ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1858

By Richard Thomas Ackley[1]

of Camden, New Jersey

Born 1832 — Died 1881

Sidney, Fremont County, Iowa.

June 21, 1858. After becoming tired of this place Jim Packard, Tom Akins, Oll Scoggins and myself prepared for a trip across the plains to some point we did not know exactly where. We all put in our little mites, and as Tom and Oll were both judges of stock, it was entrusted with them to procure a team. A very good covered wagon was procured and four good mules bought. We concluded by taking plenty of sugar, coffee, crackers, tobacco and whisky, we could trade or dispose of the articles to a good advantage, so to Jim and me was entrusted the care of making up the merchandise. Every penny we four could raise was expended in merchandise and in a general outfit for the plains. So in the afternoon of this day, after having everything all ready, we bid goodby to our friends and rolled out; stopped at Abe Acord's about three miles out of town all night. We were well entertained.

June 22, 1858. We were up bright and early; after breakfasting we again started. Abe Acord accompanied us to Nebraska City. The road after we got down in the bottom was very heavy. We had great difficulty in making the river. Crossed in a steam ferry boat and camped just out of town. Drove about 12 miles.

June 23, 1858. Rained quite hard all night and day. Towards evening we bid adieu to Abe and made a short drive. After being out a few days things began to come around all right. In crossing the Saline River we had some trouble. The stream was very high. Met a great many Kaw and Pawnee Indians whom we shunned as much as possible. The latter tribe is a thieving set, and are constantly prowling about the country for what they can steal and beg. About the fourth day out we lost a very valuable dog that Abe Acord had given to us. I think he must have lagged behind and given out, as on that day water was very

[1] The original manuscript journal was obtained in January, 1930, from Frank L. Ackley, 107 No. Mole Street, Philadelphia, Pa., a son of the journalist. The son writes in part: "My father was a sutler at Camp Floyd and other places. He was employed at Salt Lake City in the store of Miller, Russell & Co., a branch of Russell, Majors & Waddell. The wagon masters of the above company all came to his store to be paid off. There is much said in the journal of the desperadoes and tough characters of Salt Lake City in 1858-1859. Many characters are mentioned who were prominent in Utah or western history, such as General Harney, General A. S. Johnston, Col. Alexander, Porter Rockwell, Bill Hickman, Ephraim Hanks, Pegleg Smith, Mr. Russell, Captain Grant, James Bridger and Capt. Owen.

"Interesting descriptions are given of the Mormon State Fair, the Mormon People, the customs in the store, one of the first public executions in Utah, the sutlers store at Camp Floyd, Guarding the U. S. Courts and Dobietown, (Fairfield)."

scarce. His loss was much regretted. Our mode of traveling may be somewhat interesting. When we came to a place where we wanted to camp for dinner or all night, after unharnessing and watering, the animals were picketed down with ropes, and changed several times. Through the course of the night two of the party generally attended to the animals and the other two attended to getting wood or Buffalo chips to cook by. I was always considered in command of the party and had charge of all accounts. The driving was done by different ones, changing every day.

June, 1858. The beauty in traveling is never to allow yourself to camp twice in the same place, which we made a rule and always adhered to, unless we chose to lay over to rest. Persons traveling as we were after being out some time, become very dilatory about most everything, unless there is someone to move the party up. I have forgotten to mention that we also had a very pretty black pony along with us. He gave us a great deal of trouble, for whenever we camped he would invariably run back several miles, and someone would be obliged to go after him.

It will be well enough before I advance too far, to state where our party was originally from. Jim S. Packard was a native of Delaware and the only son of a widow. Jim had been living in Philadelphia for some time, but became dissatisfied and went out west to Sidney in Fremont County, Iowa. Was in business there some time with his cousin, William Sepple, who treated him rather badly, so he left him. Jim and I always were warm friends. Thomas A. Atkins was a native of Kentucky, and finally ran away from home and made his home at Sidney, where he did considerable business in trading. Oliver Scoggins was also a native of Kentucky. His father and mother emigrated to Missouri when Oll was very young, where the father soon died. The mother married again a man from near New Santa Fe in Jackson County, Missouri, named Lipscomb. Mrs. Lipscomb was one of the prettiest women I ever saw or knew. Oll was a desperate character. He had a brother, John, who was the terror of the west in the way of horse stealing and highway robbery.

On the afternoon we left Sidney after our team had rolled out, I was detained in town some time on business. Then the stage arrived with the mail from the east and had two letters for me, both from home wanting me to pack up and come on home, as they had a No. 1 situation for me. What was I to do? Everything I had in the world was engaged in the trip we were about taking, so I set down and penned a few lines hastily, stating where I was going and it would be impossible for me to return east.

We had a great deal of trouble in getting across the Missouri Bottom, which was almost covered with water. The distance across is eight miles. Several times we were obliged to unload our wagon and unharness our mules. Several times we were on

the point of turning back, but we finally got to the river and across, where we made or was shown a good camp by a friend of mine, named Bowler; so we called the first camp west of the Missouri River, Camp Bowler, in honor to my friend. The mosquitos were very bad. It was almost impossible to sleep. Jim and Tom went to the hills with three blankets to sleep.

Our next camp which was four miles out of town, we called Camp Scoggins. We were some little alarmed at night by prowling Pawnees, who gave us some little trouble. The next day we drove on to Weeping Water, a very pretty little stream. Camped on the west bank here at night. Our mules were somewhat scared by a large wolf, who made his appearance. Oll fired his pistol at him and the dog ran him off. These wolves are very large sometimes, and give, when hungry, a great deal of trouble. Next day made a drive of about 12 miles, Tom driving, Jim on the pony and Oll and I on foot ahead of the wagon looking out for game. Our camp this evening is on Saline River. The water here is very salty, caused by a number of salt springs emptying into it. The river being so very high we concluded not to cross. The next day being Sunday, we remained in camp all day. Amused ourselves in bathing and shooting at a mark. Some Pawnees came into our camp and remained with us for a time.

Monday, still in camp. We are afraid to cross; the stream is too full. Tuesday we concluded to cross, which we did successfully. The country now becomes a rolling prairie. Saw many antelope, but did not get any. Jim is complaining today. Made a short camp for dinner and camped for the night on a spot near Cottonwood Creek. Our mules were much troubled by wolves or Indians. Either would have met with a warm reception, as we were all well armed with rifles and pistols and pretty good shots.

We were up early and glad to get away from our old camp. Jim, poor fellow, is very sick. Saw a great many antelope today. They were entirely too wild. Made a short stop for dinner. Our time of starting in the morning is when the sun has been up about one or one and one-half hours, and then drive along to about 11 o'clock, then stop for dinner, then harness up about two or three o'clock and drive along until we come to a good camp for the night. I always like to be in camp for the night, so as to have supper over and all cleaned up before night sets in. Our drives in a day will vary from 15 to 30 miles. Today, Tom shot a large bird, which made us all a mess, with our flap-jacks and coffee. Our camp for the night was on a high, rolling prairie; grass very good but water scarce and no wood.

Thursday, July 1st, 1858. Cloudy with some little rain. Shortly after leaving camp a train from Fort Kearney came in sight. It was one of Russell, Majors and Waddell's trains. Each wagon drawn by six yoke of cattle and twenty-six wagons to a

train. They had been out to Fort Kearney with government supplies, and were returning to Nebraska City. It was a most beautiful sight to see them moving along over the country. After a short drive we came to Elm Creek, where we found plenty of good grass, wood and water: Three very useful things to a traveler. Here we camped for breakfast. This is 100 miles from the river. We drove on then without stopping for dinner until the middle of the afternoon, when we made our night camp at what is known as the Clear Slough, which lies in the Platte River Bottom. Here we all took a fine swim and washed some clothes. Tom and Oll have done most of the cooking so far and they really are good hands at it. At night we had a very hard thunder shower and plenty of rain. Poor Jim is still very unwell. He took Cooks Vegetable Pills (Anti-bilious) and I tell you they kept him moving about all night.

The next day the ground was very wet. We were soon ready to move after we had got our breakfast. Passed the grave of N. Runtger, died June 3rd, 1858. A rude board marked the spot, and the wolves had been digging and destroyed the looks of the grave. We are now traveling up the Platte River. Came to a very soft place and had considerable difficulty in getting over it. The Platte is very wide and shallow and full of islands. No timber or even brush. We passed today where several Indian portages had been, and at night camped at what is known as the site of the old Pawnee Village. After supper I visited a number of Indian graves on the bluffs close by. Mosquitoes awful. After breakfast we left our camp at Pawnee Village quite early. Oll today, shot a jackass rabbit. They are very large and fine eating. Camped for the night on the Platte. We have traveled today about 30 miles. Oll is complaining of sore feet. Oll and I thought we saw a buffalo.

July 4th. A most beautiful day. We worked the pony on the lead on account of one of the mules having a sore shoulder. I rode the mule bare back. He ran away with me several times. Camped opposite Grand Island for dinner. This island is 50 miles long and mostly timbered, which is a rare thing for this country. After we all took a smoke from our pipes and a short nap, we again moved off. I never saw the flies and mosquitoes worse in my life. At our camp in the evening which was on the Platte. I was standing second watch when I thought I saw an Indian approaching, so I woke the boys very carefully and they were soon in line with their pistols belted on and their rifles in their hands, and away we marched towards the object we thought was the Indian, I the whole time cautioning the boys not to fire until I gave the word and then to aim steady, when about this time we found that the object we thought was an Indian proved to be one of our small

mules that had got loose and strayed around to the other side of the camp. We all had a hearty laugh over the result.

Monday, we were up early and drove about 12 miles before breakfast, and camped where the road from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, intersects with this running west onto California. Two full trains of 26 wagons each passed on their way to Salt Lake City. These trains camped some distance from us for dinner as it was near the middle of the day. Shortly after we had prepared our camp, an ambulance with four mules drove up. It contained two lieutenants from Camp Scott,[2] one was a Lt. Green, and two old mountaineers from off of Green River. They were on their way to the States and all very drunk. I afterwards became acquainted with this party. The officers both belonged to the regular army and returned the next spring to Camp Floyd. The two mountaineers I also knew or at least got acquainted with them on their return that fall. While in this camp a buffalo came across the river directly towards our wagon. The boys were soon up with their rifles, and as soon as he came close enough they commenced banging away at him. He then returned to the other side, and in spite of their firing returned and ran off towards where some cattle were grazing and stampeded the whole herd. After getting over the excitement we soon were again on the move, and camped in the afternoon about one-fourth mile from Fort Kearney on the bank of the Platte River. We are now 250 miles from the river.

Monday, July 5, 1858. Fort Kearney is beautifully situated on the Platte bottom. They have a view up and down the river as far as the eye can carry. The buildings are all with very few exceptions, built of adobe and one-story high. There are about 350 U. S. troops stationed here under the command of Captain McGowan. I could not help noticing the cleanliness of everybody and everything. The men all had their boots blacked and their clothes clean. We spent some little time today looking around the Fort. There was a party of Cheyennes camped close by. I went over to take a peep at them. They are at war with the Pawnees and were making great inquiry about them. Tom and Jim visited the Fort after dusk. Oll and I remained in camp. We were somewhat alarmed in regard to their safety, as they did not return until late.

Tuesday, a beautiful day. We were all up early after breakfasting. I cleaned myself up some, and walked over to the Fort, disposed of some 25 pounds of powder that we had and bought some things at the Sutler store, and wrote a short letter to Shreve Ackley.

Soon after leaving Kearney, we met a very large train from Camp Scott on Green River. They were a hard looking set of fellows. The wagons were a return train of Russell, Majors and

[2] Camp Scott, near Fort Bridger, Wyoming; Johnston's Army encampment during the winter and spring of 1857-58.

Waddell, that had wintered in that country and were on their way to Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory. Many of the men were discharged soldiers, and the balance had been in the Quartermaster's employ. Some were mounted and others were on foot. I had a talk with some who gave a very discouraging account of the country west, and of the hardships in wintering in that country.

I will mention here that from the time we crossed Salt Creek until we made our camp below Fort Kearney, a distance of 200 miles, we never saw a white man. Passed Colonel Sumner with an escort of one company. Camped on the bank of the river. He was on his way to join the Mormon Expedition. The company made a fine appearance in their camp with their tents all up and their wagons corraled and stock grazing near by. Passed on the road some ox-teams on their way to California with young cattle. We traveled several miles in company with them. Camped for the night near the river. The boys all went over on the other side of the Platte after some brush to cook with. Had some little trouble with our stock.

Wednesday, July 7, 1858. Clear and cool. Plenty of buffalo in sight today. Oll went ahead on the pony and succeeded in killing a fat calf, which made a load for the horse, and did not come up until after we had gone into camp on Plum Creek. The weather being too warm to keep much of it, we were obliged to jerk the balance, which is done by cutting the meat in thin slices and drying it in the sun. We hung ours around the side of the wagon until it became thoroughly dried. The buffalo in this location are very thick. In driving along, a large herd came near running over us. We were obliged to hold up until they had passed.

Colonel Morrison with a command of infantry and artillery are in camp a mile below. They are also on their way to join the Salt Lake Expedition. A lot of discharged soldiers from Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, camped also close by for the night. Some Indians stole their mules and they were obliged to send some men into Fort Kearney after fresh mules. At this camp we did a considerable business. These fellows all had plenty of money and our little stock of sardines, whisky, and tobacco went off like hot cakes.

The next day was cloudy. The troops under Morrison are moving on up the river. We prepared to follow soon after, so as to do some trading. Our whisky after reducing it just one half with water, we got one dollar a pint for, or three dollars for filling a canteen. After our whisky began to get low, I used to cut up a lot of tobacco and mix with it to give it strength, and then put in plenty of water. If they only wanted a drink we charged 25 cents, and measured it out to them. Sardines 75 cent a small box, sugar and coffee 50 cents a pint, which was something less than a pound. Flour 50 cents a pint, tobacco 50 cents a plug and so on.

Several nights thereafter when we went into camp it kept me busy attending to the sales. These soldiers would come to our camp, which was about one and one-half miles off, after marching all day.

Colonel Morrison is moving very slow on account of orders from General Harney. At our last camp we left rather hastily, on account of some little maneuvering among the men. As we were moving along on Friday we captured, after some trouble, a fine black cow. She was so wild that before we milked her we were obliged to tie three of her legs. While in camp we thought we saw some other cattle on the other side of the river, so we left Jim in camp and we swam the Platte, but our cattle turned out to be buffalo, and they were coming towards the river, so we hurried back to camp and got our rifles and got our positions so that we could give them a shot on our side of the Platte. We succeeded in killing one, a fine cow, which did us for several days. Jim had dinner prepared, (bean soup) for us when we returned to camp. While eating, a man came in who said he had walked all the way from Green River. He was a great talker, and amused us considerably with yarns of Indian life and mountain scenes. Made a short drive today, after dinner. The night passed off quietly with the exception of shooting a wolf that happened to come a little too close. The country here next to the river is as level as the floor, but back it is a rolling prairie, and entirely destitute of wood of any kind. All cooking is obliged to be done by chips (buffalo). (This is the dung of the buffalo dried in the sun. It burns like charcoal.)

Saturday some little rain. Tom is off trying to kill a buffalo. Our lead mules gave us some trouble today. I ran several miles after them. We had not driven far before an Indian came riding up, and as he was friendly and was begging, we gave him sugar, coffee, flour and tobacco. He seemed much pleased and followed us some distance until we came to an Indian village. They came out in great numbers and endeavored to trade with us, but to no effect. They had some very good ponies. At night we camped at Cottonwood Springs, where the government is now building a Fort. Here we met some Mormons who were on their way to the States.

Sunday we were all up early and I walked on ahead. After getting some distance I sat down to rest, when I was disturbed by Gen. Harney and Col. May and party returning to Cottonwood Springs to have a treaty with the Shians. (Cheyennes.) The General was riding in an ambulance drawn by six white mules, and Col. May in an ambulance drawn by six bay mules, and each of the staff officers were riding in ambulances drawn by four mules. As we were from the East the General halted and made some inquiry about the Sioux, Shians, Pawnees and other Indians. The

General took a fancy to our pony and wanted to buy it, but as he did not give us our price, they were obliged to go without him.

Monday, July 12, 1858. We laid in camp all day on account of the weather, which has been very disagreeable. Wednesday. Tom and Jim have gone out hunting and brought in some Bald-headed Eagles which they found; they were about the size of spring chickens. While we were in camp here, a Mr. C. S. Mills, who belonged to Col. May's command, came over to our camp. We found him to be a gentleman, fond of his whisky and from Washington. He knew several of my friends. That night we had a fine supper of catfish and coffee; the fish were from the Platte. In this section the Prairie dogs are in great abundance; they are rather larger than our squirrels, yellow in color and live in villages, which look like mounds of earth with the entrance from the top. As you are passing by, they will bark at you, and as you draw closer, they run in their holes. It is said by old mountaineers that the owl and the rattlesnake occupy the same hole. That I cannot say, but one thing certain, they are always found together. The prairie dog is very hard to kill, marksmen oftentimes waste a good deal of powder and shot in trying to kill them; they are good eating.

We have been now resting our stock for some time. Jim is quite unwell. Passed several prairie dog villages. The roads have been uncommonly sandy. Camped in the evening at what is known as O'Fallon's Bluff. Two trains were camped near us.

Shortly after leaving next morning, we passed a train from Laramie on its way to Fort Leavenworth. While camped for dinner, an Indian came to camp by the name of Dog Belly. After giving him something to eat, he wanted us to stop awhile with his people. Met a messenger traveling east to overhaul Gen. Harney from Fort Laramie. While we were looking for a camp we ran afoul of another ambulance drawn by four mules, containing a gentleman, wife and daughter and a young man from Weston, Missouri. They had been traveling in company with others, but their mules had given out, and they were obliged to drop back. They were on their way to Salt Lake City. We all camped together and spent the evening fishing in the Platte. We were rewarded for our trouble by a fine mess.

Sunday, July 17, 1858. Blowed very hard all night. Oll is out trying his luck on an antelope. Passed a large band of horses from Sweetwater on their way to the States. We arrived at the upper crossing of the Platte River about 10 o'clock. Here we met Mr. Wallace and lady. We agreed to assist each other in crossing. They were also from Weston, Missouri. The river here was three-quarters of a mile wide and very deep in some places. Wallace and party crossed first with some difficulty, after we had taken a short lunch of sardines and crackers. There was a man

living here who acted as pilot on some occasions in crossing the river. The next over was our friend Douglass' ambulance. His lady would not let anybody drive her over but me, and someone of us walking along side of each animal to keep them moving. The river here is full of quicksand. Found a great many young ducks on the shore. Wallace and party have gone on. We were up nearly all night on account of our mules being sick. Arrived the next day at Ash Hollow, a place called from the Ash trees growing in the neighborhood; also from the depredations committed by the Indians and by the great battle fought there by General Harney in 1855 or '56, when he killed about 400 of the Sioux. In making the descent into Ash Hollow the hills are among the worst I ever saw, and the sand equal to any in Jersey. We soon came out on the river again, and camped close by a trading post or mail station kept by a Frenchman. We only made one drive today; spent the balance of the time in letting the animals pick up, and mending our old clothes and doing some washing.

We have already found Mrs. Douglass very good company. As good weather is scarce we all cook by the same fire. The scenery here is very romantic; by night I am generally tired out. Today we drove about twenty miles, and camped on the banks of the river.

Tuesday, July 20, 1858. We got an early start this morning. A six-mule team from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Laramie passed; as the roads here are very sandy, our mules are very tired. While in camp here, Mr. Jones, the old Salt Lake mail contractor, with wagons, passed us on his way to the States, and plenty of mules and ponies. After breakfast, next morning, passed two government wagons loaded with lumber from Fort Laramie, going to Fort Kearney.

Camped for lunch at Rush Creek, where we had plenty of Indians around; a detachment of U. S. Troops from Col. May's command passed. They are rushing ahead for Utah. Here we received news about the new gold discoveries at Pike's Peak. Oll has a great notion of going down; they are 175 miles south of this place. Here we had a great deal of trouble with Oll. We finally settled with him, and gave him the Black Pony and some money, and bid good-bye to Oll Scoggins. He was a very desperate fellow. The last night we were together, Tom Atkins and I watched him like a cat would a mouse. I thought several times through the night we would be obliged to shoot him. His brother, who was known as the "Bull of the Woods," was the terror of the road.

Our camp today was six miles west of Rush Creek; here we met a party from Fort Bridger, and among the party was old

Jim Bridger, the mountaineer, on his way to the States.[3] Bridger is one of the oldest men in the mountains, the founder and builder of Fort Bridger. He is a tall, fine looking athletic man. At present he is in the employ of the Utah Expedition as guide and interpreter, it is said, at 1,000 dollars per month. I had a long talk with him, and he assured me he had been in the country forty years.

After the heat of the day was over, we again made a short drive, and camped for the evening near what is known as Court House Rock. This is a large mountain that very much resembles a court house and is some 20 miles from the main trail. The next day, passed a number of men from Salt Lake on their way to the States.

Chimney Rock, Friday, July 23, 1858. Today we came in sight of what is known as Chimney Rock. It is a formation of earth or sandstone standing up erect, similar to an old chimney. Some of us undertook to walk over to it, but after spending some time, concluded to abandon the trip. We are now also near what is known as Scotts Bluffs; they seem to be about three miles distant, but Douglass, who has been across several times, assures me they are at least 30 miles off.

Camped next day near the remains of several adobe houses, that were destroyed during General Harney's campaign against the Sioux Indians in 1855 or '56.

Tom Atkins killed a very large rattlesnake. I saved the rattles and it proved to be 7 years old. There are a great many of these reptiles in this country. As we draw near to Scotts Bluffs, the trails fork, one leading around the Bluff and the other passes through. We took the latter and found it very romantic. Scotts Bluffs are a high range of hills, that surround a beautiful valley, oval in shape, and about 12 or 15 miles across. The mosquitoes are awful along here.

While the boys were preparing breakfast, I took a stroll off to some Indian lodges, that were not far distant. Passed a train at Horse Shoe Creek; here we had some trouble in crossing, and finally camped on good grass and had plenty of good water. While in camp here some very pretty young squaws visited us. One, a young girl about 12 summers, was dressed in a buckskin suit trimmed with antelope teeth. The bucks were very friendly, and

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[3] "James Bridger's discharge as guide (for Johnston's Army), was dated July 2, 1858, at Camp Floyd, and was probably sought by him. He had been away from his business and his family more than a year; and as he could serve the soldiers little further, he hastened eastward over the Overland Trail. At Fort Bridger he found an entirely new establishment, rising Phoenix-like from the ashes under the hands of the soldiers left there.

"Friends and interests along the way were numerous, but Bridger proceeded direct to the farm at Little Santa Fe, or Westport, Mo. On arrival in early August, a six months' old son, William, whom he had not yet seen, was held out to him as a greeting. But the hands that held the baby were strange, for his wife but a few weeks previously, had passed to her reward, orphaning the family and widowing for the third time the disappointed old scout." pp. 313, 314, *James Bridger*, a Historical Narrative, by J. Cecil Alter.

made great inquiry about the Pawnees with whom they are at war. They had a few baldheaded eagles and two young antelope playing around. We camped for the night about sundown on a very high elevation.

Tom prepared supper, and Jim and I attended to the stock after eating a hearty supper. Then taking a good smoke out of my pipe, and a talk, we retired for the night. The evenings now are most beautiful. We were up very early next day, and passed what is known as Ash Point. Here Laramie Peak comes in view; it is said to be 110 miles off. Camped for the evening near a Trading Post. They had a large herd of cattle and ponies, and like many other Posts of their kind there were a number of Indians close by. There are a few trees on the bottom land of the Platte at this point, and up one of them, was an Indian buried. The Sioux, when one of their people dies, place the body up a tree. A scaffold is first made of some short pieces of timber and the dead Indian placed upon the scaffold, wrapped in all the blankets he possessed, and other tricks such as bow and arrows and so on.

Tuesday, July 27, 1858, Fort Laramie. We, this morning have come over some beautiful country and arrived at Fort Laramie about noon, where we found Mr. Wallace and party recruiting their stock; and through the politeness of Captain A. B. Miller, the superintendent and agent of Messrs. Russell, Majors and Waddell we were allowed to come close by. Fort Laramie is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Laramie River, a beautiful clear stream, that takes its head near Laramie Peak and empties into the Platte River. The buildings are all built of adobe, which is a sun dried brick, generally one story high. The Commanding Officers' Quarters were built of frame, and a very pretty home it was, too! Our camp is on the opposite side of the river, where there are a number of buildings put up by Russell, Majors and Waddell for their own accommodation. We are connected to the fort by a ford bridge; the ford is close by. About one and a half miles above us is an Indian village, which I visited several times.

July 28th. The boys have been out prowling about the country. I have been in camp all day overhauling some of my old clothes and doing the necessary mending, which I have become very expert at.

July 29th. Every day our trip is becoming more interesting, and we are getting along very nicely, after getting away from Oll Scoggins. We have kept up our regular style of traveling, and wherever we thought we could make any trade, we do not hesitate in making a short stay. One day as Tom was driving and it was his day to be commander-in-chief of our little party, he drove very carelessly through a company of U. S. Troops on their way to Utah. We were instantly spotted, and after dark, while we were quietly remaining in camp a Sergeant Bois with twelve men walked

up carelessly to our camp. Tom and Jim were playing cards out one side, and on the approach of these men, I suspicioned something wrong, so I jumped up into the front of our wagon. One of the party stepped up and asked if we had any whisky. I remarked we had; (there was no use of denying it), but not for sale or to trade. He would like to have a drink; (of course he would; there never was a soldier that did not like his whisky, because if he did not, he never could have had the misfortune to get in the Army.) I poured out a pretty good poultice for him, and after taking it down, he turned around to the men, and said "Jump in here boys, and throw this whisky out." One of the men as he jumped in, I pushed him out, and he fell across the wagon tongue, and done him serious injury. Of course this created considerable alarm. Every man drew his pistol with the exception of me, and I tell you I thought at one time, we would be obliged to resort to something desperate, but the odds were too great, three against twelve.

I did not come down from my position in the front of the wagon, until everything had become quiet. I finally silenced them all and we took the better view of the case; that is to talk it over. I wanted to know by whose authority they were acting, and under whose orders and so on, but to no good purpose. I bade them all put up their weapons, as their sole aim was to destroy our whisky, because they said we had been trading for pistols and soldier clothes, which was false. We had, I suppose, about ten gallons left in a half barrel, which I showed them, and they like Uncle Sam's brave soldiers, thought they were doing a smart thing by making a raid on three unprotected young men. After accomplishing the heroic act they returned to their camp, like a victorious little army, hurrahing and hollering. And we, after making some threats what we were going to do, went quietly to bed.

Next morning we were up and off pretty early, and camped for dinner, near the command. I immediately cleaned myself and walked over to their camp and was soon shown Captain Anderson's tent, where I found him reclining on his cot. I made known to him my business in a clear tone, but it amounted to nothing. He assured me, he was not responsible for their acts, and did not give any order to his men. I was not long in getting back to camp, and I can assure you we kept away from them, after that. That about closed up our stock.

July 30th. Col. Morrison's Command passed here today; the men looked well. Our mules have picked up considerable since we have been here, and we left this afternoon, Friday, and made a drive of about six miles and camped on the Platte River. The evening Mr. Douglass and I spent fishing; it was a beautiful bright moonlight night.

July 31st. Saturday up early. Tom and Mr. Douglass have gone after our mules; they have strayed off some distance. Jim and I prepared breakfast. Passed an old trading post now deserted; the Bluffs here are very high and covered with names. I put mine among the rest.

The country through here is very hilly; passed a train going west at Horseshoe Creek, where we camped for dinner. This being such a good camp we concluded not to leave until morning. Monday some little rain. I have been some little amused with an Indian breaking a colt.

August 3, 1858, Tuesday, cool and a fine day for traveling. Camped at night at LaBonte; while here a number of Indians called on us, and Capt. A. B. Miller and Henry D. Sherwood came up from Fort Laramie. They had with them a small sandy-complected person known as Kit Carson (but not the original Kit Carson.) They were of the firm of Messrs. Russell, Majors and Waddell and on their way to Salt Lake City; they camped with us for the night. After we had retired some time, we were aroused by an express from Fort Laramie for Capt. A. B. Miller.

August 4th. Wednesday. Miller and party left here this morning early. The boys today have had fine sport killing sage hen and mountain grouse; they are very plentiful and very tame. Made our camp on a very pretty stream called Wagon Hound. Here we found a train in camp; they were laying over to recruit their stock and the men were prospecting on the stream, where there has been some gold discoveries. Here Mr. Douglass and party left us; we remained behind. Some ox teams came up to us while here; they were bound for California and have been traveling north of the Platte all the way from the Missouri River. They were very much surprised that we had traveled all the way alone, when they had met with so much trouble from the Indians. There was a number of women in the party, and in the evening we had a dance and had a good time in general. Before we left camp a party of Mexicans passed us with wagons loaded with flour, on their way to Fort Laramie, where it is worth $20.00 per 100 pounds. Camped for dinner today with a party from Salt Lake City. Our California friends, who we left back at Wagon Hound, came after us again; they are good company, and we intend traveling with them if they do not travel too slow.

August 5, 1858, Thursday. Passed a grave on the road with a small board at the head with rude inscription, Solomon Dill of St. Joseph, Missouri. Died June 20, 1850. Crossed two very pretty streams, and saw more wood than we have seen for some time. Camped at night near a ranch on La Prele creek; here we met with a number of Indians and plenty of ponies.

August 6th, Friday. Crossed a very pretty stream called Box Elder; here we made a short stay, and I gave the country a short

survey. I am told that plenty of coal can be found here. On leaving our camp here, we had quite a fight with a rattlesnake, and finally succeeded in killing him with our pistols. Camped for the night at Deer Creek, where there is a blacksmith shop and trading post; this is called De Cota; the agency for the Sioux Indians is just above on the creek.

August 7th, Saturday. Our friends bound for California are having their cattle shod. While in this camp I walked up the creek and discovered a large body of coal. An old French mountaineer brought his squaw over to see us; they gave me some antelope, and we in return gave them some bacon. While here, Capt. Campbell's Command came up, and passed and camped about three miles beyond. Jim Simons is with the party, a good looking Delaware Indian, but is chief of one of the bands of Utahs.[4] There were a number of men passed us from Salt Lake and Camp Scott on their way to the States.

August 9, 1858, Monday. We were up early to get ahead some distance of some troops that were traveling close behind. Passed a company of men from Salt Lake City on their way to the States. They had gone out last year, and there being nothing for them to do as citizens, they were formed as Volunteer Companies, and did considerable service as scouting and so on. They were known as the Bull Whacker Volunteers. Camped for dinner near what is known as Muddy Creek, where we did considerable trading with the above party.

August 10th, Tuesday. We are now traveling along the Platte River again. Passed the grave of Walter Sanders, died September 1856, a rude board marked the spot, with the above inscriptions cut with a pocket knife. We are now at what is known as the Platte Bridge. An enterprising Frenchman has here bridged the Platte and only charges five dollars for crossing—quite moderate. Here we have a trading post and a large number of Indians lying around. To the left of our camp there was an Indian buried up a tree, which is the custom here with this tribe. The Indian, as soon as they are positive of his death, is well wrapped in a blanket or Buffalo robe and everything that he has is placed up a tree so that the wolves cannot destroy it, for they are very numerous on the river.

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[4] Reference perhaps is made here to Ben Simons, who between about 1854 and 1858 had a "ranch" on the Weber River; (See Lieut. E. G. Beckwith's Report, in *Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route From the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean*, vol. 2, p. 10, 11; B. H. Robert's *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, vol. 4, p. 309; Otis G. Hammond, ed., *The Utah Expedition*, passim; and Andrew Jenson, History of North Morgan Ward (in History of Morgan Stake, MS); or "Jim Simons" may be a brother Ben is supposed to have had. On April 13, 1858, Ben Simons visited Brigham Young in company with "Jim Cherokee," who might conceivably be the same person mentioned by Mr. Ackley. Ben is variously identified as a Delaware, a Cherokee, and "a Frenchman who married an Indian." According to Jacob Forney, for 20 years prior to 1858 Ben Simons had traded among the Mountain Indians. (*Executive Documents, 35th Congress, 1st Session, vol X, p. 198*). The Weber Valley area was not settled until he abandoned his "ranch" after the "Utah War".—Dale L. Morgan.

August 11, 1858, Platte River. We did not choose to pay five dollars to cross the river here, so we drove some distance farther up where we had a good crossing considering; but it is very bad as well as very dangerous, in the best of places. After going into camp, Tom Atkins and I swam back to the opposite side to try and make a trade with some Indians who were in camp there. We are now at what is known as the Red Buttes.

August 12th. Thursday. Passed Willow Springs; met some men returning to the States camped on Fish Creek.

August 13th. Friday. We find a great many dead cattle through this section lying along the trail, caused by being worn out or sometimes drinking the alkali water, or other times murrain kills many. Tom and Jim have been amusing themselves shooting prairie dogs, which we find a great plenty of. Tonight we camp on the beautiful stream called Sweetwater, a tributary of the Platte.

August 14th, Saturday. Weather still keeps very pleasant; we made a drive and camped for breakfast near Independence Rock, which stands up very high and round on top. It is literally covered with names put on in various ways by old Californians in '50, '51 and '52. We are now in the very region of the Rocky Mountains, and are obliged to cross this pretty stream many times. Devils Gate, six miles further on is a very narrow passage in the mountains, where Sweetwater rushes through. Close by here, on the side of the road, we passed the grave of Catharine Todd, of Dallas County, Missouri, died July 16, 1857. There were no other marks on the board. She must have been some woman on her way to California or Salt Lake. After leaving Devils Gate our next camp was on Sweetwater. About 150 'Rappahoe Indians came charging in camp with several fresh scalps dangling on the end of poles. These fellows belong properly on the Arkansas River, and are up here in search of plunder.

We were up early and several miles on our way before sunrise. Traded some tobacco for a pony, of a Trading Post on the road. Passed several graves on the side of the road, one that of a Mr. Brother who was a teamster in one of the trains belonging to Russell, Majors and Waddell, but loaded with merchandise for Miller, Russell and Co., and bound for Salt Lake, of which John Lainhart was in charge. He was one of a party that formed a plan to kill John, get his money, and then take possession of the train and drive across the country to New Mexico. So one fine morning as the train was in motion, and John mounted on his mule, this fellow Brothers came up to John and demanded his money. John told him yes, and at the same time let him have a load of buckshot in his head; so that settled the balance of the party.

August 15, 1858, Sunday. At our camp today. For dinner, we amused ourselves fishing with our wagon cover for a net, and Tom killed several with a pole with some nails driven in the end

as a gig. I also did some hunting for gold by washing with one of our pans, and found very good indication. There have been large quantities found nearer the head; the scenery is most beautiful.[5] After going into camp this evening, Tom and I took a walk to a camp about two miles off, which turned out to be the camp of our old California friends that left us back at Deer Creek; they were glad to hear from us. We had some trouble about finding our camp, as the night had come on.

August 16th, Monday. Up early; have been making big drives for several days to catch up to our old friend Douglass' party; they went ahead at Wagon Hound. Did some little fishing again at our new camp.

August 17th, Tuesday. We are now in the region of the Wind River mountains; their snowy tops can be seen plainly. For dinner camped on Rock Creek, a tributary of Sweetwater, where we found plenty of good grass and water. As we were crossing Sweetwater today, Tom lost his pistol in the stream and there was some trouble in finding it.

August 18th, Wednesday. We leave the river today and enter on the divide. The mail from Salt Lake passed us on its way East. Our pony which we had traded for, gave us some trouble by wanting to run back; camped on Little Sandy, near where some gentlemen were resting on their way to Salt Lake. Among them was a Mr. Clayton, of Philadelphia, who I afterwards became acquainted with. We drove up Sandy about 12 miles, over one of the best roads I ever saw (not excepting the turnpikes East) to Big Sandy. These streams, Little Sandy and Big Sandy, are tributaries of Green River. Now we are on the western slope. Long before sunrise we were up and had breakfast; overtook a train from New Mexico. I rode some distance with the Wagon Master, picked up some poor fellow's skull, and after carrying it some distance dropped it on the bank of Sandy. Camped for the night on Green River, where we found Douglass and party. They were glad to see us, as much so as though we had been long acquaintances; the attachment between us is that of warm friends. The evening was spent in telling of different little incidents that had happened to each of us.

August 20th. We soon came to the crossing of Green River, which is a very pretty stream that heads away north in what is known as the Wind River Mountains. The current seems very swift. We crossed, however, without any trouble, and camped on its west banks, where we found a trading post and one Martin, whom we met just below Kearney, on his way to the States in company with Lt. Green and another officer from Camp Scott. This Martin I will afterwards speak of, (he was a very desperate

[5] The Sweetwater mines, which boomed ten years later, provided a profitable market for Mormon produce.

character,) was finally killed. Another post here kept by Pete Mayette, and another a little further up the stream by Aushembo (Archambeau?), they were all Canadian French, and noted characters in their way. These men all did considerable business with parties going and coming to Utah and California, in 1850 and '52 the time there was such a large immigration to California.

Bently and Churby Wheettock, with two others, had a ferry here, and in the summer of '52 alone, their receipts were over 65,000 dollars in gold, which amount they all squandered in various ways in dressing the squaws, whisky, and gambled it off with certain gambling men that went all the way out there from the Missouri river. At this place the Expedition last summer were in camp for a considerable time and finally sent two of Russell, Majors and Waddell's trains ahead unprotected, and while in camp, some Mormon Scouts came down, drove off the cattle and set fire to the wagons. Of course the government was to blame; they did not even have an escort. I spent considerable time on the very spot where the fire was. The trains were full—26 wagons each and very nicely corraled close by each other; the iron part of the wagons was still lying right where they had been burnt out and fallen. I will say more about this hereafter, as it has since caused some considerable argument in our United States court at Washington.

After getting away from Green River, our next place of interest was Ham's fork, a very pretty little stream, that empties into Green River some 20 miles below. We are now getting into a more moutainous district, the country very barren, except in the valleys where you find sage brush as thick as the hair on a dog's back. Our troops before crossing here in the Spring had very wisely built a bridge over the stream. We found several men left here to see that the Mormons or Indians did not burn it down.

Saturday, August 21, 1858. Up early and crossed the river, which runs very swiftly. Madam Douglass would not allow anyone to drive her across but me. We found a great many Indians encamped here. After our usual rest we drove over to Black's Fork and encamped.

There was a little incident that happened some miles back that I must not forget to mention. I afterwards became well acquainted with the party and found them to be gentlemen. It was a bright Sunday morning. We had made a drive before breakfast and camped as near as I could tell on the South Pass, or which is supposed to be the dividing ridge between the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. We had not been there long before two ambulances drove up and went into camp close by a beautiful spring. They turned out to be Capt. Garrison, who figured considerably in the Mexican War, but was now in the employ of Russell, Majors and Waddell, and was on his way to Salt Lake City

or Camp Floyd to take charge of the business; and with him was Barker, a clerk for Miller, Russell and Co. and George Hewett, (commonly called Harney,) for the same concern, and Dave Street, a clerk for the Captain, and others in the party whose names I do not now remember. The Captain was a man that was very consequential in his estimation, and so fond of showing off. So he collected the young men around him and walked over to show them the dividing point. About this time up came a Mexican on horseback who belonged to the party. The Captain mounted his mule and undertook to ride over to show the boys the very spot where the water divided to run east and west, sometimes talking in a very eloquent manner.

"Now I am approaching the very spot where the water on my right hand flows to the Atlantic and the waters on my left to the Pacific ocean," he said, when his mule made a lunge and the old fellow fell head foremost in the mud, to the merriment of all hands, and his mule, we were obliged to put a rope around his neck, and pull him out. It was a good joke on the old man that none of us who were present will ever forget, and really cannot be described.

Sunday, August 22nd. A great deal of rain fell last night. The streams have risen considerably. Passed where two trains had been destroyed by the Mormons early in the spring. I have not been very well for some time. Mrs. Douglass sent me some stewed dried apples, which were very nice and I relished them very much. Drove over to Ham's Fork. Here the United States Troops had built a bridge and left some here to guard it. We stayed here for the night. The wolves were so noisy that we were fearful of our animals.

After leaving our camp at Ham's Fork we next stopped where Millersville now stands, (where Smith's Fork empties into Black's) they both forming one of the tributaries of the Green River or the Colorado that empties into the Gulf of California.

Monday, August 23rd. This country all through here was occupied by our troops last winter. Any quantity of dead animals can be seen lying around. A hundred could be counted while sitting on my horse. One place I noticed where five were lying just as close as possible; died from starvation and cold. Animals here after death dry up; they don't decompose as they do in the States. Sometimes you can see them as though resting. You would think they were alive. This is known as old Camp Scott, and will always be remembered by those that were on the expedition, and those that happened to pass by for a time afterward. At one camp in the evening we were visited by a number of Snake Indians.

August 24th. While in camp yesterday a soldier came riding by mounted on a fine sorrel horse and a loose horse following alongside. I said to Tom Atkins, "Let's take that horse," and suit-

ing the words I ran to our own wagon and got a lariat, at the same time telling the soldier who was well armed, that two horses were more than he had any use for. So we captured him and took him up to the wagon and had him tied. This morning we were up early, and Tom rode the pony and led the horse and went on to Fort Bridger to give the horse up and make the five dollars that they gave to persons for such runaway stock. We followed on slowly with our wagon. As we approached Bridger we met about 150 men, some on foot and others mounted, on their way to the States. I noticed one fellow riding my pony with my saddle. I wasn't long getting up to him. The first demand I made, was for him to dismount, which of course he refused, at the same time discussing my authority. I drew my revolver on him and by this time his friends had collected all around, and Jim Packard, Douglass and Ned had run up to see the trouble. (The fellow had bought the pony from Tom in Bridger, which afterward made a split up with us.) After considerable blowing what we would do, my pistol was put up, and by request of Douglass the fellow was allowed to go on. The country along here is very barren, and almost destitute of vegetation.

Fort Bridger is situated in a valley with some little grass. This place was first built about 40 years ago by Jim Bridger, who came to this country with some old mountain men or trappers, and becoming pleased with the life, built a small trading post and did considerable business in trading with the Indians for furs and skins of different kinds, and ponies, and in course of time becoming identified among them by marrying one of their women. Then along about 1840, he had a number of trappers and hunters out on his own hook. These men were generally persons fond of the life, and were well posted in the art of trapping furs. They would start out with their rifle and amunition with a certain number of steel traps, and be gone for months together without ever seeing a single soul, living upon the flesh of the animals that they would kill or trap. Sometimes these poor fellows would never be heard of; either meet with an accidental death or sometimes killed by the beast or Indians, or die of sickness. Then after their return, these trappers would collect around Bridger's trading post, and in a few days spend every cent they had so hard worked for, depriving themselves of everything like comfort. At the time of the breaking out of the gold excitement in California, Bridger made a big strike by selling the little necessaries of life to the travelers, as they passed by in 1850, '51 and '52; the emigration across was very large, and after leaving the Missouri River there was a stretch of about 1000 miles, so by the time they got to his place they were all pretty tired, and their stock in many instances very footsore. Bridger would trade their worn out stock for about one tenth what they were worth, and the stock, after a little rest, would come out fat in about two months. A lame or worn-out steer in that country

was worth about $1.50, and oftentimes the people could not get away on account of their cattle being so low. After the rush to California overland died away, the Mormon emigration kept him up for years. Then in 1857 when the Mormon War started, our troops were encamped in his midst, and that was also a harvest for him. Albert Sidney Johnston, the commander of the Expedition, rented the Fort of him, and made a reserve there of 12 miles square, and put up very good log quarters for the troops, and since then, has always been kept as a military post.

Well, to return to our arrival in Bridger. We soon saw Tom Atkins, and I called him to account for selling the pony, and my saddle and bridle so unceremoniously, when he got mad and flared up, so we had a settlement of our effects, he being much larger interested than either Jim or I; so he took the mules and wagon. We broke up entirely, and finally concluded to leave him. Mr. Douglass had very kindly offered to let our scanty supply of baggage go into his wagon and we were to walk into Salt Lake City, 115 miles over very rough road. But after getting to our first camp a few miles out, he was so much ashamed of his capers that he insisted on us coming back into his wagon, which we did; so we all went into Salt Lake City together. The road from here on to Salt Lake is very mountainous. What is known as the Big Mountain is two and one half miles from the base to the top, and is very steep on the other side. While in camp here the mail to the States passed us. Among the passengers was Frank Davidson, whom I had met in Weston, Missouri.

August 25, 1858. Several Mormon teams passed us on their way from the valley to Fort Bridger loaded with butter, eggs, cheese, potatoes and so on; merchandise of all kinds brings a good price here; sugar and coffee $1.00 per pound, butter 75c, potatoes $10.00, and flour $12.00 per hundred, eggs 60c per dozen and other things in proportion. Found near our camp today a spring of pure tar running from the side of the hill. This proved very useful to many emigrants for greasing the wheels of their wagons. Crossed Bear River in the afternoon; this is a very pretty stream of pure spring water and considerable timber on its banks.

Thursday, August 26th. Very cold last night. Passed today some very good springs. The country through here is mountainous and very pretty, crossed Yellow Creek and camped beyond for dinner. From here we enter the head of Echo Canyon, which is 26 miles long. It is merely a passage through the mountains, which are very steep on each side, sometimes perpendicular, and very beautiful and variegated in color, almost the entire length. The Mormons have built fortifications on the tops of these mountains, so they could operate against our troops on passing through. A few good men in these fortifications could have kept back a large force, because there would have been no way to get away

from them; merely throwing or rolling stones down would have been very destructive to our troops. Weber River at the mouth of Echo Canyon is quite a stream, which we travelled up some distance. On leaving the river for the mountains again, I discovered an eruption on one of the high mountains close by which looked like a volcanic eruption, and some of us attempted to go to it but night coming on we were obliged to abandon the trip.

Friday, August 27th. Our mules gave us some trouble today. Camped at night near the fork of the Big Mountain near a very pretty spring. This mountain is four miles to the top and in some places very steep, but we finally got to the top, where we took a good long rest. While here the mail coach for the States, drawn by six mules passed us. Among the passengers was Frank Davidson, a Kentuckian, whom I had met in Weston, Missouri. Now we have got to the top, the worst was to go down. It was very steep; however, we locked our wheels good and made the start, our friend Douglass following close behind. The Madam made them all get out of the ambulance and insisted on me driving her down, which of course I did. At camp today our mules again strayed off. We have now another mountain to cross which is pretty near as big as the first. However, we got over it alright. When about five miles from the city we all took a regular cleaning up before entering the city, where we arrived on Sunday afternoon. Was not long in cleaning ourselves, so as to get about town. Was offered a position by A. B. Miller.

Sunday, August 29, 1858. We were up early, and such a cleaning we all did take you never did see, and all in full dress. We all by invitation took breakfast with Jim Douglass. Then we soon were on our way to the city. We had not gone far before Great Salt Lake City was in full view before us at the foot of the mountains, and now we began to feel as though our journey was at an end. In Douglass' wagon which was drawn by four mules, pretty well jaded, was James Douglass, Molly Douglass his wife, and little Mary about 11 or 12, and Ned, a young man about 25, going out to tend Billiard saloon for John Wallace.

In our wagon, which was also drawn by four mules, was Tom Atkins, James S. Packard and myself. We drove around and finally got on the main street, and stopped at the Hotel known at that time as the Bassett House. I soon had a talk with the landlord and found out that he would charge us $12.50 per week board; so Jim and I concluded we would try it for one week. Anyhow, we were shown up to our room, and after seeing that our baggage was safe inside, we started down to get shaved. When on my way out I was accosted by a gentleman whom I remember meeting first at Fort Laramie, and then again passed us in company with Henry D. Sherwood, and a young man known by the name of Kit Carson, who turned out to be Capt. A. B. Miller of the firm of

Miller, Russell and Co. and a branch of Russell, Majors and Waddell. He was very anxious to learn if I intended remaining in the city all winter, and if I would engage myself with him, at the same time assuring me that I should be well paid, and that I should have all the comforts the place could afford. I thanked him very kindly and told him I would let him know shortly. We walked on up the street where we were shown a barber shop, and I tell you everything was very nice and clean; it would compare to any you could find anywhere. After being relieved of my long beard, and had my hair cut and shampooed, we returned to the Hotel and put on our best Harness and prepared for a tour around town.

Great Salt Lake City is one of the prettiest cities I know of anywhere. It is situated at the base of the mountains, in a very large valley of the same name, and about 20 miles back from the Great Salt Lake. The streets are all very regular, running north and south and east and west, and very wide. There are shade trees in abundance, and water running on each side of each street, fed by a large stream from the mountains and properly divided off. There is a large adobe wall 10 feet high which nearly surrounds it; the buildings are also all built of adobe. Outside north about one mile there is a warm sulphur spring that is very beneficial for bathing,[6] and three miles above there is a boiling spring; the water runs out of the side of the mountain boiling hot.[7] These springs will in a few years become very valuable as resorts for persons that are affected in various ways, rheumatic or scrofula particularly. The high mountains which surround the valley, look very grand, and many of them are constantly covered with snow.

The Mormon people as a body, I like very much; I have seen none that were more hospitable than they, and there is but one great drawback to their sect and that is their plurality of wives, which seems very strange to us who have been taught differently. Here most everyone has three or four wives; and oftentimes but the one room to sleep in, and but two beds. Some are of course better provided, having six or eight wives, and live very nicely. A man is allowed here to have as many wives as he wants, and can get along with. Brigham Young is said to have forty wives, and as many more that he is, what they call, "Sealed to." He lives in a very large and fine house,[8] built of granite (adobe) surrounded by a wall of stone twelve feet high, which occupies about one square of ground. I have seen a number of his children and was

[6] Now known as Wasatch Springs Plunge, and municipally operated. "Warm Springs" have been well known since Mormon entrance into Salt Lake Valley in 1847. A "Bath House" was opened here in 1850.

[7] Equally well known is Beck's Hot Springs, now about two miles northwest of the Warm Springs.

[8] Brigham Young's Mansion, still in use and known as the Bee Hive House, was built of adobe, not granite. It is regarded as one of the finest pioneer structures in Utah.

introduced to two of his oldest boys. I have had women talk to me by the hour about polygamy, indorsing it in every way, and it is useless for anyone to undertake to argue with them on the subject, unless he wants to get the worst of it, because they are so well posted in Scripture that they can quote it almost from beginning to the end. There are but few here that have but one wife. People in the East think, and are under the impression that where one man is living under one roof, with so many women there must be a great deal of jealousy, but to appearances there is not.

I lived with these people for 1½ years and had a chance to find out something about them. The wives are taken after this manner; a man's first wife is the principal one of the house, and attends to, or superintends things in general; the next as they are taken, occupies different positions, such as cook or chamber maid, seamstress and so on, oftentimes having children by each woman in the house. This fall has been particularly gay here. The Mormons are great for parties and balls; they have a good theatre and circus here, which were well attended.

It so seldom rains here, that farmers and all others raising grain or vegetables cannot depend on it, so they are obliged to irrigate for the supply. The water in some locations in the Territory is brought for miles and then flooded over the garden or field as is required; the grain raised here, is much larger and firmer than that raised east, and the supply is equally as bountiful; the peaches, apples, grapes, fruit and vegetables in general are larger, firmer, and better in every way than in our eastern States.

Well, to return to my first arrival in the country: After spending a few days looking about the town, and learning the ways of the people, I concluded to accept the situation offered me by A. B. Miller of the firm of Miller, Russell and Co. So on the first of the month, September 1, 1858, I commenced. We had a large, and the very best, stand on the main street near the Hotel, with an immense stock of goods very poorly arranged on the shelves. Miller first took me upstairs and showed me the goods in store, and appeared to be considerably scared about the possibility of getting rid of them all, with instructions that to allow no one to go out if he had no money to pay for what he wanted; so I pitched in.

There were thirteen of us in the store including the two partners and two Mormons. The store had been in full blast for some thirty days and everybody was green about the goods and store. Our sales were averaging $3,000 a day in gold, which was consumed by the paying off of men in the employ of Russell, Majors and Waddell; and the balance we sent into the States. Capt. A. B. Miller was at the head of the house, a Pennsylvanian by birth, but had always lived west; first went as a cook on a flat

boat on the Mississippi to New Orleans, where on the second trip he killed one of the men by shooting him, and was obliged to get away. Next he was clerk on a steamboat on the Missouri, the Captain on one of the up River Boats, then a gambling and faro dealer of considerable reputation, and after accumulating considerable money went up the river at Leavenworth in 1855, and went into business.

In the winter of '55 and '56 the Kansas War broke out and Miller abandoned his business, and raised a company and did considerable service on the pro-slavery side. He was the terror of the U. S. Troops operating against him as his men were of the most desperate character. I knew many of them personally. They finally got to killing each other like Kilkenny cats.

Charley Moorehead stood next; he was a young man of good character and good business qualities, but being generally overruled by Capt. A. B. Miller, soon became dissatisfied and left the country about December. H. D. Sherwood, the bookkeeper, was a young man of pretty good standing, tolerably well educated, at least enough to keep his mouth shut on all occasions, and had saved Capt. A. B. Miller's life more than once by conveying to him privately what the Free State party were doing in Leavenworth. Of course the Captain became much attached to him. Sherwood was a New Yorker from Buffalo.

John Lainhart, a Missourian by birth, belonged to Miller's company while operating in Kansas; was one of our salesmen. John was very excitable and a true friend of the Captain, would do what he was bid, from the killing of a man, to anything else that could be mentioned. John had charge of one of the trains that came out from the River and sold considerable goods to Traders on the road, and had collected a great deal of money on the trip. The men in the train were aware of this, and they plotted a scheme by which they expected to kill John, and take possession of the train, and go across the country to Mexico. So one fine morning they made an attempt, by the leader of the party coming up while the train was in motion and catching John's mule by the head, made a demand for him to turn over to him all the money he had. Of course he was well armed. John very coolly remarked, "Just let me have time to get down," and as he got off on the opposite side he cocked his double-barrel shotgun and let the fellow have one barrel in his head. He never spoke, was killed instantly; of course this created some little commotion. The rest of the party soon surrendered.

After their leader was killed they were tied and well whipped within an inch of their lives. The man that was killed was named Brothers, and lies buried on the side of the road near where the road leaves Sweetwater at Devil's Gate. This was not the first man that John had killed by any means. He had coolly shot two

others that I knew of. John had a number of fights in the city that winter that I saw, and generally came off victorious. On one occasion in the last of November, there came into the store one afternoon a young man with a letter for Chaby Moorehead and Ned Rollins to take down to the States with him. As he was leaving John hit him in the back of the head with a club, that made him fall like as if he was shot. He kept on thumping him, and had I not stepped in to his rescue, he would have killed him, for that was his intention. I afterward met the very fellow in Arizona, which I will speak of in the proper place. John on another occasion got in a quarrel with a fellow in the city and on his attempt to shoot him, the pistol exploded and besides hurting the man very badly, came near losing his own hand. John was a very bad fellow, that almost everyone was afraid of.

Next on the list was Ned Rollins, a young man who weighed about 220, well proportioned, stood over six feet and could back down and handle the best of them. He also belonged to Captain Millers Co. in Kansas; a Virginian by birth. They were all great friends of Miller's.

Barker comes next on the program; he was the son of a great politician in Pittsburgh, who was a great friend of Mr. Russell. Barker whom we all had a good deal of fun with, really was no account in the house in any way. I had a fuss with him the second day I was in the store. He would make remarks and slurs at me because I was trying, and was determined to do something. So one day I walked up to him and shook my finger under his nose and told him if he ever did so again I would spoil the shape of his pretty nose. Barker did not stay with us long, and was very poor when he left. I among the rest helped him out of the country.

Next comes little Johnny Scudder or Black John, as he was best known. John was a smart fellow, native of St. Louis; had always lived a gay, fast life; was a clerk on a steamboat on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers; but like many others going on his westward trip, killed his man on his way out, which gave him considerable notoriety. John was good company, but would get on a spree once in awhile.

George Hewitt, better known as George Harney, was a native of Washington, and a nephew of General Harney. George was a gay young fellow of more than ordinary ability and smartness; he was rather anxious, I always thought, to kill somebody. He wore a large pair of horse pistols for months, that were given to him by Hart, a noted gambler, that was in the country at the time. Harney always wore these pistols sticking out in front, and was a little too fond of pulling them out and cocking them on any person, that would give him cause. He had a great idea of being a large powerful man; used to sleep out in the snow to make him hardy, and was a great hand to exercise himself. He had a large sack of

flour upstairs where he would go frequently and stand off and knock at it. On one occasion some of the boys put a large stone in the sack about the place where he used to hit it, and when he slipped up he split his knuckles in an awful manner. One day he was very anxious to know how and for why, people took Seidlitz powders. I made him a reply without thinking he would comply with it, so he got a Seidlitz powder one day from Sherwood, and mixed them up in separate glasses and took first one, then the other. Well, you would have thought he would have busted, the water flew out of his eyes and mouth.

He was also a great glutton, so one night when he was out, the boys fixed some oysters for him and left them standing on the stove well mixed with red pepper and tobacco. George and I were always very much attached to each other. I forgot to mention an incident in regard to Lainhart; one day Hart came in (who was a gambler and kept his deposit with us) and handed John a sack containing 5,000 dollars, telling him to have it placed to his credit. John threw the sack under the counter as he was busy, and thought he would attend to it after awhile. Well, so the matter rested for several days when Hart came in, and wanted to know how his account stood, and found that the sack given to John had not been credited. John was called up, and denied ever receiving anything from Hart or knowing anything about it, but Hart, although a gambler, stood very high there, and his word was taken and the $5,000 placed to his credit. Some weeks after I was moving some old boxes out of the store, when out rolled this sack of gold, to the astonishment of everyone. John was pretty full of whisky at the time he had received it, and forgot all about it.

Big Dick, from Buffalo, was a great big doublefisted fellow, that feared nothing or anybody; Dick was in many disturbances, and would shoot a man with as much grace as I would a chicken. One day a Mexican jumped over our fence after something, and he called me to see him shoot him. I walked back to look without thinking he would really do it; when he let drive and shot the poor fellow in the leg. He hollered like a good fellow, and was carried off by some of his friends.

Capt. Holly, or Bishop, a very nice Mormon who was employed to give the place cast. Old Holly had three wives. Mr. East, a native of Galveston, Texas, but a very nice Mormon with but one wife. Butcher, a son-in-law of Bill Hickman, a noted Mormon and the chief of the Danites. Butch was bad in every way; he got fifty dollars out of me one fine day. Negro Bill, the largest Negro I ever saw. He was a native of Missouri, and belonged to Tom Williams and had lived in the valley for years. So ends the chapter containing account of our employes.

Now to return again to the time I first went into the store of

Miller, Russell and Co., everything worked very nicely with me. I soon got ahead of them all in the store.

October 9, 1858. Capt. Grant from Fort Hall came into our place. I sold him a bill of goods; the Captain is a very large man about 60 years old, a New Yorker by birth. When very young was in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Fur Co., but was discharged several years ago for trading with the whites on their way to the gold country, which was against their rules. He then opened a trading post at Fort Hall about 200 miles due north of Salt Lake City. The old man came down all the way on horseback with his half-breed son and several Canadian French after goods for the winter. Capt. Grant first went in that country in 1818, and has lived there ever since.[9]

John Owen, who lives several miles north of Fort Hall, is also in town. John is pretty fond of his whisky. He called on me several times while in town, to have a talk about some of his friends East. He is here buying a stock of Indian goods for his post (Fort Owen), which is situated at the head of Bitter Root valley, and by all accounts is very nicely fixed there, where he has lived for 13 years, and has collected considerable stock around him. The Indians have made several raids on him and cleaned him out entirely of his horses. He has a large picket corral where he keeps his horses at night; at one time the Indians dug two of the pickets up without making any noise, and succeeded in getting every horse out of the corral. They never missed the stock until morning. John is at present the Agent for the Flathead Indians, a very desirable position for an old mountaineer to have.

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[9] Captain Richard Grant was the first merchant in Great Salt Lake City. In December, 1847, he visited the new Mormon settlement. The High Council of the city, on December 7, after conversations with him "on the subject of opening a trade with the Hudson Bay Co.," wrote a letter to the "Board of Management" of the Hudson's Bay Company which was dispatched in the care of Captain Grant. This letter suggested that the Company might find it profitable to endeavor to supply the Mormon community, and communities thereafter to be established, with "articles of trade we shall need and be obliged to buy from some quarter before we can manufacture the same at home." It was admitted that Mormon produce might not attract the Company, but it was noted that "there is and will be more or less money in our midst and probably no inconsiderable share of peltry," and therefore the Board was requested to supply a list "of articles of use and necessity in our position, with the prices annexed . . ." In the event the Company saw fit to send its goods direct to Great Salt Lake City, the Mormons promised to use their influence to turn the channel of trade in favor of the Company, "to the utmost extent that your prices will warrant, when compared with what can be done in other directions." (L. D. S. Journal History, December 7, 1847.) Grant established a store in Great Salt Lake City on November 19, 1848, arriving from Fort Hall "with pack horses, laden with skins, goods and groceries. He opened the store on the south side of the old fort."

On September 28, 1854, examining the subject, "Merchandising In Utah," the *Deseret News* remarked, "Captain Grant, of Fort Hall, was the first person from outside our community, who brought goods to this market for sale. He sold sugar and coffee at one dollar a pint (less than a pound), 25 cent calico at 50 and 75 cents a yard, and other articles in proportion. Why did he not sell higher? Perhaps he had some conscience, and it is probable he thought the then poverty of the settlers would not admit of any dearer rate, and it must be confessed the above were pretty high figures." p. 179, *Storied Domain*, by J. Cecil Alter. Grant seems to have been undersold by Livingston & Bell, and other merchants who came during and after 1849. Jennie Brown, *Fort Hall*, will be found informative about Grant's base of operations.—D. L. M.

The Mormons here held their regular State fair [10] in this city, (October 4-6), it lasted several days; one afternoon was set apart for the Gentiles as we are all called, and by a special invitation we attended. The exhibition would have done credit to any of the Eastern States. The productions of the soil such as vegetables, grain and fruit were particularly fine; of course the productions of the country are as yet not in such great abundance, but the quality is particularly fine. Everything grows to a much larger size here than East; it must be owing to the climate. The exhibition of the different mechanical and manufacturing branches was also most excellent, particularly the cutlery; fire arms of all kinds could not well be beat. The show of live stock was very fine; horses, cows, oxen, sheep, goats and pigs. There were a number of the heads of the church, who officiated in showing us around; a Bishop Hunter[11] was particularly polite to me. By the by the Bishop is a Philadelphian, and spoke of a Thomas Remington, who is a relative of ours.

The winter has the appearance of being a very hard one on the plains east of us. We will have several trains, that owing to the lateness in starting, will not be able to get over the mountains. So our concern has proposed to build winter quarters east of Fort Bridger, off of the reserve. I have been offered the position to go there and take charge, but we have also a house at Camp Floyd, and many in course of time go there. As it will be the headquarters of the Army, there will no doubt be a great deal of business done there. Capt. A. B. Miller's family arrived out from the States, consisting of his wife, a tall fine looking lady with two children, a mischievous boy about 12 years old; the other a child in arms. His sister accompanied him, a young girl about 16 or 17 and pretty. After their arrival, Capt. took a house close by and several of us who up to this time had been living at the Hotel, went to board with him, where we lived off of the fat of the land. We were a jolly party and used to have some rich scenes occasionally. Poor George Hewitt or Harney, as he was better known, was always the subject of our fun.

I was taken down with the mountain fever [12] shortly after Mrs. Miller arrived (along in October), and was obliged to keep

[10] The annual fair of the Deseret Agricultural & Manufacturing Society, predecessor of the Utah State Fair, was first held in 1856. James Starley, whose journal is published in this issue of the *Quarterly*, served in 1857 and 1858 on the Society's Committee for Vegetables.—D. L. M.

[11] Edward Hunter, since 1850, had been Presiding Bishop of the L. D. S. ("Mormon") Church.

[12] Mountain fever is remembered as the illness afflicting Brigham Young at the time the Mormon Pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. Sir Richard H. Burton, in 1860, remarked, "Under the generic popular name 'Mountain fever,' are included various species of febrile affections, intermittent, remittent, and typhoid; they are successfully treated with quinine." (*The City of the Saints*) Some authorities have thought mountain fever, typhoid. Probably it served as a convenient designation for any fever not readily identifiable. In late years, however, it has come to be thought that "mountain fever" was Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, of which an excellent discussion is found in Hans Zinsser, *Rats, Lice, and History*.—D. L. M.

in my room, which was a small affair on the second floor over the store. Adjoining me in a much finer room, lay a Missouri gentleman with the same complaint, who after all the care and attention that could be possibly shown him, died. His remains were boxed up and sent to the States in one of the return trains. I lay confined to my bed for over two weeks, most of the time was not able to move myself. There was a Dr. from the regular Army who was stationed in the city on account of some Officers that were sick here. He attended me also. His visits to me were twice a day. I never will forget his kind treatment to me. After I got well I became better acquainted with him. I really now forget his name, but he was from one of the Southern States. I offered to pay him but he would not accept any money. Several years later I met him again on the headwaters of the North Platte River, when I made him a present of a handsome tobacco sack made by a Snake Indian, and a large pipe, which was very valuable in its way.

When this man died, who had the room along side of mine, it was proposed for me to move in, and an attempt was made to put me there one hour after. I had a colored boy, Bill, attending me at the time. I made him get me out of bed and assist me in getting to the door of this other room, when I gave him orders about cleansing the room thoroughly, the bed and bedding as well, and the bed turned around, for as I thought, it stood awkward. The next day I moved in. I had been very much reduced, and everyone thought I was going to die. Mrs. Miller and the sister called together, also Mrs. Douglass and her daughter, who were all very kind to me, almost every day sending me some little dainties that were very refreshing to me. I felt quite flattered with such good attention. The boys about the store and friends generally would often have a good laugh at me about having my bed turned around before I would get in it (they always said it was for looks). As the gentleman from Missouri had died in that room I had no notion of going into it without a change.

One evening after we had got through the business of the day, John Lainhart, Harney and myself were sitting on the counter smoking, when a Mr. Rucker of Kentucky came in the store and walked back to have a talk with Capt. A. B. Miller in the back office. Shortly after another man (I forget his name) came in and inquired for Miller and walked on back. As he reached the back door Rucker was coming out. They met in the doorway. This second person says to Rucker, "I have come here to kill you," at the same time having a large Dragoon Pistol drawn on him. Rucker's reply was, "What do you want to kill me for?" The answer was, "because you have been cheating me." Rucker said, "well if you want to kill me you had better do it now." Of course not thinking he would do so, when he put the pistol within a few inches of his breast and fired. The ball passed all the way through him.

Rucker, who was always as quick as lightning, after receiving this death shot, drew his Navy pistol and fired at this man, the ball passing through his thigh. I jumped of course to try and prevent more shooting, but to no good purpose. Rucker lay on the floor and this other person laid by the door with his head resting on a sack. They were about 12 paces apart and kept on firing. Rucker emptied his pistol; one ball took affect in the jaw of this fellow and the other four went in the wall very near his head. The other fellow also kept on firing; his balls all struck the floor about three feet from Rucker, and as they glanced over him two of them cut the fingers most off of Rucker and passed out the front window. Of course the shooting drew a number of persons about. I was the first one to be by their sides. I picked up the empty pistols. Rucker says to me, "I am a dead man." The other fellow says, "Tell her I died game." Rucker was a gentleman of education, and had many fine qualities and had many friends who flocked around him, laid him on a lounge and my Dr., who attended me during my sickness, came in and examined his wounds. When they were pronounced fatal, he was told of his condition. When requested by him, I made a memorandum of his name in full and also that of his mother who lived in Kentucky, so that she could be written to. The poor fellow died soon after.

The other fellow's friends carried him off down to the hotel, where he lay in a very critical condition for some time, a ball through his thigh and one in the side of his head. He finally left between two days, went north near Fort Hall, then to California and last heard of where he was finally killed near Denver City.

A few nights before this, a fellow called Reddy was shot by someone just above our place. As the ball passed through his head it must have killed him instantly; he was found next morning minus his hat, boots, coat and pants. There were a number of persons killed here during this winter. Some of them I will make mention of after awhile. There never was a place where there were so many desperate fellows as there were in Salt Lake City.

The Danites, headed by Bill Hickman, Porter Rockwell and Eph Hanks were particularly destructive on a certain class of persons. One afternoon three different bands had a fight among themselves; it was a desperate encounter. Peg-leg Smith was also in the party, and was particularly spoken of as one of the most desperate of the gang. Along about the same time Bill Hickman was taken sick and was confined to his bed for a time, when some of his enemies made a desperate attempt to kill him by breaking open the window of his room and shooting at him several times, but somehow missed their mark.

Cloud, a little red headed fellow from California, got acquainted with a very pretty girl living with her parents. Cloud, although

having a wife in the States, became very much enamoured with this girl and frequently used to take her out riding. He proposed to run her down to Camp Floyd, which he did one day at the risk of his life, for there were several after him hot. They would have filled him with shot had they caught him. I often saw this girl after I went to live at Camp Floyd, where she lived for a time very comfortably with Cloud. She then went to New Mexico with Bob Radford, and from there she became very common. She was sold once in the Plaza at Las Vegas for about 40 dollars, when some person who had knowledge of her paid the claim. I saw her several years later in Santa Fe. Her parents were in good circumstances, and frequently wrote to her to come home.

A fellow here by the name of Magarie (if I remember right), killed a fellow. Here, like all the other murders I ever heard of in this country, without any cause or provocation. The authorities took hold of the case to make an example of him. It was the first case on record (in Utah), where a man had been arrested for murder. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to be hung. There was a big day in town. Mr. Magarie was dressed in a suit of black cloth and rode on his coffin to the gallows, smoking like a good fellow his pipe, to the amusement of the crowd who had collected around. This was the only case where a man was ever punished in any way for a serious crime in Utah Territory.[13]

We made up a party one Sunday to drive over to the Lake, which, although some 18 or 20 miles off, can be seen very plainly from the city. The drive was a beautiful one. It was on one of those fine clear mornings, not a cloud to be seen, and a light breeze from the south, that made it most delightful. Our team consisted of 4 fine mules to an ambulance, as they are styled here. The party consisted of five gentlemen and the driver, Bill Eads, a noted character in his way in this country, principally for blowing. From the time we leave the city the country has a gradual slope all the way to the lake which is quite large, and in the center is a large island, where it is said the Mormon Church keeps its stock which consists of about two thousand head of fine horses and several

[13] It is thought that Mr. Ackley's memory played him false in this reminiscence. The affair he mentions cannot be substantiated in the archives, and by all other accounts, the execution of Thomas H. Ferguson, on October 28, 1859, was the first execution of a white man in Utah; possibly Mr. Ackley had Ferguson's case in mind, although it would appear from his narrative that he had left the vicinity of Great Salt Lake City by that date. The first arrest in Utah for a charge of murder was that of Howard Egan, who in September, 1851, killed James M. Monroe. Egan was was tried on October 17-18, 1851, and found not guilty.

Thomas H. Ferguson, a 27-year-old New Yorker, was hanged for the homicide on September 16, 1859, of Alexander Carpenter, a saloon-keeper, who had accused him of robbing a shop next door. After a jury trial he was found guilty on September 22, 1859, and next day was sentenced to be hanged on October 23. Judge Charles E. Sinclair found, however, that October 23 would fall on a Sunday, and Ferguson was re-sentenced to die on October 28.

Actually, the first executions in Utah, however, were of two Gosiute Indians, Longhair and Antelope, for the murder of two Mormon herdsmen in Cedar Valley. The Indians were sentenced September 1, 1854, and hanged September 15.—D. L. M.

thousand head of cattle.[14] The water is extremely salty, much more so than the water in the ocean. The Lake is peculiarly situated in many respects. There are several streams or rivers that flow into it; the Bear and Weber are the principal ones from the North, and Utah Lake, which is connected with Salt Lake by the Jordan, is also of considerable size. Salt Lake itself has no outlet, which is very strange to travelers. At times the lake is quite shallow; then the church takes the advantage of communicating with the Island for the purpose of taking on or putting off stock.

Brigham Young has a very nice yacht [15] laying on the beach, which in pleasant weather is used considerable. Salt in great abundance is manufactured here. During the fall of '57 when our troops were laying at Camp Scott, salt was very scarce among them and was sold readily for several dollars a pound. Brigham Young hearing of this, sent several teams loaded, across the mountains, and with a flag of truce they attempted to enter our camp, but Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was commander-in-chief of the expedition, had all the salt destroyed.[16]

After enjoying ourselves in bathing and loafing around the shore we returned home in the evening, stopping awhile at a cave which was quite a curiosity in its way, and proved very useful to stock in very stormy weather.

The most fashionable ride in the country was to the warm and boiling springs just out of town.

Our store at Camp Floyd had got fairly under way and Capt. A. B. Miller had proposed for me to go down and take charge of the books one week on trial. So I got myself all ready, and on the first day of December, 1858, I started in the mail coach. It was bitter cold; we had forty-five miles to go, and I was the only passenger. I could not get much of a view of the country owing to the weather. We arrived at Camp after dark. I had some trouble finding our store, it being Sunday night and a very dark one. There were but few persons about, and these only soldiers on duty. Finally I met a colored man, who was a servant to one of the officers, who very kindly escorted me to our store. I soon got in my new home and made myself known to the young man, George, who I found very sociable. Henry W. Tracy, who was in charge, soon came in. He was a jolly little fellow, about my

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[14] Mormon herdsmen began to use Antelope Island as early as 1849. In 1850 it was set aside by law as a herdground for the Perpetual Emigrating Company (see *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. 8, p. 103, 189-190.) Most of the cattle were taken off the Island in 1855, and it was chiefly used until the late 70's as a herdground for the Church horses.—D. L. M.

[15] Brigham Young's "yacht" was *The Timely Gull*, launched on the Jordan River on June 30, 1854. The *Deseret News* of July 6, 1854, says, "It is 46 feet long, will have a stern wheel propelled by horsepower, and is designed to be used mainly for the transportation of stock to and from this city and Antelope Island." This cattle boat was broken up in a storm, probably not long after Mr. Ackley saw it.—D. L. M.

[16] Johnston contemptuously refused to accept the salt; he did not order it destroyed. Dumped outside the camp, some of it was brought in and sold to the soldiers by Indians.—D. L. M.

size. In a little while you would have thought we had all been acquainted for years.

We, Miller, Russell and Co., are the sutlers here for the Quartermaster, which is considered to be a very big thing. At present there are upwards of 1200 men in the employ of the Quartermaster and Commissary Department. The wages run from 40 dollars gold to 300 per month and board; the poorest laborers here receive 40 dollars gold per month and rations; mechanics from 60 to 150 dollars per month; wagon masters from 75 to 200 dollars, and the head man in the department, 300 per month. As they were not paying this class of fellows regularly, they were allowed to purchase what they chose within the amount of their wages, of us. When they were paid off, we were always notified, so that we might be present with our claims. Sometimes these fellows would undertake to dispute the amounts, but it made no difference, the paymaster always paid on claim.

Camp Floyd, named in honor of our worthy Secretary of War, is situated in the centre of Cedar Valley, forty-five miles due south of Salt Lake City. The place was selected by General Johnston as being the best place for a camp in many respects, although most of the officers thought it would have done better on the high tableland back of Lake Utah and near Provo, at the mouth of Provo Canyon. There were thousands of dollars laid out in arranging the place for winter quarters, which consisted of fine adobe one-story buildings for the men and officers, laso fine stabling and store rooms with a very fine parade ground. There were upwards of 3,000 troops composed of Infantry, Dragoons. Cavalry and Artillery. There were five different sutlers allowed, which are always appointed by the regiments which they serve, with and after the approval of the officers. It is always commissioned regularly as part of the fixtures of the Army by the Secretary of War. We received ours direct from Mr. Floyd, which created quite a commotion among the officers, because a sutler was allowed to a post without their sanction, something that was never heard of before. Our commission not only gave us the exclusive right to sutler at this post, but gave us the power of opening a sutler store for the use of the Quartermaster's men, or citizens, as they are more properly called, at any post in the Territories in Utah, Kansas and Nebraska, which is considered the biggest thing out.

Henry W. Tracy, who was in charge of the store, was a little red faced man, a native of St. Louis, where he has brothers still residing. At one time was in business at Sioux City on the Missouri River with Eugene Pappair, but became somewhat embarrassed in business affairs, and being a very passionate and excitable person, got into a quarrel with a big double-fisted fellow, who was also doing business in the same city. Tracy shot him through

and through and afterwards left the country and got out this way in company with a Capt. Paige (who I will speak of afterwards), and who was Quartermaster on the Utah expedition, and came here with him. He was a very efficient man here for us to have at the head of our house, for we often had to deal very harshly with some of our customers. On several occasions they would play sharp and Tracy would invariably hunt them out. One fellow I remember particularly who had been in the employ of the Government for a time, considered he would not pay us, and had succeeded in some way getting his money from the Paymaster, without us being notified. Tracy came in very much excited about him, and borrowed a large pistol belonging to me, and went after him. He was soon found in company with some of his own friends, when Tracy not only took all the money he had left, but his coat and pants besides, leaving the fellow in rather a cool state.

At another time there were two persons who came into our store and began to talk about some one of Tracy's friends. He in the first place told them to stop talking so about his friends, and then ordered them out. On refusing to go, he knocked them right and left. He had also a disturbance with a fellow over in Dobietown, when I was very much afraid he would cause some trouble. He was always a great favorite with the Officers of the Garrison, particularly George Hull.

One young man from one of the New England States, I think Vermont, was a very smart young man in the store. Our porter was a fine likely looking negro (a slave) from Missouri. We all slept in the store, except the porter, and dined or ate at the mess house of Russell, Majors and Waddell, which was close by. Dr. Hobbs was the Superintendent of their business at this point. As I have said before, our business was confined to the employees of the post. We always kept a good supply of goods on hand which was replenished as required from Salt Lake.

We were not by any means lonesome here, for just outside of Camp, over the Creek as we called it, was a small place which we called Dobietown or Frogtown (Fairfield). It was quite a place in its way, built on two streets, principally occupied by drinking and gambling saloons and stores, some of them kept in very good style. The drinking saloons all had gambling going on in abundance. Besides these there were ten-pin alleys, billiard saloons, and a very good theatre which was well attended, and occasionally a circus.

Christmas and New Year's day were spent rather gaily. Our Capt. A. B. Miller had sent us down a large lot of eggs, and we made plenty of egg-nog. The winter passed off very pleasantly; now and then we would have a Ball or a party somewhere.

The first of the year (1859), we had a grand review of our forces by Albert Sidney Johnston, which were over 3,000 strong.

It was a very pretty sight; the largest body of troops that had been together for a good many years, anywhere in the United States. As Spring opened, the men were busy building and rearranging the garrison. Capt. Turnley, the Quartermaster of the post, was very efficient in his duties. A very large spring of water started close by, and the Captain had it nicely cleaned out and walled up. About one mile below, he dammed it up and built a mill for the purpose of grinding grain, for either flour or feed for the horses. Also a large lot of bath-houses were fixed for the purpose of the men bathing. The little lake formed by the dam, he filled with fish, which he had brought from Lake Utah.

[17] As the United States courts were going in session at Provo, which was some 45 miles southeast of here, it was necessary to send down for the protection of the court a detachment of troops, which were soon got ready. They consisted of some 1500 Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery. The court was in session some four weeks, during which time there were some very important cases tried—murder, rape and arson. There was always a great trouble in convicting a Mormon on any charge, as the juries of course were always composed of residents of the county. The troops who undertook to keep a watch over the people, generally were very much annoyed, often times at night, by the sentinels being run away from the post, either shot at several times or knocked down in various ways; sometimes stoned away. The court finally adjourned and the prisoners were brought to camp for safety and distributed in different guard houses at camp.

There was great excitement in camp when they were brought up. One of those placed in the guard house of the 7th Infantry came very near losing his life. There were always a good many soldiers who were confined in the guard houses for some misdemeanor or other, and this one particularly, had ten who had attached to them a ball and chain. They worked through the day and were always locked up at night after they had quit work. This night particularly they were walking into the cells single file with their ball and chained attached, holding the ball in the right hand as they walked in. The Provo prisoners were lying in the hall of the guard house tired after a long march from Provo. One of these fellows let his iron ball drop, which weighed about 10 pounds, intending for it to strike the Mormon in the head, and

[17] Judge John B. Cradlebaugh convened his Second Judicial District Court at Provo on March 8, 1859. The first detachment of soldiers encamped about the Old Seminary, in which court was held, about the time of the opening of the court. Cradlebaugh had requested their presence; Cradlebaugh continued to sit as a committing magistrate until April 4, when he adjourned his court and proceeded to Camp Floyd. Meantime the force of 100 soldiers brought to Provo had been increased to approximately 1,000. Governor Alfred Cumming protested such use of troops without his permission, and was sustained by the Attorney-General at Washington when the dispute was referred to him. An account of the proceedings in Provo is given with considerable documentary detail by B. H. Roberts. *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, vol. 4, pp. 489-494.—D. L. M.

would have killed him had it not been that he threw up his arm to save himself, but broke his arm.[18] It is rather amusing to see the prisoners exercising themselves in the mornings, some with large sacks of sand tied to them, others with large logs of wood strapped to their backs for punishment, for some offense they had given.

We are busy laying out a cemetery back of camp for the burial of soldiers and Officers.[19] There is a large amount of work being done there. At one time one of the prisoners attempted to escape. There was a general alarm and in fact a great excitement in camp. Speaking of prisoners, there was a fellow who came into camp and gave himself up who had been a deserter. He in the first place was a Mormon, but had enlisted in one of the Regiments regularly at old Camp Scott, and not liking the soldiers' life, deserted, and in course of time wishing to come back did so, but was immediately placed in the guard house. Next morning Col. Charles F. Smith, who was in command of the Post, had him tied up to a wagon wheel and severely whipped. The poor fellow fainted twice under the treatment. In course of three weeks from this time, he escaped from the guard and got several miles off in spite of their diligence; but next morning after being captured he was again whipped severely.

It is really astonishing the short time it takes for one's letters to come out from the States. The President's message arrived here in 11 days from the Missouri River, over 1300 miles. We think it pretty good time considering the condition of the country. No doubt in time it will be done much quicker. After you leave the settlements on the River there are no houses until you get to Fort Kearney, then from there to Fort Laramie, which is another much longer stretch of country to travel over, not a solitary ranch to stop at, then after leaving Larnard, Green River, then Fort Bridger, Salt Lake City and Camp Floyd. The Indians are more or less troublesome all the time.

Our Holidays here passed off very pleasantly, big dinners and evening parties were the order of the day. On New Year's day was a big time; business and work of all kinds was generally suspended, there was a grand review of all the troops just back of the camp by Albert Sidney Johnston, the day was beautiful.

The winter passed off very pleasantly. Money is very plentiful around camp. The gamblers are all doing well, and that is always a good sign in this country. We had two very nice billiard tables sent out from the States, and by permission of the Commanding Officer, we put up a building for them near head-quarters. They were kept going night and day; no one was allowed to play but Officers. We had an old discharged Dragoon to take

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[18] Among the prisoners taken to Camp Floyd were A. F. McDonald and Hamilton H. Kearns. It was McDonald who was held by the 7th Regiment. The two men were held in prison until July 7.—D. L. M.

[19] The cemetery is the only remnant of Camp Floyd today.

charge of the tables by the name of Savage. His parents reside on Cooper's Hill, Camden, N. J. I often spent my evenings there and became fond of the game of pool. Sundays we would often ride for miles away. We had stationed here about 3,500 troops, and about 500 citizens employed, and say 1,000 followers of the army, together with the horses and mules, we were consuming a vast amount of flour, corn and grain generally, which on net calculation was costing the government near 30 dollars per 100 pounds of flour. Mr. Russell, the head of our concern, who always had an eye open, saw this, and knowing that large amounts of wheat and corn were being raised in Utah, proposed to the Secretary of War to allow him to deliver what grain and flour he could at Camp Floyd, instead of transporting it across the country. (Mind what a big thing it was.) Wheat could be turned into flour for about $4.00 to $4.50 a hundred, delivered at camp, payable in merchandise, at 100 per cent, and we got about or near 30 dollars per hundred for it. I was started on a tour down through the Mormon settlements to Provo, Springville, Goshen and other places to buy up all the flour and grain there was in the country, which I did. If it could not be had at one price, I was ordered to pay another. The trip I enjoyed very much. Provo is quite a town, situated at the mouth of Provo Canyon and at the base of the mountains on a plain and only a few miles back from Utah Lake, containing about six or seven thousand inhabitants. Springville is also a very pretty town, situated very much as Provo. The largest lot of wheat I bought here, of an English woman, about 5,000 bushels, ordered it sent to a certain mill and to have it ground and on the delivery of it at our store, we paid them in merchandise at good round figures.

At this town I saw the prettiest Bay Mare pony with long tail and mane I have ever yet seen. She was a beauty, a little boy was riding it. I called on his father and bought the pony at his own figures and had her sent home, where she was always very much admired. On this trip, near Spanish Fork, I saw a great many Indians; they were on their way North to the fishing grounds.

I was for pitching in to make money like the rest. Tracy and I had the control of a large boarding house, put up here for the Quartermaster's men, which we made several hundred dollars apiece out of in a very short time. We then bought out a saloon in Dobietown of Jake Swartz; also a brewery, where we made the only ale or beer that was ever made in the country. But the Dutchman we had to run the place got into a fight one night and some fellows killed him. So ended the brewery, and we soon sold out our saloon property.

There was a Masonic lodge opened here, and I was the first citizen that was taken in.[20]

Along about the first of July, 1859, Captain A. B. Miller came down very unexpectedly in his carriage and alone. He said he wanted me to return with him to go to Fort Bridger to collect two sight drafts on W. A. Carter, the sutler, for about 32,000 or 33,000 in gold. So next morning, bright and early, we were up and rolled out, Capt. and I together, in his little no-top wagon and a pair of gray California and Utah horses mixed; the distance is 45 miles over a very hilly and mountainous road to Salt Lake City. The morning was a beautiful one. We started off so very brisk that I said to Captain, "are we not driving pretty fast considering the distance we have got to go?" He laughed and says, "Why Dick, I thought you knew something about driving; why I am only working the feed off of them." We drove this way until we came near the crossing of Jordan River, where we have a very long and steep hill to go down. I was really afraid, we drove so fast; I just sat back holding onto the seats. When we got to the half-way house, we jumped out; they were at breakfast, and we drank a cup of coffee and ate a biscuit and an egg, while a boy sponged the ponies. We drove into Salt Lake in less than 4 hours. This was what I call big driving in the Rocky Mountains.

The boys in the city all looked well (who I had not seen for months). I was well received; remained here several days waiting for the coach going East. Finally after getting my letter of instructions from Capt. A. B. Miller and Henry D. Sherwood, I rolled out one fine morning in the coach from California on its way to the States: It was crowded; there was three gentlemen from California, a gentleman returning who had been sent out concerning Russell, Majors and Waddell's business, Eugene Pappair of St. Louis, Jim Alexander, Col. Alexander and Son, and myself with plenty of everything to make the trip pass off pleasantly. There was nothing of interest that happened worth noting, and we landed in Fort Bridger early one fine morning. The coach drove up to our store, where after remaining awhile, I bid them all good-bye and they made tracks for the States. I showed the boys my letters and took charge of the house, then went over and called on Mr. W. A. Carter, the sutler, and presented my draft which was accepted. I remained here several days, took account of stock, made out a report of the business and sent it in to the City. I then proceeded to Millersville, which lies just off of the Government Reserve and about 12½ miles below at the junction of Smith's and Black's Fork. This place was built by our firm for a general depot for our stock. It has been badly managed. The young man in charge, Mr. Harris, ran off on hearing of my com-

[20] An account of this Masonic Lodge will be found in S. H. Goodwin's *Freemasonry in Utah, Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 205*, Salt Lake City, 1934.

ing out to relieve him, and the other young men about, I discharged on sight, and put new ones in their place. So I did at Bridger. I went through the same routine here; took account of stock and took charge of everything. In fact I was in charge of both houses, and the stock (horses and cattle), which were over on Henry's Fork.

I remained here making my home at first at Fort Bridger, until I concluded best to close out the house, when I took up my permanent abode at Millersville. The money from Carter was coming in very slow. I had placed a young man in charge of the Bridger house by the name of Sweet. On one occasion particularly as I was leaving to go to Millersville, I left 3,000 in gold with him, with orders to deposit it with Lt. Jones, the Quartermaster of the Fort, until I came back. I was gone about 10 days. When I returned I found Mr. Sweet in bad condition and the people had a great deal to say about him which I called him to account for. As he could not explain I ordered him to leave on very short notice. The three thousand dollars I left with him instead of depositing it, as I ordered, he kept in his pocket all the time, and he drank besides; had been gambling and making use of the firm's money, and had also borrowed a considerable amount of funds of the men about the garrison.

I soon thought best to close our store at this place, so I moved all of our goods down to the lower place. Col. E. R. S. Canby, the Commanding Officer, was always very kind to me, his lady particularly so. They had quite a large library which I had the liberty of calling on for books occasionally, together with her sister, Fannie, made everything pass off very pleasantly. The Officers here were a good set of fellows; there was old McNott and Lt. Gooding, both of the 10th Infantry.

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Thus the journal comes to an abrupt end, though the journalist visited elsewhere through the West, and finally returned East, where he was to pass away before the allotted span.