

Emigrant's occupation: Army Officer Origin: NY Buffalo
Age: 41 M/F: M With family? (Y/N) N No. in family: _____

Departed from (code): M1 Arrived at (code): _____
Date of departure: 04-03-60 Date of arrival: 04-30-60 Washington, DC
(use form mm/dd/yy)

Party: _____

Mode of travel: X (one code only: W - wagons; P - packing; L - passenger lines; H - handcart; X - other)

Number of wagons at departure: _____

Number of people at departure: _____ total 3 men _____ women _____ children

Draft animals at departure: _____ oxen X mules X horses _____ other (use X or a number)

Other animals: _____ (H - horses; C - cattle; S - sheep; P - pigs; F - fowl; D - dogs; X - other)

Guidebook used by emigrant (enter either a title, or an author and title, if given):

Routes: IK IH IF ID IB _____ (use codes from the trail maps)

Notes on back?

This Captain in the U.S. Army reversed the usual East to West trek.

He went West to East to begin a 6-mo. military leave-of-absence.

He left Camp Floyd, UT ⁴⁻⁰³⁻⁶⁰ and arrived @ Washington, DC 4-30-60.

He traveled by ^{coach,} mule-back, horseback, mail wagons, 2-wheel mail carts & railroad.

In 1857 he had traversed East to West with the Utah expedition as Capt. in command of Company H from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas territory, and in his 1860 Journal mentioned places he had previously visited in 1857, some of the same trail passed over again in 1860. He had a son Parris, born Aug. 8, 1857, whom he did not see until he returned to Washington in April 1860.

Born in Buffalo, NY, April 28, 1818, surname Haddock. Early in life, he assumed name of family benefactor & friend, Albert H. Tracy, a prominent lawyer, civic leader & politician of Buffalo.

Last name	First names	Age	M/F	Origin	Party	Page	Date (mm/dd)	CODES	
								1	2
Little	Capt.		M			80	01/01/60		N
Heth	Capt.		M			80	01/25/60		N
Sharpe	NFN		M			80	01/25		
Gove	Capt. Jesse A.		M			80	01/25		N
Harper	NFN		M			80	01/25		
Miller	A. B.		M		Field Mgr. Russell, Malcom Waddell	80	01/25		
Clifford	Judaa		M		U.S. Supreme bench	80	02/22		
Tracy	Sarah (wife)		F	ME, Portland		80	02/22		
Porter	Fitz John		M			81	02/23		N
Smith	Colonel		M			81	02/24		N
Hunt	NFN		M			81	02/24		N
Johnson	General		M		Camp Commander	81	03/01		N
Morrison	Colonel		M		Successor of Gen Johnson	81	03/01		N
Deshler	1st. Lt. James		M	AL		82	03/01		N
Walters	Private		M			82	03/14		N
Grover	Capt. Cuvier		M	ME		82	03/14		N
Canby	Colonel		M		Regiment Commander	83	03/20		N
Hunt	Maj.		M			83	03/26		N
Hayman	Capt.		M			83	04/02		N
Litchfield	Mr.		M			83	04/02		
Moore	Dr.		M			83	04/02		

CODES for column 1:

A - birth	G - marriage (*)
B - death, illness	H - registered name
C - death, accident	I - name on roster
D - death, murder	J - turned back
E - death, other/unknown	K - traveling east
F - name on grave	

CODES for column 2:

L - capt. of party	R - Black
M - guide of party	S - Indian
N - military	T - Mexican/Spanish
O - govt. surveyor/explorer	U - non-US citizen
P - trader	V - Mormon
Q - non-immigrant	W - joined other party

Codes may not apply to all names. Use up to 2 codes in each column, if multiple codes apply.

* For marriages, bracket the spouses' names and number the couples sequentially.

Last name	First names	Age	M/F	Origin	Party	Page	Date (mm/dd)	CODES	
								1	2
Sherwood	Mr.		M	NY, Buffalo		84	04/03		
Cumming	Governor		M			84	04/04		
Cumming	Mrs.		F	MA		84	04/04		
Thurston	NFN		M			85	04/04		✓
Thurston	Mrs.		F			85	04/04		✓
Stambaugh	Col. S.C.		M	UT, Salt Lake City	Territorial Surveyor General	86	4/04		N
Sharpe	(mail boy)		M			86	04/05		
Armstrong	(mail boy)		M			86	04/05		
Snyder	Samuel		M			89	04/06		✓
NLN	Dave		M		Pony Express rider	92	04/08		
Briags	NFN		M		Pony Exp sta. keeper	93	04/08		
McCarty	Charley		M		Pony Exp. rider	94	04/09		
McNabb	NFN		M			95	04/09		
Canby	Mrs. (Col.'s wife)		F			95	04/09		
Ackley	Mr.		M		Pony Exp sta. keeper	95	04/09		
Yates	Richard		M		trader on Green River	96	04/10		P
Hickman	Bill		M			96	04/10		
McCarty	Mistress		F			99	04/11		

CODES for column 1:

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
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CODES for column 2:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| L - capt. of party | R - Black |
| M - guide of party | S - Indian |
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Emigrant's last name: Tracy (Haddock) Surveyed by: MJS 46 Mary Jo Sprague
first & middle names: Capt. Albert Date surveyed: 06-04-93
Title: Journal of Captain Albert Tracy

Year of journey: 1860 Year written (if different): _____ Page nos. surveyed: 84-117
Type of document: J (D - diary; J - journal; R - reminiscence; L - letter; N - newspaper article; G - guide; A - autobiography; O - other)
Items in document: D F I N (use all applicable codes)
M - daily mileages D - emigrant drawings P - emigrant maps Q - maps by editor K - biographical sketch
I - Introduction B - bibliography N - index X - photos F - footnotes/commentaries

Published? (Y/N): Y Location of original document: New York Public Library

For PUBLISHED documents only:

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first & middle names: J. Cecil & Dr. Robert J.

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For UNPUBLISHED documents only:

Notes about format of document: _____

Location	Page	Date
Bridger (Fort)	95	4-9
"Millersville" (Pony Express station)	95	4-9
junction of Smith's and Ham's Forks	96	4-10
Green River	96	4-10
the Ferry (for the mail)	97	4-10
the Ferry house	97	4-10
northern bank of the Big Sandy	99	4-11
Oregon Station	98	4-11
Pacific Springs (So. Pass summit)	98	4-11
station @ Oregon Trail Crossing on the Sweetwater	98	4-11
Sweetwater Station	102	4-12
Rocky Ridge Station on old South Pass	103	4-13
Devil's Backbone	103	4-13
Gilbert's Station	103	4-13
"Three Crossings" station	107	4-15
"Split Rock" or "Gap in the Mountain"	107	4-15
"Devil's Gate"	107	4-15
Independence Rock	108	4-15
Sweetwater Bridge	108	4-15
junction Sweetwater/South Platte	108	4-16
Red Buttes	108	4-16
new Bridge of the Platte	108	4-16
Box Elder	109	4-16
"Black Hills"	110	4-17

Last name	First names	Age	M/F	Origin	Party	Page	Date (mm/dd)	CODES	
								1	2
Gilbert	NFN		M		Pony Exp. sb. keeper	103	04/13		
Hockaday	John		M	VA		104	04/13		
Erwin	Doc (Probably Joseph C.?)		M		Sr. Partner frt. firm transporting army supp	104	04/13		
NLN	Jean		M	France		104	04/14		
NLN	Jeff		M			110	04/17		
Reynolds	NFN		M	France		112	04/18		
Smith	Lieut.		M		2nd Infantry	112	04/18		N
Raynolds	Captain		M		Engineers-Explorer	112	04/18		N
Ruggles	Lieutenant		M			116	04/25		N
Williams	Capt. Seth		M		Adj. Gen. Dept.	116	04/27		N
Kearny	Lieut. William		M	NY	10th	116	04/27		N
Kelly	Lieutenant		M			117	04/27		N
Burbank	Major		M			117	04/27		N

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Location	Page	Date
Camp Floyd, Utah	84	4-03-60
Jordan	84	"
Salt Lake City	84	"
Parley's Park	86	4-5
Parley's Canyon	86	4-5
Emigration Canyon	86	4-5
Salt Lake Valley	86	4-5
Alexander's	87	4-5
road over Little Mountain	87	4-5
east Wasatch range	87	4-5
Snyder's Mill (Snyderville)	87	4-5
Three Mile Canyon	89	4-7
Weber River	90	4-7
^{Pony Express} Echo Canyon station (Hanging Rock, later Bromley's Station)	90	4-7
divide between Echo & Yellow Creek	92	4-8
the Needles	92	4-8
fording of Yellow Creek	92	4-8
Briggs' station by Bear River	93	4-8
"Quaking asp" springs	93	4-9
"Little Muddy"	93	4-9
Muddy	94	4-9
"Outpost Butte"	94	4-9
Fork of Smith	94	4-9
Cottonwood	94	4-9

Location	Page	Date
La Bonte stream	110	04/14
station by the Platte	111	04/17
Laramie Fort	112	04/18
Branvar's station	112	04/18
grounds of Grattan's massacre	113	04/18
the Platte	113	04/19
Scott's Bluffs	113	04/19
Chimney Rock	113	04/19
Mead Springs	113	04/20
Lodge Pole Creek	114	04/20
South Platte	114	04/21
O'Fallon's Bluff	115	04/21
station near Fort Kearney	115	04/22
Little Blue River	115	04/22
Big Blue	115	04/23
Nemehaw village	116	04/23
Atchison	116	04/24
Missouri (River)	116	04/25
St. Louis	116	04/25
Cincinnati	117	04/28
Columbus	117	04/28
Bellaire, Oh.	117	04/28
Washington, DC	117	04/30



CAMP SCOTT FROM THE SOUTHEAST, JANUARY 5, 1858

Utah State Historical Society

State Capitol—Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIII January, April, July, October, 1945 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4

JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN ALBERT TRACY

1858-1860

INTRODUCTION

The diary of Albert Tracy (Haddock), published as Volume XIII (1945) of the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, is a document of unusual interest to students of Western history. An officer in the army of General Albert Sidney Johnston during the Utah Expedition, Tracy in his account throws fresh light on many of the events of that chapter of Utah's history, and in spite of his partisan viewpoint, he reveals in intimate detail the daily life of the army along the march and in camp. It is a companion volume to the diary and correspondence of Captain Jesse A. Gove, Tracy's fellow officer, published as *The Utah Expedition* by the New Hampshire Historical Society in 1928. Together they are prime sources for the inner history of the Utah War.

It was through the scholarly efforts of the late Herbert S. Auerbach, president of the Utah State Historical Society, that publication of the manuscript was made possible. The original journal, together with Captain Tracy's drawings, a number of which are herewith reproduced, is deposited in the New York Public Library. Mr. Auerbach, recognizing its importance, arranged for photostatic reproductions and had undertaken its preparation for publication when death intervened. Final editing of the manuscript was done by J. Cecil Alter, editor of the *Quarterly*, and the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Dwyer. For extensive research and valuable cooperation, gratitude is due Robert W. Hill, keeper of manuscripts, of the New York Public Library, also Paul North Rice, reference librarian, and Sylvester Vigilante, custodian of the American History room, for their gracious courtesy; and Miss Marguerite Locke Sinclair, secretary of the Utah State Historical Society, for assistance and editorial counsel.

Albert Tracy (Haddock), author of the journal, was born in Buffalo, New York, April 28, 1818. Early in life, as he informs us, he assumed the name of the family benefactor and friend, Albert H. Tracy, a prominent lawyer, civic leader, and politician of his native city. This might suggest, though he nowhere indicates it, either the early death of his father or family differences. While Tracy mentions his boyhood as having been spent in

see page 93

UofU

Canada, and his army record shows that he enlisted in Maine. Buffalo seems to have been his family home. He refers to the death of his mother and a brother, Charles, as having occurred there during the westward march of the Utah Expedition. His wife, Sarah, was a daughter of a Portland, Maine, family. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of the Infantry, Feb. 24, 1847, and on April 9 was assigned to the 9th Infantry. For "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec," he was brevetted a Captain on Sept. 13, 1847, and was advanced to full grade Feb. 23, 1848. He resigned his commission on Aug. 26 of that year, and returned to civil life.

Through the good offices of President Franklin Pierce, with whom he enjoyed close acquaintance, he resumed his commission as a Captain of the 10th Infantry, on March 3, 1855, and was assigned to Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, Minn. When the Utah Expedition was organized, in 1857, he was placed in command of Company H at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory. His wife left Fort Snelling on June 4 of that year for her home in Portland, and there a son, Parris, was born on Aug. 8, when Tracy was on the plains.

Sarah Tracy seems to have been a woman of some resourcefulness. Eager for her husband's return from the frontier, she went to Washington in 1859, and obtained for him a military leave of absence which his patron and benefactor, Albert H. Tracy, had applied for in vain.

Captain Tracy is mentioned occasionally in the diary and letters of Captain Jesse A. Gove. In a letter to his wife, written near South Pass, Wyoming, Sept. 23, 1857, Gove remarks, "Captain Tracy has a boy. Wife in Portland. Write her; she will be delighted to hear from you." Relations between the two appear to have been cordial, if not intimate, but a definite falling out occurred on July 8, 1858, according to Gove's journal, while they were encamped near Lehi, Utah. Trivial though the occasion was, Gove devotes some space to it, indicating his disquietude over the estrangement:

Tracy I do not speak to at all. He has brought it all about of his own accord. * * * It results from an extreme jealousy that I am preferred in all important duties over his head. * * * He isolates himself from everyone at times. He ceased speaking to me of his own accord, and when I became satisfied of his ungentlemanly conduct I dropped him, and my course is highly approved by every officer in the regiment. He is the last man to cut me, for everyone says that I defended Tracy on the score of his eccentricity when no one else would.

I find no inconvenience in being where he is, for I never think of speaking to him any more than though he was not present. If he ever ill treats me I shall make him know his place with all that determination that has matured in my mind for 12 months bad usage. I care nothing for him. He is alone by his own choice. He must suffer by it. With that exception the utmost harmony prevails in the regiment.

It may be thought that Captain Gove protests a little too much. Few if any traces of misanthropy appear in Tracy's account of himself, although his absorption in his hobbies, water coloring and pen sketching, may have created an impression of unsociability. He was, however, a close friend of Captain John Wolcott Phelps, whose journal, preserved in the New York Public Library, reveals an extraordinary but highly neurotic personality.

Pictures from Tracy's improvised easel, sketched as opportunity afforded, were constantly filed in his trunk or sent East to his wife and friends. He speaks, indeed, of sending several to various publications, and on one occasion asks Sarah to look for them in *Harper's Weekly*, which was then featuring articles on the Utah campaign. The pictures reproduced here have never been published previously. He mentions others not found in this collection, but apparently they have not been preserved. Fortunately it is for historical purposes that Tracy's interest turned to telling in pictures the story of the unique expedition, the countryside traversed, the routes travelled, the encampments and the army scenes in general. Here, as nowhere else, the Utah Expedition takes on life.

The portion of the journal preserved begins March 24, 1858, and ends with the entry for July 6, 1862. Presumably the earlier pages were lost, either during the campaign or through subsequent carelessness or accident. The original journal was re-copied in 1876, as a note on a blank page, following the entry of April 12, 1860, indicates. The portion published herewith ends with Tracy's return to Washington from Utah, April 30, 1860.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, Tracy resumed his military career, and was named Colonel Adjutant Aide de Camp on March 31, 1862, at which time he was serving under General John C. Fremont in the West Virginia campaign. He received his Majority in the 15th Infantry on June 1, 1863, and was discharged as Colonel Adjutant in November of that year. He was brevetted Lt. Colonel for meritorious services, and on March 13, 1865, was brevetted Colonel. He retired on Nov. 4, 1865. Details of his subsequent life are obscure. He died on June 3, 1893.

was seemingly perfect, both as to the rendering by the actors, and the music. But a dream of the past, and of the hearts that were, closes in more sadly my night of Christmas, and over all rises to mind the utterance, that "Except ye be as little children, ye shall not see the kingdom of Heaven."

1860

January 1st. Make many calls, hither and thither, during the day, and at night go to the 5th Infantry Theatre, after which stop at Captain Little's, in the 7th and between us we brew a nogg, and drink it. The weather has been cool and crisp today, and the camp appears generally to have enjoyed itself.

January 3

Write Sarah, and send Crossman's check for the sum of \$96.27. Also my pay account for January—less item for Com'd'g. Company.

January 25

Write Sarah, to go by Miller's Express.¹³³ We have had somewhat of an interior regimental scuffle in the 10th, Heth taking it for granted his friend Sharpe would be elected. Gove going for Harper, present Smith's Clerk, and myself the second member of regimental Council, voting steadily for Miller. So that an adjournment took place, and the Council reported no election. Under a new order, it is expected the question will be finally disposed of tomorrow.

February 22, 1860

A grand review and salute of the flag. At night comes in the mail, bringing from Sarah letters, one of which enclosed a note from Judge Clifford, of the U. S. Supreme bench—whom I met originally at Worth's table, in Tacubaya, Mexico—a note encouraging us to expect we will have at last the leave of absence, to which we feel justly entitled.

¹³³A. R. Miller was prominent in the field management of Russell, Majors and Waddell, and may have shared ownership of the firm. He was credited with much of the planning for the Pony Express, having made several trips over the entire Overland Route in various capacities before it was inaugurated in 1860.

February 23, 1860

Comes a request for me to call at the quarters of the General Commanding. Learn from Fitz John Porter¹³⁴ that the Secretary of War has written that, so soon as my services can be spared, he desires that leave be granted me. And so we are to have hereafter a better showing. It is to Sarah, and her earnest and judicious effort at Washington, in vindication of my fair right, by usage of service—that I am indebted almost wholly for this favorable result. Now for home—and wife and child! Yet stay, the snow is not yet off the mountains, and we must bide yet a little in patience for the better time to come.

February 24

Colonel Smith says to me this evening, that the order has been turned over to him to give me leave of absence, if he judge best so to do. Colonel Smith is no shuffler, and he tells me in his straightforward manner, that he shall "put no obstacles" in my way. And it is settled between us that I am to go in April—or earlier if prefer so to do. I receive many congratulations on my success, and from some whom I hardly thought had any interest in myself or my objects. Game of Euchre at evening, at Hayman's, with Little and Hunt to fill up the board.

March 1, 1860

General Johnson, who has been relieved in command of this department, and ordered to California, quits us today. In compliment to his departure, the troops were turned out, formed in line, and the salute of a Brigadier given by one of the batteries. Riding up to Colonel Morrison, who succeeds him, Johnson essayed from his horse, some remarks, which being near by—I was glad to hear concluded—for our late commander was evidently in a state of growing intoxication. Morrison uttered some ejaculation in reply, and the senior, having wheeled his animal, raised his cap, and proceeded in the direction of his escort—the bands playing "Come out of the Wilderness." Within a few moments, as well, the rising of the inevitable pillar of dust, showed Johnson was on his

¹³⁴Fitz John Porter, who had won his spurs in the War with Mexico, was later a divisional commander in the Union Army under McClellan, and saw action at Cold Harbor and Antietam. For his alleged dereliction of duty before Lee's invasion of Maryland, he was court-martialed. His trial, after the close of the war, suggests the investigations of the Pearl Harbor tragedy.

way, toward the slopes of the Pacific. Of Johnson, it would seem that we can say, as of Alexander, that he has missed a great opportunity.¹³⁸ March 3rd—Sketch camp, from Co. H targets. Deshler comes out—

March 6, 1860

Busy clearing up and filing papers. Put into packages letters, official and private, numbering and designating as follows:

- No. 1—Letters political, and from political people.
- No. 2—Family Letters—gossipy, literary, and also from army officers.
- No. 3—Letters from officers of the old 9th Infantry.
- No. 4—Letters of Mr. Tracy.
- No. 5—Appeals—(official) Brevet matters, etc.
- No. 6—Recruiting vouchers—1847 to '55.
- No. 7—Quarter Master, returns for 4 qr. '59 and 1st qr. '60.

March 14

I act as Counsel in defence of Private Walters today, wrongfully, and villainously charged by Grover,¹³⁹ with "disrespect" etc., and I believe I have got him off.

[Two pages illegible.]

March 18

The proceedings in the case of Walters are published, with orders thereon. The Court finds Walters technically guilty, but Captain Heth, commanding the battalion of the 10th hereat, refuses to approve the finding, sets aside the sentence of a week's confinement of Walters, and blows up the Court hugely. So, thank fortune, I have vindicated my own views, and saved a perfectly innocent man from punishment — Mr. Grover to the contrary notwithstanding. And, by the way, I had appealed to Grover, in advance, not to push the charges. Command, and march in review the battalion this morning.

¹³⁸Tracy's account of Johnston's leave-taking may be colored by his cool regard for his commanding officer. Johnston's reputation, certainly, was not that of a drinking man. He reported to Fort Alcatraz, San Francisco, and when Texas, his adopted State, seceded (April, 1861), he promptly resigned his commission, traveled overland by the southern route to New Orleans, entrained for Richmond, and was appointed to the command of the Western Department of the Confederate Army by President Davis.

¹³⁹Capt. Cuvier Grover, a native of Maine, commissioned September 1, 1850. At the close of the Civil War he received a Major General's brevet for his meritorious field service. He died in 1885.



CAMP FLOYD, UTAH, MARCH 3, 1860

March 20, 1860

Colonel Canby arrives this afternoon from Bridger—having been seven days upon the route. He has suffered somewhat from cold in the mountains; and also from snow-blindness. Canby, at once assumes command of the regiment. Smith being assigned upon his brevet-rank in charge of the department, Colonel Morrison drops to the command of the camp.

March 23

Reciting in Tactics, and drilling at battalion under Canby. But he can never compare with Smith. The road over the mountains stated to be still decidedly rough and bad.

March 26

The regimental Council meet again today, and my candidate, Miller, is elected. I am becoming impatient to get away upon my leave of absence, but the canyons are said to be yet blocked with snow, and the trip is held inadvisable for at least a week or ten days, when the sun may have done service in my behalf, by more emphatic thawings. Write Sarah, and send check for \$50, from Maj. Hunt.

March 31

Relieved today from duty with the regiment, to avail myself of leave of absence for six months. Turn over to my 1st Lieutenant Deshler,²³⁷ Company property and stores. Have, moreover a tooth pulled, go to the play at night, at 5th Infantry Theatre, and drink an eggnogg with Little of the 7th. Came off this morning, from tour as Field Officer of the Day.

April 2, 1860

Captains Little and Hayman of the 7th and Lieut. Deshler of the 10th and a Mr. Litchfield, who gives me a note to the Secretary of War—have been in this evening. Also Dr. Moore, who has just left. Colonel Morrison, in the meantime, has sent his compliments, with the "bologna sausages," for lunch upon the way. For I am to start tomorrow upon my journey in the mountains, to the eastward and to wife and home! My

²³⁷ Lt. James Deshler, a native of Alabama, commissioned Sept. 17, 1858. Joined the Confederacy in 1861.

canvas bag, with its contents—sole allowance of baggage for the way—stands solitary in the center of my dis-garnished quarters, and generally the appearance is lonely. Hark, too, to the trot of the government mule, bearing about upon his rounds for the night the Field Officer of the Day. To bed, then, and await at dawn the coach to bear me on towards Salt Lake City—first stage of the lengthened route to be traversed.

April 3, 1860

The coach in which I quit Camp Floyd this morning at about eight, although intended originally for but four inside, is found to easily accommodate seven—one portion of the passengers—all males—alternating in the laps of the other portion. Each, however, being in the mood to accommodate his neighbor, we get along with a very good grace, taking dinner at a kind of half-way house across the Jordan—and relishing the same, with the appetite of the wayfarer. Towards evening we reach Salt Lake City, where I am well received by Mr. Sherwood—one of the Clerks in Miller's place, and provided at his boarding house, with supper, and at the store, with a bed. Sherwood, it appears is from Buffalo, and has a sister and other relatives thereat.

April 4

Halt over for today at the City, to await an expected mail. Visit Governor Cumming at his residence, and introduced to Mrs. Cumming, who is a Massachusetts woman, a little wooden in appearance, but nevertheless fond of conversation, and very intelligent. She has come to like the Mormons, and told me of a tea-party to which she was invited at Brigham Young's house—with the original, or Number One, Mrs. Young, at the head of the table, and the intermediates, or Brevet Mistress Youngs, gracing in rows the table at either side, up and down. But it was only Mrs. Young Number One that indulged much in conversation—all the remaining numbers resting quiet to nibble their toast. And yet Mrs. Cumming had no word of disapproval or condemnation for all this! We know, now, perhaps, why Cumming, the Governor, has, during our presence in the Valley been always found upon the side of the Mormons, and acting in their behalf. Well up towards the head of the city, and in a pleasant locality, stood the boarding house at which Mr. Sherwood, my

polite entertainer, took his meals, and upon invitation by himself I accompanied him thither for my own—during my brief stay within the confines of the Capital of the prophet. Eleven only, was the figure disported before the world as compassing the present allotment of wives of the proprietor of the above boarding place—one Thurston, from the States, East. As in the case of the numerous Mistress Youngs—brevets, as it were—it was the original Mrs. T. only who held general governance, and in the presence of strangers at least, did the talking. For myself, I saw but this original, and Sherwood informed me that it was upon rare or exceptional occasions only, that the mass of the Mistresses Thurston were so much as visible. They had each their separate room, generally above-stairs, and when not required to perform their portion of the daily round of duties about the house, as it might be so many servants, remained in that room. All were, however, disciplined to industry—some weaving, some spinning, some sewing, and the like—but never idle. Upon the street these extra wives were rarely seen. "But," said I to Sherwood, "suppose that woman-like, these poor devils—determined they would go upon the street, and see the sights, and hear the gossip and news?" "Well," said he, "one of Thurston's wives did rebel, and, putting on her best, had a good time up and down"—"And what then?" "Why Thurston, next day, took away every particle of clothing from her, except her chemise, and held her prisoner inside, until she was glad to promise better fashions. And that's the way they keep up the discipline, and these women are slaves, body and soul, in every civilized sense of the time, and as fully as if within control of the Turk himself. Let these women run to anything worse than gossiping about on the street in the more harmless way, and their fate is certain. They will disappear, as we, who live here, have seen, and—at whatever locality it may be." It really made one shudder to hear even for the hundredth time, these things, and it scarcely seemed to me that this was my own country—boasting its equitable and gentle laws—wherein they were told to me! I could not say that my opinion of the Mormons had improved with this nearer acquaintance with their headquarters. Yet the original Mrs. Thurston set before us a neat and most palatable meal, and presided at her table, as if within the bounds of the very New England she hailed from. Of the great *he* Thurston, I saw nothing whatever. It is said that bad women quail only in companionship with their own sex. Perhaps the rule may apply in a degree with

these Mormon devotees of the male persuasion, for they rarely exhibit themselves to the civilized or the stranger, of their own kind. At evening I have a pleasant little game at Euchre with Mr. Sherwood, and a couple of friends of his, invited in to join us. Write Sarah, to go by mail, in case of my stopping over at any point along the route. Called also today on Stambaugh, the Territorial Surveyor General—abiding in Salt Lake City.¹²⁸

April 5, 1860

Wheels, above the drifts, and through the canyons, are as yet, an impracticability; and the method by which myself and two mail-boys are to surmount the ranges that lie between us and the east, is that of simple horse, or mule-back. It is long since I have ridden, and I cannot boast of skill as an equestrian, but in a case like this, an effort must be made—and who knows but we may come to stride our animal with the best? Fairly within my seat, then, upon the picked and gentle mule provided in my behalf by my kind host, Sherwood, I bid him an earnest good bye, and at an early hour set forward. The mail, proper, will not start before tomorrow, but to relieve me somewhat, and divide the fatigue of riding, I am to go in advance, as far as Parley's Park about twenty-five miles hence,¹²⁹ and at that point await the arrival of the regular mail-boys, Sharpe and Armstrong;—my present companion of the road being a thin, freckle-faced Mormon youth of about thirteen, who squints with his eyes when he speaks, and is very curious in his enquiries about soldiers. Our route to the Park lies through the Canyon named also after Parley, and having its mouth about five miles south of Emigration Canyon, by which the troops entered Salt Lake Valley two years ago. Climbing, with my mule, the side-hill to the eastward of the City, I descend to pluck a beautiful little violet, to carry home. This flower I place in my note book, and here, upon this page, it is.¹³⁰

The picturesque and rugged wilderness of Parley's Park Canyon, would have delayed me for a stretch had I been in a way to indulge my fancies in the matter, but the necessity added to the desire of getting forward, left me with but the

¹²⁸Col. S. C. Stambaugh, appointed in place of Surveyor General David H. Burr, preferred charges of misconduct against the latter, who had fled from Utah at the outbreak of the "Utah War." Cf. Neff, *op. cit.*, pp. 680-681.

¹²⁹Parley's Park, from which Park City derives its name, was the upland meadow country at the head of Parley's canyon.

¹³⁰The impression of the violet is clearly marked in the manuscript.

resource to gaze and gaze again at the butting cliffs and grim and shadowy angles that on occasions presented themselves—barring as it were, our very path. We continued, then, to climb upward, and onward, passing now at intervals, green clusters of aspens by the localities of little runs or springs. Towards the "summit" so-called we passed "Alexander's," and got a distant view of the road over Little Mountain, to the left. At this point we also reached snow, and saw in the rough road, a heavy sled, loaded with lumber, lodged securely, till at least three yoke of oxen should haul it forth. This, or an unloading, low down. Higher up, we came upon a spongy, springy tract of soil, that proclaimed, as my companion informed me, the entrance to the Park—a picturesque level or basin, towards the very east of the Wasatch range. Proceeding now some three or four miles, it seemed to present itself to the mind of my conductor, that inasmuch as he was himself perfectly familiar with all farther points and directions, no one else could possibly fail to be. Whereupon, after some discourse, and the pointing out on his part of this or that landmark, the little rascal put spurs to his mule, and left me staggering to left and right among the slush of the snow, and the bog of the springs about, to get on as I might. Turning soon, as well, a projecting point of hill the boy passed out from sight. "Snyders Mills"¹³¹—that was the point I was to reach for the night, and, said my late guide, "just you keep right on, over the bog, and as soon as you come out on t'other side, you're in the Park, and you can't help but go right, to the Mills beyond." To say that I was provoked with all this, would be no word for it, but, plainly, there was nothing but to make the best of it, and lose no time in wrath or despairing. There was my mule, too; he had been often over the ground, no doubt, and left to himself would surely find the way to the crib for forage. Nor did I in any way afterwards meddle with, or seek to direct the animal, till after at least an hour of picking here and there, he entered the broader area of the Park, and lo, his long ears prick up, and his gait increases with the sight of the mills ahead there—brown amid the prevailing ashy tint of the thawing snow! Beyond the mills and above them were peaks of rocks and snow everlasting, with, lower down, a belt of gloomy, towering pines. It was full five o'clock in the afternoon when I dismounted, stiff and weary with the unwonted locomotion, and hungry as a shark.

¹³¹Snyder's Mill—now Snyderville—was a lumber mill operated by Samuel Snyder, who settled there in 1853.

A log hut was assigned to my occupation by the Mormon who met me on my coming up, and after a time, I was invited to repair to the house tenanted by his family for a very comfortable supper. One wife only of my host is present—the other two being in the city. A niece or sister, however, helps to fill the vacancy. By neither of these, though, was any word said save as needful to their duties about the table, and the man Mormon, remained present in the room during the time occupied by me in the meal. I strove to chat and be cheerful with all, but it was an attempt in vain. In the meantime brisk fires had been built for me in my tent, and on my return I found the same wholly welcome in the chilliness of the air of this higher region. During the evening, I had some conversation with an old lumberman from Michigan, who looked like the dug-up relic of a past period, and from him I learned of the real labor of getting down from the heights above, the timber for the mills at hand. He was rarely away from these pineries, sleeping and subsisting in his hut of bark among the snow, and only at intervals coming down, as now, for supplies. When I came to go to bed, upon very comfortable feathers in the corner, my antique lumbering friend, in company with the Mormon who had furnished the supper, and who appeared in control about—spread carefully down before my fire a buffalo robe, and spreading afterwards themselves upon this, passed thus with me the livelong night. They were guards, sentinels—according to the Mormon code, and no act or word of mine went probably unrecorded during their tour. Neither could any moment have been in which my whereabouts was unknown to the one or the other of these guardians, who now mingled or seemed to mingle, in concert their snores upon the floor of earth, with the buffalo-robe below me. But I slept well, notwithstanding, disturbed only by the little extra aching of bone, owing to the ride, or the onslaught across my face, towards morning of a goafer [*sic*—diffusing an odor partly of mustiness and partly of the animal—skunk. The passage, however, was but brief; and with the further consolation that no bugle of the camp would this morning summon me to reveille, I could turn over, and fill out the remnant of the nap.

April 6, 1860

There can be no doubt, as there need to be no denial, of the soreness prevailing me *all over*, on waking up this morning in my hut, at the call to breakfast. A little resolute knocking

about, though, with a determination not to be sore, did wonders to restore my wonted status, and I relished the breakfast as fully as the supper. The same Mormon, and the same two women were present.

Strolling out by the mill—for I remain here today—I found my Mormon host—Snyder—filing at a circular saw of some antiquity, and endeavored to draw him into conversation by himself. He told me that the milling privilege here was good; that some of the trees cut upon the heights measured—as I could see for myself by the logs—three feet in diameter. A large proportion were full two feet. The pine growing at the sunnier side of the mountain was the best and toughest. Parleys Park afforded excellent soil—growing the best quality of oats and potatoes. It also yielded grass of a richness superior for cattle—many of which were fattened here for the market. Outside of statistical information of this sort, however, Snyder was less communicative, manifesting the same dogged dullness, I have noted in so many of these Mormons.

There is here a party of men from Camp, bound for the newly opened placers at Pike's Peak.²²² They have a single ambulance, and carry therein their stores and supplies, while they travel themselves on foot. Late in the afternoon, I welcome from Salt Lake City, Sharpe and Armstrong, with their train of pack-mules, bearing the mails. With the morning, mules, guides and all, we are to start forward again, upon our destination.

April 7, 1860

I cannot say in justice that I was treated with inhospitality at the Mormon, Snyder's, but there was something in the atmosphere and morale of the place which made me glad to leave it. So that bestriding my mule at seven in the morning, with all else in readiness, I had no tears to shed at parting.²²³ The snow lay several inches deep above the park, and being in a moist state packed into balls under the hoofs of our animals, and embarrassed our course. Descending after a time, however, into the less sunny depths of Three Mile Canyon,

²²²"Pikes Peak" was the generic name given to the gold discoveries on Cherry Creek, now Denver, and had reference to these mines, discovered in 1859, as well as to the mountain of the name.

²²³Andrew Jenson, in his *Church Chronology*, p. 64, reports the following item: "May 8, 1860. Jesse W. Johnson was accidentally killed at Snyder's Mill in Parley's Park."

we found harder footing, and finally, with the lower altitude, parted altogether for the present, with the snow, striking at last the compact bottoms of Weber River. Making now best speed practicable along the level, and fording at length the stream from island to island, we are enabled to reach by about five in the evening, the station established at the mouth of Echo Canyon.¹²⁴ Thus it happens, that these stations have been recently arranged with reference to what is called the "Pony Express," a system of relays, by which a light letter mail is to be borne across the continent from California, in the space of a week or ten days.¹²⁵ Like the others, the station at the mouth of the great canyon, is rudely constructed, but comfortable, as things go among the mountains; while cozy in his stall, and abiding the expected "pony" from the west, stands a sleek, active looking Kentucky animal, only too eager to stretch his limbs above the hills farther on. The rider and groom whom we find within the station seems no less nervous and impatient to get in motion than the horse. It is indeed, the first attempt which is thus to be made across the country, and not a soul upon the line but deems his reputation and that of his employers—not to speak of the animals themselves—directly involved.

A sage-hen, which had been shot by Sharpe with his revolver, as we left the Park, being now plucked, and neatly fried with some bacon, we make, with economy, a very toothsome supper—the hen presenting the enigma of a bird which has taken its seasoning by way of the gizzard—inasmuch as the flavor of the sage upon which it had fed, was as perceptible through the flesh as though it had permeated in the ordinary way from the dressing.

As an item of news, we learn upon the statement of mail-boys recently passing in the direction of Camp Floyd, that an order is out for the general dispersion of the command at that point—the Tenth to go mainly in the direction of New Mexico.¹²⁶ I have not, then, availed myself of leave a moment too soon—for had I delayed, I might have still been held with the Company, under the convenient phrase that "the services of this officer cannot be spared." Miller, also, it seems,

¹²⁴Hanging Rock, later Bromley's Station.

¹²⁵The first east-bound Pony Express reached Great Salt Lake City that evening, April 7. The first west-bound mail arrived at 6:25 p.m. on April 9.

¹²⁶Col. Philip St. George Cooke was placed in command of Camp Floyd during the period of its dissolution, from May, 1860 to July, 1861. Reduced to a skeleton post, its name was changed to Fort Crittenden by the loyal Cooke, who disapproved of Secretary Floyd's politics.

learning of these things, turned back from his contemplated journey to St. Louis, for goods, for his new sutlership—the value thereof, with the scattering of the Companies, being of less account.

April 8, 1860

A light snow has fallen during the night, spreading white the bottom of the Canyon, as it crests also above the shafts and towers of basalt that rear their massive forms against the sky. I have for myself in exchange for the mule of yesterday, a steed so rickety that it is deemed better for me to start in advance for a half-hour that my pace may not delay the party at large. My path lay mainly along the creek of Echo Canyon, rolling almost black among the willows, and between its snowy banks. With the bracing air of the morning, too, and the bright sunlight my ride alone was far from unenjoyable. Shortly after leaving the station, a wolf placed himself for a moment in my track in advance, but moved slowly off towards the smoother slopes at the right, as I came nearer. I was indeed well absorbed contemplating the sublimity of the gorge at every side, and recognizing point upon point as true landmarks upon my way homeward, when shouts from the rear informed me that I had gotten too far ahead, and passed a side track necessary to be taken to surmount obstacles in the way. In short, I had made better headway than Sharpe anticipated, and they had been obliged to ride ahead at the expense of the time consumed on my return. But we get right within a comparatively brief space, and move onward upon the Canyon.

And now it was, that with the reflection of the sunrays from the right and left, that the eyes of all of us began to suffer. Even the Indians, and trappers, knowing well the effects of the light upon the snow at this season, when the sun has gained a greater altitude, avoid the canyons, fearing snow-blindness. And this it was that now threatened our party. In anticipation before leaving camp, and at Canby's suggestion, I had provided myself with goggles of green, and now put them on. I also divided with the boys an old green veil of Sarah's, left in the luggage. With these arrangements and appliances we suffered less, but were not wholly relieved until afternoon, when the shadows at our side, deepened with the indigo, as it were, of the sky above. Towards five o'clock the boys, to facilitate some changes they had to make, spurred on with the mules, to a station not far from Cache Cave, near

the head of the Canyon—leaving me to pick my way with more deliberate care. And I had become again absorbed with the scene about, when for the second time I was roused with a voice at rear. Not, however, this time as the voice of friend, but foe. "Eep! E-ee-yeep! Yeek!" rang out in a succession of fierce articulations, what seemed indeed, the yells of the Shoshone upon my track! It being known, too, that the Indians were becoming gradually hostile, with the growth of the grass, the idea impressed me with such force as to leave upon my mind little doubt that I was indeed followed by warriors—fierce and savage. I had, too, after somewhat of a race, selected my ground for a stand, and was about to throw myself upon the ground, behind the shelter of my pony, when my eye, for the first, caught fairly sight of my pursuer. It was Dave, the express boy, whom we had left at the mouth of the Canyon, and who, mounted upon his Kentucky racer now bounded from point to point along the path behind, swinging aloft his free arm, and yelling, as it were the veritable aboriginal himself! Nor had I been alone deceived. For my conductors in advance, catching also the yells, had, like the good boys they were, wheeled suddenly, and were now charging down from the opposite direction, to the rescue of the "Captain." Within a moment Kentucky came up, glorious with the free stretch afforded him, and sweeping past with no further recognition from his rider than the continued yells, was soon far up the canyon. Hurrying onward now ourselves, we soon greeted Dave at the station²⁷—a mere structure of slabs, to keep the wolves off—where Kentucky was to rest over, and another horse be taken. Dave laughed at our fears, but soon shifting his saddle, mail and all attached in a pocket, was away upon his quest—with no abatement of being in voice. At a slower pace we followed, but now upon the divide between Echo and Yellow Creek, or the Needles, a storm of snow whirled suddenly up, and our way became almost perilous. So thickly came down the blinding drift, that the mules in advance, with the mail bags lashed to their sides became visible at best only a dim, gray, locomotive mass, while at times we lost sight of them altogether. To the instinct, however, of our riding animals we trusted, as we had need to do, and now with the thickening night found ourselves, upon the banks of Yellow Creek, rushing furiously past, and lifting both horse and mule well off his feet in the fording. At our left loomed now the great twin obelisks of the "Needles," and

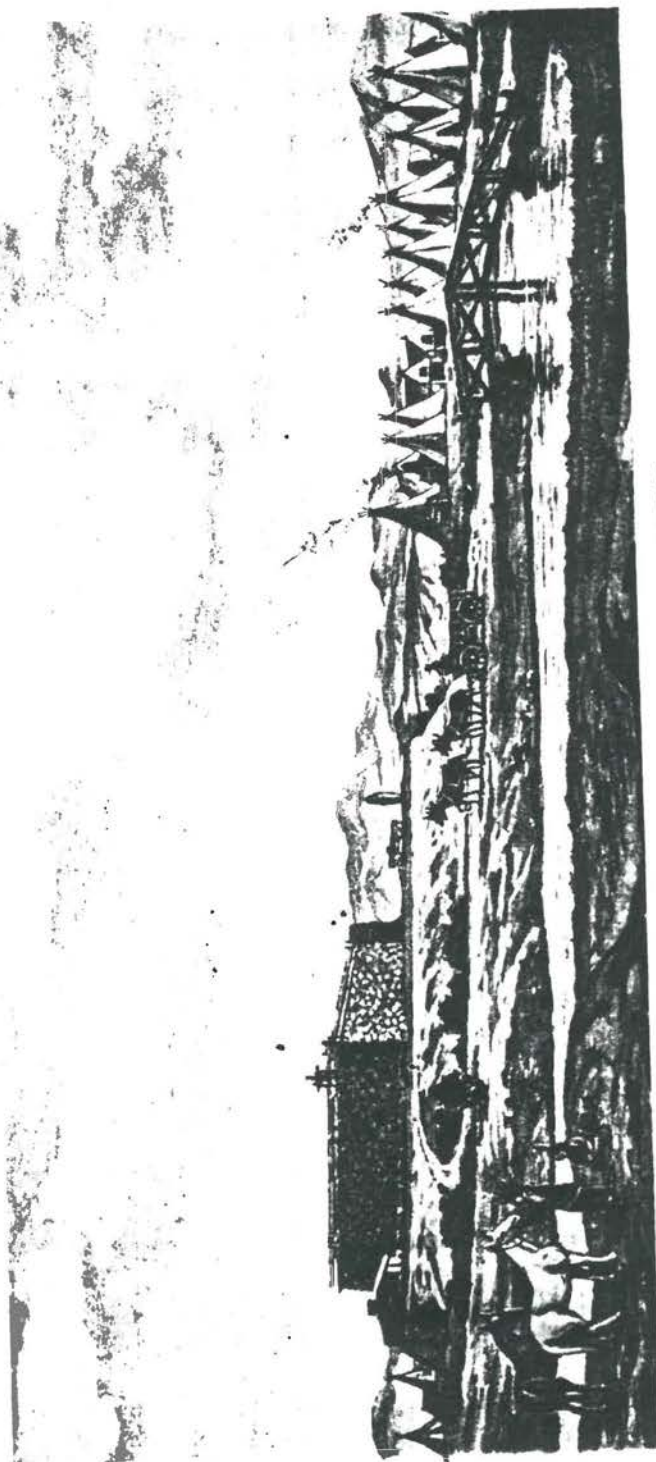
²⁷Echo Canyon station.

passing these, we were relieved of the storm, and continue forward under the somewhat hazy starlight. Coming to some drifts upon the far side of the range, we could see, dimly, where the horse of the Express had leaped with his rider the most astonishing leaps sheer through the mass, upon his way forward. We deemed it safer, however, for all of us, and especially for our mules laden as they were, not to risk the passage direct of the drifts, and so made a detour. By nine o'clock, a dim light in advance, informed us of the proximity of Briggs' station by Bear River, at which we were to pass that night. One would have supposed that, with the fatigues of the day, Mr. Sharpe would have been glad to jacket his supper, and go to rest. But while others of us lay upon the buffalo robes spread out before the fire of the cabin, this restive young gentleman amused himself with all sorts of worryment of Briggs—who, it appears, was sensitive—and among other things crammed into the cheek of Briggs' cat, a full-sized refuse quid of tobacco. Dave, with Kentucky, had gone past.

April 9, 1860

Bear River had not yet gotten so far up its back for the spring freshet, but we were enabled, after crossing by the bridge to main current, to make a tolerable passage of the sloughs beyond—many of which I seemed almost to recognize, as olden friends of the march out, and the fatigues of the trains that got so stalled. By one of these sloughs, nevertheless, my mule—which was this time of the largest size, made halt, and began fairly to hump himself, as who should say, "I will no farther go." And an ugly mule is an ugly thing at the best;—but fortunately for myself, and my efforts—with one spur—to get the animal along, the mules of the boys in advance, came, at a turning, full upon the view, and seeing this sight, and longing possibly for a better companionship, my mule unhumped his back, drew under him his four outspread hoofs, and lifting his ears, and snuffing afar his kin—set off at a handsome lope, and gave me no further trouble during the day. Mounting the heights beyond the farther bottom, we continue along the trail by which we came in '58 ascending by "Quaking asp" springs, and finally descending to the "Little Muddy," where we get some dinner. Throughout the day the effect of the snow upon our eyes had continued to be serious. I had torn my black silk neckerchief into strips to shield my own and the vision of the boys, but at the Muddy

Armstrong was so far blinded that we were compelled to leave him—shut up, as he was, and flat upon his back, in the darkest corner of the hut called a station. We were reinforced, however, by a flush-faced and sandy-haired young man—called Charley. Charley had ridden the Pony Express, going west, and the opportunity was a good one, to accompany ourselves backward to his station proper, beyond Green River. We also abandoned here at the Muddy our riding mules, and were henceforward to perform our journey on wheels. I was not reluctant to this; for there was neither bone of my body, nor muscle of my limbs that was not aching or sore with the over-exercise of mule—or horseback. In the open stage-body, then, as provided for our further progress and with mail bags duly bestowed at bottom of the vehicle, we quitted at about two p.m. the Little Muddy for Bridger. Beyond the long and stony hill a few miles out, we encountered serious drifts. Striving at first to pass them bodily, we got lodged, and it became necessary to get off the mules, and attach them to the axle at rear to haul us out. In the midst of the unharnessing, one of the mules, a vicious, treacherous rascal, got loose upon the road, and with his nose in air, and trace-chains jingling at his heels, set off at a round pace for the station at rear. Mounted upon his other mule as outrider, Sharpe gives chase; away over the hills went pursuer and pursued, but after an interval of somewhat anxious delay, the runaway was seen upon the return, with Sharpe's whip cracking anon above his flanks, like a pistol. Nor was it without very considerable effort, both of mule and man, that our vehicle was at last extricated from the mass in which it had become almost imbedded. This done, however, we once again set forward, turning, as usual the obstacle by a detour. Nearing Fort Bridger, we came upon the locality of certain deep gullies, well known to exist, but now hidden by the snow, which, in a crust, or circle, extended above them; while beneath we could plainly hear the rush of water, that ate and hollowed away the base. How thick were those snow bridges, and would they bear us to pass—for this once? One of the mules loosed and sent forward at a grim point, answered by feeling gently with his hoofs, but retreating back upon us. Lower down we found the bridge the animals were ready to pass, and soon we had gotten all of us, safely to the hither side—thankful, indeed—for it had been a dangerous venture to have fallen through. "Outpost Butte" is reached and soon after, by the same old bridge, we cross the Fork of Smith, and are within the quadrangle of



INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT FORT BRIDGER

JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN ALBERT TRACY

huts or quarters of Cottonwood, that make the Bridger of the present. McNabb comes out to see me, his old Scotch face wreathed and wrinkled with smiles. While the mail is changing I also see Mrs. Canby, who has not yet gone forward to Salt Lake Valley, to join the Colonel.²⁰⁰ But we have still fourteen miles to make, and with the sun just sinking behind the hills and bluffs I knew so well, I settle myself at the front of the government wagon now provided, and put the fort behind me. I failed to reflect for sometime after we had left, that it was the liquor which made Charley drive so furiously down the bank of the Fork. We were alone, too, for Sharpe remained at the Bridger for the return bags—and I trust the bit of gold coupled with an Army gray blanket, soothed his better sensibilities with my departure. Full ten o'clock at night it was when after some pretty rough, and I might almost say, originally jolting on the part of Charlie, [sic] we reached "Millersville," consisting of two buildings, and a shed, for supper and repose. But the aching of the eyes consequent upon snow-blindness prevented slumber on my part, weary as I was. Until grown desperate, I broke the half-inch ice of the pail in my room and placed the fragments literally above my eye-balls as I lay upon my back. A quieter feeling now ensued, and soon I had forgotten the toils and griefs of this mortal sphere—roused at last only by the instreaming of the sunlight at morning. Mr. Ackley, the young gentleman in charge at the station at Millersville, was exceedingly kind and obliging to me, and I cannot cease to remember him with pleasure. To such an extent does real and natural politeness and geniality impress one.

April 10, 1860

By eight of the morning we are upon our way from Millersville. There are, at the beginning, but two of us—twice wit, Charley and myself, to look after matters, and having attached to the big wagon, three pairs of mules, Charley could not disguise his anxiety at one or two crossings of the Fork (Smith's) lest the lead mules should double upon the rear.

²⁰⁰Col. Edward R. S. Canby, shortly after this, was appointed to command a detachment of the army marching overland through eastern Utah, south-western Colorado, into New Mexico. A description of the route and the expedition is given in Daniel W. Jones, *Forty Years Among the Indians* (Salt Lake City, 1890), pp. 131-146.

²⁰¹"Millersville Pony Express Station" was eight miles east of Fort Bridger on Smith's Fork, and was named for A. B. Miller, field superintendent of the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. It had a large stove and good accommodations.

ones, and get us into difficulty in the stream. The leaders, however, rats as they were, seemed content to do their duty in a straight line and we got forward at a fair rate. Passing over a portion of the ground where our cattle failed in such numbers, on the march up in '57, I noted at the right of the road, what appeared to be an ox lying down among the sage, and I said to Charley, "Why do they allow cattle to stray so far from the fort—they surely ought to know the Indians are becoming both thievish and hostile." "Why, Captain," returned Charley, "that ain't an ox—it's only the skin of an ox. There are plenty like that, up and down the Fork, along the track of the regulars—the 'bone yard,' as we call it. Jist you see, now." Saying which, Charley drew up for a moment, and I saw plainly what I would scarcely have believed—that the animal, having lain down, starved and weak, and having probably frozen as he lay, his skin, in the dryness of the atmosphere of the region, had hardened to his frame, preserving so good an outline as to deceive the eye at but a short distance. The ants, of course, had eaten out all beneath the skin, and the ravens long since picked out the eyes—but there lay, to appearance, the ox, his feet drawn up against his body, and his head—perfectly mounted with the horns—turned partially to one side, as if gazing at us, coming up the road. The creature was of a dark brindle—black and brown—and even in looking back upon it, when now Charley had whipped up once more his mules, I could hardly realize what I had seen for myself—that the semblance was not living, but only one of the many monuments of the imbecility, and misery, both to man and beast, of the expedition to Utah.

Halt was made for dinner at a tolerably neat hut of cottonwood, near the junction of Smith's and Ham's Forks, and at this point also we are joined by a tall, blue-eyed Mormon, in an outfit of buck-skin, with fringes at the arms and legs, who was to act as outrider. So that for the day at least, Charley was relieved of any fears of the doubling back of his leaders.

We reached by night-fall, Green River, and here drew up for change of teams at the identical adobie trading-house of Yates. Yates! He has neither been seen by any of us since the day we purchased his powder, nor is it probable he will be ever seen by any—in the flesh. The story of his horse ridden, and his overcoat worn by Bill Hickman—"Destroyer"—at Springville, as told me by the woman, shortly after he left our camp by Ham's Fork, affords, beyond doubt the key to his

fate. In some lone nook, of some lonelier canyon, his bones lie, as do those of many an other victim, calling for the vengeance which shall surely come.¹⁰⁰

But the worst of Charley was yet to befall [sic]. For having gotten liquor at the station, he became wilder and more unmanageable than the wildest of his own mules. And with the coming on of the thicker darkness, as we wound our way along the hither bank of the River, going north, it seemed at times as though the fury of his driving must certainly end in disaster—a wrecking of the wagon, or a plunge down thirty feet of bank into the rushing water below. I tried to reason with him, and began to threaten him, when fortunately, lights at our right, and soon a hail from an island of the river, conveyed the welcome information that we had gained the Ferry for the mail. We were soon across, and could discern above us trees of magnificent growth of cottonwood. Within the interior of the Ferry house, too, we realized so good a supper, and a fire in all regards so comfortable, that I decided in my own mind, we would go no farther until morning. I called one of the men who seemed Chief at the place, and told him of the condition of Charley and suggested that when he came to catch up his fresh team of mules, for the start, farther on—he would not succeed. The man understood me, and so it chanced that night in the darkness which now seemed blackness—that no sooner would Charley, in his drunken efforts, get one mule fast and go for another than the first was certain by some means to work loose, and break for the timber in his absence. This round of accidents was suffered for some time by Charley, his patience and legs becoming exhausted, but his brain finding relief from the fumes which had distracted it. Until finally, brought pretty well into sobriety, Charley determined, for himself, he would stay till morning.

April 11, 1860

To any one bearing in mind the fact that, between the point of the Green River at which we last night halted, and the point at which it enters—under the appellation of the Rio

¹⁰⁰Tracy's reference to the fact that the army purchased ammunition from Richard Yates, who was a trader on the Green River and probably a deserter, lends weight to "Bill" Hickman's subsequent defense of his action on the ground that Yates was a spy. These are new items about Yates, of whose murder perhaps too much has been written on the slender basis of the known facts. Jones, however (*op. cit.*, pp. 130-131), gives a different version.

Colorado—the Gulf of California—there exist canyons anywhere from an hundred feet to a mile in depth, through which the stream must plunge, the realization comes back of the high altitude at which we are at present placed. Not less, I believe than six thousand feet above sea level. Yet ascending by the bench from the River—with our man Charley perfectly sobered, and a little bit sheepish this morning—and winding by the northern bank of the Big Sandy—itsself scarcely seen for the great gullies it has cut in the soil—we mount yet higher, in the direction of Oregon Station, and Pacific Spring. At a couple of tents, set up as it were in the wilderness—(of sage)—we halt at noon, both for a change of animals and for dinner. The ground consituted at once our table and our seats, and viands were produced from a couple of fry-pans, consisting solely of bacon and flap-jacks, with the addition of a very fair cup—tin cup—of coffee from a tin pot, with the nozzle so jammed as to divert the fluid at one side. But the two men at the tents made us welcome, and appetite furnished a sauce for whatever seemed primitive in the fare. While we yet sat at our meal, a large gray wolf, displayed himself from the brush, at a distance less than pistol-shot. But there were, as yet, neither bones nor scraps for him. Shooting him, the men said, were a mere waste of powder.

By about nine at night, we drove up by the station, a comfortable hut, constructed of logs of pine, from away at the left, in the direction of the Mountains of Wind River.¹²⁸ It was now sufficiently plain why Charley became so anxious to get here last night. His wife—so he called her—was here. As to how so intelligent and really amiable a woman came to inhabit a spot like this: she was one of a band going forward with an emigrant train for Salt Lake. She had chosen, for reasons satisfactory to herself, to pair off at this point, and dwell with Charley—McCarty, as his full name now proved to be. She told me she was often left wholly by herself, for a considerable time at this station, but had learned the use of arms, and was not timid. In proof of expertness with the rifle, she showed me at a distance of about ten rods from the hut, the remains of an ancient horse—dry enough in this climate—by which carcass, steadying her weapon against the uprights of the door, she had shot several wolves—all alone! And Charley confirmed the tale. Femininity, however, is not to be suppressed, nor the longing on the part of the woman,

¹²⁸The Oregon Trail Crossing on the Sweetwater, is located 40 miles south of Lander, Wyoming.

to nourish, rear, and sustain some living thing. And so Mistress McCarty had consoled herself, in the utter absence of a better material, with the rearing and cultivation, within the wreck of an old bake-kettle, filled with earth, of a—what? Flower? Nothing so delectable. Seed establishments, and seed packages, or slips, are not available here just now. What then? An onion! Sprouting from its crimson wrapper, green as the greenest! And as to that, are we wholly satisfied our grandmothers may not have done, over and again just such a thing?

April 12, 1860

A change has come over both the spirit and form of our vehicle this morning, and for the strong government wagon, there appears before the door of the station, a cart improvised out of an axle and a pair of front wheels, from some emigrant wagon, with the body of the same raised full a half for a box, and, in the absence of the tongue proper, a pole of poplar, with the bark on, in its stead. Within the box, the bags of mail are piled, filling it to the top, like a measure of peanuts, and it is upon this pile of matter, I am to be transported if I can get holding room. But I complain not, only hoisting myself to the centre of the heap, and bidding Charley drive on. There are six mules attached, the middle pair with a long swingle-tree of oak between, and the forward ones wild as hawks. Away we go, the six mules cavorting, and biting at each other, but kept in line to the front, by the steady applications of the whip of our outrider, with the buckskin gear and fringes.

How I held on until we [sic] the first hour or so I am unable to say. I have only a vague recollection of sliding from side [sic], bumping against, or bumped by the mail-bags, or occasionally getting purchase with my feet against the tail board, and spreading out to grasp the reins at the side. The ride certainly afforded occupation within itself. After a time, however, with the more abrupt rising of the ground, our animals quieted down a little, and things became easier generally. And now it was that our ill speed for the day beset us again. For seeing at our left, a fine sage-hen, strutting among the brush, we become possessed one and all with the determination to have the fowl for supper. Charley hauling up, then, I dismounted and fired. I do not often miss so plain a mark at so short a distance. But see, it is not my familiar and well-loved pistol, but a substitute therefor, brass mounted and

coarse for the Dragoons—a weapon I thought would do for the route, and so—parted with my other, for a price. The bird, then, is lost, and whirrs off unharmed. It is at another point, however, that the greater interest centers, after my shot. The lead mules doubling short around, with the first crack of the pistol, jammed in against the middle pair, who, with the pressure, lifted at once their heels at each other, and made lively with the traces and swingle-tree. The rear mule of the rear pair, tumbled bodily over to the right, across the poplar tongue, and under the belly of the off mule, who was taller than he. The off mule repaying the compliment, tumbled bodily to the left over the nigh mule;—and with this commingling of bodies, harness, hoofs, heels, and altogether, the rattling of chains, and crack of timber, coupled with the shouts and damning of Charley and the Mormon, were a scene with its series of sounds to be realized but under similar circumstances, in the Rocky Mountains, leagues on leagues from other civilization! It was some time, and not until after considerable actual risk and effort, that the crazed and frightened animals, could be gotten clear of their entanglements and complications, and the spans fairly separated from each other, and on their feet. But the tongue of the vehicle, the beautiful pole of poplar, yet green from its native fastness—it was broken and crushed into more than twenty fragments!

"Well, Charley, what next?" "Damned if I know, Captain—Foot it, perhaps, and lash the mail-bags on the mules." "But, hold on, Charley — there's your swingle-tree, between the middle pair. Suppose we whip out some cord—I've got a little in my bag—and lash on an extension of better material!" "Good lick, Captain, and we'll have it done in no time!" Whereupon, with application upon all hands, we soon had fast bound upon the stump of the poplar, our strong oak swingle, and with a little careful adjustment of gear at the front, the Mormon outrider mounted once more his animal, and we were ready for the road. Nigh to Pacific Springs,¹²⁰ a large wolf, perfectly black as to his face, lifted head and shoulders from the sage, and gazed at us with an interest seemingly lessened, since our recovery from the disaster, but with a general hungriness of aspect, notwithstanding. There were, however, sights in the way of an animal yet to be seen; and when now we ascended at set of sun, one of the last high rolling hills before you reach the sources of the Sweetwater—the springs

¹²⁰Pacific Springs, ten miles west of Gilbert's, was well known as a station at the summit of South Pass, on the Sweetwater.

that flow easterly to the Atlantic—Charley gazing with an air of surprise, at a white object upon the crest of the rise, exclaimed, "Why, sure enough, there's my old lead mule, that I turned out on the last trip. Thought the wolves had got *him* down long ago." "Nary a mule," said the Mormon, dropping back till he came abreast with us, that's a wolf, that is, and a big one, too,—you bet." The rays of the sinking orb of day, streaming golden from behind us, illumined the object above, and although, as the outrider had said, but a wolf, his figure loomed as it were, fairly to the proportions of the animal for which Charley had mistaken him. The dried and toughened hide of some broken down ox, left to his fate, at the roadside, by emigrants or others—had, in his pinched and ravenous hunger, attracted the beast, and as he reared himself as it were, from his grip at our side, he seemed, to my vision, certainly not less than full four feet in height. He was of the class of gray or more properly, white wolves, of these mountains, and, by his appearance and aspect, warranted the truth of the assertion of exceeding strength and ferocity. The white wolf is one of the few hereabouts to attack men singly. A specimen was encountered by one of the Sergeants of Gove's Company, during our winter at Bridger, and only the man's rifle saved him;—the wolf, in this case, measuring, I think, something over eight feet from snout to end of tail. The wolf before us, however, albeit sullenly, left his feast with our approach, and passed with a walk, slowly across our front, to the surface of a broad drift at the left, and here he quietly halted and turned to look upon us. Despite the accidents which had heretofore happened, the tall Mormon could¹²¹ not resist the temptation to ride ahead, and discharge a shot from his revolver, at the grim and defiant enemy. The mules stood the shock—having, perhaps, their attention occupied. The bullet, as well, must have cut the wolf slightly, just above the fore-shoulder, as we thought we noted by a sudden wince upon his part. Otherwise, however, he stirred not, only lifting his lip, with the expression of a snarl, to disclose the fangs it covered, and remaining steadfast in his place. Passing on, as well, we left him—master, as we may suppose from his own point of view—of the situation. In the meantime, a smaller dark gray wolf, most probably the mate of the present one, sped away at a rapid rate, winding in and out through the brush, towards the higher grounds—still at the left. The drift upon which we had come,

¹²¹The manuscript here begins Vol. 6, with the notation, "Copied to this point Sept. 5, '76."

although extending wholly across our course, was still sufficiently compact with its granulation, to allow our comparatively easy passage. So that, once over, we went forward again rejoicing, over better ground. Better, indeed, until some half hour later, when we encountered beyond and beneath the brow of the bench, leading to Sweetwater Station, a second mass [of snow], thirty feet in depth, if it was an inch. Just beyond this drift, and within the bottom, lay the comfortable hut, at which we expected to pass the night, but so far as mules or cart were concerned the barrier was imperative [*sic*]. For myself alone, favored by the increasing cold, which hardened momentarily the surface of the drift, I determined to attempt the passage. It would have been a piece of ill luck to go down into the depths of that chilling body of snow, but with care and circumspection, I got at last safely across. Charley and the Mormon, abiding by the farther bank, till they saw upon my part no further hazard, started now, with mules, mail cart and all, upon a detour some two miles around. In the meantime, roused by the shouts of the guidesmen, before and during my transit, a couple of other of the employees of the Mail Company, had emerged from the hut—greeting me on my arrival near the door. Within, a genuine cook-stove flung the glare of its opened dampers, while at its top sang their song of good things—the dinner kettles. This stove, it appears, was brought with its gear, as far as this point, by an emigrant from California, but his oxen giving out, was sold cheap to the mail-boys, to lighten the load. There was also in this hut, a Shoshone young Squaw, to assist in the cookery. So that, with herself and the regular cook—a young man of nervous temperament, and who talked a good deal, using as expressive of many meanings, the word "lalligag"—we were served, upon arrival of Charley and his companion, with a supper excellently well prepared, and bountiful. After which, a robe of buffalo, and a couple of gray blankets upon the ground, invited to the sound, deep sleep of the wayfarer in these mountains.

April 13, 1860

Touching hubbles, I do not remember ever to have encountered the like of those over which we passed, on leaving at this date Sweetwater Station, and faring, for the nonce, down along the bottoms of the stream. Granite-hard, they were, with the frosts of the previous night, and multitudinous as the studs upon the targe of Rhoderic Dhu. And the cart,

lifting uneasily one wheel after the other, or rising and descending with a pitch forward of both, kept up a series of rocks and jolts, fit to 'take the life from any mortal body. Charley sat upon the front edge, inclining to the right or left, or forward, or to the rear, like a machine in a socket, to indicate degrees from the perpendicular, while I braced myself and held on as I could—sometimes almost mistaking the Captain for one of the mail-bags, in its bouncings and poundings about. Out of all the incidents of this peculiar trip, no single one, of a minor character, has left upon me stronger impressions—and, as a party might say—more of them—than this transit of the hubbles.

Towards ten of the morning, we rose from the so-called level of the bottoms, for the passage of an extended and of what is known as "Rocky Ridge," or, in the vulgar, the "Devil's Backbone."²⁴⁴ To say that we improved thus, somewhat the ground of our travel were to state a truth, admitting nevertheless, of certain qualifications. For the "Devil's Backbone," largely interspersed with outcropping low ridges of rock or, as it might be, vertebrae, gave us, at intervals, some jolts and pitches not to be despised or underrated. Yet, as nearly as I may now call it to mind, Charley said that, interspersed among these unwelcome ridges, sprung some of the finest grass of the whole region—superb for cattle and horses. It was, in fact, an old and favorite range of the buffalo, whose skulls and bones we could note, in evidence of their former presence. Towards the last, the hills become somewhat more rounded and smoother, and by about two p.m. we descend again to a second station upon the Sweetwater—to wit, Gilbert's.²⁴⁵ The bottom hereabout lay grassy and beautiful, and nigh to the river banks, the willows sprang, displaying the tender green, and downy buds, or "pussies," as the children wont to call them, of the Spring. The station itself was also neatly and compactly built of logs—being, indeed, but a regular form of trading house, adapted by the mail people. Gilbert himself, was a young, civil and quiet man, but with marks of

²⁴⁴Rocky Ridge Station, also known as St. Mary's, on the old South Pass.

²⁴⁵Gilbert's Station was the last crossing of the Sweetwater from north to south, where the Emigrant Trail at once climbed steeply into the South Pass. Much of the Oregon emigration did not cross the stream here, but kept on up the left or north bank for 15 miles before fording it and crossing the divide. The region was a favorite camping site. Ice Springs, Burnt Ranch, and Ft. Aspen Hut were all nearby stations at one time or another. Much of the California and nearly all of the Utah emigration, however, crossed the Sweetwater at the South Pass at Gilbert's Trading Station, and continued westbound to Pacific Springs.

a resolution and courage, needful to all inhabiting these wild, uncertain latitudes. Chiefest of all, however, was the discovery on alighting from our machine of torture, the presence at Gilbert's Station of one, John Hockaday, a Virginian, a former mail contractor, and, only a month or so since, one of Captain Heth's candidates—after Sharpe—for Sutler of the Tenth Regiment. With Hockaday, and indeed, in actual charge of him—for John was little better than in a condition of chronic tremens—was also a most genial and kindly second, by name, Doc Erwin.²⁸⁶ And so, "How are you?" and "How are you?" and we soon formed a compact and united trio. Hockaday and Erwin, having preceded me by a stage, were now awaiting the arrival of the overdue team from the East—when we would continue forward together. Wolves, at this date, have been at a discount, for unusual as it may be hereabout, in the journey of a day, we saw not one.

April 14, 1860

The mail not having yet come up, we all bide over until tomorrow. Seated upon a bench, by the sunny side of Gilbert's Station, I note this morning a tall Eastern-looking man, with his arm in a sling, and, with the freedom of these regions, I enquire as to the cause of his disability. "A pistol shot. You see, Captain, there were two Frenchmen, mountaineers, who held an old grudge against a third Frenchman, stopping here at Gilbert's. A couple of weeks since, the two came into the post, and fell upon Jean, just out there, beyond the corner of the store. They got Jean down, and were pounding his head with a stone, when I interfered, for fair play. Whereupon the two came at me, and I shot one, and the other fired at me, putting his bullet here, just through my arm, as you see. The live Frenchman then made his break for the hills, leaving the dead one beside Jean, who also died within a short space from his injuries. We buried the two just beyond the bend of the river then, and that was the end of the scrape, except that here am I, unfit for anything for a month yet." This was in substance the man's story and reply. Doc. Erwin and myself visited, and saw the mounds of fresh soil, indicating the graves of the two men killed. The incident, as well, furnishes us with a chapter of the law of the mountains; nor is it at all likely

²⁸⁶"Doc Erwin" was probably Joseph C. Irwin, senior partner of Irwin, Jackman and Company, a freighting firm engaged in transporting army supplies. He later made his home in Kansas City.

anything further will ever be done, in the matter of the fight, or the slaying, of the two Frenchmen by the station of Gilbert, upon the Sweetwater.

A further illustration was however, in its degree—to take place, towards evening with the arrival of the mail from the East—thank fortune, in a good four-wheeled spring wagon, with promise of abundant accommodation for all. For, so it appeared, the driver of the incoming stage—a small, lean man—had been forthwith recognized by John Hockaday, as a party who, he insisted, had upon a certain former occasion, stolen some of his mules. Wroth with the recollection and identification, and yet further excited with the fumes of drinks, untold of number, Hockaday, upon my first notice of the matter, had possessed himself of two shoemaker's knives, from the stock of Gilbert, and stood in the door-way of the hut hatless, coatless, and with his hair abroad in a wild, insane manner, above his crimson face, upbraiding, and challenging then and there to mortal combat the presumed purloiner of his animals. The mail-boy who stood immediately in front, and within a pace of his accuser, protesting his innocence, shook literally, at the knees, in his terror, while Doc. Erwin, at a little distance, seemed to give up all for lost, and look for any momentary deadly result. What it was that at this instant influenced me to step between the parties, I am unable to say, and did not then stop to enquire. As I write the record now, the interference seems as though rash. But step between them I did, and with the act, the thought of a better appeal to the Virginian occurred to me. "Why Hockaday," said I, "you are nearly twice the weight of the boy, and it would be no fair showing to fight him. Size him for yourself, and see." The change in Hockaday was singularly instantaneous with this, and measuring from head to foot, and foot to head, with a sort of stage effect—the form of the shivering being before him, the real generosity of his nature became apparent. Casting, too, with a second demonstration, the knives aloof towards the brush, and declaring that what I said "was so," the late infuriated contractor abandoned the issue, and left the driver to get upon his occupation as he might. Neither was the latter slow to avail himself of the lapse, and, after a short interval, matters about assumed their more quiet aspect; while Doc Erwin came out, and declared I had done all parties a service not to be forgotten. Hockaday, retiring, took more whiskey, from what appeared a favorite blue keg, of the capacity of about two gallons, and was soon asleep, with

whatever dreams may visit the brain of the sodden inebriate.¹⁸⁷

With the mail as it came up, had also appeared a little, stumpy contrary looking character, in a seedy black suit, who we were informed, was a Mormon Elder, upon his return journey from the States. Dinner, then—and a very good one—having been dispatched, and Charley coming forth from the East, the little Elder was to journey back with him. I felt a secret sort of delight with the thought of how that Mormon would be shaken up, and adjusted, and readjusted, with the trip he was about to undertake; and I am not certain but I would have contemplated with even satisfaction, the image of his body mashed to a pumice [*sic*] among the bags, and laid out for inspection, on its arrival at the Station left yesterday at the rear. Extended athwart the bags, and clawing hold at either side of the cart, he looked, as Charley turned with him toward the rise, like a spread eagle, with his wing-feathers badly moulted. With the Elder and Charley, disappeared also the taller Mormon, the fringe of his buckhides in full flow, as, from his mule, he waved the "Captain" a cheery and very cordial adieu.

Referring, in the presence of Gilbert, to the subject of furs, he took occasion to present me with a couple of extra fine large beaver skins, which it is my purpose, if practicable, to have tanned and softened, as a present to Sarah.

Gilbert also turned over to me in a bottle, a sample of blackish fluid, strongly impregnated with odor of petroleum, from what is denominated a "tar spring," not far away from the present station. No one may tell what value of any sort, lies hidden in the remoter nooks and corners of these but partially explored regions.¹⁸⁸

¹⁸⁷In Hockaday's little keg were the bitter dregs of tragedy, not just the end of a drunken spree, as can be learned from contemporary newspapers from St. Joseph to San Francisco. As a Missouri law student, aged 21, he had induced influential friends to join him in a U. S. Mail contract. The firm, Hockaday & Liggett, was to carry the mails weekly from the Missouri River to Camp Floyd, Utah, in 22 days, for \$190,000 a year from 1858, for three years, to end in the spring of 1861. But by the spring of 1859 they had lost everything, by investing in men, animals and equipment sufficient to live up to the contract, instead of defaulting. The partners sold out in May, 1859, and spent a year trying to get a fresh start, while friends petitioned Congress to reimburse them. This was done in part a few years later, when they received \$40,000. Meanwhile, according to the *San Francisco Bulletin*, July 17, 1860, "Hockaday's mental faculties have been seriously affected by his pecuniary misfortunes, and Liggett's fortune is lost."

¹⁸⁸Probably one of Wyoming's future oil wells, and the beginning of one of the biggest stories of the West.

April 15, 1860

The wagon arriving on yesterday with the mails, has been bedded down with blankets, red, white and blue, and is occupied at the base by Hockaday and Erwin. Abundant room still remains for my accommodation upon a seat, and in this train we set forth with many good-byes from Gilbert's. We follow mainly the bottom of the Sweetwater, noting ducks and geese as we pass, and having for companions at the rear a couple of wolves, who, with heads and tails down, jog along at about a dozen rods behind, as if they really expected something to give out, and themselves to be left the masters of the situation.

What with the effects of the dryer air, and the alkaline particles of the dust more or less in motion, my lips had become exceedingly sore, and finally cracked open, with a wide gash fairly separating—in the under-lip, the right from the left lobe. On arrival however, at our station for dinner, at the old "Three Crossings"¹⁸⁹ of the Sweetwater in the neighborhood of "Independence Rock," an English woman thereat, our hostess, took in hand my difficulties, and by the application of some delicate soap with tepid water, and the after binding together of the whole lip with some genuine "London" Court Plaster, so relieved and soothed all irritation, that I was fain to pay her a dollar in gold, then and there. Erwin, finding out the secret, placed himself also under the hands of the English woman, and then Hockaday came in—the fees in each case being liberal, and the relief almost complete. I hardly know, indeed, what we would have done, except for this bit of fortunate treatment, for we were a sight to see, as well as being incommoded in the very matter of sustenance. To the woman, also, who was a Mormon, let me enter this tribute of real gratitude and praise: Just short of the Three Crossings, our wolfish followers drop out for the time being. Dinner of wild goose, with actual sauce of apple.

During the afternoon we pass the locality of the camp of the Tenth, opposite "Split Rock,"¹⁹⁰ or "Gap in the Mountain," sketched by me, Sept. 18, '57. Soon after sunset, we reach also and pass the "Devil's Gate"—looming in grim

¹⁸⁹Three Crossings is located 57 miles south of Lander, Wyoming, and is the scene of one of Buffalo Bill Cody's colorful exploits of later years. Cf. *Wyoming* (American Guide Series), p. 316.

¹⁹⁰Split Rock, 12 miles beyond Three Crossings, was so named from a massive, cleft upthrust of igneous rock. Here, in 1862, the Shoshone Indians, raiding the "Holy Road," killed a Negro cook.

savagery at our left. Subsequently again, we go by, or rather around, Independence Rock, rising into air like a monster monument of granite. Nor is it until two o'clock at night, that we reach Sweetwater Bridge, at which point, after a supper of the flesh of the antelope, though with less fire than would have been agreeable, we bestow ourselves for slumber, till break of day.

April 16, 1860

We see today some magnificent bands of antelope, one of which took an attitude upon a rock at our right, the spirit of his figure, against the sky, reminding us of the carvings upon the old Swiss clocks.

At a brief distance upon our right we note also today the shimmer of what appeared a field of broken ice, as it appears in shallow spots, when the water has been absorbed, or has sunk away from beneath it. We learn, however, that it is not ice, but saleratus, left nearly pure, upon the surface of the ground, by the evaporation of the water of these localities. Procuring a little delay for the purpose, I descended from the wagon, and filled with the deposit the tin box forming a case for my goggles—as a trophy for some savant of the East. Doc Erwin said the presence of so much saleratus was perhaps the cause of the extraordinary "rise" in these hills. Hockaday, however, was too far gone with the contents of the sky-blue keg to heed the quip.

There are wolves, also, to keep company upon our track again today. They start out of a sudden from nooks or clefts of rocks or perhaps from their holes in the open ground, and follow with a perseverance that would surprise one, were it not proverbial. "The long gallop which can tire the deep hound's hate, the hunter's fire"—saith Byron.

During the day, we reach the point of junction of the Sweetwater with the South Platte. A neat looking dwelling of cottonwood had been constructed since the passage of the Tenth in this direction, and hereat we have sardines and so forth by way of lunch. By five p.m. we pass Red Buttes,¹⁴¹ (sketched Sep. 14, '57 from camp). At a little past sunset, we make also the new Bridge of the Platte. Some twenty Indian Lodges were visible near by to the "adobie" at which we

¹⁴¹Red Buttes, 5 miles from the North Platte, on the Laramie Plains, are two high bluffs of red earth or sand presenting a triangular and interesting appearance.

halted for supper, and, entering, the braves stood leaning against the walls, or squatting in the rich blaze of the fire-light at the far end of the room, with the aspect of figures in bronze, which had been there for centuries. It was, so far as any sign of life or stir stood concerned on their part, like opening up the images of some ancient tomb. A hint, however, somewhat emphatic, and coupled with a "damn" of some sort, from the proprietor of the place, who now entered, soon put motion into the limbs of the warriors and presently, we had both the room and the welcome warmth of the fire to our own party. Supper, of a New England sort, was in the next room soon served by a couple of New England women, and the light of their faces was a cheer to our hearts. We realize the value and attraction of women, if in no other way, by their absence.

But we are not to rest over tonight; and supper being dispatched, the cry of "stage ready," soon summons us forth into the thickening dark, and, we leave adobies and their fires to Indians or whomsoever will, and take once more to the road. No one knows how much he sleeps or does not sleep, during a night of travel of this sort; and the only recollections left upon his mind are usually of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory description. I can remember of joltings, and hitchings, and climbings up, and draggings down, while through all there comes the sense of a darkness that you might cut with a knife, and an occasional gurgling and odor, beyond doubt from the sky-blue keg of Hockaday, there, upon his blankets—at the bottom of the vehicle. But by sun-up we reach Box Elder, and have, for our cheer, a breakfast worthy the name. Doc Erwin also purchases for general contingencies, a fine leg of dried or "jerked" elk meat. Box Elder would appear at this juncture, to be the headquarters of divers parties, prospecting for what may turn up; and I observed, by their conversation, that their notions of law and justice were not inconsistent, with those held at large in these regions. It was at Box Elder, indeed, and but a few weeks since agreeably to a tale by one of the sojourners hereat, that a party found by a jury of his fellow-citizens to be guilty of mule-stealing, had been summarily executed, by hanging—a couple of wagon tongues, elevated from their front wheels, and lashed at top, forming the neat and sufficient derrick, or gallows, whereon to do the judgment—the culprit depending at the end of a lariat, as a species of central figure, between the two outer lines of an isocles triangle. Some broad masses of old

ice, battered and gullied by the freshets of the spring, and lodged high among the cottonwoods by the stream, show that, for the present, at least, frosts have lost their hold in the hill country—promising therefore a more comfortable progress for our party. Ninety good miles we are yet to achieve before reaching Laramie Fort.

April 17, 1860

Our ride today extends through the "Black Hills" proper, which may here be said to commence. By noon we halt at La Bonte stream—twenty-six miles out from Box Elder, and graced by the presence—beside the hut of the station—of three Indian lodges. It was a matter of some regret that the antelope for dinner was rather spoiled in the cooking, but more serious to us that the mules due for the next stage on, evading all pursuit or effort, refuse persistently to be caught. To say that our mail-boys—of which we now had two—swore with the contingency, would be to wholly understate matters—they simply stormed and raved. When, too, at full three o'clock of the afternoon, the obstinate reprobates of the long ears had been fairly laid hold upon, and put in harness, at their places, they were yet so wild and restive, that results, in the future as to the mail wagon and its mails and even its passengers, became somewhat a problem. "And now Jeff," said the driver-in-chief to his companion, "You look out for the brakes, and mind what I tell ye, and I'll guide 'em out." A broad gully excoriated from the soil by the Spring freshets, and spread with stumps and cobbles, lay immediately before us on quitting the hut, which at the center of the gully ran the stream—yet wrothful and rapid, but not deep. "Let 'em go!" and with the word, the man at the heads of the leaders loosed his hold, and with a rear and a plunge the animals bounded forward. Hockaday's sky-blue keg—mainly empty—cavorted in the air; Doc Erwin, rolled from side to side among his blankets, and with all the tenacity of which I was capable, I held to my grip upon the seat—which seemed to leap and bound, as in judgment against me, from beneath. Then came the plunge and swash in the water, and shortly, the tear and strain of the mules in ascent of the bank opposite. Clearing the La Bonte, with its rocks and banks, our drive became smoother, and we ascended a species of divide, which afforded so lengthened and steady a track, that the teams, settled gradually to their work, and became fully tractable

Our driver, now, who was of a free-and-easy sort of musical turn, whiled the way, and edified his comrade, with a song of which he had lost the more important portions and could only remember the "mush-a-too," "mush-a-too" of the chorus, with the single line of "The first thing they gave me, it was a long gun." "Mush-a-too, Mush-a-too," etc. Inasmuch, however, as the boy continued to chant, in his drowsy way over and over, the "Mush-a-too," he may be said to have made up in repetition what he lacked in general text. Yet in my mind, again, there rose, with this jumble of sounds, the image of one, Cunningham, a journeyman painter, who in my 'prentice days, used to sing, of a Sunday afternoon, in Wilger's upper back shop, the original of the very song the lad was striving with. Cunningham chewed a good deal of tobacco, and, as he sang, the juice would frequently ooze from the corners of his mouth. This was our verse—but I didn't communicate it:

"O, I kicked off my brogues, and shook hands with my spade.
 "And off to the fair, like a dashing young blade;
 "I met with the Sergeant, he asked me to 'list,
 "With yer grammachree, cushmalee—lend us yer fist"
 Mush-a-too, mush-a-too," etc.

Then—"the first thing they gave me it was a long gun," etc., though how the song came out in the end, I have really forgotten myself. With the closing in of night, black as any ink, we came upon less desirable ground. The ridge narrowed at parts with occasional cropping out of rocks, and pine and cedar rose in irregular array at the right and left. Finally, we lost the track, and from sheer inability to recover any known point, left the course to the mules. They were tame enough by this time, for they were weary—while with the instinct of their kind, they seemed to thread the mazes before them, taking at last to a series of descents which we could not anticipate by seeing in advance, but could only know of by going down, but which nevertheless, in spite of apprehensions, brought us by about ten o'clock, upon the road leading straight along the bottom, to the station by the Platte. We had here no supper beyond that which we provided for ourselves, for the bacon was out, and nothing remained but the flour we could not cook. The haunch, then, of dried elk, together with some tea from my bag, proved of worthy acceptance—the mail-boys themselves, "Mush-a-too," and all, sharing with us.

April 18, 1860

With the very gray of dawn, this morning, Erwin, Hockaday and myself, lying in a sprawl upon our buffalos, on the floor of the hut, there entered at the door a stumpy built Frenchman, or voyageur of the mountain class, who called to Hockaday, and invited him to come up to his lodge, for breakfast. Hockaday slept fast; Erwin answered not, and although sensible of the presence of the man, as of what he said, I delayed the introduction of myself, until suddenly, the Frenchman faced about, and left us as we were. With the rising of the sun, I was upon my feet, and remembering the night before, went to look for the voyageur—named Reinolds. I found him, but he had become so indignant with the want of response from Hockaday, that he had struck his lodge, and was already moving out squaws, ponies and all—according to the stated paraphernalia of the voyageur of this ilk. Wherefore we were thrown back upon the haunch and the tea, but with appetites coming faithfully to our aid we survived the contingency. Halting at the station farther on by twenty-six miles, we are treated to fresh fish newly caught, and with Indians to gaze upon us through the opened door, during the meal. As a finish and dessert, a can of preserved peaches is brought forward. Striking once more into the hills, we make good time, and by about two in the afternoon enter upon the parade at Laramie Fort.

Our delay is brief, embracing only the time sufficient for change of mails — say twenty minutes. In the meantime I report through Lieut. Smith of the 2nd Infantry, and scrape acquaintance with Captain Reynolds,¹⁴⁸ of the Engineers, now engaged in an exploration about the headwaters of the Yellow Stone. At a cut in the road, a short distance this side the fort, we note the ground of massacre of some mail-riders, a few years ago, by the Sioux. At Branvar's station nine miles

¹⁴⁸Captain W. F. Reynolds, commissioned to explore the Yellowstone area in 1859, employed Jim Bridger as one of his scouts. He had encircled the Yellowstone region that year too late to enter the Park on account of snow; hence he wintered near Deer Creek, Wyoming, on the Overland Road to Oregon, about where Glenrock, Wyoming, is now located. The party was making preparations to depart by pack train for the Wind River Country for further explorations when Tracy came along, and found Reynolds temporarily at Fort Laramie on business connected with his outfit. Reynolds is the author of the valuable *Report of Exploration of the Yellowstone*, 40th Cong. 1st Sess. Ex. Doc. No. 77, February 13, 1866 (Washington, D.C., 1866). An account of the expedition is given in Alter, *James Bridger*, pp. 329-379.

from Laramie, and immediately by the grounds of Grattan's massacre, we halt for the night.¹⁴⁹ The grass is on fire along the horizon at the East, and the display magnificent.

April 19, 1860

From Branvar's Station, down the Platte, past Scott's Bluffs, and to Chimney Rock—sixty-five miles. And all the way through rain—which has wet completely through our doubled blankets, and rendered us thoroughly uncomfortable. We have for a bed the ground floor of the 'dobie hut, and at morning for a bill, two-dollars and a half. The proprietor of this hut is a loss to larger establishments, we could name.

April 20

Chimney Rock stands boldly up to greet us at this date, and in the distance glow in the renewed sunlight a long and castellated [sic] line indicating the Bluffs of Scott. But we move mercilessly away—glad soon to put behind us the whole locality—landlord of hut inclusive. Striking southward, after ten or fifteen miles along the river, we enter upon elevated prairie land, forming a famous range for the buffalo. Near to every ravine or spring, we may note, like the centering strands to a spider-web, the trails of the herds, cut deep into the soil—forming, indeed, actual little channels. At the right and left, as well, are scattered, whitening in the sun, the bones and massive skulls of the noble brutes—showing for years and years, the work of the hunter—white or red. Formations of sand rock, similar to Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluffs, loom up at points more or less remote—chiselled by the storms of centuries, and towered and battlemented, like the fortresses of an older clime. Antelope we also note in bands, circling about, or halting in the distance, to gaze upon us. At a hut or station built up of sods alone by Mead Springs, we draw up at noon, for water for the animals. It will be twenty-four miles to next water. A tall, hairy man is in possession, and observing some loops or holes at the side of the hut, I asked him what they were for. He explained that the antelope came about a good deal, and he had only to thrust forth and keep in motion a rammer with a bit of red flannel on it, and the antelope—impossible to pursue and run down—would grad-

¹⁴⁹On Aug. 19, 1854, Lt. John Grattan, accompanied by a force of 28 men, attempted to arrest an Indian, accused of theft. This led to a collision with the tribe, and the killing of Grattan and his entire command.

ually circle closer with the decoy—meeting at last his death with a rifle shot. "And so, you Captain," said the hairy man, "I allers has plenty of meat." Striking at evening Lodge Pole Creek, we halt over for the night. There is in the house, no food but antelope and flour, while to the antelope there is no seasoning but mustard. We get up a stew however, and set off tender flesh of the animal with balls of duff. I had learned at Bridger, that although, according to Dickens' little "Marchioness," if you "made believe very much" you could imagine water with a little lemon peel in it, punch, yet there was no effort of the mind which could stand against the plain fact of no salt upon your meat. Wherefore I did, as did the others, the best with simple mustard—piling it on till the tears flowed as it were—in sympathy for the loss of the more grateful condiment. The repast over, I took a gun and went down the creek a little distance, to get a duck. The ducks were too early on the wing for me, but I saw a wolf, and got in several shots at muskrat, which were swimming about with the sunset, thick as water-spiders.

April 21, 1860

From Lodge Pole Creek, twenty-four miles Southeasterly, to the crossing of the South Platte being at a point some twenty-five miles, above where we crossed on the march up, in '57. The water is well up to the body of the wagon, and the driver fears quicksand, with his mules, but nothing of accident befalls [*sic*] us, and we ascend the opposite bank in the best possible case. A wooden structure has been put up of late at this point—for lo! gold has been found at Pike's Peak, and we have tapped thereto the direct line of travel. Faces of strangers, too, not mountaineers, throng about, while in the yards and drawn up beside the road, are vehicles—buggies and the like, not wonted to be seen hereaway. Pork and beans, too, unqualified, for dinner! Not bacon, nor anything else dried, jerked, or smoked. Verily, we are getting towards the land of another people.

As a display for the edification of "guests" upon the porch of the "hotel"—that is, that is what they call it now—our departure soon after dinner—could hardly have been more effective. To ourselves, however, it had its drawbacks, for the driver at front, was wild as a hawk with whiskey, and as a first demonstration, put his equally wild mules upon a circle in front of the hostelrie [*sic*] and in hard gallop at that. Hock-

aday—sodden as ever he was, with a new installment for the sky-blue keg—raised bodily up from his blankets, in alarm. Doc Erwin looked at me with his eyes popped clean out, while, for my own part, I had determined on seizing behind, the drunken loon in charge, and pinning fast his arms, until some of us could get control. I asked Doc, if he'd stand by me, and he said "Yes." At the moment, however, John having managed to come to a stop, "Mush-a-too"—who was to have left us here, got up beside him and took the reins, and we knew in whose hands we were.

All along the bank of the Platte, as far as eye could stretch, we began soon to encounter the tide of emigrants, setting towards Pike's Peak. Of all stations in life, young, and old and middle-aged, they continued to throng in a desultory crowd, and you might have imagined some city in the distance smitten with a pest, and these, the people, fleeing from it. In all sorts of vehicles, too—those who were not on foot, and with every form of Ox-cart, handcart, wagon, pack-horse, or mule for conveyance of goods and chattles. One enthusiastic and sturdy wayfarer trudged steadily along behind a wheel-barrow. With nightfall we still continued to meet this torrent, and at the log-hut where we halt for supper, they throng by scores—hungry as ourselves. A cook-stove adorns the inner room of the hostelrie in question, and the voices are heard of women from the East. Clean white crockery—and not tin—upon the table, and, what we have not seen for a long time, a tablecloth—snowy as in the days of yore. At O'Fallon's Bluff, we make halt for the night.

April 22, 1860

From O'Fallon's Bluffs—still encountering the emigrants—we continue forward both through the day and night—reaching towards sunrise, a station near Fort Kearney. Being unwell, I lie down at the hut, while the mail is driven to the Fort, and the exchange bags brought out. Continuing forward we breakfast, in a comfortable way by the Little Blue [River].

April 23

Our Anniversary. The grass is getting green, and the leaves are springing upon the trees, and making the Big Blue by a little past noon, we are served with an excellent meal, and find ourselves furthermore treated to a full chorus of black-birds. And still the streams of emigrants, till night closing in upon us even their white-topped wagons become invisible.

By morning we reach and breakfast at Nemehaw—a village beside the stream of that name, and which since our absence, has sprung up upon the site of one of our camps.

April 24, 1860

We make good time today, and on the green prairie, the ride becomes exhilarating [*sic*]. A very nice dinner at a sort of farm place, with sweet milk and a custard. By about 5 p.m. we reach the outskirts of Atchison, encountering, in addition to all others upon the route, a train of oxtteams for the plains. Leaning outward from each other in the yoke, and toiling along at their slow, dragging pace, it did seem as if those teams would never get anywhere. Entering, however, in style, the City, we put up at a genuine brick hotel, and register in due form. But before repairing to my room for my bath, and nightly rest, I telegraph Sarah at Washington, that I am past the mountains, and as good as home again!

April 25

Leave Atchison at 4 a.m. Cross the Missouri and enter once more a railroad car—ticketed onward for St. Louis, at which city arrive at 10 at night. See Lieutenant Ruggles at hotel "Planters," as I register. He says I have changed since we last saw each other at Detroit in '55. I look in the glass, and truth to say, with the wear of service and travel, as coupled with some gray hairs by my temples—I do feel—older! Albeit not yet past hoping.

April 27

An outfit of citizen's clothing seem imperative, for even if my uniform were in style in these localities, it is so worn and battered, so rough and coarse of grain, compared with that I see about me, that I can no longer forego the conclusion. A shop of respectable pretensions, supplies the deficiency, and I return, scarcely recognizing this Captain of Infantry. \$48 is what the new suit cost—a great deal of money. Report at Departmental Hd. Qrs. and see Captain Seth Williams, of the Adjutant General's Department—Lieutenant Kearny¹⁴ of the 10th calls to see me, and is very anxious to know where the different companies of the regi-

¹⁴Lt. William Kearney, of New York, commissioned March 3, 1855.

ment are to be stationed, on leaving Camp Floyd—agreeably to the orders recently passed by us on the route in. Lieutenant Kelly is also here, and takes me to see his family. Both these officers on leave—Kelly arriving by way of a trip round to California—Leave at 6 in the evening for Cincinnati and Washington. Meet in the cars Major Burbank, and bunk with him for the night. Get also acquainted with a member of Congress, who tells all, he is going on to attend to some business for Heth, and get a friend of his appointed Sutler. Now, of all the men in the world, I am the last this member of Congress should have divulged this secret to. For is it not through our contest in the Council of the Tenth, that Heth's friend (Sharpe, or Hockaday), has been defeated? Of course, then, I will have to look after this matter a bit, and see if there be anything yet for Miller—this, I believe, being fair, under the circumstances. Hockaday, with the sky-blue keg, and the kindly, genial Erwin, I left—or rather parted company with, at Atchison.

April 28, 1860

Birthday, and forty-two years of age! Cincinnati, Columbus, and all—they glide past us and we are at night at Bellaire, Ohio—where we halt over, at a very pleasant hotel.

April 29

Being Sunday, and Sunday being in the regions in which I now find myself, a day of rest, no trains now, at least until 4 p.m. By consequence, I drag along as best I may, lacking even the excitement of the ruder parts of the journey. By 4 p.m. the dullness of the town is somewhat relieved by the stampeding of some cattle overboard, from a ferry boat on which they were crossing from the Virginia side. Nor do I perceive but that the population at large—who assemble with alacrity by the wharves and river bank—enjoy the snorting and struggling of the animals in the stream, quite as fully as if it were a good and true week day. We delay a while after crossing the river, but finally get off upon our last important stage for Washington.

April 30

Arriving at Washington by about 8 in the morning, I proceed to 222 "I" Street, where I greet Sarah, after a separation of nearly three years. See also, for the first time, my little son, Parris—born August, 1857.

This poem which appeared in *Kirk Anderson's Valley Tan* was probably written by Captain Tracy. It was dated Camp Floyd, September 20, 1859.

Feb. 1, 1860

For the *Valley Tan*

OUR CAMP

Gray, gray, gray,
The hills and the spreading plain;
Gray, gray, gray,
Shall we never see green again?
The green of the springing grass,
Or the nodding, ancient trees,
With the living streams that softly pipe,
To the pleasant meadow breeze?

Sage, sage, sage,
There were Sages in old time,
But a sage from all to "take the rag,"
Is the sage of our mountain clime!
Dense as the wool that lies
On the pate of a darkey old.
Death-in-life and life-in-death
And it's oh to cut it—cold.

Sand, sand, sand,
Full many a form lies hid
'Neath Egypt's drifts, that bury fast
Temple and pyramid.
But, future deliver here,
Striking our 'dobie range,
Remember we had for Egypt swapped,
If only for the change.

Oh, well for the lizard gray,
That he fleeth our fierce array;
Oh, well for the snake that quits
His skin at our bugle's bray;
But, ponder as ponder may,
Nor snake nor lizard shall guess,
Why we hither came, or e'er
Made spoil of his wilderness.

That mighty King of France
With twenty thousand men
Who once marched up the hill
At least marched down again
One grand ascent achieved,
I prithee, to me say,
Had we got here so nigh to heaven
We need must ever stay.

Great is the town of Frog,
Where reigneth Barley-corn;
Where we barter cares at night,
For the head-ache of the morn;
Where "hushed in grim repose,"
The Tiger waits his prey—
And the prey steals in—but the Frog, oh Frog,
Thy joys may never pay!

Beyond those grizzley rocks,
That all our vale in hedge,
(Hard leaves of Nature's book,
By the earthquake left on edge.)
Even past yon snowy peaks,
All peppered down with pines,
Behold the Christian land,
And the sun that Christian shines!

Gray, gray, gray,
The hills and the desert plain;
Shall we grow like these lizards gray,
Ere our eyes see green again?
The green of that Christian land
Far past each barrier hoar,
Where earth abides, and sage is not;
And the Mormon comes no more!

- Paul, Major, 40, 60
 Peace commissioners for the Territory of Utah, 11, 14-16, 20
 Perry, sutler, 76
 Phelps, Capt. John Wolcott, XI, 16, 53, 60, 70, 75
 Pickets, Army, 2, 5
 Pierce, President Franklin, X
 Pike, Sgt. Ralph, 72, 73
 Pike's Peak, 14, 89
 Pine-spruce trees, 25, 89
 Pistol, 99
 Platte River
 Bridge, 108
 Station, 111
 Pleasant Grove, Utah, 30
 Poems, 9, 118, 119
 ✓ Pony Express, 5, 80, 90
 rider, 93, 94
 station, 95
 Poplar trees, 18, 39
 Porter, Major Fitz John, 72, 81
 Potter, G. C., 43
 Potts, Lt., 67
 Posts, (see forts)
 Potatoes, 7, 8, 89
 Powell, L. W., 11, 14, 16
 Pratt, Parley Parker, 58
 Prisoners, Army, 65, 69, 71
 "Provo Bench," 60
 ✓ Provo
 Canyon road, 34
 court held at, 58
 River, 38, 39
 Utah
 described, 38, 39, 60
 expedition to, 59-68
 Pussy Willows, 103
- Q
- Quaking Asp Spring, 18, 93
 Quicksand, 114
- R
- Rain, 9
 Ravens, 22
 Reynolds, Capt. W. F., 112
 Red Buttes, 108
 Reno, Lt., Jesse L., 16
Report of Exploration of the Yellowstone, 112
 Rice, Paul North, IX
 Rifle-powder, 1
 Rifles, Army, 8
 Robertson, Sgt., 20, 48
- Rockwell, Porter, 45
 Rocky Ridge Station, 103
 Roop, Mr., 1
 Roads, mountain, 83, 86, 91
 Road surveys, 34
 Ruggles, Col., 37, 40, 47
 Russell, Majors and Waddell Co., XII, 5, 52, 76, 80, 95
- S
- Sagebrush, 10, 17, 37
 Sage hen, 90, 99
 St. Mary's Station, 103
 Saleratus, 108
 Saloons, 55
 Salt, 1-3, 6
 Sanders, Lt., 54
 Saw (circular), 89
 Sawmill, 35
 Scott, Camp, XIII, 1, 2, 12, 17
 Scott's Bluff, 113
 Scouts, Mormon, XIII
 Sentinels, Army, 2
 Sharpe and Armstrong (mail carriers), 80, 86, 89, 90, 93, 94, 117
 "Shells of Ocean," 62
 Sherwood, Mr., 84-86
 Shoes, 3
 Shooting, 72-74
 Shoshone Indians
 depredations, 107
 visit Army camp, 4
 Shunk, of the Ordnance, 61
 Sibley,
 Henry H., Capt., 30
 stove, 5, 30
 tent, 30
 Simonds (Simons), Indian trader, 4, 7
 Simpson, Capt. James H., 7, 34, 72
 Sioux Indian depredations, 112
 Sketches made by Capt. Tracy (see Tracy)
 Smith, Lt. Col. Chas. F., 12, 53, 56, 68, 76, 81, 83
 Smith's Fork, 94-96
 Snow
 blindness, 83, 91, 93, 94
 fall, 10, 89, 94, 102
 Snyder, Samuel, 87
 Snyder's Mill, 87, 89
 Snyderville, Utah, 87
 South Pass, 100, 103
 South Platte—junction of the Sweet-water, 108
 Spanish Fork Canyon, 40
 Spaulding, Oliver L., 8

- Spencer, Howard, 73
 Split Rock, 107
 Spring
 fresh, 18, 37, 40, 100
 "Quaking Asp," 93
 ✓ Springville, Utah
 described, 42
 Army expedition to, 64
 Indian hostilities near, 37
 Mayor of, 65
 Spruce trees, 25
 Spy, 97
 Stadtmiller, Mr., 6, 41, 54, 69
 Stage
 coach, 84
 driver, 75
 Lines, 5
 mail, 94, 105
 route, 84
 Stambaugh, Col. S. C., 86
 Station, mail, 95, 100
 Stensberg, Louis (bugler), 38, 47, 76
 Stone quarrying, 69
 Stove, 102
 Stowell, William, 14
 Streets of Salt Lake City, 26, 27
 Surveyors, 86
 Surveys, road, 34
 Sweetwater
 Bridge, 108
 Oregon Trail Crossing, 98
 River, 103
 South Pass, 100
 Station, 102
- T
- Table and chair, folding, 78
 Tabor, Isaac W., 57
 Tallmadge, Lt. Grier, 3, 31
 Tarantula, 40
 Target practice, 61
 Tar Spring, 106
 Taylor,
 Joseph, 14
 Private, 66
- Tea, 43
 Ten-pin alleys, 55
 Tent, Sibley, 30
 Territory of Utah, governor of, 2
 Tithing House at Provo, Utah, 39
 Theatre
 Army, 76, 80, 83
 at Frogtown, 55
 Thistle (food), 11
 Thompson, Lt. James L., 40, 42, 48, 72
 "Three Crossings," 107
- Thurston, Mr., 85
 Tiddball, Capt. Joseph L., 3, 21
 "Tiger" (gambling), 56
 Timpanogos River, 60, 62
 ✓ Tracy, (Haddock) Captain Albert
 IX-XI, 34, 77, 84
 sketches by, 12, 13, 15, 20, 22, 24, 32, 63, 64, 78, 82, 107, 108
 Sarah, VI, 6
 Trade, Mormons, with Army, 21
 Trader, 97
 Indian, 4
 Trading house, 96, 103
 Transportation, mode of, 87-99, 100, 105
 Travel, rate of, 19, 21, 25, 26, 38
 Trees, 18
 Trial, 58
 Trout, 11, 24, 28-30, 61
- U
- Utah
 Expedition, IX, XII, XIII,
 Lake, 30
 Territory
 governor of, XII, 2
 officials of, 2, 9
 peace commissioners for, 11, 14, 16, 20
 State National Guard, 28
 Ute Indian killed by soldier, 37
- V
- "Valley Tan" (liquor), 41
 Kirk Anderson's (newspaper), 67, 118, 119
 Vanderbeck, Private, 35
 Van Vliet, Capt. Stuart, XII
 Vigilante, Sylvester, IX
 Violet, wild, 86
- W
- Wagon train, attempt made to fire, 14, 18, 19, 25
 Wagons, Army, 52
 Wall
 adobe, 35
 at Lehi, 38
 Walters, Private, 69, 79, 82
 War
 Mexican, 2
 Utah, XII, XIII
 Wasatch Mountains, 26, 40
 Wayne, Major Harry, 9