I hope some one who knew him better than a young girl could write a sketch of his life. I know that he came out here from Iowa before the Union Pacific Railroad was built and was employed in building the Western Union Telegraph line.

Dr. Latham was also a most interesting character whom I recall of the early days. He was a tall, erect person and was the Union Pacific surgeon in charge of the hospital here. He was full of antedotes and a charming talker, a man of culture and education. He and his lovely wife helped us to be happy many times after the novelty of arriving was over. He too is a man who could be well written up. Years after he left here I met him in California. He was then managing Mrs. Hurst's large estate. Previous to that, after leaving here, he held some important educational commission in Japan.

We lived for some time at the Union Pa-

cific Hotel and enjoyed it very much for the proprietor, Mr. Philo Rumsey and his sons, Captain Henry Rumsey and James, or Jim as we called him, did everything possible to make us feel at home. We have always felt very grateful to them. Mr. Henry Rumsey's wife was a most charming woman, one I shall never forget. Edith, the sister of Henry and James, was near my own age, though much more sophisticated than I. My life had been spent in a quiet, Quaker town, and school. I had never been out in society and Edith, it seemed to me, had always been in society. She had quite a charm of manner and we were good chums. The other girls of my acquaintance in the early days were Alice Harper (Mrs. Robert Marsh) and her sister, Nellie (Mrs. John Gunster), Eva Owen (Mrs. Stephen Downey), and her sister Etta (Mrs. Roach), Hattie Andrews (Mrs. Phillips), Cora Andrews (Mrs. Brees), Ella Galbraith (Mrs. Charles Stone), and Minnie Arnold (Mrs. Eurgens), and Maggie Ivinson (Mrs. Crow). I also recall Nellie Hilton (Mrs. Locke). Her father was a physician, also a Methodist preacher.

One of my very early recollections is of two beautiful brides calling upon us, both gorgeously attired. Their distinct types interested me. Mrs. Donnellan was a handsome brunette and Mrs. Abbott a perfect blonde. I remember in detail just how they looked and fascinated me. They both became very dear friends of mine in later years.

One of the very interesting events of our first summer was seeing several trainloads of Chinamen pass through Laramie. They stopped long enough to cook their rice which took them an incredably short time. We watched them with great curiosity and interest. When the train stopped almost instantly the cooks jumped from different cars along the train with large kettles. They quickly built fires and boiled water into which they poured quantities of rice and it seemed no time until those kettles were filled to overflowing with large kernels of cooked rice. Then out of the cars came forth swarms of Chinamen all sizes, each with his bowl and chop-sticks. They were served with all they could eat and how quickly they did eat it! The chop-sticks played a tune, and how they all jabbered at once all the time. They soon began piling back into the cars and seemed like a swarm of bees. Finally all was quiet and the cooks cleaned out their kettles quickly and jumped onto the different cars from which they came out. Not a word had been spoken by those cooks that I could see. They attended strictly to business. The discipline of that occasion was truly marvelous. After they had gone I could hardly realize what I had seen. I felt as if the earth had turned over and I had seen China on top. Those people in their native dress with their large hats and hair in ques were too much for my imagination.

Those Chinamen were being taken to New England where they were going to work in shoe factories and the men in charge told us they had eaten only rice seasoned with salt, no sugar or butter or tea, from San Francisco to Laramie, and that their diet would be the same to the end of their journey in New England. Some time after this I met Ah Say, the agent and interpreter for the Chinamen employed on the Union Pacific Railroad. Ah Say was often in our home in consultation with my father. He was a gentleman, intelligent, and most interesting and spoke very good English. He was always bringing us presents of Chinese fruit and nuts and very often more costly and rare gifts. He came one day looking very happy and said he was soon to be married and wanted us to see his wife some time. He told me rather quietly that she was a little-footed woman. I suppose he did not want to boast too proudly of his great fortune so told only me about it. I always hoped we might see Mrs. Ah Say but it was never our good fortune. I believe they lived in Evanston upon their return from China, but my father had become a cattle man before their return. Chinese were not very long employed after that time but I know they served very faithfully and satisfactorily while they were permitted to stay.

We met many noted people in the summer of 1870. Most of them from New England who in some way were interested in the Union Pacific Railroad and were going over it to see whether it was a reality or a myth. I recall one party in particular which we were invited to join on a trip to Salt Lake City. My father and mother and I went with Colonel Hammond in his private car on that occasion. Colonel Hammond was an officer of the Union Pacific Railroad. Our party consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Hurd of Galesburg, Illinois, and Mr. and Mrs. Meade of Quincy, Illinois. We had a wonderful time, the whole trip particularly through Echo and Webber Canons was interesting to us all. When we arrived at Salt Lake City, Brigham Young gave a reception to the party and we were taken about the city in royal style. In the evening we attended the theater and saw Brigham Young come in with all his wives (it was said). I really think all nineteen were there. The husband looked perfectly composed and the wives not at all disconcerted. The play I forgot all about but the circumstances attending it I never can, they were too unique. I had always thought of Brigham Young as sort of a Bluebeard but after seeing his kindly face and pleasant smile concluded that he was just trying to be another King Solomon. I have made many trips to Salt Lake City since but the thrill of the first visit has never been eclipsed.

Laramie was a queer looking place in the early days, no trees or flowers, but one thing it did have that was most attractive was clear, running water along either side of the streets much like the beautiful brooks at home. On a quiet night one could hear their merry ripple. Most people used the water from them for ordinary purposes but for drinking we had water brought from the river which was quite expensive. People often sank barrels in the ditches and so had a quantity to dip from but those barrels were very treacherous on a dark night, one was liable to step

ıto them. My sister-in-law, in getting out f a carriage one night very agilely jumped ight into one. The worst of it was she had n a beautiful new gown her mother had ent her from Philadelphia. She was a sorry ight when we got her out, and her new own completely ruined. I often got my eet wet stepping into the ditches but never ot into a barrel. There were no sidewalks o guide one and the ditches were level with he streets so it was quite a feat to keep out f the water. I often wonder now how ıothers ever kept their children out of those ttractive ditches for there were no fences round the shacks of houses people lived in.

The houses had tent backs and pretentious rame fronts, something like the ones I heard Bishop Robert McIntyre describe as houses vith Queen Anne fronts and Mary Anne acks. They were certainly unique and ineresting.

The second week after our arrival I met Mr. F. L. Arnold, the Presbyterian minister. He called to know if I would play the organ or him the next day. He was to hold serices at the school house which was the neeting place alternate Sundays for the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. I aid no, I'd rather not. I was such a stranger e'd better find some one else, and he very itifully said, "My dear child, there is no ne else to find, for there is no one here who vill play for me." My dear father was presnt and said, "Yes, she will play for you. She must do her part in this new country nd that is one thing she can do." So I nustered up courage like a dutiful child and lid my part. I finally ended by playing at ll the services of each denomination that I ıave mentioned. They also had a union Sunday School for which I sang and played or I always had to do both. When the different churches were built I played at the ledication of each one. Mr. Arnold became ne of the dearest friends of my life and my nemory of him is most sacred. One Sunlay after church he asked me to go with ıim to sing at Fiddler Bill's funeral. We tarted off, he with his Bible and I with my Hymn Book. We went to a little shack lirty and miserable in every way. The house vas crowded to overflowing with the flotsam and jetsam of the town. I had never seen or heard of such looking people both nen and women, blear eyed and sodden. Mr. Arnold stood just outside the door and made beautiful talk to those poor people. I sat outside on a sawbuck with a board laid across it and sang several times, too often ut Mr. Arnold said afterwards he thought he singing would do them more good than what he could say. I recall how miserably I felt because I was too dressed up. I apologized to Mr. Arnold for being so unsuitably dressed. (No doubt my sub-conscious mind had suggested sack cloth and ashes for that occasion.) Mr. Arnold and I had many experiences similar to that one ut none that ever impressed me more seriously.

Mr. D. J. Pearce, the Baptist minister, came later in June. Mr. Pearce was a remarkable man, most industrious and earnest. He soon built a church on the site of the present attractive one and opened a school in the basement. He called his school Wyoming University. He was ably assisted in his work by his young wife and their school was a great credit to Laramie. I was a member of their Latin class, Mr. C. P. Arnold was also a member. If there were others I do not now recall them. Mr. Pearce was a man of vision. He told me our beautiful University of Wyoming of which our state is so justly proud would stand just where it does. There was a cemetery there then. I said, "Impossible, Mr. Pearce. It is Laramie's cemetery." He replied, "You will live to see that moved farther up the hill." So I have. I often wish Mr. Pearce could have lived to see our present University and be able to dream with us its great future.

Mr. Brooks, the Methodist minister, soon came and took charge of the Methodist services. He was a young unmarried man, wonderfully active and insisted upon very ambitious music. Since I was the only person so far who could or would play and sing it was rather hard on me. I never can understand why the people in Laramie would not sing in those days. I often shed tears over it. I believe people finally felt sorry for me for they did find their voices and helped me all they could.

Right here I wish to subscribe a tribute to a Mr. Crancall. He was a painter and a hard working man but when he could he always came and helped me at the Sunday services. He had a good voice and quite an understanding of music.

I remember Chaplain McCabe sang at the dedication of the Methodist Church. I assisted him. He had a wonderful voice and rejoiced my heart for he was the first singer I had heard since coming to Laramie. I think Bishop McCabe preached the dedicatory sermon. I am not quite sure about this, any way I heard him preach in the new church and recall his powerful sermon and wonderful stories. I also heard Bishop Joyce in the old Methodist church. He was one of the most saintly looking men I have ever seen, also I think the most powerful preacher I have ever heard. Methodist bishops have always impressed me as being great preachers.

Rev. Joseph Cornell of the Episcopal church was here when we came and the church built. My father often wrote us how he was helping to dance the roof on the new Episcopal church. Not being a dancing man we always laughed about his help. But our dear friend Mrs. Ivinson told me that she had gotten father to take a few steps. Now we have the beautiful Cathedral standing near the site of the little old church of the early days.

The Catholic church was also built when we came and is the only one so far that has not been rebuilt. Father Cusson was in charge of it. He was a Frenchman and a man the whole town respected and loved. Laramie was a good town and striving upward all the time. The churches and the schools showed their influence.

Mr. Harrington was the principal of the public school; and my father was a member of the School Board. The building has been transformed into Root's Opera House and stands on the same site where it was erected. I think in some way it should always be kept as a memorial to the early work it was privileged to begin.

It is true there was still many saloons and gambling places left in Laramie. It was a common thing to hear some one call out loudly something about a key. It seemed to me sometimes like a song a man was singing inside the building but I soon learned it was a game they played called Keno. But those days did not last long. Public sentiment required at least more quiet in the places that were onse so open and noisy.

The terrible days of lynching were past though I'm sorry to say two cases have occurred since that time that I remember, but the early cases were before our time.

The first large party of my life was one given by Mr. and Mrs. Ivinson shortly after our arrival. It was a great event to me and I recall it as a very beautiful one. I have attended a great many parties given by these same dear friends in the past fifty-three years in more spacious and costly surroundings but none more beautiful to me than that first one in 1870 when they lived over and back of their store. After all it is what we put into our hospitality of our very selves that seems to count most. My mother became somewhat reconciled to her exile in Laramie and gave the second large party of my remembrance in honor of my brother and his bride.

There were plenty of social affairs. It kept one quite busy attending them. I recall a reception given by the young men of Laramie in honor of Governor Campbell and his bride which could not have been outdone by any one anywhere. Those young men were wonders particularly when they gave parties. Colonel Downey, Colonel Donnellan, Mr. Ora Haley, Mr. Charles Wagner, and Judge Brown were the moving spirits. Social life in Laramie as I knew it was of high and lofty character in those early days and my remembrances of it all are most delightful and happy.

In August of 1870 my father decided that we had better remain a year at least and occpuy a new house the Railroad Company had built for him if he desired it, or in other words could persuade his family to remain. The house was a commodious one painted white. It is still standing where it was built on the north side of Fremont and Second street.

When we were finally settled in our house we were very comfortable and most of us happy. I wanted a piano very much. The story of how I got it is to me very interesting and I think worth relating. A merchant in Laramie saw an advertisement in a New York paper of what he thought were toy pianos selling at nine dollars and seventy-five cents. He (good friend of mine) sent for two to be sent immediately by express. The firm sent one but advised having the other one shipped by freight. The one that came by express instead of being nine dollars and seventy-five cents was nine hundred and seventy-five dollars with express charges. My father bought the instrument for seven hundred dollars. I knew nothing about it until one day I came home from a visit I had been sent to make and found a beautiful piano in our home. My joy knew no bounds, it was to me almost a miracle.

When Mr. Sidney Dillon who was an old friend of my father's became president of the Union Pacific Railroad he persuaded father to come with him and help him in some plans he had for the reconstruction of the road. Father had suffered a serious breakdown in health during the Civil War and a change had been recommended for him by our dear old family physician, Dr. Reeves Jackson, (who by the way is the Doctor Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad" writes of so humorously) so he with Mr. Dillon recommended the high mountain country as the very best possible change that could be made. Father liked the idea of going west so in a very short time he was off for what became his abiding place for several years.

Here he regained his health and was very happy particularly after he became the owner of a ranch and cattle. Mr. J. J. Albright, an old time friend of father's from Scranton, Pennsylvania, became his partner in the cattle business. Mr. Harry Albright, his son, came out with his charming family to assist father. Together they had a very successful and pleasant experience, but the cold winters and exposure told on father's health again and he was obliged to seek the more congenial climate of California.

If this simple story of mine will interest the readers of the Historical Bulletin I am very happy in having told it for them as well as for my grandchildren, for whom it was originally intended.

IN RETROSPECT

I came to Cheyenne in November, 1873. My health was very poor and my mother had to take me out of school and our family physician said, I had to be sent to another climate and mother said, the only place she could send me, was Cheyenne, Wyoming; as she had a sister living there. Cheyenne was then a town of two or three thousand inhabitants and it was called the "Magic City of the Plains," as it was started in the summer of 1867 and my Uncle M. E. Post came then, with the Union Pacific Railroad and my Aunt Mrs. Post came in the spring of 1868. A house was built and ready for her to go into, where the Stockgrowers Bank now stands, on 17th and Hill streets, now Capitol Avenue. Mr. Post had a book store when I first came and later on was in the sheep and banking business and was delegate to Congress from 1881 to 1885. He now lives in Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Post was prominent in the work of the city and when the Second Legislature assembled, December, 1871, she and my mother, Mrs. A. P. Kilborune, who was visiting here at that time went to Governor Campbell (first gov-

ernor of Wyoming Territory) and asked him to veto the bill, for the repeal of Woman Suffrage, which came up at that time and he did so and we have had Woman Suffrage since 1869. We are the first Territory and State to have Universal Suffrage, in the United States or perhaps in the world. Cheyenne was a gay little town, when I came here and I enjoyed it very much. We used to have our best parties in the Railroad House, that burned down in 1885 I think it was. I do not remember what we wore in those days, only in one case. In 1876, we had a party in the Railroad House, (I think it was) and Lulu David (now Mrs. J. M. Carey) had just come here and she wore a black silk skirt, trimmed with white tarlatan flounces and a white satin waist, a little low necked and elbow sleeves and I also wore a black silk skirt, trimmed with yellow tarlatan flounces and a yellow satin waist, a little low-necked and elbow sleeves. I do not think we wore hoop skirts or bustles at that time as we did in 1873 and 1874. The styles in skirts in 1876 were getting to be very close, especially about the hips, a pull back, as they were called later on.

The Pleasant Hours Club, was always held, in the Recreation Hall, that stood on the corner of 18th and Eddy Street (now Pioneer) and on the other corner, where the Federal building now stands, 18th and Ferguson (now Carey) was the old Episcopal Church and Rectory. We did roller skating in Recreation Hall, as well as dancing. In the fall of 1875, my cousin Birdie Parker (now Mrs. Wastell) of Port Huron, Michigan, came to visit our Aunt Mrs. Post in Cheyenne. So we were together for a year and had such good times. The Inter-Ocean Hotel was opened with a dance the summer of 1875. It was on the corner of 16th and Hill Streets (now Capitol and where Harry Hynd's block now stands.)

We had only one school, when I came here, the old part of what now is called the Central school. Some of the older people are still here, that were here in 1873. Among those I remember are Judge J. M. Carey, Senator F. E. Warren, Mrs. Henry Conway, Mrs. H. V. Glafcke, Mrs. H. H. Ellis, Mrs. Wm. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Durbin, Mrs. Helpenstine, Mrs. Alice Bainum, Mrs. Ketchem, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Underwood, Larry Bresnahan and Timothy Dyer. There was only one tree, when I came here and that was in front of H. V. Glafcke's residence, corner of 17th and Dodge Street (now Warren) and where Senator Warren lived for so many years but the house was built by H. V. Glafcke. My health became much better in this higher altitude and I stayed here until December, 1876, when I went back to Lexington, Michigan, where I was born. In the meantime I became engaged to Mr. A. J. Parshall. He came to Cheyenne from Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1872. He was a graduate of the University of Michigan in Civil Engineering and went into the Surveyor General's office as draftsman and later on a Chief Clerk, under Dr. Silas A. Reed but after E. C. David became Surveyor General, in 1876 Mr. Parshall lost his position and went to Custer City, Dakota Territory, during the gold excitement and later on to Deadwood, D. T., where he was in the First National Bank as Collector and afterwards, as Assistant Cashier.

Mother and I came to Cheyenne, the first of December, 1879, and Mr. Parshall and I were married December 17th, 1879, in the old Congregational Church, on the same site where it now stands, by Rev. C. M. Sanders. Miss Rosepha Pratt and Mr. John Harrington were bridesmaid and groomsman. We had a reception at Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Post's of seventy-five guests, at eight o'clock in the evening. Champagne flowed freely, with other appetizing refreshments. We stayed in Cheyenne, until the afternoon of the 19th, when we took the train for Sidney, Nebraska, to take the stage the next morning for Deadwood, Dakota Territory, where we were to live. The evening we were married, it was beautiful and a lovely moon but when we started from Sidney, on the 20th, it was cold and cloudy and that night, it was 20 degrees below zero and kept that cold the entire trip. We reached Deadwood Christmas eve. We traveled daytimes and part of the nights, when the moon was up and we slept in barns or anywhere we happened to be, as we took blankets and pillows. It was a terribly cold trip and we were in luck, to get through alive. In May, 1882, I thought I would go back to Michigan to visit my mother, who was there then and other relatives. My daughter (now Mrs. C. J. Ohnhaus) being a baby it was a very hard trip. There were two men in the stage with me and not knowing any better, I said I had only paid my fare to Sidney, Nebraska. I had on my diamond engagement ring and a watch with a long gold chain around my neck. We got to Rapid City, Dakota Territory, for supper and these two men disappeared and so there was no one in the stage with me when we left. When we had been on our way about one hour and it was quite dark some men cried "halt" and the driver being new to his business (as the stages had been held up quite often by road agents and they always halted when told to) went on and then they shot twice, one bullet going through the stage and the other through a man's hat that sat with the driver but we got away and so I saved my ring, watch and $100.00 in money. I have always thought that it was those two men that were in the stage with me when we started.

When we got to Sidney, Nebraska, after three days and two nights on the road we pulled up at the hotel where the stage always stopped and being dead tired I had my supper and went right to bed. I was awakened in the night by a man drinking out of my pitcher but I was in such a tired state that I must have fallen asleep again for when I looked up he was standing right over me and then I jumped right over the foot-board and left my daughter in bed and went down to the office, where a man (likely the clerk) was sleeping and told him there was a man in my room and no keys to the doors, as there were two doors, one opening into an-

other room (think the man came out of that room) I told the clerk, he would have to bring his bed upstairs and sleep outside my door, which he did. The next morning, I took the train for Michigan. My return trip to Deadwood was uneventful.

We came to Cheyenne to live in May, 1883. Mr. Parshall had accepted a position in the Banking House of Stebbins Post and Company as assistant cashier and afterwards became cashier. After the bank's failure in October, 1887, my husband and F. E. Warren were appointed assignees for the estate and when that was settled up, Mr. Parshall had a great many offices, the last one being State Engineer under Governor J. M. Carey. Mr. Parshall discovered the Pathfinder Dam site and the site for the present water system of Cheyenne. He was also a prominent Mason and as Knights Templar, was at one time Grand Commander of the State and at his death was Grand Recorder and had been for many years. He was also a 32 degree Mason and a Shriner and was buried with Knight Templar honors.

We lived in different places the first year and in 1884 we took one of "Maple Terraces," the one next to the Presbyterian Church, on 18th street. They were just completed and were occupied by very nice people. We paid $55.00 per month, which was a great price in those days. We stayed there until July, 1887, when we built the house, I now occupy, 2102 Warren avenue. My husband passed away in November, 1919. I have seen a great many changes in all these years, as Cheyenne has grown to be quite a city.

ANNIE K. PARSHALL.

Marfa, Texas, October 8th, 1923.

The State Historian,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Madam:—

My friend, E. A. Brininstool of Los Angeles, has sent me a little circular issued by your society, containing an article by Phillip Ashton Rollins, in which he scores the film companies for libeling the old pioneer by screen portrayals which do not at all convey to the public the "real articles." As an old timer of the Texas Frontier, and an ex-Texas Ranger of six years' service, and having passed through the pioneer stage, and engaged in many battles with wild Indians and still wilder white men, I hasten to endorse every word Mr. Rollins says. The film companies are daily giving to the public alleged truthful accounts of the pioneer times which come very very far from a true representation of what the real Western pioneer was like. Having been a cowboy in my younger days here in the Lone Star State, and knowing range life in its every form, I must say that the real, old time cowpuncher came very far from being the rowdy, tough, killer and all around "bad man" which the screen people would have us idolize, and it is a shame and a disgrace to the American people tha tthese screen representations of cowboy life do not come at least somewhere near the truth.

I do not believe there ever was in any section of the country a more chivalrous, knightly and gentlemanly set of men than the average old time cowboy was. True, he was sometimes inclined to be a bit hilarious when he struck a town, but who can blame him for wanting to "let off steam" a little after the long, weary, dreary weeks on the cattle trail, with little rest, nothing to break the monotony and all sorts of weather to contend with? But in spite of that, the cowboy was never known to insult a lady, and any old pioneer woman who has lived the frontier life will tell you that she would rather trust her own daughter in the company of any of her husband's cowboys than with other men who lived in cities and went under the name of "gentleman."

The pioneer was not "out for gore." He did not carry a rifle and six shooter from choice, but from necessity. He was out to assist in civilizing a new country, and only too glad for the day to arrive when he could let the rifle rust in the brackets and follow the plow and turn furrows which would bring the golden grain into his storehouse.

If the history of the West is to be left to these film folks to portray to the rising generations, they will certainly "make a mess of it." Let these screen stars first read and study the lives of the men who made the West before they picture them in the false light which they are now doing.

As an old timer, plainsman, and a Western man who has passed practically all my life on the frontier, I would like to hear from other men as to what their opinion is of these so-called "Western pictures," and how close to the truth they think the 1923 cowpuncher—God help him!—comes to picturing the West that was. Let's help "put the kibosh" on all this Western slush which depicts us old-timers as being nothing but gunfighters and ready to "have a man for breakfast every morning."

Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. B. GILLETT.

Los Angeles, California.
October 18th, 1923.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard, State Historian,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Madam:

I have received from your society a small pamphlet called "Quarterly Bulletin," wherein is printed a letter from Phillip Ashton Rollins in which he denounces—and rightly—the moving picture companies for their swash-buckling presentations of the old pioneer.

It is high time something was done about this base libel on the old pioneer. There is now being shown in various cities of the U. S. a film depicting alleged truthful representation of the pioneer days, which, the company says is "historically correct." In this film is a character supposed to represent Jim Bridger, the grandest old plainsman that ever wore a moccasin or followed a trail. This film depicts Bridger as a drunken, dissolute, worthless, sodden old bum of the worst sort, who can do nothing—nor even collect his thoughts—unless he first gets

away with about a gallon of whisky. It is an outrageous libel on the character of this grand old pioneer and plainsman, and the historians of the country, as well as all lovers of HISTORICALLY CORRECT features of the West, should denounce this film in no small terms. Jim Bridger doubtless liked his liquor in a moderate degree, like many old plainsmen of his day, but he was far from being a whiskey-soaked old bum such as this film depicts him. Further, he is represented as having three Indian wives at the same time. This is also an infamous libel, as Bridger never had but one wife at a time. He married into three different Indian tribes, but he never had more than one wife at a time. All his children were given good educations at St. Louis convents.

In this film which is alleged to be so "historically correct," are many scenes which are impossible—so many old timers who are in a position to know have told me. For instance, the corraling of a long wagon train at night in the (supposedly) Indian country, way down at the bottom of a blind canyon, surrounded on all sides by towering cliffs, from which vantage point Indians attack the train, shooting down upon the defenseless "pioneers" who are completely at their mercy. I do not believe that any old wagon train captain ever would corral a train in any such idiotic position in the Indian country, when high ground would be the proper place for him to seek if expecting to be attacked by Indians. At no point in this film are any guards stationed to prevent a night surprise, but the emigrants nightly gather around huge bonfires and sing, dance and have a high old time—a likely situation in an Indian country!

The attack on the wagon tram does not seem to me to be correctly presented. Did any old timer ever see or hear of Indians making an attack on a wagon train by trying to conceal themselves behind brush held before them as they advance to the attack? I put this in the form of a question. In the part where Jim Bridger is supposed to be shown, the film company ring in the old story about Mike Fink the old trapper who developed a fondness for shooting a cup of whisky off the head of his trapper friend, portraying this as if Bridger did it in a drunken carousal. This incident is related in detail in Chittenden's "History of the American Fur Trade," from which columns the film company doubtless got this story. Bridger never did this foolish stunt, in spite of the attempt of the film people to make the American public believe that he did.

There are a great many other features in this film which are a long ways from being "historically correct," if what men tell me who have "been there" can be relied upon. Many old pioneers who have seen it were greatly disgusted with it from that point of view.

But this libel on the character of Jim Bridger should be resented by those who are familiar with Bridger's life history. A man on whom the United States Government depended as a guide and scout for many of its most important military expeditions; who was looked up to and highly respected by every old time military officer and army man; whose word was absolute on what he knew and did not know, and who was respected and looked up to with almost reverence by the Indians themselves—surely, no drunken sodden old whisky-drinker could rise to this important position nor gain such wide popularity and renown! No plainsman was held in higher esteem by his associates than old Jim Bridger, the king, the dean of all pioneer plainsmen, scouts, trappers and guides.

Let us hear from others on this matter.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) E. A. BRININSTOOL.

Columbus, Ind., June 21, 1898.

Dear Sir:

Thought would write few lines about Casper City Wyo. 1866 I helped to build Fort Casper, Wyoming A. Co. 18 U. S. Infantry and now Casper has a railroad 1866 the soldiers thought never would be a town build many Indians around their them days we cut timber in Casper mountains log trains were guarded by soldiers keep Indians from taking log trains. we marched from Fort Leavenwort Kd. 1865 to Wyoming would like a picture of Casper City been also at Forts Fetterman, Reno, Philip Kearny northern Wyoming a great deal hardships away back lost part of 18 U. S. Infantry Dec 1866 massacre Ft. Philip Kearney Wyoming I run across a Casper Wyo paper here seen your name being first settler of Casper would like to see Wyo if money was more plentiful get pay for army disability not enough to make trip will send stamp for reply maybe a copy of paper how largs is Casper 1866 about railroad running west of Casper in 1866 was a lonesome place hope for reply about population and oil wells Just got back from Ohio,

Yours truly,

ERNEST POPE,

18 U. S. Infantry.

At Fort Casper, Wyo., 1866.

TAKEN FROM DENVER ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERALD

November 8, 1879. The sixth Legislative Assembly Wyoming was convened at Cheyenne on the 4th. N. F. Myrick was elected speaker of the House and Henry Garbaniti president of the Senate.

November 15th, 1879. The 67ers of Cheyenne have formed a society. The Wyoming Legislature has passed a memorial requesting President Hayes to appoint W. W. Corlett Chief Justice of that Territory.

CORRECTION

Page seven, column two of September 1923 Bulletin, Dodge Home should read Dodge House.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT OF FORT FETTERMAN, WYOMING

December 23rd, 1875

	Sundries	To Mdse.			72.35
358	James Fielding	Dks & Cig	1.75		
"		Lemon Extract	.50		
"		2 lbs. Raisins	1.00		
"		2 lbs. Currants	.50		
"		10 lbs. Apples	2.00		
"		4 Bottles Ale	4.00		
"		1 Qt. Brandy	2.00		
"		½ lb. Citron	.40	12.15	
47	M. Lynch	9 drinks	2.25		
"		1 can F Oysters	1.00	3.25	
27	Dr. Gibson	1 lb. candy	.50		
"		Toy Face	.25	.75	
56	Dan Griffin (order by Fielding)	100 lbs. flour	7.50		
"		5 lbs. coffee	2.00		
"		8 lbs. sugar G. C.	2.00		
"		1 lb. Tea	2.00		
"		2 lbs. Currants	.50		
"		1 pr Boots	7.00		
"		4 boxes dope	1.60		
"		Postage Stamps	.10	22.70	
359	Mrs. McFarland	4 lbs. Candy	2.00		
"		4 lbs. Currants	1.00	3.00	
58	Jas. Campbell	Drinks		2.75	
59	D. K. Lord	Tobacco	5.00		
"		25 lbs. Beans	6.25		
"		14 lbs. Sugar	3.50		
"		2 sacks Salt	1.00		
"		Pepper	.25		
"		Tobacco	1.25		
"		Sugar	1.00		
"		Coffee	1.00		
"		Syrup	4.00		
"		Matches	.25	23.50	
359	Co. I 4th Inf.	3 lbs. Raisins	1.50		
"		3 lbs. Currants	.75	2.25	
34	W. E. Hathaway	Dks & Cigars		.75	
45	Major Ferris	1 face C oil		1.00	
24	C. Larson	Drk		.25	
"				72.35	72.35

SURVEY 1923

The present State Historian entered upon the duties of the Department May 1, 1923, and in the following July, Volume 1, Number 1, of the Historical Quarterly was issued. It is designed to make this publication a permanent feature of the Department. At present the work of organizing Historical Societies is going on throughout the State as set forth in the following Constitution:

ORGANIZATION OF STATE AND LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

The following Constitution and By-Laws have been drawn up by the State Historian and approved by the State Historical Board (See Session Laws 1921, Chapter 96, Section 7).

Constitution

ARTICLE I

Name

This society shall be known as the Wyoming State Historical Society.

ARTICLE II

Object

The object of this society shall be to collect all possible data on the early settlements, explorations, Indian occupancy and Overland travel in Wyoming and adjacent States. To procure from pioneers the narrative of their pioneer life in Wyoming; of the progress and development, natural resources, industries and growth of settlements. To procure the history of military forts and camps in Wyoming and adjacent States; and to disseminate historical information through the publications of the society.

ARTICLE III

Membership

Membership in the Wyoming State Historical Society shall be three classes, namely:

Active Annual,
Life,
Contributing.

ARTICLE IV

Dues

Active Annual—$1.00 per year.
Life—$50.00 paid at one time, entitles the
mbers to all privileges of Active Annual,
hout further dues.
Contributing—Newspapers and periodicals
t furnish their publications for one year
ll receive all the publications of the so-
ty without any dues during the time of
ntribution.
The payment of dues in advance entitles
members to receive all the publications
the Society, and there shall be no further
essments.

ARTICLE V

Local Historical Societies

Local Historical Societies shall be organ-
d in each county—as a branch of the State
ganization—but such societies will have
ir own Constitution and By-Laws and
vide for their own officers.

ARTICLE VI

Government

The Advisory Board and the State His-
ian shall be the governing board of this
ciety for the year of 1924.

By-Laws

ARTICLE I

Office

The office of the State Historical Society
ll be the office of the State Historian in
Capitol Building at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

ARTICLE II

Amendments

At the expiration of one year this Consti-
ion and the By-Laws shall be amended
revised.

Local Pioneer Societies throughout the
te are re-organizing and new societies are
ng formed. The State Historian takes
s opportunity to thank the pioneers of this
te and others for their interest in, and
ir co-operation with this Department of
State. Many fine manuscripts have been
ntributed and a few letters of great his-
ic value, as well as books on the early
tory of the West in general and Wyo-
ng in particular.

Accessions

MUSEUM

From January 1, 1923, to April 30, 1923

Mr. W. F. Hooker, map of Pioneer Way,
ture of "Three Old Plainsmen."

Mr. J. D. Woodruff, picture of first dwell-
house in Big Horn Basin.

Mr. H. P. Haslam, two pictures.

Mr. Albert Ekdall, fire department certifi-
e.

Mr. F. J. Wilder, old newspapers dated
56.

Mr. I. S. Bartlett, autograph manuscript, two miscellaneous papers.

Dr. T. G. Maghee, five photographs and description of surgical operation performed in 1886 by Dr. Maghee.

Mr. J. C. Thompsno, Jr., photographs of women officials of Jackson, Wyoming.

Mr. F. Gleason, three pictures.

Senator and Mrs. Kendrick, two pictures (portraits of selves).

Mr. Gautschi, Spanish Diggins (Collections from).

Mr. A. S. Roach, Colt revolver (taken from Carlisle, train robber).

Mr. A. H. Cox, compass (taken from air plane wrecked in Cheyenne).

Mr. John H. Gordon, badge and medals.

Mr. Henry Matt, hunting and skinning knife.

Mrs. Park Smith, Indian relics.

Mr. James A. Merna, 32 calibre pistol.

Mr. William Dubois, picture of Robert Morris.

Mr. Frank DeCastro, photo of F. A. Watt, driver of stage coach in 1878-79.

MUSEUM

From May 1, 1923, to December 31, 1923

Miss Minta Anderson, fossil shells from near LaBarge, Wyoming.

Mr. W. P. Ames, Indian axe (stone), root of tree.

Mr. Mark Chapman, Colt revlover manufactured in 1850.

Mr. B. B. David, fluting iron and tongs (from Guiterman estate).

Mrs. Thomas Gordon, butter print bearing date of 1807.

William Hartzell, knife made from bullets used in World War.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Wyman, colonial foot-warmer more than 100 years old, one bob-cat, one Swan killed on Sloan lake 1880, three small birds.

Mr. Ed. Myers, arrow heads, collection from Spanish Diggings (photo views).

Mr. Vance Lucas, cocoanut in shell, pieces of Indian pottery Florida).

State Labor Commissioner Frank Clark, envelope from first air-mail service.

Mr. Andy Stewart, hunting knife, old watch and key (loaned).

Mr. Al Heaton, carved briar pipe (1861), made from briar on James river, Virginia.

Unknown, peasant necklace, brass harness disk, velvet bag, shoe buckle, chain for spur, all over one hundred years old.

George Clark, three one-cent pieces of United States money dated 1853, two English six pence, 1883 (loaned).

Mr. D. G. Thomas, pictures of documents of 1824.

Mrs. Ella Walters, pictures on Names Hill, Wyoming.

Mr. Ernest Logan, picture of Colonel Torrey.

Mrs. G. W. Plummer, picture of first train into Encampment, Wyoming.

Unknown, two pictures of three men.

Mr. Luther Freeman, picture of Ft. Phil Kearney, 1866, garrisoned by 18th infantry, picture of Ft. Laramie, 1885, garrisoned by 7th infantry, General John J. Gibbon, commanding.

Secretary of State F. E. Lucas, picture of ex-President Harding, picture of Red Angus.

Mr. A. J. Gereke, two early pictures of State Capitol Building.

Mr. L. G. Cristobal, 104 official pictures of air planes, air fields, etc. (loaned).

Mr. John Mathes, two ox shoes picked up on '49 trail, greenbacks, 3, 5 and 50 cents used during the Civil War.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT: BOOKS

From May 1, 1923, to December 31, 1923

Mr. E. L. C. Schneider, an account book of Ft. Fetterman, 1875.

Mrs. J. C. Van Dyke, two volumes Teepee Books.

Mrs. Louella Moore, nine old Brand Books.

Mr. Phillip A. Rollins, Trail Drivers of Texas, two volumes.

Captain A. H. Cook, Fifty Years on the Old Frontier.

Mrs. H. R. Wharton, Iowa Official Register, 1923-24.

Rev. J. C. Blackman, Walker's Dictionary (3rd edition), 1807, Daboll's Schoolmaster's Assistant, 1824.

Captain H. B. Cassidy, Historical Register and Dictionary of U. S. Army, 1789-1903, Vol. 2 (Heitman).

Mr. Ernest Logan, Hands Up.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Who's Who in America, Vol. 4 (1906-1907).

Purchased by Historical Department:

Journal of John Work.

Sitting Bull (Life of).

First Transcontinental Railroad.

Indian Wars.

Exploration of Colorado River.

PAMPHLETS

Mr. Norman King, Report for 1923 of the C. M. T. C.

Dr. Hebard, Bozeman Trail (poem by Lillian L. Van Burgh).

E. Richard Shipp, Rangeland Melodies.

Miss Alice Smith, Stockmen's Letters.

Mr. H. E. Crain, Stockmen's Letters.

Mr. Ernest Logan, seven pamphlets, reports, etc.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard, John Marshall.

Mr. B. B. David, 55 pamphlets, programs, manuscripts, etc., from Guiterman estate.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

Bishop McGovern.

E. Richard Shipp.

Roy C. Smith.

Mr. J. H. Gordon.

Mrs. A. J. Parshall.

Mrs. M. C. Brown.

Mr. Clarence Holden.

Mrs. Bessie Kirkpatrick.

D. G. Thomas.

Several letters.

MISCELLANEOUS

McMurty Paint Company, by J. J. Meltz, two plate glass desk tops.

Dr. G. R. Hebard, programs, clippings, etc.

Mr. Frank Lusk, four statehood papers.

Mr. Ed. Myers, one old paper.

Mr. Thomas Durbin, poll book, special election in city of Cheyenne, 2nd Ward precinct, March 17, 1885, to elect mayor caused by resignation of F. E. Warren.

Poll book, 3rd Ward precinct, city of Cheyenne, Jan. 11, 1887.

High School commencement program, 1881.

Johnson County Historical Society, copy for use of the papers of their Historical Society.

NECROLOGY

Men and women whose fine character and outstanding personality have made for the history and progress of our State have during the year 1923 "crossed the bar." Prominent among these pioneers, all who came previous to 1880 appears the names:

Mrs. Almeda Castle, 1867.

Miss Margaret Whitebread, 1867.

Ben O'Connel, early '70.

Tim Kinney, 1870.

William Hildreth, oldest Elk in World.

Mrs. Wm. Guiterman, 1870.

Andy Ryan, 1867.

Albert Andrews, 1870.

Seth K. Sharpless, 1868.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, born near Rawlins, March 12th, 1843.

John Luman, 1859.

Mrs. Agnes Tait, 1876.

Miss Mae Douglas, 1872.

Wm. T. Schaffer, 1873.

Robert McQueen, 1876.

Angus J. McDonald, 1868.

William A. Mills, 1869.

Mrs. Janet Smith, 1861.

In September, 1923, there passed away in Washington, D. C., Mrs. J. A. Campbell, widow of the first territorial governor of Wyoming. Mrs. Campbell was blessed with a very large circle of friends both in public and private life. Wyoming mourns the loss of this splendid woman.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Vol. 1 Cheyenne, April 15, 1924 No. 4

REMINISCENCES OF OLD FORT WASHAKIE

By Col. Homer W. Wheeler, U. S. A.
(Retired)
Author of "The Frontier Trail"

I was stationed at Fort Washakie in 1878-9-80. The post was located on the Little Wind River, Shoshone Reservation, 160 miles from the railroad. I remained there until June, 1880. In 1869, Camp Auger, a subpost of Ft. Bridger, was established on the present site of Lander. Subsequently it was made a separate post and named Camp Brown. It was deemed advisable to relocate the post on Little Wind river, Shoshone reservation, later named Fort Washakie for Chief Washakie. The nearest railroad point was Green River.

While stationed there I was the quartermaster, commissary, ordnance officer, post treasury officer and in command of my troop part of the time. I partially rebuilt the post, erecting a large storehouse, guardhouse, stables and an administration building, which included an officers' club room—which the enlisted men could also enjoy—bowling alley and a chapel, which was provided with a stage for amusements. Most of this work was done by soldier labor. The men went into the mountains and felled the trees and hauled the logs to the sawmill, which was provided with a planing and shingle mill. I employed a citizen sawyer and a carpenter. These were all the civilians employed, save the blacksmith and a few teamsters.

While I was stationed at Fort Washakie I purchased and set out a hundred trees around the parade ground. This tree transaction was not looked upon by the Government in a kindly spirit, and I was directed "not to do it again." I obeyed, but just the same I got the trees. Today they have grown to be immense fine trees, and doubtless if some one went to work and cut them down, there would be as big a hullabaloo raised as there was when I set them out.

The Shoshone Agency was only a short distance from the post. This tribe numbered about 2,000 souls. There were about 1,200 Arapahoes on this reservation. They came from the Red Cloud agency, Nebraska, after the celebrated winter campaign against Sitting Bull in 1876-77.

Strictly speaking, the reservation belonged only to the Shoshones. Their head chief was Washakie, a man with a keen mind, and a loyal friend of the Government. The Shoshones consented that the Arapahoes should live on their reservation, at the request of the Indian Department.

I took great interest in these Indians. They called me "the little chief with the scar on his face." While at the post I installed the first irrigation ditch for the Arapahoes. While I was in the Philippines, Gen. Jesse M. Lee told me that the Indians had informed him (when he was at Fort Washakie investigating some of the Indian grievances) that I was the one who surveyed and showed them how to make the ditch. This was their first attempt at farming, and if the Government had taken the same interest in these Indians as I did, they would now be self-sustaining, instead of wards.

One of my duties was the inspection of all the fresh beef and cattle which were issued. This issue took place every Saturday morning, at which time I went over to the agency, superintended the weighing of the meat issued, and had to certify to the weight and see that it was up to the standard which the contract demanded. This certificate was sent to the Indian Department at Washington. I inspected and received for these Indians upwards of 3,000 head of stock cattle, which was divided among the various families.

While I was riding around the reservation one day I happened to pass by a thicket. I observed an Indian therein branding two or three calves. I asked him what he was doing there. Pointing to the brand he laughingly answered, "Oh, me branding calf, all same white man." It looked to me very much as if he were branding mavericks. There were several large herds grazing on the reservation at that time.

While I was at Fort Washakie I took the Indian sweat baths just as the Indians did. The sweat house was a small bower, built by sticking the ends of sharpened willow branches in the ground, bending them over and throwing buffalo hides over them. This made a "bath house" eight or ten feet long and about six feet wide, although the height was such that a person sitting down would nearly touch his head against the covering. In the center of this sweat-lodge a hole was dug in the ground, in which stones were placed which had been previously heated very hot. The selection of these stones was done with great care, being as nearly round as possible, and never were again used for this purpose. New stones were chosen for all subsequent baths.

One time during the month of January, Lieut. Cummings and myself decided we would begin taking these Indian sweat baths. Although there was snow on the ground,

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published by the Wyoming State Historical Department

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that did not deter us. Dry grass was first placed within the lodge for us to sit on. We then stripped and went inside with four or five of the Indians, the medicine man coming in last. Then the hot stones were passed in on a forked stick, and placed in the hole in the center of the lodge. Next, a bucket of water was passed in. The medicine man now placed on the hot stones some sweet grass, which emitted a most fragrant odor. He then commenced singing incantations. Finally, taking a cup of water from the bucket, he filled his mouth and commenced spraying the hot stones. The lodge was soon filled with a dense steam, making it very warm. It was not very long before the thermometer which we had carried inside showed a temperature of 120 degrees. In fact, it soon became so exceedingly hot that we had to put our faces down into the grass in order to breathe at all. We remained in the lodge until we were fairly dripping with perspiration, when we threw buffalo robes over ourselves, left the lodge and ran down to the Little Wind river, about fifty yards distant, and jumped in. We did not remain in that icy water very long, of course, but the sensation was pleasant. We then waded out, went inside a tepee and thoroughly rubbed ourselves down, after which we experienced a most decided glow and felt "as fine as a fiddle."

One day the post surgeon decided that he, too, wanted to try an Indian sweat-bath, so he went down to the Arapahoe camp with us. Before we entered the lodge, we told him that, come what might, he must keep his head up. We had been in the lodge but a short time before the surgeon commenced to perspire very freely. He told us he could not stand that heat much longer. Cummings and I had our faces down in the grass, where we were standing the heat finely. First one of us would bob up, and then the other, asking the doctor "how he was making out." He stood it as long as he possibly could, and then made a break for the outer air, remarking that it was "the hottest d—— place he ever was in."

During my stay at the post, Sharp Nose, the head chief of the Arapahoes, fractured his thigh. The commanding officer sent me down to tell him that he could come up to the post if he chose and go into the hospital, but that his family must not accompany him. When I reached the Indian camp I found the Indian doctors attending Sharp Nose. They had made a splint by taking many willow twigs the size of a lead pencil and stringing them in the same way the Chinese and Japanese do to make their screens. They had set the leg and wrapped these willow twigs around it. They then made a strong tea out of sage, with which they occasionally sprayed the injured limb. This relieved the soreness and inflammation very much. All this time there were about a half dozen Indian doctors present, beating tomtoms and blowing their whistles. The music was about as confusing and noisy as Chinese music. Nevertheless, Sharp Nose eventually recovered, although his injured leg was about an inch shorter than the other.

The Indian doctors also "cup" for headaches and other complaints, by using the base end of a buffalo horn.

During the spring of 1879, I captured the roving remnants of the Bannock Indians, after the cessation of hostilities with that tribe. There were about 40 men, women and children, and I had to use some diplomacy in taking them, without any loss of life.

One of the greatest Indian chiefs of modern times was Washakie, chief of the Shoshones, from whom Fort Washakie received its name. He was born about 1804, and died at Fort Washakie February 20, 1900. His father was a Flathead and his mother a Shoshone. Washakie became chief at the age of 19 or 20, but did not become distinguished or well known until after Gen. Connor's defeat of the Shoshones and Bannocks on Bear river, Utah, January 29, 1863.

In this fight there were about 300 Indians engaged. Col. P. C. Connor's command numbered about the same—all California volunteers of cavalry and infantry—with two howitzers. The Indians were strongly entrenched in a ravine, and Connor had much difficulty in getting to them. The obstacles were finally overcome, and the soldiers killed all but a few of the Indians who jumped in the river and escaped. Many were killed in the stream while attempting to swim across. Only the women and children were spared. One officer and twenty soldiers were killed and 44 men were wounded.

For this victory over the Indians, Col. Connor was promoted to a brigadier-generalship. The Mormons sided with the Indians and gave them aid and encouragement, supplying them with food and ammunition and information of the movements of the

ldiers. The campaign was the outcome of epredations on the Overland Trail and the lling of emigrants and miners.

After this fight, a much larger number of ndians congregated on Bear river, but Vashakie, after much persuasion and enreaty, finally induced many of the young arriors to withdraw, and he then led them to Fort Bridger, Utah. From that time, e was absolutely chief.

A treaty called the "Great Treaty" was ade with the Shoshones and Bannocks in 868. By the terms of this treaty, these ibes were given the Wind River country r a reservation. It was understood that e treaty should provide military protection r the Shoshones in the country they were occupy, but for some reason this was not serted in the treaty. To my knowledge e Indian Department wanted the soldiers moved from the reservation on several ocsions, but Chief Washakie insisted upon eir remaining, asserting that they were his iends, and that he could rely on their iendship and protection. Although not actlly inserted in the treaty, it was intended be a part thereof. In after years, howver, this stipulation was canceled by the Var Department.

Throughout his life Washakie was the eadfast friend of the white man, but was most constantly at war against other Inan tribes—the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapoes in particular. He was generally on e defensive, as the tribes mentioned were uch stronger than his own. It is not nown that he was ever defeated, although times closely pressed and besieged.

Red Cloud and Crazy Horse both admitted at Washakie was the greatest general of em all. He took part in the campaign of 76 with Gen. Crook, tendering the latter ores of his young warriors for use as outs with the expedition, and they renered valuable service. They were under the rsonal charge of Tom Cosgrove, as Chief Vashakie was too old to take a personal part the campaign.

Washakie was a great leader and always d complete control of his people. The latr years of his life were spent in the quiet njoyment of his people and surroundings. e was an Indian of most excellent charter, and always endeavored to exercise a ood influence over his people. He was exemely fond of his family and enjoyed the eaceful life. A story which is often told d written is that he killed one of his wives, ut this is an error. His disposition was ost kindly. He was dignified, and comanded the respect of all.

Washakie was well known to the early oneers and pathfinders, whose friendship ey all sought. Kit Carson, the great hunt, trapper and guide, appears to have been s favorite. No Indian of mountain or plain as more extensively and favorably known. His remains rest in the post cemetery at ort Washakie, where a monument stands his memory, which was erected by the nited States government.

In the issuing of annuity goods to these ndians, it was customary to arrange them in two parties. On one side were the women with small children who were not able to leave their mothers. In the next row were girls from 8 to 15 years of age. In the third row were the old women. The men were placed on the opposite side—the young men in the inner and the older men in the outer circle. Head men were selected who issued the articles by placing each allotment in front of the person for whom it was intended, and all were obliged to remain in their places until the distribution was completed. The women had to be watched very closely, for occasionally they would attempt to secret things and then claim they had not received them.

The Indians were always much pleased at receiving their annuities, and the fact that I was in charge of the issues caused one of them to present me with a horse—or rather, with a stick that represented the value of a horse, for all I had to do was to hold on to the stick, go to the herd, select the best horse there and surrender the stick. I did not know this at the time.

After the presentation, two of the chiefs led me into the center of the ring, and from the opposite side a man led out a beautiful Indian maiden, magnificently dressed in Indian costume, wearing a handsome buckskin garment covered with beads and elk's teeth. Thirty or forty of the teeth covered the garment, and in those days they were valued at from $2 to $3 each. The moccasins of the maiden were also covered with beads, and her arms were thickly encircled with silver bracelets. Her costume must have been worth $150 to $200. Her face was painted in such a manner as to greatly enhance her beauty.

As she was being led out, several queries ran through my mind. As it was the custom among the Indians when they were pleased, to give their friends their daughters, I thought this might be what they intended to do, and of course I could not accept her. Really, I did not know what to do. They led her up, and she stretched her arms toward me, and I thought she was about to throw them about me and kiss me. Thereupon dodged back, throwing up my hands, one of which held the stick I had intended to present for the horse, when she quickly grabbed the stick from my hand and ran away with it. The whole multitude of some 2,000 or 3,000 Indians commenced laughing uproariously.

At the time I did not understand the cause of their mirth, but I was told by "Friday," the interpreter, that it was the custom in cases of this kind to give the officer in charge of the distribution the blessing of the tribe. The young woman had come out to confer this blessing upon me, and merely extended her arms with the intention of placing her hands upon my head and pronouncing a benediction; but when she grabbed the stick, as I dodged, the horse became hers—so I got neither horse nor blessing.

As in other nationalities, the Indians have their love affairs, and it is an old custom among them to sell their daughters in marriage when they reach the proper age. There

was a girl who had been sold when she was a child to another Indian, but she had fallen in love with a young warrior, and they ran away together, returning as man and wife. One issue day they were going up for rations, when the Indian who had purchased the girl, struck the young "warrior-Lochinvar" with a whip. The youthful groom killed his assailant on the spot, and then fled to the mountains with his wife, telling his enemies that if they wanted him to come and get him. This caused a great commotion among the different bands of Indians, and it looked as though there was going to be serious trouble. The Indians went to the commanding officer, Major Upham, Fifth Cavalry, who had great influence over them, and asked for advice. He suggested that they send two or three old men, who were friends of the warrior, out to him and try to prevail on him to accompany them in to the post with his wife—not as prisoners! that the commanding officer would put them into a room in the guardhouse, and keep them where they would be safe from their enemies. The head men would then try to get the two factions together and see if they could not settle the matter with the dead man's relatives without further bloodshed.

One morning about daybreak I was awakened by a noise. Looking out, I saw the young warrior and his wife surrounded by about a dozen Indians, who were singing a war song—a custom of theirs when they effect a capture. I was officer of the day, and confined the couple in the guardhouse. They had a very fine buffalo robe—one of the finest I ever saw—and while in the guardhouse this young squaw occupied herself in decorating the robe with dyed porcupine quills. Around the edges were loops about three inches in length, on which were strung the cleft hoofs of more than one hundred deer.

Our Indians got together and had a council with the relatives of the prisoners, and the matter was finaaly settled by the friends of the young warrior presenting ten ponies to the relatives of the murdered man. When the young couple were released from the guardhouse, I again happened to be officer of the day and released them, whereupon the squaw made me a present of the decorated buffalo robe. I was offered $100 for it on several occasions.

(Signed) HOMER W. WHEELER.

January 22, 1924.

My dear Mrs. Beard:—

In response to your recent request in regard to the "Coutant Notes," I am submitting the following statement:

Mr. George Coutant planned to write a three volumed History of Wyoming but prior to his death he had only written and had published Volume 1 which is still on the market. This first volume was printed and bound in Laramie. Ill health and financial difficulties prevented Mr. Coutant from realizing his ambition for a complete and comprehensive History of Wyoming and giving it to the public in three volumes. From Laramie where for a time Mr. Coutant lived, and he also lived for a time in Cheyenne, he moved to the State of Washington where he died, in the early winter of 1913.

Shortly after his death I corresponded with his widow asking her if she did not wish to dispose of any material which her husband may have collected with the intention of embodying it in future volumes of the History of Wyoming, stating that I felt that some one in Wyoming should purchase this valuable material of her husband's rather than some one out of the State who was not particularly interested in our local history. After she named her price I purchased the material in January, 1914, when it was sent to me, which material consisting of a number of old books on the Northwest about traders and trappers, Indian fights, and Frontier days, a small amount of material written and ready for publication, a large amount of notes, some almost in the nature of shorthand, and others more or less extended. One hundred or more biographies of Wyoming pioneers and a collection of scores of photographs of men and women who were in Wyoming during early days were also included. After keeping this material for a number of years, hoping that I might be able to find time enough to write a history of Wyoming, utilizing Mr. Coutant's material, I decided that the State Historical Society was the proper place to have this material safely housed, in July, 1921, I sold it to the Wyoming Historical Society for what it had cost me.

This is the material which you now have in your department and which I feel is the one best set of material on the early history of Wyoming taken from personal interviews that has ever been collected or ever will be collected. I say ever will be collected because the majority of those old pioneers who were interviewed by Mr. Coutant have long since gone on the Trail of the One Way.

I am very glad to give you this information and if I can help in any way let me know and I shall be very glad to do so.

Very cordially,

(Signed) GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD.

Laramie, Wyoming.

PERSONAL HISTORY

If my father's family Bible is reliable, it's recorded there I was born on the 17th of April, 1843, County Antrim, Ireland.

There were nine of the family, seven boys and two girls, all grew up to manhood and womanhood. I was next to the youngest member of the family, the older members had to go out to what was called service with farmers. My father being a common laborer, whose wage was only seven shillings a week and provide his own board, this compelled us all to leave home at an early stage to maintain existence. The little food received from the farmers for such service consisted exclusively of potatoes, oatmeal porridge, buttermilk, occasionally the oatmeal would be made into oat cakes, but no such a thing as meat or flour bread.

What fine strapping men and women were produced on such diet that would be called today meager food, nevertheless they were

stalwarts or the bone and sinew of the British Empire and contributed to build her up until the sun never sets on her dominions.

But I've digressed. My memory goes back at this distant day when about five or six years old, I got a job to herd three or four pigs for a farmer. For the service, I got my potatoes, oatmeal and buttermilk. At this time I cannot refrain to mention the dreadful condition, especially of the common people. What I have reference to is called the Irish famine, caused by a blight on the potatoes, which was one of the principle staples of food, especially for the peasantry. Such a calamity was awful, some dying by the roadside, with grass in their mouths. At this date, 1848, the population of the Island was about 8,000,000. In a few years by starvation and immigration it was reduced to about 5,000,000. While the government made every effort to alleviate the calamitus conditions, the mortality was enormous. I must not omit the services from the United States, which is always in the forefront where distress exists.

One bunch of Ireland men from New York put of their own pockets chartered a ship, loaded it with corn for the starving Irish, loaded same vessel with people, brought them to United States. These remininiscences crowd my memory. I cannot refrain from giving expression to them.

To go back to my swine herding. The old woman of the household was very kind to me and gave me my first lesson in education. I can see her now, with her specs on, get me between her knees. I held the little primer. She would look over my shoulder and say A, I would repeat, then B, etc., so finely I had all the letters of the aphabet. This manner of life coninued until I was about 10 years old, when I hired to a farmer for six months for the sum of 10 shillings and board, the kind of food already described. I don't think I ever had a shoe on my foot until this age. This manner of life continued until I was 14 years old. I forgot to say that during this period when work was slack on the farm, the man allowed me the privilege to attend a small country school where I learned to read words containing three or four letters, also write a little on a slate with slate pencil, so when mistakes were made they could be easily corrected, also in figures made some advancement, reached the rule of simple division. One example still lingers in memory, viz., three vessels started to America with immigrants 1st vessel, so many and so many, 1st got wrecked so many lost by disease, 2nd lost so many. How many got safe to America? This is as far as my schooling went so remained with farmer until I was 14 years of age.

At this time there was a cabinet maker in the vicinity who made furniture, sold to a Belfast furniture dealer, he asked me how I would like to learn to make funiture, this I agreed to readily so of course my father's consent had to be procured. In due time I was indentured for 5½ years to receive my board and 2 suits of clothes during the above period. I must add the boss was very liberal with me and Xmas would lay down a shilling on the bench for me. During the service the indenture stated I was to serve my master at his command night and day so the hours of labor was from 12 to 14 hours a day, or until the boss would say time to stop. I must add my master was a grand mechanic so had to do all my work to a nicety, also he had some schooling and was as far advanced in numerical figures as to simple proportions, or what was called the rule of three, whatever that means.

During my apprenticeship if (space would permit) many little incidents I would like to mention. My master (as he was called) was unmarried so his Aunt kept house, a clean very tidy body she kept two cows milked and attended them I done the cleaning of stable, after that done the churning. Fire on hearth never was out night or day, used peat for fire, a little piece at night so there was fire in the A. M. never a match or candle in the house, had a little vessel with oil and wick out on one side, this was the house light, tho, we had candles for the work shop. Never seen a newspaper in the house the only way we got outside news, was by a class of men called tinkers who traveled round the country, repairing pots and pans when required, they had the advantage to pick up news and impart it in their travels. We had another class called peddlers, who had some cheap cloth, pins, needles and other bric-a-brac, this class supplemented the tinkers.

My master had two bairns who visited often, even the school master would drop around occasionally and tho they were void of newspaper lore they would argue and discuss public questions, of course my ears were ever alert, and how I wished I had been educated. I would try and remember the words they would use and how they would pronounce them; the only literature in the house, the Bible of course first and foremost, Chambers information for the people, Josephus, Barns notes on the new Testament, a worn paper cover copy of Robert Burns poems. This took my fancy more than any of the others, for this reason, Burns used generally small words, besides there were of the dialect of which I was used to. With a few lines as to my biblicial training, apprenticeship, attended three Sabbath schools, besides a sermon of two hours duration. I can readily see the divine at this distant day ascend the pulpit stairs, a big six footer and how he would lay down the law and the prophets, and have all his discourse by quotations from the word of God, you will gather from this, Bible students had all the old catechism on my tongues end, besides there was a number of texts to prove each question, oh yes every word had to be committed to memory even at this I would stand most preacher's examination, but like all things there was an end to my apprenticeship, so returned to fathers home, this was on the sea coast in Belfast, where shipping was carried on extensively. I became infatuated with the sea, so got a berth aboard a steamship bound for the Mediterranian to lay a submarine telegraph cable. Visited Gilbralter, Malta, several cities in Sicily, Italy, returned

after a four months voyage. Joined another steamer bound for Montevidea and Buenos Ayres this was a general merchant ship, carrying general cargo, arrived home all safe. After a short stay ashore, joined a New York passenger vessel, this was during the war between North and South, a Civil war as it is called, we were to leave New York on a Saturday at eight o'clock in the morning, and here comes word President Lincoln had been assassinated so we remained a few hours till his end so the Etna took the first sad news to Europe. There was a cable across the Atlantic at this date, but for some cause was out of repairs. Returning home my father advised me to give up the sea and follow my trade. At this time I had a sister and brother in the United States, in the state of Connecticut, wrote them who advised me to come along, so packed my little output and in due course arrived at South Manchester, Connecticut, got job as carpenter at $2.75 per day, the foreman seeing my hand work, sent me to the shop to make patterns for silk machinery, as this was a silk factory, my wages was increased to $3.00 per day, so my early training came in good play after all. At this time I roomed with a Scotchman by name Gilchrist (his widow still in Cheyenne). This employment continued for two years when I returned to Ireland and took to myself a wife of my own section of country, arrived back to South Manchester, where the former job was obtained; about this time Mr. Gilchrist got married so we both settled down in the same village. Mr. Gilchrist was foreman of the outdoor laborers and stood very high in the community; he was a daily reader of the New York Tribune and at this time Horace Greeley was editor and was a great authority on many matters all over the country. He got the idea of the development of the west, finally got set aside a large body of prairie land along the margin of the Cach La Poudre, advertised for colonists through his and other papers. Mr. Gilchrist and I caught the infection and took Mr. Greeley's slogan, "go West Young Man." We put up our entrance fee of $150.00, first to arrive at embryo city of Greeley, 29th of April, 1870, it is hard to refuse a few lines on this occasion, as my memory goes back vividly at this stage. I have said we arrived at Greeley at this date, the railroad only went as far as the village. We got off the train on a few ties used for a platform, then what a sight met our view, not a house to be seen but one shanty for the engineers tools, also a few tents for their accommodations.

Each day a few new settlers would arrive and what disappointment every one experienced, women sitting on their broken boxes, children crying, men going around with long faces at a loss to know what to do, finally an old billiard hall came from Cheyenne, this afforded shelter and protection to broken boxes broken in transit, there was a man at Greeley to receive the arrivals, General Cameron, had been a celebrated man in the Civil war, and had it not been for his efforts to encourage the people, I believe at that time the enterprise would have been a failure. After all, complaints became so serious, Mr. Greeley, made a special trip, stayed a few days among the people, in the evening delivered good sensible advice, this in a great measure had a pacifying effect, the whole trouble the arrival of the settlers was too early and no provision made for their reception. The embryo town was surveyed and mapped, Mr. Gilchrist and I being the first arrivals, had first right to make a selection, of town lots, he took first and I second choice. When lots were secured then building commenced, I believe I was the first to erect a shanty, which I donated to carpenter, so Gilchrist and I found shelter there. Now all is bustle with the building boom, any one could saw a board and nail it, but the most of them could not make a door or window frame, so I was kept busy supplying such, how many little incidents crowd my memory vividly at this distant day but I must forbear as it would swell this narrative to unreasonable proportions. Most all busy on their respective plots, friction and complaints have almost vanished; nothing will cure a man of crankiness or uneasiness like good honest hard work. It beats praying all hollow. During the summer Gilchrist bought team and wagon, we being young and husky, wished to conquer other fields, so arranged to take a trip, at least into the foot hills west of Greeley, the country a rolling bare prairie, 25 miles up the stream we arrived at Fort Collins, here was the remains of a military post, a concrete building where, a little store was kept, by man who was known as Squire Mathews, as we drove up he was standing with his shoulder against the door post, by way of opening the conversation, we inquired the price of several articles and I remember nails were 15 cents per pound. There was a few shanties, and a hotel kept by a middle aged lady, who went by the name of Auntie Stone, the hotel was outside of the imposing class of a small log cabin with two small rooms, we were fortunate to have our supplies along so did not patronize the hotel; at this date there was some farming being carried on, and from the results obtained by these pioneers no doubt it had an effect on the location of Greeley Colony. Continued our journey to La Porte, this about 4 miles above Fort Collins, here we found saloon and small store, several Frenchmen here all had their Indian wives, there was considerable farming done in this section had good irrigation ditches, the farmers were all American. We made camp for the night having travelled thirty miles. I must add the store keeper Billy Patterson something of a rough and ready character and from him got many tales about the early pioneers, I will not vouch for them being all gospel.

We made our camp for the night in the yard of an old Scotchman by name of Watt. He and his wife had raised several of a family but death had taken some, balance scattered over the world. It was a treat to hear the old people converse in our youthful vernacular, we got further information about the country in general, and on which we could rely, breakfast over we were on the road again, our next point of interest to visit

was a place called Livermore, about 15 miles west of LaPorte. We now ascend into the foot hills proper, roads all in natural condition and, a good deal of hauling being done with fencing material principally, the drive to Livermore was really enchanting, out of one lovely grassy valley into another, there the little babbling brook, kept tumbling down from its eternal source.

At length we arrived at Livermore; at first we thought we might overlook or fail to discover it but here it is a dug out in the bank. Soon the proprietor made his appearance, he was known by the name of "fatty" Moore, as to the fat part I think he was well named. It being noon we unhooked the team, turned them out to grass, lovely valley here and a magnificent stream coursing through the vale, it is called the north fork of the Cach-La-Poudre, this name I believe is French and means where the powder was concealed or hidden. We found we had discovered a very interesting character in our friend Moore. He had traveled a great deal, in fact was one of the old forty-niners to California, but like many others was unsuccessful, so wandered back to Colorado to try his future on new ground. It appears he had several prospect holes but at this time were fruitless. Three miles or so above the Moore cabin (I mean Livermore, excuse me) there was a fine valley, with a grand brook flowing, this valley had been named Lone Pine, from a magnificent lone pine growing on the bank of the stream, strange to say no other such tree anywhere along the valley, but cottonwood, box elder, willows in profusion.

During our rambles, we came across, a man by the name of Calloway located on the above stream; he was the only settler we met who had any cattle, I think fifty or sixty head, pretty well bred stock, we inquired how he provided feed for them in the winter; he informed us no provision was necessary, that they came through in the spring in fine condition. This made a great impression on Mr. Gilchrist and myself, to think raising cattle without growing feed for them. We must now hurry back to Greeley having a splendid outing, gaining much valuable information of the country and feasting our eyes on the gorgeous scenery, there is something fascinating and inexpliciable in a new unsettled country. Our wives had arrived before we made our mountain trip, so all was well on our return.

We now got into harness again and during our short absence, how Greeley had grown, shanties everywhere over the prairie; naturaly our trip was the principal topic in the evening with our families, and we really were making plans to leave Greeley and betake ourselves to mountain ranches on the beautiful valley of Lone Pine already described. In the meantime I had erected, a small house one and a half story house for a man who went back east and gave me liberty to occupy it and look after his interests. Wife, one child and I occupied the lower part, Mr. Gilchrist and wife upper portion and done a little cooking on our stove.

Now the winter sets in with its cold freezing blast; coal was very high priced, so had cotton wood hauled from the river; bored holes in it and used powder to split the heavy portion, and oh what a cold winter no one knew how cold it was as the mercury froze in the tube, and no spirit thermometer in the settlement, how my memory lingers over that winter, even through it all had one child born (who two years ago departed this life and now sleeps within the portals of the tomb). What made the cold so severe houses erected so flimsy, no plaster or even paper on the walls, just the rough boards on the wide spaced studding. We finally turned up in the spring with experience not readily forgotten; great suffering in Greeley that winter. During the winter the Lone Pine subject become thoroughly ventilated, so much so Mr. Gilchrist and I had decided to sell our interests in Greeley and become ranchmen. All was arranged, Mr. Gilchrist had his own team and I had made arrangement with Mr. Watt referred to, to take us to our destination, first days drive to La-porte to Mr. Watts. I will here add, his small wagon box was ample to accommodate all freight and passengers. On our first visit to Lone Pine, we became so infatuated with the valley we even went so far as to outline our respective locations, at this date I cannot recollect of the land being surveyed into sections, there was what was called squatters right, however a blazed tree or a post or a rock set was duly respected. In the meantime I had written friend Moore to have me 800 feet of boards delivered at a certain Lone Pine point in (I will add there was a small saw mill on the upper reaches of the Poudre river, from that an ox team hauled me the 800 feet of green pine boards. After staying over night with Mr. Watt started next morning for our mountain home. Friend Moore very kindly gave us the shelter of his dug out for the night, next morning Mr. Watt delivered us at our location, I had my tool chest and a good set of tools I brought from the east, so on this score was well fixed. Wife and I started housebuilding, I cut some cotton wood to make the frame, to be brief we were living in our mansion all complete the same day besides having two small children to look after, the younger still at her mother's breast. I suppose some would call this roughing it.

Next day cut cotton wood for posts and poles for corral, another big day's work, third day dug out the ground at back of shanty for cellar, as we were going into dairying somewhat, and this was our milk-house. I forget if I mentioned from Mr. Callaway already referred to I purchased 14, 2 year old heifers, at $40.00 per head, also one three year old mare at $150.00. Mr. Callaway delivered the stock in the corrall, so much headway made. I had a great deal of trouble holding the cattle as they wished to go back to their old range, besides my mare was not well broke, likewise no saddle, so had to take it on foot, but such at that time was merely fun to me, as swift of foot and could almost head an antelope. Mr. Gilchrist and I were going to do some farming together as with his team could do the plowing, etc. We seeded oats, planted 2 barrels of

potatoes, we had purchased in New York, at 12½ cents per pound, of course we must get water to irrigate as we had experience enough to know this, but having too many irons in the fire some of them were bound to burn, so was unable to get sufficient water to the crops, which I may add was almost a complete failure, still further to make matters worse, here we were visited by one of the plagues of Egypt, viz., grasshoppers; this was my first experience with this kind of vermin, I saw they would soon devour everything in vegetable line, in a day or so, I thought I might as well mow the little patch of oats, but lo and behold when I arrived with my scythe, the heads of grain were all down, I swung the scythe a few times, gathered up a small bunch, dropped them at the door saying here was our season's grain crop; the potatoes were all about the size of marbles.

I was just now beginning to have some experience with my cattle along the lines of dairying, the first to have calf was a little red one, I would know her to-day after over 50 years; of course she never had been handled before so I could not get near her to do any milking, I went and told my troubles to friend Gilchrist; he replied I will go down and give you a hand, we run her round the corral several times; finally Gilchrist caught her by the nose and horns, and held her as if in a vise and said now get your pail and milk. As soon as I touched her up went her heels, sent me and pail sprawling over the ground but I was game and gathered myself up and went at the job again, well I finally succeeded to get about a quart, so Gilchrist let go and said this is the only system to break heifers, you hold them as I do and let your wife milk. Now here was something to try our metal. I will here add no doubt there are women who would excell Mrs. Gordon in some particulars, but none could excell her in milking a cow; we used this system of breaking the heifers until we had put 12 head through our hands. One was an extra large one who had her calf in the fall, she was too much for me to handle and about this time I heard of a man several miles away by name of Fisher, I heard he had a system or plan whereby he could manipulate a rope and get it on a cow's horns. I told Fisher the dilemma I was in and wished he would try his plan on the cow, so I could tie her to a post and milk her. He was very obliging, saddled up and we arrived at the corrall; he got his rope with large loop and after several attempts finally caught the heifer, so tied her to post, where we could handle her. I had Mr. Fisher leave the rope on her and I bought him another. I will here mention this was my first experience laso-ing, at this date there were no cowpunchers in this section. I must here mention the calves were all raised by hand, so the cows did not waste any affection on their offspring; through all my experience I never had such a docile bunch of cows, in fact when Mrs. Gordon would go into the pen to milk I had to be on hand to keep the others away while the one was being milked; this outline of ranch life continued during the summer.

The fame of the little valley as a pasture location got abroad and several settlers had located with some cattle. It appeared to me we were liable to be crowded, as I had got somewhat familiar with surrounding country, I decided to move about six or eight miles to a new location, where there was a nice little meadow, and a splendid spring; here I had a visit from the muse which caused me to exclaim.

The Bonnie wee spring by the Meadow,
How I love to sit down by your side,
And quaff the sweet waters that bubble eternal
Like yon flowing tide.

Your quota you send to the ocean
Where frantic you rage in the storm,
The clash of arms will be felt on your bosom
And Leviathians lash you to foam.

How gentle and sweet from the mountain,
No nectar such pleasure can bring,
O, give me a draft from the fountain,
From my own my bonnie wee spring.

This place had the signal advantage as it was three or four miles to the nearest water, I could not be crowded by being too close to a neighbor. You will gather from this we looked to having quite a space betwixt neighbors, five or six miles was reckoned close enough in those days so our nearest neighbors' chickens would not scratch each others gardens.

There was a pine timber a short distance from the above location, so I proceeded on horseback A. M. after breakfast, to cut down logs to build a house. This was six miles from our present location, returning in the evening kept up these trips until I had sufficient logs to complete the building hired a man with ox team to haul the logs, and help me to put them in place; the logs were cut 14x12, so our mansion was about 10x12, 6 feet high, I done all chinking and mudded the spaces betwixt the logs. I demolished our present shanty of 800 feet of lumber, as already described, this covered the roof and gave us a floor which was a great improvement over the sticky earth. I have said the stock were all nice and gentle by the process breaking already described, had a corral all ready, also made pen for the calves, at one end of the dwelling had a little stable for the mare; this location saved one side part of house building, the whole structure was partly excavated on side of bluff. Back side of stable excavated and built small cave or cave for the chickens, on bad weather they had the run of the little stable. Mrs. Gordon often said she never had chickens that done so well, as the saying goes we were as snug as a bug in a rug. One little window, four small panes of glass, stove in one corner, bed for the whole family four of us. Here we are in the month of November and now a snow storm six or eight inches. I was informed by the man I bought the cattle from it was unnecessary to make provision for the stock during the winter. It looked to me the cattle could not very well feed on

a snow bank. Well here was a calamity unexpected of cows and $700.00 in debt but as the Scotch has it "set a stout heart to a stie brae" in a few days the storm subsided so took my trusty Henry rifle started back in the hills expecting to see the cattle all dead from starvation. But lo and behold here one, two, three in fact all the balance came up to view all looking perfectly contented; this was a rocky timbered section, abundant grass showing above the snow, this was the first grass cropped by cattle, tho we had a severe winter the stock came through in most excellent condition. I hurried back to tell the good news about the cattle to my wife and on my way back a fine fat white tailed deer came in view which my rifle brought down, taking the saddle or hind quarters threw them on my shoulders and arrived triumphantly at the cabin, when the good news of the cattle was told joy took place of melancholy, though we had a severe winter, the stock came through, in fairly good condition. The calves I had arranged with a man by the name of Day, who had a magnificent meadow and abundance of hay, so the calves fared very well; not so with my mare, I had no hay for the kindly beast, so done the best under circumstances, I picketed her during the day with an old blanket strapped on her, so she pawed snow most of the day. In the evening I would take large knife and go around the rocks where grass was tall, fill a sack, this with a quart of oats or so was the bill of fare for the night. During the winter kept busy keeping the stove going, occasionally looking after the cattle, kept the larder well supplied with venison; in those days it did not take an expert nimrod to capture all the necessary game. To make a long story short we got through the winter without any loss to the cattle, but by mare pretty thin.

Old Sol now returned with his usual smile. A busy life has now ensued, dairying has now proceeded with, but our conditions were so cramped had to erect something more of a habitation. Secured a thorough wood chopper who hewed sufficient logs nicely hewed to make house 14x16 feet, this was a great improvement; made shingles by hand which was a great improvement over the earth roof, this I believe was the only shingled house in the settlement. Had a nice little stone milk house on north end with flat stone floor with a little labor had the spring water conducted to milk house, so we were in a proper shape to carry on our butter making. The butter we put up in two pound cotton sacks, this was stored in wood barrels, the spring water trickling around so the butter kept in excellent condition. When we had two hundred pounds or so I would make the journey to market, Cheyenne 50 miles distant. I would start four or five p. m. and drive to Lone Tree ranch, camp over night, up by day light, nine miles to Cheyenne, get there when stores and people were beginning to move around. I generally visited Camp Carlin; there I found a good market—no Fort Russell in those days. Besides a gread deal of freight was going north from Cheyenne and the butter being so packed suited the freighters to perfection; having secured my supplies on the homebound trip arrived some time during the night. During my absence had a lady settler stay with wife so I would get her supplies, and pay her otherwise. It was ten miles from my ranch on the way to Cheyenne to Builder creek; at the crossing, was located a ranch kept by Martin Callaway, a brother of the man I bought the cattle from. I would oblige them with bringing back any little groceries and their mail. Next creek about 10 miles further was located I think the name is Lone Tree, the property of Tom Magie, John Rees, now of Cheyenne was the manager. The accommodation was extended here same as to Martin Callaway. In those days we were remarkably obliging one with another. I suppose being so widely separated had a tendency to make us more sociable or friendly to each other. This strenuous existence kept up for three or four years when settlers began to multiply. The new settlers were arriving and being short of mail facilities put our heads together and secured weekly mail service; the postmaster was my friend Moore already referred to who had the post office in his dug out. I got the contract to carry the weekly mail on horseback to La Porte at $200.00 per annum, from my place to Livermore was three miles, would ride there for mail, return get breakfast, then to La Porte, change mail back to Livermore, deposit mail and return home. I made three weekly trips summer and winter for two years and only missed one trip on account of storm, sometimes mail was very light one time only one letter in the sack.

Bonnies Springs, very fine springs bubbling up in the desert, two young men from Wisconsin located there their father furnishing them a bunch of sheep, their names were Bennet, one of them now operates a bank at Fort Collins, Colorado. This is the first sheep at least in northern Colorado that I had seen or heard of. I have said before the three mile was now invading my domain; these were fine boys and got well acquainted, I finally sold my ranch to them for $500.00. This was a pile of money to me in those days. In looking around for a new location, I finally bought a ranch from a man by the name of Miller, the ranch was still further in the mountains than what I had been used to, it consisted of log house, log corral, small stable. It will not be expected it could be much of a place for the above $150.00 price. It was unsuited for dairying so let the cows rear their own calves. Here our youngest child was born, this made our family one boy and two girls; this location seemed far from pleasing, so made up our minds to look out for a new location. About this time 76, the northern country was being talked about as fine location could be secured especially as the Indians had been thoroughly controlled. To make a prospect I took my saddle horse, a couple of blankets and started on my prospecting tour. In due time without any mishap arrived at Bordeaux known as the Jack Hunton ranch. This was my first acquaintance with Mr. Hunton, who was very gentlemanly toward me and

gave me much valuable information about the surrounding country, and that settlers need have no fears about future trouble with Indians. I finally examined the big and little Laramie streams as they were caled, the section where the two flow together suited me better than any I had seen as there was abundance of water to irrigate; near this location there was a bridge across the big Laramie, close by there was a cabin where a man by the name of Billy Bacon with his wife resided. I think they supplied meals for any travellers who passed that way. It was a great camping ground for the freighters as it was twenty miles or so from Bordeaux, finally returned home and made my report of discovery in the northern country. So we decided to move to the Laramie River or bust, by the way the section described was called Uva, I have forgotten the origin of the name. Accordingly wagon, team and supplies were arranged so hired a good reliable man, by name of George Hardin. Leaving family provided for with a neighbor bade adeiu to our mountain home, departed for our new location, this as I remmeber the early part of March, 1878, without any mishap arrived safely at Uva. It was getting about sun down when we arrived. I told my man George to fix up camp, our bed under the wagon, while I would go up the stream and get a deer or antelope, no trouble to find game handy in those days; I had only gone a short time, when I felt a few drops of rain. This caused me to look up and then I beheld a fearful black cloud in the northwest and just about this time I brought down an antelope, took the saddles and hurried back to camp. It was raining, we had plenty of wood so soon had a good fire and with our venison and good stout coffee had a good supper. It was now almost dark, so we divided our bed over the horses and crawled under the wagon; the storm increased in violence, rain ceased and turned to snow and the wind terrific, no sleep that night so we did the best we could to keep from being smothered; at daylight what a scene to behold, horses, wagon almost covered; we lay some time after day light, thinking the fury of the storm would be abated but apparently no cessation. I said to my man George, I am going to make an effort to reach the Bacon cabin, so up we got, of course we lay down undressed, the cabin was only 100 yards or so distant and we had the location by the wind storm. We took each others hands and finally reached the cabin, to say that Bacon and wife were surprised is putting it mildly, they thought we would have been lost in such a blizzard. We found them chinking up every crevice to keep out the snow and we rendered every assistance to keep out the snow, this being accomplished consoled ourselves in being fortunate to secure shelter, day almost passed but no give up to the storm. Toward dusk I mentioned to my man George we must see the horses at all hazards, he was reluctant to go, but seeing I would go alone he decided to face the storm. Bacon had a little stable so got the horses into it, one brought the team while one handled a sack of oats and bags. Then another trip for the mess box and our little bedding which we resurrected out of the snow, we were fortunate to be well supplied, with provisions, as the Bacon family hadn't much to spare. For three days and nights the storm continued unabated, no hay for the team, so far oats twice a day. On the third day in afternoon the storm subsided, the violence of the wind left the high parts of ground almost bare, so took the team out to paw for little grass which they assuredly enjoyed; on the fourth day all was serene and calm and what a sight, the country seemed almost perfectly level. You could not see where the big Laramie existed. I cannot give the date, but this has always been referred to as the big March storm, and has become historical.

Our first move was to get some logs to erect a shanty, but in this vicinity on the big and little Laramie, very little could be procured. It was fifteen miles to Cottonwood creek, there was ample cottonwood, so the effort was made to reach this creek, so left the wagon box and started with running gear with our supplies. It is really unnecessary to recount our difficulties, we were two days reached the creek, had to shovel snow the greater part of the way, in some cases took the team from the wagons and broke through the drifts almost to their backs. Finally we reached the cottonwood Creek, here I discovered the man I bought the $150.00 ranch from, I think I mentioned his name, he was known as Tobe Miller, he was pleased to see us and had ample accommodation for us and team. The ranch was devoted principally to accommodation of travellers, especially freighters, as a great deal of freight passed this way to Fort Fetterman and the region surrounding it. Cattle ranches were just being established. This was about 35 miles from Bordeaux, and 15 to 20 miles to Horse Shoe creek, now to get timber to build a house this stream had a much greater growth of cottonwood than any I have ever seen. I suppose this is the reason it got such a name.

Snow was beginning to settle, and a freight outfit has pushed its way from Bordeaux, so I and my man went to chopping the cottonwoods, the timber being so dense it caught and held the snow. I know that I cut some trees that were at least ten feet from the ground, when we had a few cottonwoods, started George with a few sticks only so he could make the return trip. In the meantime I kept cutting to have a load ready on his return; this work we kept up until we had enough material to build the house.

After six weeks or so of such experience we arrived home all sound. All was now bustle in making preparations to reach the promised land, as near as I can remember we just vacated the great $150.00 ranch in the month of May, bade adeau to Colorado and cast our lot in Wyoming. After a very tedious journey with wife and three small children and small bunch of cattle we reached Uva and our little cottonwood cabin with its dirt roof and floor. With the help of two young men who drove the cattle we got a corral erected so we could secure the cattle at night and stable for four head of horses.

Here I took up a desert claim, got fencing lone, took out irrigation and made the place bloom as the rose. The Bacons were still at he old place and had made it a disreputable place for wild cowboys and other rif-raff; a gambling and drinking den paid Bacon an even $1,000.00 to leave, and I filed pre-emption of $160.00 on the place. I will add Bacon located at Fort Fetterman, established a saloon and gambling place where shooting was the order of the day; in one of these camps, Bacon got involved when the bullet rom his antagonist lodged in his wind pipe nd shut the breathing apparatus. This is he tale given to me and this shooting ended he life of Billy Bacon. Think I have said e was a wild dare devil, it was said he could ide anything that wore hair, and got a leg roken riding an outlaw.

In the process of time the fame of the aramie Valley got abroad in the land and ettlers began to arrive to take up land, one mong the rest I must mention. While I ived in that celebrated $150.00 ranch I got cquainted with a celebrated hunter named Dutch George, he had a small dug out on he bank of the Poudre river where the speckled trout were in abundance; he and I were lose friends, and many a fishing and hunting trip we had together. So at my departure he said he would follow me, in due ourse of time he arrived and we were very lad to see him, as he was honorable to the ore; at this time the Laramie Peak region vas really undiscovered and the natural rendezvous for all kinds of game. Naturally George wished to explore the region, and vished above all things to kill a bear. I dvised him to be careful, as he was void of ear and replied to my caution he was willing o die a hunter. He had his horse and packed a little grub and bedding to be gone two lays, on the third day no appearance of George, so I and another started to find him, e finally discovered his horse picketed; a hort distance from the horse we explored canyon and here we found George badly hewed up, judging by the signs it must have een a bear. It seems the animal crushed is skull, then to make sure he was dead, ad bitten his leg down to the foot as it vanted to see if he was still alive. His gun tood against a tree and we found his pocket nife open the conclusion we arrived at was e had nearly stunned the bear, and started o dress it when it came to life and got the est of him.

He was such an expert hunter he never sed anything to dress his game but his ocket knife. We brought him to the ranch nd what a sorrowful journey; of course the ad news soon got around the settlement and hough not personally acquainted with him hey had a good report for him. I had some umber and made a good box, had some rish linen we brought from Ireland, wrapped im as nice as we could, had the men quarry ut a grave on the side hill (I remember the ery spot even after so many years) covered is last remains with large rock so coyotes r other vermin could not disturb the remains of poor George. I sent a man and team to the hills and secured large pitch pine posts and poles. I have no doubt the grave is intact to this day; after over forty years he still lives in my memory as a kind worthy associate. Though this sad occurrance cast a gloom over my house-hold, still the affairs of life had to be proceeded with.

I rebuilt where the location was and the travel increased so I was compelled to keep open house and charge for accommodation. One of my patrons was Judge Carey, who made frequent visits to his cattle ranch at Careyhurst. Having had eight years experience, and seeing the results of irrigation at Greeley, Fort Collins, Laporte, I began to think how it would apply in the Laramie region; at this time, antelope were very numerous and on the section where Wheatland is now located this was one of the favorite haunts. On my hunting expeditions I have viewed this section over, such a magnificent settlement for a colony, and the Laramie River bank full of water and not a ditch taken therefrom. On one occasion I mentioned my idea as to a settlement to Judge Carey, it so impressed him he wished to look over the ground. In doing so he was greatly impressed with results that could be obtained, according on his return to Cheyenne he had a committee go up and spy out the land which was done; to be brief the laudable Wheatland project was inaugurated. Judge Carey and I have always been the best of friends and he has always been very considerate towards me, even going so far, from the public platform, as to give me the honors of being the father of Wheatland. In reality Judge Carey fully deserves such, as Greeley is indebted to Horace Greeley, so Wheatland to Joseph M. Carey. I cannot be positive as to the date but this interview with the Judge and I must have been in 1882.

About this date the reputation of this section got broadcast as being especially adapted for range cattle. In fact there were some herds here already; there were Kent, a banker from Cheyenne, Hick Rue, F. M. Phillips, Nagle on the Sybille Creek. In fact I even caught the infection of putting some cattle on the range. Having got the news of a man that went by the name of French Joe at the road crossing of La Bonte Creek, he kept a road ranch which means supplied meals and lodging, beer and whisky. He had a French woman and they wished to sell at a sacrifice. I had been over this section of country heretofore, and to my judgment no better range country lay out of doors, so Joe and I closed the deal for the place and all its contents. I remember well several barrels of beer, part of barrel of whiskey, from this you will readily infer I was doubly primed. One thing still lingers in memory, we sat chatting until dark then to bed, we had a shake down on the floor for the two girls. Knowing their own beds it was not necessary to get a light in turning their bed, when rattle, rattle, here was a large rattle snake, a light was procured when I dispatched him, having nine rattlers. Very singular, this was the only rattle snake I saw in this section. In the meantime I had left a man

to look after the Laramie ranch while I was gone.

Some three miles up the creek, there was a settler by the name of Daily, or Long Daily as he was generally known by I forget his height, but he was above six feet and when he was mounted on a small pony his feet almost touched the ground. He was very sociable and gave much information about the range and how his cattle fared especially during the winter; for a few days wife and I talked over the situation, when a man rode up to the ranch, and had dinner; he informed me he had 2,500 head of cattle on the road and was looking to some place to hold them to get branded, he wished to know if I would allow him to hold them on the creek until he could brand them. I gave my consent at once, the cattle got on the creek next day, so he took some of his men and hired some others, cut down cottonwood, built corral and shoots, one man hired to haul firewood for the branding irons, one man to attend to heating the irons, this man's name was Garth, a Missourian.

During the preliminary work getting ready to brand he talked of selling the herd, and went so far as to price them, and tried to sell to me, I told him the bite was too large to chin, that there was too much money involved for me to tackle, but he kept urging me to buy and said we could arrange the money matters. However, I agreed to tally them as they went through the shoots. I think it took about two weeks to finish branding, by this time I had made up my mind not to buy. The cattle were too thin and tender footed, so I told Mr. Garth I would not risk the purchase, but offered to sell the ranch reasonable and told him about the good range, etc. Finally we came to terms about the sale of the ranch, so we hiked back to the Laramie ranch having made a little money by the transaction. At this date 1884 there was great influx of new men invading the country, hailing from the east principally, even from across the Atlantic, the Scotch were signally represented, among this motley of prospective cattlemen, there were two, by name Tishmacher, and De Billier, who stopped with me a few days looking over the country, with the view of embarking in the cattle business. The conditions seemed to them as being most suitable, finally they approached me if I would feel like selling my ranch, after a good deal quibbling we came to terms as to price which seemed reasonable to each of us. As the saying goes I am Scot free.

Now what was the next step to take in our journey through life? Then we decided as we had had fourteen years of a strenuous ranch life, we deserved a vacation, and would pay our friends a visit, our friends on our native heath in County Antrim, Ireland, where youth had its joyful days. In due time we arrived with our friends which was a joyful meeting to all of us. Three months or so was spent with so much felicity I cannot describe.

Arrived in Cheyenne, now the next move in our career, we were now unfit for anything but ranching so the country was looked over, we had decided we had enough roughing it on the frontier, so looked at an old settled section on Little Horse creek. Having decided on this location I purchased three small settlers, and made an extensive ranch, built fine house and barn, refenced, reditched all the land, got all in fine shape to handle small bunch of fine cattle. Got stocked with the first Herefords in this section paying $400.00 each for four weaned calves from George Morgan at what is known as the Hereford Ranch. If my memory is not at fault this Morgan brought the first Hereford cattle that came to the State. With the exception of one calf, the sale he made to me was the first he made, now they are the principle breed all over the West.

I finally got enlarging myself too much, then organized a company and through this inadvertent step, lost my ranch, I and my family had been so many years of toil and hardship to build up. Paid every dollar I justly owed and arrived in Cheyenne with my family, this gave my children an opportunity to get to a good school, as this was lacking at our ranch.

About this time the Department of Agriculture decided on the establishment of an experiment farm at Cheyenne which was to test dry farming and a limited amount of irrigation. Being experienced in this line of work and foot loose, I took the necessary examination and was successful in securing the position as manager of the experiment farm, which I conducted for ten years with satisfaction to the Department, to show their appreciation of my services, they favored me with a vacation of three months, to visit Australia and make an examination of their irrigation which I done and made a full report of all conditions on my return.

During the ten years the farm was in operation it was considered all the plans and experiments outlined had been satisfactorily wrought out so no further experiments were necessary. In the meantime had lost my youngest daughter, my second daughter had married and had a home of her home. My son having a farm at Worland, Wyoming, wife and I being alone decided to establish ourselves with my son so shook the dust of Cheyenne regretfully from our feet and moved to Worland. Here I met the most severe calamity of all, in the death of my beloved wife, who had fought the battle of life with me in the West for half a century undergoing all the trials of frontier life, without the slightest repining.

Now I am at sea again. However I have my son as above stated and one daughter. This daughter's health became somewhat impaired so she and husband decided to try California climate and see what effect it would would have in the recuperation of health, the climate seemed to have a beneficial effect and decided to locate; there plans were all matured, and arrangements were finally consummated, I was to make my home with them for the future. But alas, we know not what a day may bring forth, unexpectedly my daughter took sick and in spite of all the efforts that could be made for her recovery, finally departed this life. Her

dying injunction to her husband was to look after the welfare of her father, which he has so faithfully done.

He purchased a farm and is in the chicken business, his brother and wife are with him, and really making their home with him. Mr. Lawson looks after the house and his brother assists in the business. I have a garden which I love to cultivate and make plants of all kinds grow to perfection; this is my career up to my four score year, a truthful statement without the slightest elaboration.

(Signed) JOHN H. GORDON.

EARLY DAYS IN THE WEST

By T. H. McGEE

In 1855 I freighted from Leavenworth to Fort Kearney. In 1856 I went out to Fort Laramie. In 1857 I reached Devils' Gate at Riverton, Wyoming, freighting corn for Johnson's army. There was a Mormon uprising at the time. I went back home and came out to Fort Laramie again in 1858. In 1857 I went from Riverton to Laramie and there to Denver with a six yoke ox team. On that trip, on the spot where Harry Farthing's ranch is now we met up with a bunch of green boys whose mules had been run off by Indians, except one old mule that would not leave the corral. The boys were badly scared and had unloaded their wagons and made a barricade. These Indians had bothered my trian a day or so earlier but as there were twenty-six ox teams and quite a few men, they did not attack us. I got the rheumatism very badly this trip and the boys had to lift me on and off the wagon but I could drive all right. I soaked flannel rags in kerosene and wrapped them around my legs and soon got O. K.

In 1860, April 14th, I left Fort Worth, Texas, with a trail herd. In six weeks we were opposite St. Joe. We couldn't sell them and took them to Grand Prairie, Illinois. We crossed the Missouri at Nebraska City. The people caused us lots of riding; they would try to see the cattle and these wild old long horns would stampede and run for miles. I had a horse and a mule for the whole trip. To cross the river, we tried to ferry them and got some over—some swam across. We crossed the Mississippi at Muskateen in the same way and drove them into Chicago in bunches of about 150 to 200 head. They were hard to get onto the ferry. The boss was old Captain Harris, a retired army captain from the Mexican war. He was a hard drinker and didn't stay with us if we were near a town. I finally went up to the hotel and asked him how we were to cross those cattle. He swore and said to do anything but to get them across somehow. I went back and we tried to swim them over. We tied the bell steer to a boat and led him but he would not swim, just floated, and only about 80 crossed with him. Thirty-five head drifted eight miles down river to an island. We finally got them off in a boat. We went back over the road picking up cattle all along that we had lost coming. There were very few fences even in Kansas at that time or in Illinois, but the farmers who were scattered along just settling were afraid of the Texas cattle bringing Spanish fever (tick or Texas fever were other names) to their milk stock, and they fought us back all they could. We had to cross part of Oklahoma or the Osage Reserve near Cherokee and when these men turned us back we went four miles west of Topeka in a little dry creek and a man came after us there. I told the Mexican to say "No savee" and I pretended to be asleep. The man had been sent out ot meet us and guide us by some of the owners and he had had an awful time trying to find us and was at his wits end nearly, so I decided to wake up and tell him he had found us. He was hired to guide us past the farmers through Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, that is, different men were hired for each locality to pilot the herds. We would tell the farmers we had come from Cherokee.

In 1856 I crossed the South Platte at California crossing on my way to Fort Laramie by ox team on the Ash Hollow route. At that time, along the Platte was nothing but mud flats, horned toads and buffalos. I wouldn't have taken the whole thing for a gift if you had offered it to me. It was the most desolate looking place I ever saw.

There was no Wyoming then. It was all called the Dakotas. There were lots of Indians. The Government was making a treaty of some sort with them. As the wagon train went along, Indians could be seen nearly all the time. One of the boys insulted an Indian some how and the Indian stalked the wagon train for days with a gun, so that the white boy had to lie hidden in the wagons during the trip.

In the winter of 1857 we wintered up on the Sibylee and those ox teams were the first cattle ever wintered in Wyoming. I built a cabin of cotton wood logs where the old Two Bar ranch is now. There was a good plain road then, tracked over by thousands of immigrants and freighters.

Some of the men who were contemporary with me in the freighting were Mr. Whitcomb, Lou Simpson, Fred Draper who was killed at Memphis, Tennessee, in '58, High Kelley and Tom Maxwell who was on the stage route.

There was a mule outfit left the river at the same time I did with ox teams and I beat them into Laramie by two weeks. There was a man named Williams, an old "bullwhacker" who was abused by the Simpson mentioned above and they got in a fight and Williams pulled his gun and shot Simpson.

Beggs and Russel were big Government contractors then. Russel died in Denver ten or fifteen years ago but his children are still in Wyoming somewhere. Oliver Gooden was wagon master for them.

On March 26, 1859, we freighted from Laramie to Camp Floyd at Provo, Utah. We left the wagons at Salt Lake, sold the cattle to be trailed to California and started back with eight wagons and sixty men for Nebraska City.

Jim Hines was wagon master and John Donaldson assisted. Hines left at Green River, Wyoming, on account of bad eyes.

Donaldson later went to Virginia City on a survey and died soon after.

After staying at home for two years and spending six months in the Confederate army I started freighting again in 1862. This time I went to Fort Union, New Mexico, with Ed Gleason as wagon boss, and Pat-somebody (name forgotten) as assistant. Pat later had a copper mine in Montana.

The winter of 1863, I freighted to Fort Garland with Tom Fields as assistant wagon master. We wintered the cattle at Garland and went up the Santo Christo trail. That winter was the worst winter I ever saw. There were two feet of snow on the trail. We could not get through. The Government sent out a hundred soldiers from Garland to help us. We unloaded the freight and never did get it all. It took us thirty days to go one mile. We had half mules and half oxen. Seventeen men quit, although they were hired by the round trip and I was sent back with them. It was the coldest winter I ever experienced in the west. There was solid snow from Colorado to the Mississippi.

For eight days we lived on one meal a day and we had lots of "grub," it was fire wood we could not find. Two men would ride in the wagon and the others walk. We took turns. We fed the cattle, shelled corn and kept them chained to the wagons when not driving them. The buffalo were hungry and cold and bothered us all the time. In camp the men kept hollering one night for me to shoot the buffalo. I had the only gun, so got up and got my gun, an old cap and ball, muzzle loader and banked away but it did not go off. After a while it fired and I saw one pick up its feet queerly as it went over a little rise. I said, "Boys, get the ox team and haul in that buffalo for meat." They did not believe I had dropped one but went to see and came back dragging a fine, fat, dry, cow buffalo. We took the hind quarters and hung them to the wagon. We would only skin as we used it and the meat kept very well.

There was a big fellow named Spencer among the men. He was a Michigan lumberjack and he wanted to kill a buffalo himself, so I loaned him my gun and he shot a big buffalo calf. When he got up to the calf it jumped up and began to fight. They were both out on ice cakes in the Arkansas river and it was sure a fine battle; first one, then the other would be on top. We were betting on the calf too, if it hadn't been on the ice, but Spencer finally killed it with a bowie knife. A buffalo calf will fight when it's three days old, maybe younger. The thousands of buffalo were held back by the ice on the Arkansas that year, where they were accustomed to cross for wintering.

We left Fort Pawnee in the morning and crossing Nine Mile Ridge that December morning in 1863, it was 40 degrees below zero, a foot of snow and a high wind. I wrapped an old coat and a buffalo robe around my body and walked ahead, tramping out a trail and looking for a good camping place. Finally I called to the men to come on and I began to chop wood and pile it up. When they did not come I climbed back on the ridge to see what was the matter. They were all bunched up. I called to them and went back to my fire making. Still no sign of them so I went back again and I just had to knock and punch them into action. They were freezing and hated to move. Meanwhile I couldn't make a fire in the snow, so I took an old pine store-box out of the wagon and split it up fine and made a fire in the dish pan in the wagon. When it got big enough I set it, pan and all, outside. Soon we had a roaring fire and when bed time came we pulled the fire over a ways and put our beds where the fire had been. We slept warm. We had the oxen chained to trees and fed them shelled corn, but I was afraid all that night that they would freeze standing there. Next morning we got to a place owned by Charley Root, a "squaw man" and there we got hay and rested ourselves up a little.

When we got to Council Grove, which is 125 miles from Leavenworth, the boys hired a team. They wanted to get in quickly on account of frozen feet and so on. They reached Leavenworth in the evening and I got in next morning. I went 500 miles in twenty-one days with my oxen.

After this trip I helped a man named Adams to collect 300 head of oxen around Manhattan, Kansas. When that was done I got a lot of ponies and drove them into Leavenworth where I sold them at auction.

In 1864, I went with a freighting outfit to Fort Union, New Mexico. It is an old Mexican fort near Santa Fe. We crossed the Hornalla (Jornado ?) It is a desert sixty miles long. I think it is called the Staked Plains now. I saw the place there, where 500 mules and a lot of soldiers died of starvation and thirst. It is at the head of the Cimmarron. The bones lie there in heaps for some distance. The government sent relief and rescued a few of the men, but nearly all died, not knowing where to go and not having any food or water stored up against such a trip. They were just learning the trails then.

We traveled all night with only an hour's rest. We had to lock the wheels to keep the cattle from running to water when we reached it. They were crazy to jump into it, and bawling something terrible.

That fall I left the river. There were two trains of freight wagons. One was in charge of Tom Fields and one in charge of Jerry Fields. We left one train at Laramie. Tom Fields went on. We went over a new route that time, because so many teams had been going over the road, that there was no grass. They left me for a while with some sore footed cattle. We were on the road all winter that year. We got into Leavenworth the fourteenth of June and made two trips to Lyons.

In 1865, I went to Salt Lake as wagon boss for Johnny Freeland who owned the outfit. Young Freeland was assistant wagon master. When Freeland went on ahead into Salt Lake City, Simonds was in his place. Johnny Thomas was a man who belonged in the other train. There were two trains

f us this time too. He fell out with the ıen and asked me if he could join our train. gave him a place. At Rock Springs some f our cattle got mixed up with the cattle f the other train and I sent Thomas after ıem. The men with whom Thomas had allen out before, raised an ugly row and 'homas shot at one of them and hit Simonds ı the leg. Before he could get medical at-ention he died of blood poisoning. Free-ınd sold the cattle to an outfit freighting ɔ Montana and Thomas stayed with the attle.

I came back from Salt Lake on the stage oach. It took seventeen days and nights rom Salt Lake to Atchison, Kansas, which 'e reached on Christmas day. Then a man amed Ed Lee and I ran a train for a man amed Salisbury.

But to get back to the stage trip. Near he old California Crossing the stage driver ell asleep and struck a telephone pole and pset. The driver seemed useless, but I in-isted he could splice the tongue with the ead lines so it would hold until we got to a oad house. There were Bill and Jess Travis, vho were horse auctioneers from Virginia City, Nevada, Doc Shales and Mr. Post, welve other boys and I in the coach. We ll walked except Jess Travis whose back vas hurt. Bill Travis was taking his brother ack to Chicago for treatment.

Doc Shales had 200 pounds of gold dust vith him. He had a gun and was anxious ver his dust. When the coach upset, Doc ad lost his gun some how and when we vere tramping along we met two soldiers nd Doc gave them five dollars to go and ind his gun and bring it to him. We never aw the soldiers or the gun again. When ve got to Denver the army quarter-master hartered the coach and offered Shales $24.00 n ounce for his gold in greenbacks but he vould not take it. He said he would take t to Washington to be coined.

This man, Post, used to have a bank in Cheyenne which went to the wall later. At his time he used to mow hay with a scythe outh of Cheyenne and haul it to Denver and ell it for $80.00 a ton.

I lived seven or eight years on my land efore I filed claim on it. I proved up in wo years. I hauled quaking aspen trees rom the hills and fenced some. I bought ighteen or twenty Montana steers out of a rail herd going through; they were sore ooted so were for sale. We never weaned ny calves and never fed any cattle in win-er until late in the 80's.

Cheyenne was a tough cow town. There vas a Vigilance Committee in those days.

During roundups and while herding we vere bothered by buffalo. They mixed with he cattle causing much trouble and many ights. We shot them wholesale. There vere many men making a living from skin-ing buffalo and the hides only sold for bout a dollar. They rapidly disappeared n the 70's. I killed one at the ranch in 876 right by the corral.

There were hundreds of antelope every-vhere. In 1858 up on the Sibylee near Lara-nie we watched one band of them passing for two hours, several thousands of them, moving their range from the mountains to the flats. In the fall Mr. Whitcomb caught eighteen antelope in the snow one morning with dogs. Three were many bands of forty or fifty deer to be seen near the mountains at any time. In 1856, while driving about twenty ox teams we ran into so many thousands of buffalo on the Little Blue river in Kansas that we had to put guards night and day for three hundred miles to protect the oxen.

In a terrible blizzard in 1871, we were living in a house made of box boards with a sod chimney. The chimney caught on fire and we had to put the fire out.

I never lost a man by Indians in twelve years of freighting. In 1876 we were attacked by Indians who were thieving, ten or twelve miles east of Pine Bluffs. I had twenty-six wagons. Some of the men went down to Pole Creek to water some of the sorenecked cattle. They saw the Indians watching from the hills and they warned the rest of us who were busy loosing the cattle and making a corral. Guns were slung on loops on the outside of the wagons. We all got together. Two of the boys had saddle horses and were determined to see the Indians for themselves. We were on a slight elevation. The two boys rode out into the space between the creek and the bluffs. The Indians cut them off from coming back at once, then those boys saw the Indians and what a race it was! There were about twenty of us ambushed in a draw ready to get them as they went by, but the two boys were so scared they gave us away by stopping and the Indians dashed away out of range. They circled till 10 in the morning.

About 1872, I farmed in Missouri and got twenty cents for husked corn. Hauled oats ten miles and sold it at twenty-six cents.

I ran a round-up in Weld County, Colorado, for four years for J. W. Auliff. It comprised about forty thousand cattle. Sometimes we would hold five thousand cattle in one bunch. In 1882 I shipped two cars of beef to Chicago and got sixty-five dollars a head. I sold two hundred head of horses at twelve dollars and a half a head. On the round-up the cowboys worked from 4 A. M. till 9 P. M. There was a captain to each squad and each squad circled in short circles and held the cattle brought in. Squads changed and each sought his own cattle out of each bunch. Each outfit had its own chuck outfit. Often it would take all day to separate cattle.

In 1876 we had eighteen cavoy yards, so many men assigned to move cattle and a few to circle. We always branded the calves as we found them on the range.

Cheyenne was a tough town of cowmen, gamblers, soldiers, desperadoes. Charley Martin and Mosier were hung for murder. Cheyenne had a vigilance committee all the time.

The cattle men went out to get cattle rustlers in the "cattleman's war." The rustlers met them and shut them up in a cabin on a mountain side. Mr. Gilchrist and I notified Washington. Soldiers arrived just in time

to prevent the cattlemen from being burned to death. Many of the rustlers were desperadoes from all over the west and would stop at nothing.

In October, 1871, there was a snow two feet deep which crusted and lay all winter. Auliff lost three thousand head of Texas cattle that year. S. B. Hunter moved sheep up to Jackson's Springs and I was out riding one day when a terrible blizzard came up. I had a post-bar (railroad pinch bar) with me and my hands nearly froze before I got home. Two men from Jaegers with lumber came up to Duck Creek. Hunter started out after the posts at about two o'clock. There was an awful storm and he did not get back. I wrapped up well and started to look for him. A spring ran down to the main road so I followed its course. I found the wagon. The old man had gone to look for the ranchmen who brought the posts. Standing in the road I fired my pistol and he found me. We got back about eight o'clock and the old man's heavy beard was solid ice.

This man Auliff and two Durbins, Tom Kent and Banten and Kirkendall were the stock association. A. Banten got on a drunk and killed a brother named Brian. The Bantens are gone now. Two men by the name of Coffee settled where I built a cabin on Sibylee. The road through old Fort Walbach went over through the Lannen place. It go so in later years of freighting that the grass got so short along the wagon trails, that we had to go back three or four miles to get feed.

I sent the assistant wagon master one trip to Denver to take some men back from the Farthing place while I went down the Poudre to old Fort Morgan and camped till the teams came back. Then I went to Julesburg and loaded with corn for Fort Casper. The man I loaded for was named Wright. I pulled out of Nebraska City in July and never heard of Wright for five months. I unloaded the corn at Casper and pulled into Laramie, then went into winter quarters on the Chug. There were no settlements. I had no money, so I took the best steers of the ox team and sold them in Laramie. About three hours after I met Wright. He had been very sick. He hired me to go back to Leavenworth and then to Texas where he wanted to buy cattle, trail them to Wyoming and run them on the Sibylee. He took sick again so I went back to Missouri.

There was a braggart with the outfit once who was always killing scores of Indians in his mind. The boys framed up on him. A bunch went and hid in a clump of willows, then the night herder told the rest of us that his favorite steer was mired down by that willow clump. We, and the braggart, hurried down to get him out. Suddenly came a burst of gun fire from the willows. We all fell as if shot, all except our brave hero who ran and hid in the wagon from which place we dragged him when we got back.

In 1864 at Plumb Creek on the Platte, I loaded out for Denver. On one of the wagons bossed by another man was a fourteen year old boy. The man gave him a beating and he came over to my wagons. I told him he had better go back to his dad's outfit and he said, "I'll go, but he had better let me alone." The man jumped him again and the boy shot him in the breast with buck-shot. The father wanted to have the boy arrested but they let him off and he ran the outfit then.

July, 1922.

(Corrected as to spelling and capitalization)

Dayton, Ohio, Jan. 29, '03.

Have received book and letter Jan. 23, '03, four years I got one of General Miles book, one volume 600 pages full of pictures called from New England to the Golden Gate or General Miles, 20 years on the Plains with general photos. It is a heavy book printed by Werner & Company, Chicago and at Akron, Ohio. Your book is interesting reading, Bridger and other scouts whom I seen, also photos of Forts Casper, Fetterman, Laramie, Reno, which looks natural to me I have not seen since 1868, abandoned now. I never forget the hardships 18 U. S. Infantry had seen in 1865-68; few living yet that had good constitution, to march from Kansas City from end of railroad to Fort Leavenworth and from last Fort across Kansas, Colorado Territory with wagon train December 1865, some died on the road. The first battalion marched to Forts Riley and Dodge, Kansas, we arrived last Fort dug out last of January 1866 moved out with cold and sore feet met Indians on the road. We were lost in western Kansas off the old Santa Fe trail, we rested at Fort Dodge Kansas. Denver was a small village we went on to Fort Collins, Colo marched through where Cheyenne is, no town and railroad I seen, that was May 1866, we went on to Fort Laramie then up Platte river to where city of Casper is now. I think the first part of June 1866, set our tents I was detailed to build Fort Casper, 8 men of us got extra pay, rest of the troops cut and hauled logs from Casper Mountain they were well armed on account of Indians they were troublesome then. The Fort was finished close to the winter of 1866, roof and floor were dirt no lumber. Few soldiers were killed near Sweetwater telegraph station. Late spring 1867 we went to Fort Fetterman built that of sun-dried brick on high ground, we left four troops at Fort Casper for guard. I understand the bridge at Casper was burnt by Indians in 1868. Fall of 1867 we were ordered to Fort Reno, Powder river, seen many Indians there where we wintered and guarded supply trains to Ft. Phil Kearney and night skirmish on Crazy Woman Creek. We remained at Fort Reno till August 1868, when it was abandoned with Phil Kearney and Ft. Smith, Montana which was a sight, wagons loading up. Fort Casper route was a dangerous route we carried mail to Bridger's Ferry and Ft. Laramie where troops lost their lives. Mr. Shallenberger of Casper City in '98 sent me photo of that town, I never thought of a town and railroad. What a change. I was at Fort Casper, December 1866 when we got news

of Phil Kearney massacre, we stayed up of nights fearing Indians might massacre us. Fort Reno was a cold place in winter 1868 the guards were relieved every half hour. In September we arrived at Ft. D. A. Russell near Cheyenne a small post, guarding Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming, western Nebraska, the Indians burning wooden trestle works I was one of the guards, Nov. 1868. I was honorably discharged, rheumatism and scurvy bothers me now, a trip on Union Pacific railroad sent me back free to the East November, 1868, Colonel Carrington with part of 18th, U. S. Infantry fall of 1865 went from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney, Nebraska to winter till spring 1866.

I was born near Middleton, Pennsylvania 1843, 10 years old moved to back woods country of Indiana cleared up the country. Enlisted Indianapolis, Indiana November 1865, when my 3 years were up came to Indiana worked on a farm but my rheumatism and scurvy bothered me went to Hot Springs, Arkansas. But still I have rheumatism, can't work like used too, the great hardships in the west, hunger alkali water did hurt me. From Indiana I came to Dayton, Ohio sometime ago. The largest National soldiers Home in country is here, 6000 soldiers very beautiful place, excursions brings people here in summer, 640 acres in it and few 18th U. S. regiment boys in it, I don't belong to it. Some years back I took Cheyenne paper, The Leader but give it up. I seen in Leader about Tom Foster, Buffalo, Wyoming he bought Fort Phil Kearney reservation for farming I used to write him but lately he used to write to me that I would not know the country now taken up by miners and farmers.

Yours truly,

(Signed) ERNEST POPE, 1865-68
Late A. Co. 1st Battalion, 18 U. S. Infantry.
General Delivery.

I read day and night in winter days the book is good reading because I was on Bozeman and other roads in Wyoming and seen emmigrant trains to Utah and Pacific States at Fort Casper 1866, beautiful snow mountain in far distance in the summer, stationed at Fort Reno, The Big Horn Mountains was a nice sight in distance. Your book shows a map of Ft. Phil Kearney I got a small history of Col. Carrington own writing it has a map of Phil Kearney same as your book, I had the book think 20 years. Excuse bad writing mistakes I make, I thought would mention the hardships 18th regiment crossing the plains from Fort Leavenworth Kansas winter 1865-66, no railroads, I have written a long history of 18th regiment but it can be made shorter. I presume no sign of Ft. Phil Kearney stockade all gone I was there after the massacre guarding supply trains to Ft. Phil Kearney, I seen it was a good Fort and stockade and mountainous country rich in mineral I presume. Your book I very near read through reading all the time, book put me in mind way back days in Wyoming. Is the 2nd Volume same price. I was thinking of few weeks visit to Indians which is close by we travel cheap in the East, electric railway, 1¼ cent a mile. About 2nd volume I will buy later on when you have it printed. I lost track of my Captain Lyman M. Kellogg of my Company 18th regiment when we built Ft. Casper 1866, he was there. I suppose will find his name at Washington on the book if living. Will send stamp for reply, I thank you; these letters bad hand write.

ERNEST POPE, 18th regiment.
Dayton Ohio. G. D.

From Record A, Page 1, Surveyor General's Office, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

149 Warren Ave.,
Boston, Mass.
Feb. 28th, 1870.

Hon. Jos. S. Wilson,
Com. General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:—

I have the honor to state that in my confirmation by the Senate, for Surveyor General of Wyoming Territory occurred on the 18th, instant. I have therefore to request that when it shall suit your convenience, you will forward the blank Official Bond to my address, here in order that I may execute it in this city before returning to Missouri, which may not be practicable for some time yet.

Very respectfully,
Your Obedient Servant,
(Signed) SILAS REED.

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149 Warren Avenue,
Boston, Mass.
March 24th, 1870.

Hon. Jos. S. Wilson,
Com. General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:—

I have the honor to inclose herewith my Official Bond for the office of Surveyor General of Wyoming Territory made out on yesterday and which I hope will be found to be strictly in accordance with your instructions.

Sickness has prevented the immediate execution of the Bond. Be pleased to acknowledge the receipt hereof and also to inform me to what place I shall repair for the location of the office.

I shall proceed to Wyoming early next month where I hope to be ready to commence the surveys as soon as the weather will permit.

I remain sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) SILAS REED.

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149 Warren Avenue,
Boston, Mass.
April 2nd, 1870.

Hon. Jos. S. Wilson,
Commissioner Gen. Land Office,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:—

I have the honor to request that if my commission has not been mailed to me at this place before this reaches you, you will direct it to me at St. Louis upon receipt of this,

care of H. W. Leffingwell, Number 320 Chestnut Street.

I am obliged to leave for that city on Monday the 4th instant.

I learn from Wyoming that efforts are making to prevent the location of the Land Office at Cheyenne. I trust no such movement will induce Secretary Cox to place the office west of the Laramie Mountains at least not until the work in eastern Wyoming is well advanced.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) SILAS REED,
Surveyor General, Wyoming Territory.

P. S.—I shall be glad to go to Wyoming and commence operations as soon as you shall instruct me where to open the office and what to do.

St. Louis, Missouri,
May 19th, 1870.

Hon. S. F. Nuckolls,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir:—

I am in receipt of your two acceptable letters of the 13th and 16th, for which I feel much obliged to you, I also have one from the commissioner of the 11th, informing me that he will forward instructions to Cheyenne in a few days.

I fear this does not mean instructions to commence work immediately—although I understand the appropriation matter there is nothing lacking but for office rent, etc.

I shall leave for Cheyenne again within three or four days and see what I find to do there and one company of men go with me to begin work. I hope they will not have to wait long on expense.

The Commissioner said last winter we must not survey where there was danger from Indians. If he adheres to this idea we could not run a line ten miles away from even the larger villages. We can do literally nothing on lines of any length without some protection and the Surveyor General has no authority to ask for military protection. Will you please have some conversation with Mr. Wilson on these points and write to me at Cheyenne, his views as well as your own.

I am pleased to hear the good opinion from Cheyenne spoken of in your letter, I shall do what I can properly both to secure and retain the good opinion of the people, of that, to me, interesting new country, Wyoming.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) SILAS REED.

Surveyor General's Office,
Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory,
May 31st, 1870.

Hon. Jos. S. Wilson,
Com. General Land Office,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:—

I have the honor to offer some suggestions as to the best manner of expending the appropriation for Surveys in Wyoming, referred to in your instruction fo the 16th instant.

I propose to expend about one-half or one-third of the appropriation of $25,000 in this vicinity as follows: 1st, in extending the 8th Guide Meridian only 24 miles at present as it is unsafe to proceed farther north until we learn the result of the visit of Red Cloud at Washington; 2nd, in establishing the 4th correction line eastward to the east Boundary of Wyoming, in the vicinity of Pine Bluffs, say 20 to 24 miles; 3rd, in running the 4th correction line West to the Laramie range about 36 miles; 4th, in establishing the township and section lines in the neighborhood of this city where the principal settlements are confined at present.

The balance of the appropriation of $25,000 ought to be expended in surveying the vicinity of Laramie city on the west side of the Laramie range, where agriculturists and stock-growers are rapidly extending their settlements, the section of counrty being the southern edge of the Laramie plains near to the above city, and where settlers are justly clamorous for surveys to be made.

To effect this object it would be necessary to establish the 9th Guide Meridian which will run from Sherman and then extend westward therefrom the 4th and 5th correction lines one-half if not the whole distance to the 10 Guide when run.

The 4th correction would probably pass a few miles north of Laramie City.

But you do not make any reference to the establishing of the 9th Guide and I am not advised whether it is extended northward in Colorado to the boundary of Wyoming.

If it be practicable and in accordance with your policy I have no hesitation in recommending the surveys of the 9th Guide at least 48 miles into Wyoming and the 4th and 5th correction lines west at least 24 miles so that the inhabitants of the enterprising and flourishing city of Laramie and its vicinity may be accommodated with the most necessary section surveys this season.

I propose to begin with a small contract in the name of Edwin James and Henry G. Hay, both competent men and the former a Deputy in Missouri and Iowa in past years.

The contract not to exceed $2,000.00 and to include the survey of the 8th Guide Meridian from the 3rd to the 4th correction lines the survey of the 4th correction line to the East boundary of Wyoming say 20 to 24 miles and west 36 miles to the foot of the Laramie range. Also the exteriors of townships 13 and 14th ranges 65, 66, 67 and 68 west which will enable subdividing to go on around this city and down the valley of Crow Creek to the South boundary of Wyoming and 24 miles along Union Pacific in this vicinity.

In conclusion I have to request most earnestly that in regard to the 1st small contract you will wave your regulation of requiring the approval of the contract before the Deputies commence work in the field and permit them in this only instance I shall have occasion to request it to proceed to the field as soon as the contract is made in due form with your office.

I make this unusual request because the expense of living here is perfectly ruinous

ıd it would consume two of the best weeks the season in waiting your approval and ɛturn of the contract.

If you shall be pleased to grant this ample ɛviation from rule, I will thank you to make known to me by telegraph immediately ɔon the receipt of this letter.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) SILAS REED,
Surveyor General of Wyoming Territory.

Surveyor General's Office,
Cheyenne, Wyo. Territory,
June 8, 1870.

. F. Davis, Esq.,
and Com., Union Pacific R. R.,
maha, Nebraska.
ear Sir:

I regret the necessity of requesting your iendly aid once more, but so many obstacs arise to delay my men from taking the ɛld that they are almost discouraged.

Upon my arrival here I understand our overnor to say that arrangements had been ade for military protection for my Deputies the field..... Accordingly on yesterday (in e absence of the Governor at Washington) called to see General King on the subject ıd learned from him that no order had been ceived from General Augur in relation ɛreto and that I must apply to General ugur myself.

I am not authorized to call for protection ough I find, the universal sentiment preıiling here that my Deputies are not safe om attack by Indians 10 miles from this wn. I will probably have only one comıny in the field for some weeks hence and ɛy will not go farther from here than is quired to run the 4th correction line to the ɛtent noted in my letter of 6th instant.

Deputies cannot make headway in work ıd watch for Indians too. I beg leave therere to request that you will lay the subject ɛfore General Augur and ascertain whether ɛ cause some protection to be furnished om this post and if so, whether he will der half a dozen stands of extra arms to taken out by the soldiers—to be used by rveyors in case of attack—or if preferred him to be sold to the Deputies.

I may add that I noticed soldiers here who ɔuld be benefitted and become more useful being awhile in the field.

Please to let hear from you at your earliest ɔnvenience — for our instruments arrived ɛsterday and the Deputies are ready to beɔn work.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient Servant,
SILAS REED,
Surveyor Gen. Wyo. Tyty.

Surveyor General's Office,
Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory,
June 13, 1870.

on. H. Glafcke,
ɛcy and Acting Governor,
Vyoming Territory.
r:—

I am ready to commence the public surveys of this Territory in the vicinity of Cheyenne, but from the universally admitted danger from Indian hostility my Deputies are unwilling to take the field without military protection.

I propose to employ only one company for the next month upon lines as follows, to-wit: One line (the 8th Guide Meridian) to run from the Colorado Boundary north 48 miles passing Cheyenne 12 miles east. Two other lines 78 miles long each running west from the East line of Wyoming to the crest of the Laramie range 24 and 48 miles from and parallel to the South Boundary of Wyoming and a few townships lines in the vicinity of Cheyenne and the Union Pacific Railroad, as shown by the inclosed diagram. The lines to be run are those with the distance marked in figures.

I can only suggest that you confer with General Augur commanding the Department of the Platte in relation to the necessity of military protection and request that some devise be obtained as soon as practicable.

I beg leave to add that my Deputies desire authority from General Augur to purchase at least 6 or 8, Sharps Carbines suited to Allens Centre primed cartridge from the Ordnance Officer at the Post.

We ought to have about 20 men with this company of Surveyors.

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
SILAS REED,
Surveyor General Wyo. Territory.

Headquarters Ft. D. A. Russell,
June 21, 1870.

To Dr. Silas Reed,
Surveyor General Wyo. Territory.
Sir:—

The commanding officer has been directed to furnish your Surveying party with an escort and desires to know when and where the Sergeant in charge may report to the Engineer.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
S..... HAY,
Brevet Maj. 1st Infantry.

Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory,
June 21st, 1870.

General J. H. King,
Fort D. A. Russell,
Dear Sir:—

I have to thank you for your note of last evening informing me that I can have an escort from Cavalry for my Surveying party.

I will go down on the train at two p. m. tomorrow to Archer Station, to meet my company there, where I would be pleased to meet the escort if it should be convenient for you to place them there, that soon.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
SILAS REED,
Surveyor General Wyoming Territory.

Surveyor General's Office,
Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory,
July 16th, 1870.

Gen'l J. H. King,
Commander at Ft. D. A. Russell.
Sir:—

I have the honor to inform you that in accordance with the intimation I gave you verbally some days since that some of my Deputies would furnish you a compass at the earliest convient moment, for the survey of the outer boundary lines of Fort Russell reservation. I am now enabled to state that H. G. Hay and J. B. Thomas, Deputies, with their Solar compass volunteered to aid in the Survey gratuitously on Monday next if that will suit you.

I would suggest that you use rather heavy stones for the corners and angles—and also set stakes with mounds at every one-half miles on each of the four mile lines counting from the beginning of each line on the direction to be surveyed.

You will need two chairman, two flagmen and 2 or three men to set and mark the corner stones and stakes.

My Deputies will soon reach here with their surveys and will be obliged to cross their lines on the lines of the reservation. Thus the necessity for the survey being marked, as plainly as may be and completed the coming week if convenient for you to do so.

I am sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
SILAS REED,
Surveyor Gen. Wyoming Territory.

P. S.—The Deputies will need an ambulance to carry the instruments to the place of operation.

NOTE—These Surveyor's notes were taken from the manuscript records in the Surveyor General's office, Cheyenne, by the courtesy of Surveyor General Atherly.

ACCESSIONS

December 31, 1923, to March 31, 1924
(Museum)

Gifts from

Editor Cook, picture of Father Camisky.

Mr. Joe Wilde, picture of Mr. Wilde's residence, group picture of Red Angus, Posey Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. John Owens, Joe Wilde.

Judge J. R. Arnold, wall map of United States, 1858.

Mr. William J. MacDonald, Wilson badge.

Mr. Roy E. Riford, picture of Capt. Thos. Miller, 1898; picture of Company C, W. N. G., Buffalo, 18.....

Mr. A. E. Watts—Two Indian Saddles from old Fort Washakie; Sioux Indian Necklace; Arapahoe gambling game; old ceremonial knife; horseshoe found on Custer battle field; tomahawk; Indian peace pipe; vest worn by "Miss Wyoming" on trip east to advertise Frontier Days, 1920.

Mr. E. A. Logan—Horseshoe from the old Ft. Laramie stock.

Donald E. Crain, loaned, Deringer revolver, 1871.

Purchased by State Historical Department, map of United States; map of Wyoming.

History
(Books)

Gifts from

Senator F. E. Warren, sketch of Ft. Robinson (illustrated), by Maj. Gen. W. H. Carter, U. S. A., retired.

John Clay, 1923 Live Stock Markets, Volume 33.

Mr. C. Nines, The Black Hills, by Mrs. Annie E. Tallent.

Mr. C. S. Baker, Volume I, Coutant's History.

Mrs. Roy E. Riford, Record 1889, Rawlins Public School.

Purchased by State Historical Department The Frontier Trail, by Col. Homer W. Wheeler, U. S. Cav., retired, autograph copy; An Army Boy of the Sixties, by Major A. B. Ostrander; The National Parks; Reminiscenses of Alex Topence; The American Government, by Frederick J. Haskin; Shoshone Folk Lore, by Sarah Emelia Olden.

Miscellaneous

Gifts from

Mrs. J. H. Burgess, original manuscript.

Mrs. Gertrude Merrill, original manuscript

Col. H. W. Wheeler, original manuscript

Mrs. Charles Stone, original manuscript.

Judge C. N. Potter, legal document March 1875.

Mr. William Hooker, R. R. Bond, Wisconsin, Repudiated 1857.

Dr. Grace R. Hebard, Index miscellaneous papers.

Bishop Thomas, ten dollars.

E. A. Brinninstool, pamphlet.

AMONG THE BOOKS

"The Frontier Trail," by Homer W. Wheeler, Col. U. S. Cav. (retired) has just been published. Colonel Wheeler served with the old Fifth and the Eleventh Cavalry and saw 38 years active service. As Indian fighter and army officer he knew Wyoming. "My Experiences at Fort Washakie" appearing in this Bulletin is from Colonel Wheeler's pen and he has presented the manuscript to the Wyoming State Historical Department. "The Frontier Trail" is published by the Times-Mirror Press of Los Angeles and the price is $3.00, Illustrated.

"An Army Boy of the Sixties, or a Story of the Plains" by Major A. B. Ostrander is a recently published book which contains history of the Indian troubles in Wyoming and many entertaining stories of army officers and life on the Plains. Major Ostrander served in the Civil War and with the regular army during the Indian wars in Wyoming. He has presented his manuscript of this book to the State Historical Department of Wyoming. Published by World Book Company, New York. $2.25.

"Reminiscences by Alex Toponce" is another book that has just been brought out. It contains much early history of Wyoming. The book is published by Mrs. Toponce of Ogden, Utah, and is priced at $3.00.

The Wyoming State Historical Department has purchased these three books.