

CAPT. JESSE A. GOVE, U. S. A.

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The UTAH EXPEDITION

1857-1858 JUL 20 1944

Letters of Capt. Jesse A. Gove, 10th Inf., U. S. A.,
of Concord, N. H., to Mrs. Gove, and
special correspondence of the
New York Herald

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CAPT. GOVE'S LETTERS

On Board Steamer "Cal Crossman,"
Missouri River, June 22, 1857.

Dear Maria and children:

I expect today you are either in Chicago or on your way to Toledo. It is now 9 A. M. Monday morning. To go back where I left you at Dubuque, we run all night. When we got to Rock Island we had to lay up, as the wind was so heavy that we could not pass the bridge. We were detained about two hours. We finally run through and got to St. Louis Sunday morning about daylight. After I left you, or rather the next morning, I did not feel well, and a nervous headache continued until Sunday morning when I was taken vomiting and retching very severely. There I was, perfectly helpless. A boat, the "Cal Crossman," came alongside and a reshipment was ordered immediately. In this situation I was compelled to get up, march my company on board, select quarters for them and myself. I then went to bed, very sick. Capt. Nelson (old soul) came in to see me, but I could not say much to him as my head ached so badly. He told me that he would see you at Concord as he would spend the summer in New England. Give old Nelson a good reception. Write me how you are situated at home and all particulars. We were at St. Louis only about four hours and, being Sunday, could not, had I been well, seen or done anything. Mr. Bennett came aboard, Mrs. C's father, and invited all the officers to his house. Col. and Mrs. Alexander and family were all that could go, and that after the villainous abuse of Carroll and his wife. I do believe that the old

man and woman are two of the most contemptible and hypocritical persons on this earth. I had a quarrel with him the next morning after you left. I will tell you about it when I get to Leavenworth in my next. It was a sharp one, but I got the best of it. Today I am first rate on the whole. It will be excellent for me that I was sick for I vomited a large quantity of surplus bile from my stomach, and it now leaves me in fine trim for this change of climate, so that with care I shall not be liable to attacks of sickness. We have a much larger and better boat than the "White Cloud," but heavily loaded with government stores and troops. We shall be four days going up. The current is strong against us. Boats come down in two days easy. When I get at Leavenworth I will write you all particulars, etc. I shall put this off at Jefferson City. I hope you will get home safely with yourself and those precious little ones. When I am away from them I only live for you and them. It is a source of consolation to me to know that I have you all to think of and live for. It makes me a better man. Altho' we are separated we are all better off to be separated temporarily. I miss you all very much.

I have written this with pencil as I cannot write with pen.

1 P. M. Col. Smith's command has just passed us on the "Oceana." Dr. Carter travelled to St. Louis from Burlington.

At Clinton saw Noyes Baker's partner, Jim Ordway, and Fife that lived at Fisherville. We live splendidly.

Steamer "Cal Crossman,"
Missouri River, June 22, 1857.

My Dear Maria:

I wrote you this morning of my trip thus far. It is now 8 P. M. The steamer "Oceana" has passed us with Col. Smith's command on board. We go very slow up the river. It is high and an immense current. We make only about five miles per hour. I have today enlisted three men. Mullahey, the tall man that was left at Snelling, is on the other boat, so my company remains complete with three additional. It has been very hot today. I am feeling first rate, few passengers on board, living magnificent, but, my dear Maria, you are or will be so much better off in the retired plane of Concord. While it would give me joy to have you with me, and my children, the anxiety and care for the future would

detract much from such pleasure. Spare no expense in making yourself as comfortable as possible. What I write you now mostly for is for you to send me a small case of medicines. Go to Dr. Morrill and tell him to send me a book and small case of such remedies as I most want, viz., for bilious diseases — diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, fever, etc. I want them as mere preventatives, I have plenty of nux vomica and sulphur. I want veratrum, mercurius vicuis, aconite, belladonna, and such like. The Dr. will know what I wish, a small packet case. I expect you will write me from Chicago.

P. S. Send me Harper, etc., every month.

Camp Walbach, near Ft. Leavenworth,
June 28, 1857, Sunday.

My dear Maria and children:

It is now Sunday afternoon. I have just returned from the Fort, where I have been to pay my respects to Gen. Harney. You may think it strange that I have not written before, but yesterday it rained all day and evening, so that I could not send to the Fort my letters. Besides, I wanted to call on the Fort people before I wrote you. I wrote you on the Missouri River. We arrived here day before yesterday (Friday). We are encamped on the bank of the river about one mile up from Leavenworth. We encamped as though we were full as to men, so you must know that our front extends a long distance up and down the river. We are among large trees and many small ones, so that the camp is thoroughly shaded. Where there is no shade the men have already constructed bowers, so that I must say that a more beautiful and picturesque spectacle one could not well behold. Lynch and Yokel, while I have been at the Fort, have put up an arbor in front of my tent, and it extends round on the south side so that I am in a grotto, truly. On my left, overhanging my tent, is quite a large shade tree, so that the sun cannot reach me. Arbor after arbor has already sprung up within the company grounds, and these, coupled with a line of large trees lining the bank of the river, afford ample protection to all the men. Our front line of tents are within ten yards of the river bank. Ample accommodations are here for the men to bathe, and we require them to keep themselves perfectly clean. We had it very hot yesterday, but we are much more com-

fortable than we could be in any quarters. Gen. Harney advises but little duty as possible during the hot weather. An order came out for morning parade and an hour's drill in the afternoon between 5 and 6 P. M. My company went on inspection this morning in splendid order considering everything, and is considered the crack company by everybody. Mullahey, who was left at St. Paul, joined with Col. Smith's command, so I have my 62 complete. Only 2 men on extra duty.

Just now a detachment of 170 recruits arrived from Governor's Island. 150 more start today, so that we shall be nearly filled up. You remember Lieut. Tallmadge, who came to Ft. Snelling last year with recruits. He is here in Capt. Phelps's battery. Maj. Hunt and Dr. Rogers are here, also. Capt. Brent is here as one of the quartermasters. There are four or five in all. I called on Mrs. Brent today. She is as sprightly as ever. Sends much love to you, wishes you were here. Mrs. Anderson left a few days before we arrived for Carlisle. Her husband has gone on the plains.

Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Carroll are at Gen. Harney's, a lesson, to entertain for the old "granny." Mrs. Canby is at Capt. Brent's. The old "granny" stays at the Fort most of the time, playing wet nurse to Mrs. A. He is certainly in his dotage. Col. Smith and Canby are first rate. Col. Canby's tent is just in rear of mine. He is one of the best men in the world. Dudley told me that he saw you at Dubuque, and was going on that (Friday) evening to Chicago. Dr. Swift said he saw your mother and dear little Charlie at the landing. I think he said at Dunleath. Mrs. D. left at St. Louis. No ladies are at camp. Had you come you would have had to stop with some one at the Fort, and I know how agreeable or rather disagreeable that would be to you. Mrs. Maynadier and Gardner left at St. Louis. You are so much better off at Concord or East that I am consoled in the reflection that, altho' separated, you will be so much more comfortable there. Only take care of yourself and the dear little ones. You do not know how often I think of you all. It is a proud satisfaction for me to know that I have something to live for.

Capt. Dunovant particularly desires to be remembered to you and your mother and to kiss Charlie for him. All others send much love, Dudley in particular. I am delighted with this country, what little I have seen of it. Provisions of every kind come in camp, vegetables of all kinds. An old man came from Weston yesterday

with ice cream. It was nearly melted, but I got a glass of it and drank it. It was delicious. Onions, radishes, and everything but potatoes are abundant and reasonable as to price. Yokel is my cook. We have company messes, live in nice order and more healthily than we would in barracks. My tent is on the top of a ridge, so that the cool breezes sweep through it even in the hottest hours.

Now as to Utah. Gen. Harney is opposed to going, strongly so. He has written on that it is impossible to move from here with an army this season with any possible advantage, and it is the general impression here that we will not go. I hope it may prove so. If we do not we shall winter at Jefferson Barracks, and then I shall get leave and come East and spend the winter, or you come West.

Tomorrow I commence a muster roll. This month we muster. Mr. Carroll is a good penman, so I shall give him a trial of his zeal. At St. Louis Mr. Bennett, her father, invited us all to an entertainment at his house. I think I wrote you about it before. I take my morning baths and evening ones also. Here let me advise you to bathe and have Charlie bathed once or twice a day. It is the great secret of health. I wrote you about Capt. Nelson's coming East. Treat him in all respect, do the thing up in army style. Give him rides and any other entertainment you can. He spoke of the great pleasure he anticipated in meeting you. I want you to have in mind your position always. You have got it and it is nobody's business. Think always before you act, but be your own judge what to do and how to do it. Many of your friends may not fancy your position as the wife of an officer, but be guided in all things with that sense of propriety which should always characterize ladies. Your friends immediately at home and about you may suggest and advise. When proper, it is well enough. I do not anticipate a very harmonious family at your home. Do as I told you if necessary, get you a good boarding place. Get a good servant and be independent. If you stay at home and have your two rooms, and any army officers call, I would have tea in your rooms if they take tea with you. You understand what I mean. Get you some damask curtains, such as you can use hereafter (large) for all quarters, fit yourself up elegantly and run on the "independent line", as Dudley would say. Speaking of Dudley, he marched off as officer of the guard, Capt. Gardner as officer of the day. We have a guard of 30 men. We are doing things on a large

scale with so large a command. I have this moment received a detail for officer of the day, Lt. Forney officer of the guard. This is soldiering, and men are doing their legitimate duty.

I have written Elijah to go to Traverse Des Sioux, leave his wife behind and go and see for himself if he likes to locate there. I got no letters here. We have a daily mail from St. Louis. I expect every day a letter from you. Write me as to funds. I will remit whatever you want. Go to the dressmaker's and get what clothes you want and I will pay bills. I expect you will be dressed and spread out at an alarming rate. Wean Jessie as soon as practicable. Go to the salt water if advised. I would not take Charlie at any point where there would be danger. Go to Rye Beach or some retired spot. Now I must dry up as I have spun out what I have to say at some length. Write me often all the news. I will do so too. I hope you got home safely. Write me of all incidents from Dubuque home. Keep Charlie's bowels open, bathe him daily, and that will contribute more to keep him in health than anything else. I will write you again in a few days.

P. S. I am to have a big quarrel with the Colonel about Coury unless he sends him to roll call. I have had one already on the boat. Will write you when it comes up.

P. S. Keep my letters to yourself.

P. S. "Mrs. Capt. Gove" will be your visiting cards, "U. S. Army."

Camp Walbach, near Ft. Leavenworth,
July 3, 1857.

My dear family:

I got today your letter from Detroit giving me the account of dear little Charlie's illness. You do not know how anxious I feel about him. I hope tomorrow to hear from you and of his recovery. The dear little fellow, how I do wish I could have been there! I know you would do everything for him, but if I could have been permitted to watch with him one night, to soothe his distressed feeling and comfort him in his great affliction; but I am troubled in mind for this thing, that is, that you will start with him before you ought to. Stay there and write me if it is a month, two, or three months. What does delay in such a case amount to in a pecuniary consideration? Money is not to be thought of, and I

should have been so relieved had you wrote me for money and that you would stay there until I sent it for the sake of the dear little bird. I wonder that you should think of going on because you had not money enough. What signifies for you to stay a month? I got your letter in seven days, and in as many more I could have sent you what you wished; more than that, you could have stated your case to the hotel man, and with your letters from Mr. Floyd it would have been all well. You could have sent to Mr. Floyd and stated your circumstances. I think, however, that you will do what is right, and not move the little sufferer, and the emergency will suggest what to do. You could have telegraphed home for money. There are many ways that you will think of. Money is no obstruction in such cases. Did I know that you were there I could now send you \$100, if you had only written for money and left word to have it follow you had you gone with the children, I should have felt more easily. You could have employed a nurse to take care of Charlie, no matter what the cost would be. I told you to spare no money to go home in a quiet and healthy manner, but, my dear Maria, I have written just what I feel but I trust you have done the best. I console myself with the belief that you have not let money influence you in the least. I pray to hear from you next mail, and that dear little Charlie is better. It was my greatest concern that he would get the dysentery. Could I be with you to advise, I would have him drink cold tea on his way home. I will write you tomorrow again. I am in a hurry to get this to the Fort to go tomorrow.

I pray that I may hear from you next mail.

Camp Walbach, near Leavenworth, K. T.,
July 10, 1857.

I received last night your welcome letter from Palmyra. I have waited impatiently to get your last, and, as is always the case, the more earnestly I looked for it the more the delay. As a result of my proposition the mail steamer took the mail from here by mistake, and did not return it for two or three days, so I was compelled to wait. I feel much relieved at hearing that our dear little Charlie was better, but you cannot be too careful of him. He must not eat anything of green vegetables until his bowels become healed. It will take a long time to strengthen his system for active use.

The dear little fellow! How I wish I could have him in camp! Tell him if we go on the Utah Expedition this fall I will bring him a pony in the spring. It is generally thought that we shall not get off this summer, that we shall start and winter at Fort Reilly or some of those posts west of here. It will be impossible to cross the mountains this fall on account of the grass. Besides, the 2d Dragoons have not got their recruits, and they have got the scurvy very badly, and their surgeon has strongly protested against their moving. They have just come out of Florida. 6 companies are here, 4 more on their way from St. Louis. They have not got any recruits, so you see that we are in the worst possible condition for an expedition. My company is 76 strong, a little army. I only want 6 men more. Mrs. Alexander I understand is going, Mrs. Canby also. Mrs. Carroll talks of going. She expects to muster every hour. Mrs. Swift is expecting to go. How absurd for some of these women to go! I hope some of the ladies will go, altho' I do not think it prudent for even one of them. I have told Mr. Carroll that if he takes his wife he must let her take care of herself, or some one do it for him, that I should positively require his constant attendance on the company, and I shall. He is worse than nobody for me. I have to watch and see if he does anything I tell him to. He is worse than nothing, and will be so long as his wife is with him. If she goes, as I told her, she must not expect her husband to be away from his company to the neglect of his duty in a single instance.

If you were here I would buy a carriage and horses and fit you up, but you cannot, over these sandy prairies, make yourself comfortable without my constant care and attention; and you will agree with me when I say that you and the dear children will be so much more comfortable and healthy in the retirement of your own rooms than dragging through a country with an army in the field. Take care of the dear children for my sake, and while I am in the field attending to my duty as a soldier, you are in the retirement of a healthy location, caring for and nursing and nourishing those dear ones as your duty, for the honor and glory of us both. It is to me a happy reflection that such a result can be brought about; although separated from you those two little hearts are with you, and in them I am present with you in deep affection.

We shall not get off before the 20th, and perhaps not at all.

I shall be ready to hear that the order is changed. There is not scarcely an officer here that wants to go this fall. We get a mail at Utah once in 22 days, and from that to a month, so that is quite as good as Minnesota. The first call sounds for morning parade. I "hold on". Yokel is calling me to breakfast on our new table in our new bower just between the two wall tents.

After parade — 9 A. M. Just in. I marched out an immense company this morning. I put all the front rank of old soldiers, and I assure you that I never felt prouder of my company than I did this morning. Col. Smith complimented me in presence of the officers, after we marched up to him, in very high terms for Col. Smith. It was something very unusual. Everybody concedes that I have the best company by far in the regiment. When any of the officers brag on the regiment they say "look at that company" (I). Tell the General, when you see him, that the "I's have it." Orders were received yesterday from Gen. Scott declaring us an "army in the field." Men are to have whiskey if commanders see fit to issue it.

Now as to health I never was better. My health is exceedingly good, nor have I had a sick day since I have been here. My health is excellent. We can ride or walk, so Dandy will avail me. Tell Charlie that Dandy is well, but it will be impossible for him to attend his party. On the 5th, Charlie's birthday, I drank claret to his speedy recovery and with an earnest prayer. I hope it will be answered. Capt. Dunovant inquires after you and Charlie daily. I believe it would grieve him very much to hear of your ill healths. Dunovant is a glorious soul. We are together a great deal. Today I shall write Capt. Bee.

In a day or two I will send you a draft. I rejoice to hear that you spared no expense for your own and family's comfort. I hope in a day or two to hear from you at home. I have written Elijah. He writes me that he was admitted to the bar, and has invested money at Sparta, Monroe Co., Wis., and is going into business there. I think he is very energetic. George is with him and is very well.

Annie all right. Inquires every day for Charlie; so does everybody. He was a great favorite, certainly. I did not know to what extent until he was absent. Have Charlie remember them all. I have been thinking to have Jessie christened Jessie Gove without the Ridgely, and if she is ever married retain the name Jessie

Gove. What do you think of it? Write me. I only thought of it and write my momentary thoughts.

You will have to be something of a "business man." I shall leave many things for you to do relative to my lands. I will write you fully what I want. Order what you want for dresses, etc., and I will send money. Get a good nurse the first thing for the children — no matter what you pay provided they suit.

Good bye all. Remember me to your mother and all. I will send you a box, if I go on the plains, with the wolf robe and otter skins and such stuff as I think you will want. You must take care of the skins. They will be quite ornamental as well as useful. I shall send it by express. If there is anything you want write immediately. Williams was just here and desires to be remembered to you all.

P. S. I shall get leave if we do not cross the mountains this fall.

Camp Walbach, K. T., July 17, 1857.

My dear Maria and children:

Tomorrow we march for Utah as the advance of Gen. Harney's army in the field. I do not suppose you are wholly unprepared for this. I think, as everybody here does, that we shall not go this fall. If not I will get leave if nothing of importance occurs, and spend the winter East. It is impossible for the 5th Inf. to march. The 2d Dragoons are now off on a ten days scout throughout this territory. No command but ours and the battery will move this fall or summer. Such is the impression, and Gen. Harney is not going to take the field with half of his command. We are declared an army in the field, but allowed transportation as though we were changing stations, so we are as comfortable as could be wished. Today we were inspected by Col. Mansfield, Inspector Gen., preparatory to taking the field. Gen. Harney's order is very pompous, talks of the gallant regiments at his disposal, etc., etc. It is a very grand sight to see so many troops together, and looks very warlike. Col. Alexander is the same old woman as ever and more so. He is entirely neglectful of his command, and is up at the Fort playing wet nurse most of his time. This hurry of today is all owing to him and his staff. Our requisitions were made in ample season, and should have been attended to, but no. A more perfect set of puppies never had sway than these officers. Everybody

curse them from morning till night. We did not get our clothing and supplies until yesterday at a late hour, when they should have been attended to five days ago.

As usual in all movements I am officer of the day. Dudley, officer of the guard, and I have worked very hard, but I have just taken a bath and am now, 10 o'clock, writing you. I am not too tired to neglect that. I am ready, as you know. I always am. No one has to wait for the "I's". Dora has concluded not to go. Mrs. Carroll expects to muster every hour, and will not go. Mrs. Canby is going, and so are many of the ladies. Mrs. Alexander does not go. Major Hunt, and Dr. Rogers goes as paymaster of the command. His wife is in Ohio. His little boy was taken just as Charlie was, but got over it finally. Mrs. Hunt expects to be in Cambridge with her mother this summer, old Mrs. Noble. If you go to Boston go and see her. Major Hunt desires to be remembered kindly to you.

I got your letter from Concord, and you do not know what a relief it was to me. Little Charlie! How I do wish I could see him, but we will not be long separated. How I wish he was here to see the little ponies! Tell him I will buy him one. You did not speak of Jessie. Is she getting better? I hope so. Did I not think of Charlie on the 5th? It was fresh in my memory. The weather has been very hot for a few days, thermometer in the shade 105° —125° in the sun. Yet, for all that, everybody is in excellent health except a few who are always sick. Capt. Dunovant and Dr. Swift got turned out of an ambulance at Leavenworth City, and Dunovant was hurt very badly. We have an hourly running from the Fort to the camp. I have scarcely been out of camp. I stay close here as I have no inducements to go out. Sergt. Lovell went away yesterday morning, purposely I think. He returned tonight. I sent for him and asked him if he had any excuse to offer. He said no. I arrested him at once and shall put charges against him at once. The very time when I could not do without him! I cannot overlook this offence. It was a deliberate thing, and he must now pay the penalty of his offence. I have done enough for him, and have tried very hard to make a man of him but I am now done. My duty compels me to break him and he has no one to blame. It was done to defy me without any reason. Tonight I sent my orderly for him; he returned an answer that he would come by and by. I sent an order that was short but to the point, and had he

not obeyed it immediately I should have put him in the guard house. It was throughout the most defiant thing I ever knew any man to be guilty of. He has, my dear Maria, got on the wrong track as you well know. I very coolly told him to go to his tent in arrest. I cannot let him off this time.

My health is of the most superb order. I never was better. This hot weather agrees with me. It is one of the healthiest seasons ever known here; nobody is sick.

Annie all right, is as much interested in your welfare and children's as though she had an undivided interest. She brought me the last letter and waited until I read it about Charlie. She is going and will muster in about four months.

We are fitted out for four months' equipment. Williams just left here, desires to be remembered affectionately to you. So do all. I think you are appreciated in an extraordinary degree among those with whom you have lived.

Linch and Yokel do the servants' work and cooking, and don't we live! Chickens, eggs, new potatoes, tomatoes, green peas, cucumbers, etc, etc. Really I never lived better.

Now to the business. I send you a draft for \$100 and will expect you to put yourself in society order. Get what you want and then send for money. I want you to send \$5.00 to the Appletons in August for those books I got, as I have no money that I can send. Say to them that I directed you to do so, calling their attention to the fact that it was inconvenient for me to send gold.

Also, whatever Solomon Thayer, Esq., of Portland sends you by way of a bill for correcting deed by him and his wife signed, pay it.

I keep an accurate journal of everything, and will send it to you when full.

Write father and Elijah and all. Take excellent care of the children, as I know you will.

I think of sending you tomorrow a box of your dresses, your blue uniform dress I came across. If I leave them here the rats will eat them up, so they may do you some good, also the otter skins, your mother's muff, etc., etc.

Mails overtake us daily, almost. Will write you from camp and keep you posted up of all that is going on. Mrs. Dr. Swift expects to go with the Dr. Now, dear Maria, don't fear for me. Take care of yourself and children and that will compensate me for my anxiety very much.

Buy what you want and send me what you want.

Tell Mr. Hill that I have not as yet received acknowledgement of payment of my note. I wrote him one line and have not heard from that. Ascertain if that has been received, for I can furnish the number and date of draft.

P. S. Tell Hannah that she has given up evidently her hopes or expectations of becoming my 2d wife. Is Eliza fat as ever?

In Camp at head of Little Stranger Creek,
12 miles from Leavenworth, July 19, 1857.

My dear Maria and children:

It is Sunday, and the sun is just setting in the west. As night approaches I think of you the more, as the weary day's march is done. Well, my dear Maria, we are on our way to Utah. We shall not reach there this summer, I think, but never mind, the 10th Inf., notwithstanding the old woman at the head, is one of the best regiments in the service. I am proud to be associated with so many gallant men. It would have done your heart good to have seen them break up their camp last evening about 6 P. M. to take up its line of march as the advance of Gen. Harney's army to march on Utah. It is complimentary to the 10th that they lead the van. Gen. Harney allowed each company of the regiment to wear shirts and hats, provided they were all alike, the knapsack to be carried in wagons. Accordingly, to commence on the right, Capt. Gardner, gray shirts, black hats; Co. B., Co. I, your humble servant, gray and gray hats, the only ones in the command and they are splendid; Co. C, Capt. Tidball, white shirts; Co. F, Lt. Forney, white; Co. G, Lt. Williams, light blue shirts, black hats; Co. H, Capt. Tracy, white shirts; Co. K, Capt. Dunovant, dark blue and black hats; Co. E, Lt. Dudley, gray and black hats. In all about 600 men when they passed Gen. Harney's quarters in the Fort, band playing and Col. Smith in command. It was a splendid sight. We marched about 8 miles to Salt Creek and encamped. (Retreat blows and I must go. Michael and Dick Sline absent from retreat.) Today we have marched about 10 miles. It is intended to make these gradual marches through to Utah. I never felt better in my life. The heat does not trouble me in the slightest. I am much stronger than while living in garrison. You know that exercise is indispensable to my health. We are encamped at the

head of Little Stranger Creek. Tomorrow we go about 10 miles to another creek. So you see that it is as mere pastime for us. We got in camp about 1 P. M. Have been resting since. I have me a bathing or foot tub, and today, after I got my company encamped, I took a superb cleanse. The country we have passed over is the most beautiful I could ever imagine. It is beautiful Kansas, but not "bleeding Kansas" as the villains of Abolitionists say.

It is very warm now. I will go up and see Mrs. Canby tonight. We do guard duty by company. Capt. Gardner is on guard to-night. At retreat tomorrow I go on with the I. Dora has gone home. Annie asked my advice about her going. I advised her not to go. She is going to Jefferson Barracks. I can assure you that it makes a very warlike appearance to see our command moving along the road. Phelps's battery follows tomorrow, then the 5th Inf., then 2d Dragoons.

I received a letter from Mr. Flanders in Milwaukee. He has had an offer for my Wisconsin lands. I shall sell. I want you to see Mr. Hill about the draft I sent to clear me from the bank. I shall write father the next chance. I shall keep you constantly advised of our movements. Bathe the children every day in the morning, particularly. I sent you \$100 by last mail. Send bills and I will send drafts to cover them. Our expenses are very light on the march; pay commissary prices for everything.

Capt. Dunovant sends his love and says that he is sorry that Charlie has not the Badger — that he must remember him, etc.

Maria, I would prefer to be here if you were with me, or, except with my dear family, than any other place on the globe. A campaign has a charm for me, and if you all continue well how happy I shall be!

I have stored the box I was going to send by express.

No, I will now write and send it, as the otter skins are in it, so look out for it.

I send this by a wagon which came out from Leavenworth. I have written it hastily. Write me often.

In Camp, Monday, July 20, 1857.

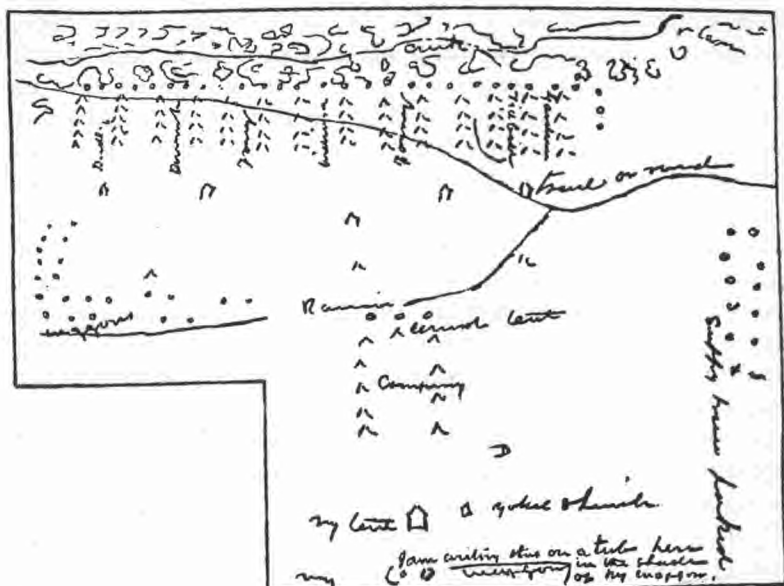
My dear Maria:

Here we are in camp, the third day of our pilgrimage to (not the Holy Land) the Mormon bedlam, in a ravine surrounded on either

side by rolling bluffs, while to the right lies the little creek, wooded, to which or on which we have encamped. Our march was short today on account of water. Had we passed this we would have had to march some 15 miles. Tomorrow we make that and I am the rear guard. I wrote you last night that we commenced last night to do guard duty by company. Capt. Gardner went on at retreat, and as soon as we arrived in camp (12 M.) I relieved him. I am now detached from the camp back on a rise of ground with my entire company, wagons, etc.; had I the time I would sketch it. It is beautiful. We have a very large train besides the regimental trains; they are our supplies. As we come along, to look back and see them winding along behind the column is a sight that pleases the eye of all romance lovers. You can appreciate its beauties although not long in service. We came only 6 miles today. We saved a mile by diverging from the road and passing down through a defile or ravine. Today I had the front. Band goes ahead of the column but conforms to the leading company. Today front, tomorrow rear. Such is the clock work of military movements. It is worth while to do duty in the field where no duty but legitimate occurs. Did we do this kind of duty yearly we would have half the desertions we now have.

The "old woman" joined us last night; got in his ambulance and I hope he will keep there. Col. Smith is ordered to stay at Leavenworth. Col. Canby has the direction of everything, and a more attentive, careful officer never strode a horse. He attends strictly to his duty, times the step, sees that everybody is cared for, and comes up to my idea of a field officer. Mrs. Canby I saw as she came in her ambulance, and is finely. It does one good to see her amiable countenance beaming with goodness and graciousness of heart. A truer and a more amiable woman God never created, always a kind word for everyone.

I forgot to tell you that the "old woman" volunteered to give Carroll a week's leave of absence to stay with his wife. All this on top of his hatred. Some selfish motive I have no doubt. Perhaps Mrs. Alexander will go to St. Louis and inflict that scamp of a "Will" and the whole family upon Mr. Bennett, Mrs. Carroll's father, to save expense. My God! that we should have a commanding officer to whom we could attribute such meanness, but you know him of old. We have few such in the army, thank God.



I could not resist dotting down the camp.

Capt. Dunovant, Tracy and Armistead are on sick report. Tracy has been on since we arrived in the Territory except one day. Old Dunovant got thrown out of an ambulance at Leavenworth City and hurt pretty badly, the carelessness of the driver. Is getting better. He hates to be on the sick report. Always sends love to you. It is now six o'clock. I have just had one of the company's bean soups and a most delicious steak, tomatoes that we brought in cans from Leavenworth. A more satisfactory meal I never had. I walk all the time, and it is just exercise enough for me. Shall ride tomorrow as commanding rear guard. Were it not for that I would not. I intend to walk as long as I am well. As soon as I got in today I sent Linch to fill my foot tub, holding about 4 buckets of water, stripped, and with my large sponge abluted in the most reckless manner from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. One does not know how well he can take care of himself until he is put on a march. I have had a short nap this afternoon, and I am strong and healthy as I ever was in my life. My feet are not sore in the least, nor am I anyways stiff from marching, and most certainly if I am not stiffened at the start I shall not be at all.

Tell your mother that by the side of the wagon wheel lies a book entitled "Dying Thoughts" of Rev. Richard Baxter. I have been reading it and my thoughts wander back to that little church in Concord, and to Mr. Marble. It reads as he used to preach. It is much after some of his sermons. It is very interesting.

Camp No. 7, 90 miles from Leavenworth, 9 o'clock P. M.

Several days have elapsed since I wrote you by the side of the wagon while on guard. To commence then where I left off, we left camp at 6 A. M. Train tardy in getting out. At the point where we intended to encamp no water; continued on until we made a march of 21 miles, a tremendous day's march; arrived in camp about 4 P. M. on 1st branch of the Grasshopper River or Big Walnut. Whiskey ration issued to men. Mr. McGraw, superintendent of wagon road, in camp going out to Salt Lake.

Wednesday, 22. Left camp No. 4 at 6 A. M. No water on intermediate branch of Grasshopper. Marched 18 miles, hard day's march. Whiskey issued, good water, and on by Walnut or Grasshopper.

Thursday, 23. Left camp No. 5 at 6 A. M. After about 8 miles marching came to a nest of springs to the left of the road, delicious water. Settlers here; $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to camp at Lockwoods, off the road.

Friday, 24. Long march to make today. Water scarce. Men very tired and officers too. Thermometer 120° in sun, dusty, slight breeze. Finally, after taking an early start, 5 A. M., we arrived on the Big Knamahaw or Namahaw. I don't know which way to spell it. Here we have plenty of water and shall lay over tomorrow as our 8th day according to Gen. Harney's order. The "old woman" still sticks to his ambulance, a mere cipher. Tomorrow I will send you this and you can preserve it, as it can be preserved instead of my book. My health is excellent. Have marched all the way. Will finish tomorrow. Good night.

Saturday, 25th July, '57.

Warm and sultry. There is a post office about 2 miles from here, where we shall send letters. Sergt. Major has just called and informed me that he is going after dinner, so I will finish this and send it to you. We expect a mail rider from Ft. Leavenworth in camp any day, when I expect to get letters from you, but I cannot lose this opportunity to send.

Take good care of the dear little ones. I hope to hear that Charlie is fast regaining his strength. You have not said much of Jessie heretofore. Write me all the particulars, how her face and head is getting. I hope her days of affliction will soon be over for the present. Yokel and Blake are washing for me. I took Dora's two wash boards and one tub, so you see that I was very thoughtful.

We shall lose sight of settlers now very soon, then we shall be truly on the boundless prairie. As soon as we cross the Big Blue River we get into the Indian country. We have got to look to our animals then.

I would keep pretty quiet at home until the children get over their fatigues. I shall write father today. I sent you draft \$100 from Leavenworth. I have heard from Mr. Flanders of Milwaukee, and he has some offers for my Sauk County lands. I shall write him today to sell, or commence suit on one of the lots. I shall have frequent opportunity by trading trains going in to send letters. We shall lay over at Ft. Kearney for some days. Dr. Summers is there, you know. Mrs. S. is there also. I think they will be glad to see us. Write Elijah and father's family. Tell Mr. Butterfield to direct the Patriot to me Ft. Leavenworth, Utah Expedition. Direct all your letters to me "Utah Expedition, via Ft. Leavenworth."

Hope I shall get letters soon from you. I will journalize and send when opportunity offers.

Knimahaw River, K. T., July 25, 1857.

My dear Maria:

Since I sealed my letter in pencil the mail rider has come in and brought me your letter of the 12th inst. I am very sorry to hear of your illness, but you must be careful what you eat. Charlie I hope will speedily regain his strength and Jessie recover her complexion. Lt. Carroll and Capt. Cumming have just joined. Phelps's battery has just come in also. It is rumored that we shall be ordered back. We shall know in a few days.

I want you to go to the State Capital Bank and see about the \$1600 deposit made by father. The draft for \$900 has been protested. What it means I do not know. He wrote me that he had put it there for a certainty, and why the draft was not paid is more

than I can imagine. It vexes me. It annoys me. See Mr. Hill and ascertain whether the money is on deposit. I have also written father and Mr. Hill and Sanborn & French, to whose order the draft was payable. Ascertain immediately and write me "Ft. Leavenworth, Utah Expedition."

I send letter for your mother which has been forwarded to me. Companies D and A are ordered to stay at Ft. Leavenworth until further orders. It would not surprise me if we were ordered back until next spring. I hope so, don't you?

Attend to this draft matter at once. I want to draw the other \$700 to put in the Traverse des Sioux Company. Tell father as soon as the certificates are issued I will send them to him.

I cannot understand why this money is not on deposit. He must pay the draft and costs, and I will pay him. Love to all. Will write you daily and send it whenever opportunity occurs.

In Camp, Vermilion River,
July (Sunday) 26, 1857.

My dear Maria:

Yesterday I sent you a long letter from the Nimaha River (pronounced as though spelled Knimahaw). No mail rider yet. Expected every day. After kicking up a row with the "old woman" he concluded to lay over and allow the men to wash. Yokel and Blake washed for me in a most excellent manner. Men finely refreshed. Today we left camp for what we supposed to be 14 miles, but 20 miles brought us to the Vermilion River, where we have very good water. Phelps's battery came into camp yesterday and lay over today. The columns are one day behind each other. Capt. Cumming and Lt. Carroll joined last night. They bring the report that the 2d Dragoons and battery were ordered by telegraph to remain behind, but Gen. Harney concluded that inasmuch as the battery had started he would let it go. We expect orders of some kind from Gen. H. by express. I think we shall not go farther than Ft. Laramie. Capt. Bee and his company and A Co. are ordered to stay at Fort Leavenworth this winter. They are in a general war there. Major Sherman and his battery have gone up, and Murry with a detachment of D Co. have had a fight with some Indians and killed Ink-ha-dulah's favorite son. The Yanktons have declared war upon the whites and agency Indians, and an

Indian war is expected. Bee has had most of his men withdrawn by Major Sherman and has fortified himself in the commissary building. Has all the women ready to leave the post, so "Sopy" must be in a peck of trouble. How the government missed it that we did not make our expedition before coming here! It would have saved all this. I would not be surprised if we were stopped and go up the Missouri and cross over into Minnesota and make a campaign and winter at Jefferson barracks. I hope so, don't you? 10 o'clock P. M. Goodnight. God bless you and the dear children.

Big Blue River, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Vermilion River, Monday
27th July, '57.

I have just got up from a long nap and it is now 8 P. M. 1st call for tattoo just sounded. We have had a very long and tedious day's march. I have not ridden a step yet. Left camp on Vermilion early, as we had the Big Blue to make. Arrived in camp at 1 P. M. No express yet. I am getting out of patience on account of that note. I devised today a plan by which I think the matter can be adjusted. I send it herewith. I feel tired tonight, more so than any. I understand we make a short march tomorrow.

Big Blue River, July 27, 1857.

Dear Maria:

I have been thinking as I came along today that it would be best to take a letter to L. D. Stevens relative to the protested note. You see how it places me. I was to draw the other \$700 for the Traverse des Sioux property; had it all drawn ready to send Steele when I got the protest. It vexes me beyond measure. I know father has deposited the money, but there must be some misunderstanding about its being subject to my order. If the bank is at fault they must pay costs. It involves the loss, perhaps, of my right to a share of that property at Traverse. You go to the bank in the first place and see if father has deposited \$1600 or any sum enough to cover \$900, then find out whose order it is subject to. If mine you must, if there is \$1600, pay \$900 under advice of Stevens or some one else and \$700 send to Steele. I will send you

an order to draw the several amounts, the costs you pay out of money not on deposit. I presume Mr. Hill will advise you what to do as well as anybody, at the same time I wish you to see Mr. Stevens and ask him to write Sanborn & French. Perhaps they are the holders of the note. Ascertain that before you go to him, or give him the enclosed letter. E. G. Carter was the notary public. I have written father and he will come over and fix it. My expectation is that he deposited the money and forgot to say that it was subject to my order. This is mere conjecture. I will write Mr. Steele that you will, if the money is on deposit — \$1600 — send him check on bank for \$700, and he must acknowledge the receipt to you. If there is any money then to cover the \$900 that must be paid. Stevens will write Sanborn & French to keep quiet, and I will pay it and see them whole. I have written them myself. When you see Mr. Hadley ask him if Sanborn & French has ever sent him his deed. If not, write me. In this matter I want the whole matter made straight, draft paid and costs if it is my fault. Now understand me. Mr. Hill may give you all the information necessary, ascertain who the holder was, etc.

You had better see Mr. Stevens, or rather take this note to him, if he is not interested anyway, and ask him to attend to it at once.

I enclose an order for you to draw any money that may be there on deposit for me, so all you will have to do is to get checks for the amounts. Tell father that the Traverse des Sioux scheme is one in which we three were to be interested and would be a paying affair, but by this break may lose the chance. I will try and save it. I hope the messenger will arrive tonight or tomorrow. I enclose an order which will enable you to draw this money for the purposes I have expressed. First, if there is \$1600 pay the note, but the costs you must pay out of money in your hands. They can be paid, except to the notary, at some other time; Mr. Stevens will write Sanborn & French and make it all right with them. \$700 to draw and send to Franklin Steele, Esq., to pay for the Traverse des Sioux Company. I will write him tonight what I am doing. Keep this order and show it to Mr. Hill and Stevens if necessary. I will leave this open and if the mail rider does not come up tonight I may have something more to write.

P. S. If the \$1600 is there to my order draw \$700 and send to Franklin Steele at once.

Big Sandy Creek, July 30, 1857.

Dear Maria:

It is now 10 o'clock at night. I have an opportunity to send this to Leavenworth, so I sit up after a long day's march to write you. We have no mail rider yet, but yesterday I had my letters out and gave them to a mail man. You will find several for you, business letters, too, so you must attend to them. I wrote my last at the Cottonwood Creek. The next day we marched to Turkey Creek, 21 miles. I was rear guard. Today we have come 18 miles. Crossed Walnut Creek and Little Sandy to Big Sandy, had a bathe in the creek (delicious). At the Cottonwood Creek we entered Nebraska.

You know that Dr. Sumners and Mrs. Sumners are at Fort Kearney. Shall be delighted to see them. We are now in the Indian country and must keep a sharp look out. Met today a man, Waller, from Ft. Laramie, says the grass is good. I forgot heretofore to write you that I have me a new horse, at the Cottonwood. I named him Charlie for my dear little boy; tell him of it. I expect to hear from you every day by mail rider. My health is excellent. Have marched all the way. Wash the first thing after getting into camp, and am hearty and rugged as a bear.

I have my hair cut off to within a half inch of my head. I think you would laugh to see me. When I wash it it stands up on end. Everyone says it is a decided improvement; at any rate it is cool. Everyone is generally well. Mr. Carroll does finely. All our old Fort Ridgely officers enquire about you, and desire love when I write. They have a weekly mail from Ft. Kearney. We shall lay over Sunday one day for rest and washing. Will write on that day.

Write me the letters you receive and a note of the contents, so that I may know whether you have received them or not. I will send you the next time I write the table of distances and stopping places, and you can trace them on a map.

Love to all. Take great care of the children. I write in pencil because I can do it so much faster, and ink is not convenient. Mr. Dudley has not heard from his wife but once. He scolds about it much. We go tomorrow to the Little Blue, 18 miles. Number my letters as received and then I shall know if they are all received.

In Camp, Little Blue River, N. T.
July 31, 1857.

My dear Maria:

What changes time brings about! One year ago we were at Fort Ridgely, and now a 12th month finds us at the antipodes, almost. You on the Atlantic shore, and I in the center, almost, of the continent. Last night I wrote you from Big Sandy River. I then expected to send your letter at once, but I have it now. I shall send it the first opportunity. We shall probably meet the Laramie sutler tomorrow; if so I will send it. I have nothing new to write. I merely journalize as a pastime, and I know you will like to read the wanderings of an army in the field. I often wish you could be with us for a day to see the clockwork of a large command. We left camp No. 12 this morning on the Big Sandy at 4.50 A. M., an early start, as we could get no water on the road, besides, we had a long march before us, 17 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, over a high ridge of land the entire way. It was very dusty and hot. For miles we came today without a sign of a tree or shrub, nothing to relieve the eye in the least. We stood as one at sea, entirely surrounded by the blue sky, the earth and the heavens kissing each other. It was a beautiful but a reflective sight; but one green thing greeted our eyes on the way, and that was the "lone tree." It is to the right of the road and 9 miles from Big Sandy, half way. It is curious to contemplate this sturdy old oak or walnut, standing alone in solitude, with not a green shrub to bid it live. It reminds me of some men in the world. He lives and moves and has his being, but when death comes he withers and dies and is buried, and when the clod is on his coffin he is remembered only as a landmark, with no virtues, no remembrances, save that he existed. So it is with this "lone tree." It has for ages served to guide the voyagers, the hunters, the Indians, the ravens even, and when it dies from today it will live in the vivid recollection of 600 men who passed it, lifting its head high upward to the God who gave it birth, and no doubt watered and nourished it that it might be the silent guide to weary travellers, until the axe of civilization should lay it low as the merest incident in life.

Such are my thoughts as I passed the old settler, and now, as I sit in my tent looking out upon the Little Blue I cannot but help thinking that they hold sweet communion with each other,

and as the old tree points the traveller to the neighbour wherein he can quench his parching thirst, then goes back to this sturdy guide from the wandering stream a cordial prayer for its long life and existence.

In Camp, Little Blue Valley, Aug. 2, '57.

I have just taken my bath for the night, and think before I lie down I will write you a few lines. Today we laid over for the men to wash and rest. It is the 8th day from our last stop for a day. Phelps's battery came in this afternoon and encamped just above us. Tomorrow they rest while we go on. I did not write you last night for the reason that I was very tired, and, as we were to rest, I could be more refreshed by rest and sleep. I have walked all the way so far, and I am almost the only one but what has ridden either in the ambulance or on their horses. We came up all the way from our last camp by the side of the Little Blue River. It is a pretty stream, full of catfish, and on its banks are plenty of antelope, but I was so tired that I could not muster strength enough to go hunting; besides we are now in a country that will not admit of one going out hunting by one's self.

We will make Ft. Kearney in five days if nothing happens. We will have plenty of water and wood. I understand from the battery officers who have been in camp that an express is behind us with letters. I hope so. I am very anxious to hear from you and the dear children.

At Fort Kearney we lay over three days before going to Ft. Laramie, during which time I shall write my letters. I keep you so well posted up on the march of the army that you will be able to give lectures, or readings, to be more fashionable.

I put down in my diary the heads of events, and at night journalize to you. In fact my letters to you complete a journal, because I write and explain many things and incidents that the limits of my diary does not allow. Dandy and Charlie are in excellent spirits. Tell Charlie that Lynch is well, and Yokel and Sam, and Gould, and Co. I. I have lost but few men. I have 77, largest now by 10 men in the command. Col. Alexander is having little difficulties with his officers constantly. He has not marched the column at all. He gets out once in a while at night or in the morning to make an a— of himself, and to interfere with discipline. I do not know what it will result in, but his conduct

towards his officers is contemptible. No one calls on him or treats him with hardly the common courtesies of life. Swaine and Maynadier are universally hated. Capt. Gardner is in a quarrel with them about 2 ex-duty men that are Swaine's and headquarters mess servants. Gardner has applied for them to be returned to duty on the ground that they are private servants. He was refused. Says he will fight it out. You have no idea of the unpopularity of Col. A.

Camp No. 15, Little Blue Valley, N. T.,
Monday night, Aug. 3, 1857.

A continuation of my narrative is one of my sweetest consolations. It is now 10 o'clock. I took a refreshing sleep this afternoon soon after we arrived in camp, hence I am not inclined to sleep now, so I devote myself to you.

We left camp at 5 A. M.; after marching about 2 miles left the river for $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles and followed a high ridge of land; at length we came upon the river at once in a deep ravine. The timber is much more sparce and diminutive as to size as we ascend. We made 18 miles today. It was cool and delightful marching, and the column made the day's march with more ease than any day's march since we left Fort Leavenworth.

I think I wrote you in one of my previous letters to send \$3 to D. Appleton & Co. for those books, did I not?

As soon as Little Dorrit by Dickens is complete send it to me well done up. I gave you a wrong direction for my letters, although it amounts to the same thing so far as getting my letters, etc. Gen. Harney orders that all communications (official) be addressed "Army for Utah", hence address me "via Fort Leavenworth, Army for Utah."

Have you received my last draft? Write me. I am feeling in excellent spirits tonight. I am now about the last survivor of the walkers. Capt's Gardner and Tidball rode today. I am the only captain that has walked all the way.

I find in my portmonnaie a dollar bill. As it will do me no good I send it to you. The postage on books is very cheap, and when anything that is good comes out get it, and after reading it send it to me. I found the Seven Poor Travellers in my trunk today and commenced to read it at once. A good story would refresh me very much; with so much physical exertion I require

a corresponding mental employment. Such is my constitution.

I think I will close this letter and put it in Dandy's holster, so that if I meet anyone going to Ft. Leavenworth I can send it. We expect to meet the mail from Ft. Kearney every day, as it is weekly. It goes to the Big Blue under charge of an escort of sergt. and 10 men. It passed us up to the fort some five days ago, and I think tomorrow we shall meet it. I gave my last letters to the mail man. He took them to Atchison City, I suppose.

I expect at Ft. Kearney to get letters from you. I do not expect we shall have a mail rider at all. It matters little to me anyhow now, as I have my important letters off to you.

Little Blue River, August 4, 1857.

Dear Maria:

Last night I wrote you a continuation of my travels and by dint of good luck sent them by Ft. Laramie sutler, and by express man to Gen. Harney from Ft. Kearney. The messenger reports 840 head of cattle stampeded about 30 miles beyond Kearney by the Cheyennes (pronounced as though written Shy-ans). Today we met 48 of the same cattle without anyone with them; they were perfectly wild. It is one of the peculiar instincts of animals on the plains that they always find their way back. We took them along with us. Letters from Kearney state that the Indians are very troublesome and revengeful. They had better keep away from 10th, certain. I do not think there was ever a more hardy set of men in the world. All have got on their walking legs, and can by now make 16 to 18 miles and go into battle fresh for a fight. This is our last camp on the glorious Little Blue. It has been a great friend to us. We are now 4 days march from Kearney.

Camp No. 17, Wallow Holes on Prairie,
Wednesday, 5th July, '57.

Left camp this morning at 5:15. Marched $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a creek called Elm Creek. Many elm trees grow on its banks, hence the name. $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles brought us to 2d crossing; here we ought to have stopped, but the "old woman" who has not marched the column a mile concluded to go on. We were obliged to take wood and water. After marching 7 miles from 2d crossing of Elm Creek

we came to the holes; no timber, not a tree to be seen; my company on guard. We found plenty of water and very clear. The greatest fear is in the holes that the buffalo come down and wallow in them, but none had been there so we had very excellent water. Saw fine antelope today as we were marching along. Passed ox train this morning. In camp with us tonight. I expect a hard tour of guard duty, the train is so scattered. Moon shining most brilliantly, wind high. The atmospheric effect on the sky in this country is wonderful. The moon is as bright, almost, as the sun. One can hardly look at it. Have walked all the way. All the captains have gone under but me; only three officers but what have ridden in the ambulance. No mail rider yet.

In Camp 18, Platte River,
Thursday, Aug. 6, 1857.

Here we are at last within 10 miles or $9\frac{1}{4}$ of Fort Kearney. Tomorrow we shall be in Kearney by 10 o'clock A. M. I had a hard tour of guard duty last night, up all night. Cattle ran off. I had no charge of them, however, but I notified Lt. Bennett, commissary, and he went with his herders after them; had been gone about one hour, and before they overtook them they (the cattle) had gone some 10 miles. We had reveille at $3\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. this morning. Just as we were forming an ambulance came into camp. Captain Dickerson, A. Q. M., Captain Clarke, A. C. S., and sutler at Fort Kearney came in and brought letters four days later than heretofore received. I received two, one from you of 15th. I was glad to hear of my dear family's improving health. I feel much relieved by the gratifying news. I hope you will get into some such boarding place as Mrs. Willard Williams, with one or two families. You will never be contented to stay at home, that is certain. The home family is altogether too large now, besides the association is bad for Charlie on account of so many children; he should have few associates and good ones at that. Ere this you must have received many of my letters and know my destiny. I have written you about Ft. Ridgely in my former letters.

Our march today has been quite hard for me and my company. We could see the Platte Valley bluffs at an early date this morning; $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles brought us to them. We then descended into the valley, which is almost a dead level. About 2 miles from the bluffs lies the river, a sandy beach and bottom, muddy like the Missouri.

It is one of the tributaries of the Missouri. Water excellent, however. The road keeps off from the river for some distance. 6 miles brought us to camp on its bank. Timber on the other side. Men have to swim or strip off their clothes and cross by fording to get wood; (look at my blunders).

Just ahead of us is a large camp of Pawnee Indians. They say that they are afraid of getting mixed up with the Cheyennes' difficulty, hence there are some thousand of them in the vicinity of Kearney.

They are, in my opinion, like all Indians, not to be trusted. They are very dark, almost black, naked almost. I saw several of the men; they came out to the road. They are much inferior to the Sioux. We marched about 15 miles today. Tomorrow by 10 we will be in Kearney. Here we expect orders. We lay over 3 days to recruit the strength of the men and overhaul wagons, etc.

It is now raining with a heavy thunder. Two companies on guard tonight, C. and F. I am very glad that my tour came as it did. I shall not come on while at Kearney. It is now 10 o'clock. I am feeling finely. Must go to bed as we make an early start. Mrs. Canby stands the march finely. I shall be pleased to see Dr. and Mrs. Sumners. Williams is disgusted that Cumming has returned. Jimmy Hill is very well. Dunovant is still on the sick report. If we go beyond Kearney I shall ride when I please. I have an ambition to walk 300 miles, for if I can walk to Kearney I can to Salt Lake. Will write you from Kearney. They have a weekly mail from there.

In Camp, near Ft. Kearney,
Sunday, 9th August, 1857.

Today I suppose you have been to church. Where do you sit? I want you to hire a slip and be perfectly independent. As soon as Charlie is big and strong enough I want him to go to church.

We arrived here just beyond the post on the bank of the river Friday about 10 A. M., my company leading. The post is desolate indeed, the most forbidding place I ever saw. I prefer the wild prairie to it. The houses are adobe or mud, the quarters are miserable, and, situated on a level plain, has one of the most God forsaken looks that you could well conceive a place to have. After dinner I put on a white shirt, yes, a white shirt, and I felt like a white man. I mounted Dandy for the post, called on Lieut.

Marshall, the commandant of the post, Capt. Wharton being absent on leave, Dr. and Mrs. Sumners; found Mrs. S. in, and if my eyes do not deceive me will add ere long to the human family. She now has a fine daughter, not handsome, but sprightly, about one month older than Jessie. The Dr. is fond of it, but would have preferred a boy. Mrs. Canby is stopping there. Did not see her as she was asleep. Yesterday I went to the post, bought some necessaries. Busy in reorganizing company. Today or yesterday, rather, Captain Van Vliet, quartermaster's department, arrived by express, under orders to go to Utah in 25 days; has an escort from the 10th Inf. of one officer (Lt. Deshler), 1 sergt. (Preston), 1 corporal and 28 privates, to go in wagons. Leave tomorrow. I furnish sergt. and five men. Today the men are washing, and rest tomorrow, also. On the 11th, Tuesday, we go on. The mail leaves here tomorrow, so I will send this. You must attend to the business I have intrusted to you, as the mails are not certain on this route. Get advice whenever you think it necessary.

The 2d Dragoons are not going. The 1st Cavalry and 4 companies of the 6th Inf., now at Ft. Laramie, are under orders to go. The families at Laramie will go along, I am told. It looks very certain that we go to Salt Lake. We shall arrive there about the 20th of October. If there is no trouble I shall get leave and spend the winter with you. I think I am entitled to a leave if anyone. Gov. Cumming takes his family with him. We shall have quite an American society there. If my pecuniary affairs were all straight I would be happy to have my dear family with me and go to Utah for a year or two. How would you like it? By the time you have been in society two or three months I expect you will wish you was with me in Utah. It is so annoying to me to have those notes protested at the bank and all that trouble. I am in so helpless a condition. You had better, if you do not employ Mr. Stevens, write Sanborn & French about the matter. I expect, however, that you will be able to straighten the whole matter out, and write me "Army for Utah" of the early results. I have walked the entire way. Only two others have done so, Lt. Grover and Deshler. I shall do as I feel, now; I have good horses, etc., and if I want to ride an hour I shall do so.

Today, or rather this morning, (now 3 p. m.), I felt more ill than any moment since I started. I attribute it to the fact that I am eating but not marching. I feel very well now. You do not

know how I take care of myself. Wash as soon as I am in camp all over. My sponge and tub are indispensable. I have not slept but one night without a night gown and clean elegant sheets. I do not, as most of the officers, throw off those little delicacies and luxuries. I maintain the comforts to the last. Everybody remarks, after I get in camp, and Linch has made up my bed with the clean sheets turned over, and white pillow case laid above, blankets tucked in all round, "how comfortable and cool Gove always looks." I feel so, washed clean with clean clothes on. One ought to feel cool with his hair about one inch long all over his head.

5 P. M. Now for a close of this long epistle. You do not know how it rests me to devote myself to intellectual labor. I do not sleep; have not, after marching all day, taken a sleep but twice. I did not then have a sound sleep. I require an equilibrium of the physical and mental. I read myself to sleep every night.

Tomorrow at reveille the mail goes from here for the States. I must close this in order to send it up to the P. O. Send me Harper and anything that will rest me. I have an intense desire to read.

You must write me often. Keep me advised of your health and that of my dear children. I have just come from Col. Canby's tent. He is going to let me have forage for my horses. He is one of the best men God ever created. I expect he will be in command next winter, for the "old woman" has not marched the command a mile since we left Leavenworth, and we all think he is fixing up a leave. Indeed, he has told some one that he intends to come in this fall. I myself hardly speak of him or to him.

If you think advisable and it would be safe, why don't you go to Rye Beach? Look out for Charlie. I expect that when I hear of you, you will be in a new boarding house. Mrs. Alexander left Leavenworth for Michigan.

Mrs. Carroll is still at Leavenworth at Dr. Cuyler's. Mr. Carroll desires always to be remembered to you. So do all the officers, Williams in particular. Carroll will leave the service at Utah if his wife cannot join him.

Good bye. Tell Hannah that the 40 acre lot will revert to its original proprietor; that had she visited us at Fort Ridgely she could have been in the army beyond a doubt. How is Eliza? Where is Martha, Lizzie, all the young ladies that I used to know? Love to all. Ask why Mrs. (Baker) Bartlett does not raise up a tree in Zion, that the tendrils of her affections may cling to its

little branches. Where is Ann? Tell her that I am out of the wooden ware business, and that my bottoms are covered with elk skins, consequently skin bottomed bowls are now my motto.

We shall get into the buffalo herds in two days, and when I slay one will I not have something to write you about? Tell Charlie I will kill him a buffalo.

P. S. I could not resist the temptation of completing this side. I hate to see so much wasted paper.

In Camp on Platte River (No. 22),
August 13, 1857.

My dear Maria:

I closed a long letter at camp no. 19 at Fort Kearney, as the mail left on Monday for Leavenworth. I sent it Sunday. I have not been very well for two or three days past, so I have not journalized since I wrote you last. I have it in my head, however, also in my diary. We laid over our three days at Ft. Kearney. At the moment we stopped walking my bowels at once were out of order, and had a slight touch of the diarrhea, the first moment I have suffered since I left. I was satisfied what produced it and kept very quiet, but it did not leave me until yesterday. We marched on the morning of the 11th, Tuesday, at an early hour; made about 17 miles up the Platte. Encamped on its banks. The Platte is a very singular river, full of islands, sandy bottom lying in drifts all along the bed of the river, and in sight much of the way at this season of low water. It is a quicksand. In crossing you must keep moving or your feet are embedded at once; there is consequently much danger crossing with wagons and horses. It varies in width from 700 yards to $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles. It is very slow in its current. I think the fall is from Ft. Laramie to its mouth only about 6 feet to the mile. The only wood we get is found on the islands. Buffalo chips are the last resort, and tonight, my dear Maria, my supper was cooked by means of buffalo chips. They resemble that of the ox or cow. It is difficult to distinguish, but there is still a difference, mainly in the manner in which it is dropped.

Many Californians are returning. Last Monday several passed through camp. They report millions of buffalo between Kearney and Laramie. Now comes my story. When I got in camp yesterday a buffalo hunt was projected by several of the officers. It was

what we all had been looking forward to with great anxiety, to see thousands of these monarchs of the plains, in herds varying from 3 to 30 thousand, yes, innumerable. We had no experienced hunters, there was the rub. Capt. Gardner and Lt. Kearney had on the Dembena march rode into two or three herds, but no great experience. Again we had no trained horses. Everything seemed to be against us. I had Dandy, but everybody said "Gove, don't you ride him. I advise you not to ride him and shoot off him." Everybody but Williams said "don't ride him, he will be a dangerous horse." Well, our party made up consisted of Captains Gardner and Gove, Lieut. Williams on a mule, did not dare ride his horse, still said I ought to ride Dandy on the ground that ordinarily he would not stand fire from his spirit and nervousness, but his blood would carry him through a chase and be the most bold and dashing horse in the command. Thus Williams reasoned, everybody else to the contrary notwithstanding.

Kearney on an Indian pony had run buffalo before; Armistead on his horse; Thompson on a pony had run also; six then composed the party. Each man had his revolver and some two. I had two, navy and army size in my holsters. Now when I went out I had not the slightest intention of using my pistols. I remarked to the party that I merely wanted him, Dandy, to make the acquaintance of the "animal."

Off we started. Bets were made in camp that we would not get any buffalo. I took along my bay horse, Charlie, with Michael on his back with rifle on his shoulder, to learn him the "ways of the world," as I intended when I bought him that he could be learned to stand fire. (Now five years old, a perfect beauty.)

We went down the river about 2 miles; struck a trail. You have heard of buffalo trails, let me describe it. It is a mere foot path like what you will see in a country where sheep are raised. These trails are made by the buffalo coming to the river to drink, usually twice each day. These trails near fords are very frequent, and run from the river back to the bluffs. These trails serve the emigrants materially. The instinct of the animal conducts it to points of the river that is fordable, and hence these trails all have a culminating point and a point across the river to correspond, as they almost invariably cross the streams as they come down to drink. We struck the point of the river by following down the trails, and Williams led off to cross the river, as we saw a large herd

on the opposite bank as we came up on the march. One after another, like Indians, did we splash, dash across to an island, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, horses sometimes nearly swimming, other times on sand bars out of the water. Our hopes were in keeping the animals agoing, for to stop was a long one, as the quicksand would soon find a horse up to his knees in sand, stuck fast. We at last regained the island, crossed it, a distance of about 400 yards, and then struck into the other branch of the river, full $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, deeper and more rapid than the other. Capt. Gardner led off; we followed and at last got across the villainous old river. It was getting already late in the afternoon. Buffalo could be seen a long way off, some six miles. To get them was to gallop, so we struck out, Dandy leading, as he always will, the sun pouring down upon us with the most intense heat. A half hour's gallop brought us within a mile of the scattering ones of a supposed herd beyond, feeding in a low plain on the prairie. You must get to the windward of them, as their sense of smell is very acute. Another fifteen minutes gallop brought us, as we ran a little mound in front, in full view of some 700 buffalo in three detachments, but near each other. Now commenced the giving of opinions as to what was best to do; some proposed this and some that. Most of them agreed with me to go round between them and the bluffs and head them off, as they usually run for them. The herds were situated thus, within one mile of each other. As we neared the front herd the left one saw us and commenced to run towards the front one. We were obliged to commence the chase long before we wanted to, as our horses were somewhat tired. Here begins and marks an era in the history of most of us, and you naturally ask, did you ride in? Didn't I! Ere I was aware of it I had my pistol cocked and in hand, Dandy all bounds and jumps. I had him well gathered, however. I fell a little behind in getting ready to go in, the rest of the gentlemen riding abreast with the left herd pouring into the front one and getting that under way. I kept Dandy behind Capt. Gardner, for I knew that if he followed he would go in. I knew it was an experiment I had undertaken contrary to the advice of almost every one. I knew that ordinarily he would not stand fire, not from fear, for he is the bravest horse I ever saw, and has more intelligence, also, but from nervousness and excitement. We had now run our horses at full speed about a mile, and was now close on them all in a

drove, like so many cattle, running at full speed. Gardner says "fire a random shot and cripple one and make him fall out." I fired, Gardner also. Armstead fired and the next moment he was thrown from his horse and narrowly escaped being badly hurt. It was a wild affair; he was thrown just across my path and I just cleared him as I dashed by. At the time I fired I was on Gardner's right. When he fired his horse reared, and he did not dare ride him farther. I passed his front like lightning, as he remarked he saw a red streak and that was all. (Williams and his mule were off a mile looking on). Kearney and Thompson were on my left. Now we were on them. I had Dandy gathered closely and holding him with my left hand with all my power. I had cocked my revolver again, and for a moment Dandy would waver then dash up to them, then waver again, backing and filling. I reserved my fire all this time. I was in the very midst of the herd. At last I spoke to Dandy sharply, "go on", gave him the bit, and, how shall I describe it, his boldness, his courage, his conception of his duty. He rode at them with the fury of a mad horse. I selected my buffalo and fired. I crippled him beautifully; he fell out at once. I cocked my pistol again and dropped out another one. I had five shots at them in passing through the herd, for Dandy carried me straight through them. I drew up to go back and kill one of my wounded buffaloes, changed pistols and dashed at the old chap. Soon he came at bay, and, believe me, he was the most villainous looking creature I ever expect to see. He was shot so badly that he could not run much. He made some desperate attempts to get on Dandy, but the little rascal would walk round him and I would wait for my chance and then shoot him. Dandy paid no more attention to my shooting than the most staunch horse in the world. I killed my buffalo, nevertheless. Rode Dandy; his fierce and desperate charge was the admiration and the wonder of everyone. Such an expression as he had on during the fiercest of the chase was too splendid to be lost to art. If he could have been painted then, what a picture! (10 P. M. Rest tomorrow).

In Camp No. 23, August 14, 1857.

Tonight I am not so enthusiastic as last, yet the dangers I had passed still glow in my recollection, and the impression created in the excitement of my first buffalo hunt will always be vividly

painted on the tablets of my memory. Dandy will always be associated in the recollections of the past, also. You ask the question very naturally why Dandy behaved so gallantly, and why he was not afraid of firing from his back. I will tell you. I always was satisfied that his uneasiness was not the result of fear, but nervousness and excitability of his nature as the result of his blood. You will see, then, that the chase wrought him up to the highest point, consequently the firing was not of a character to produce an excess of excitement, therefore it was a relief rather than a burden to him.

The party assembled over the dead buffalo. Kearney did the butchering, assisted by Michael. We cut out his tongue as the most delicate part, this I sent to Mrs. Canby. She sent for me to come and get a lunch at a halt today, and gave me some of the tongue, and I have never seen anything to equal it in the shape of tongue. We cut out the rump steaks, tenderloin, and jacked it on Charlie, the bay horse, to the amount of 30 or 40 pounds, and started for camp. We did not go and find Michael's buffalo which he had shot with my rifle, as night was approaching, and to cross the river after dark was a dangerous experiment. Williams, as I heretofore mentioned, went off on his mule, and succeeded in creeping up to an old bull and shot him with his rifle. This is not game but his mule was not fit to run into a herd. As we neared the river Williams was waiting on his mule. We cut out his tongue and left. We got across the first part of the river before dark, but night closed in upon us ere we arrived (crossing the island) to the other branch; but cross we must, so we struck in. After plunging and splashing around for some time Capt. Gardner came to the bank of the river, but it was too dark to see the trails leading to the river. He dashed in for the bank, his horse commenced to swim and finally succeeded in getting out on the bank. Williams then went in with his mule, and after many struggles and plunges he at last got out. I then told them to follow down the river to where we went over. They found the point at last and we all got out safely. Two miles brought us into camp. Everybody waited up to see the meat we had brought as a wonder. I divided all that was wanted among the officers messes and then gave the rest to the company.

In Camp, Cottonwood Springs on the
Platte, 89 miles from Ft. Kearney,
August 15, 1857.

Last night I left the buffalo hunt on my last page, and that shall be the last of it until I see you. Yesterday's march I did not mention for I was very sleepy and tired and could not go on to the 17th page, for if I had I should ended with the 20th. After getting into camp yesterday I took out Charlie to see if he would stand fire. I tried him with a rifle first, then I got on him, and took from my holster one of my revolvers and fired from his back. He moved somewhat. I fired again and it did not move him. I like him much. I intend to take him along and shall sell him at an advanced price. He is very fine and a namesake of dear little Charlie's. We made a long march today. Last night it rained and was quite chilly, something quite unexpected. I luxuriated as well as I could in my nice bed, made up so old maidish by Linch, tucked in far beyond the pillows. I wish you could see it once. During the night it blew very hard. Morning came and still raining. You cannot well imagine the difference between a fair and rainy morning, one is pleasant and delightful, the other wet, cold and highly disagreeable, disgustingly so. Today it has rained all day which made it doubly disagreeable. It rains now, (5 P. M.). I hope it will clear off and let us have the sun tomorrow. It is so much more agreeable and cheerful to everybody. Even the animals appreciate fair weather. Tomorrow is Sunday. I shall think of you going to church, hearing and seeing all that is good and holy, while I am plodding along in my musings and thinking of you all. It is a solace to me to reflect that the same God watches over me here, far away from civilization, as over you, that He sees us both and hears our prayers at the same moment. Such are the heavenly thoughts of Deity, of that omnipresent Being whose observation does not lose the fall of a sparrow. Dear little Charlie and Jessie! How I wish I could see them and hear them! My thoughts are ever of you and them.

In Camp 25, Branch of the Platte, South Fork,
August 16, 1857.

My prayer for the sun was not answered. It rained all night and some of the day. We have not seen the sun at all today. As I marched along I judged of the hours you would go to church,

and wondered whether the sun shone, and if it was pleasant. We saw few buffalo today. I marched all day. Made 16 or 17 miles with great ease. Tomorrow we encamp near O'Fallon's Bluffs, called so from a man of that name being killed there. Nothing has occurred today for a theme for me to write upon. We plod along on this level plane with nothing to relieve it save the bluffs on the left and river on the right. Mrs. Canby is well. We live on delicious buffalo meat most of the time.

I have a more complete journal than any officer in the command.

Camp No. 26, Platte River, So. Fork,
August 18, 1857.

Today is one of rest, our 8th day. We arrived here about 1 P. M. Made upwards of 20 miles. Yesterday morning several of us got permission to ride ahead to get some game for camp today. Weather cloudy but no rain. Saw nothing but one antelope. Reached O'Fallon's Bluffs about two hours before the command. Marched about 4 miles beyond and encamped. Water and wood abundant. Grass very good. Capt. Phelps's battery came in just after us yesterday, having started the afternoon we did. Men washing and cleaning up their arms, equipments and clothes. The men march from 15 to 20 miles without any effort, scarcely. We get in usually about 12 M.

Blake did my washing today, did it well. Today I have on my white shirt, collar, fancy gray shirt, and am really dressed up and never felt in better health. I have not had the headache scarcely since I started from Leavenworth. My health never was better. It is quite cool nights so that I have an additional blanket on my bed. Linch does all those things for me with the greatest precision. He is one of the best men I ever saw, slow but sure. Knows where everything is and is always ready to do. He is just as he was in the house, the same meek individual. Tell Charlie that Linch enquires about him often. I think he will always remember Charlie as long as he lives.

Gould is another excellent man. I have him about me. He sees to packing my wagon and tents, etc. He has just brought me some real black cherries. I wish I had a bottle, I would make some cherry brandy. They are very good.

Today I released Sergt. Lovell. I deprived him of his 1st

sergeantcy, but have not made Mogart nor do I mean to. I shall make Lovell in a proper time. Mogart is too great a villain. Lovell has behaved in the most admirable manner. Everybody in the command has besought me to release him for a long time. You know how many times I have let him off, other gentlemen do not. He is without exception the best soldier in the command. It is the universal opinion among the officers. His conduct has drawn out the sympathies of them all. I have, however, taken my time in keeping him in arrest and have released him in the same way. There is not any liquor that he can get here only at Ft. Laramie, and I think he will do better. He finds that I am in earnest, and will not, I hope, get into difficulty again.

Today is our Sunday, our day of rest. How I want some reading books! I have read everything most in camp. I read a great deal to counterbalance my physical labor and exertion. I require it in the proper proportion.

I shall now do up these sheets of paper, and if I do not get a chance to send them before I get to Laramie I will keep adding. Much of it will not be interesting, still I want it preserved as it is a sort of a journal which may be of future use to me. Now 5 P. M. Start tomorrow. Dandy and Charlie are well.

P. S. Don't be too conspicuous with my letters. You may read them to the families. If father comes over he will be interested in hearing them.

Camp No. 27, South Fork of Platte,
August 19, 1857.

Dear Maria:

I think I shall hereafter follow presentiments. I closed up my letter last night, as you will see, with the conviction that I would be able to send it to the States. I took it in my coat pocket and strapped the coat on Dandy. What was my delight today to meet a party of Californians on their way to the States. I sent one to father, also one to the Adj. Gen. Lt. Carroll, who has worn out, almost, the envelopes of two immense letters to his wife at Ft. Leavenworth by carrying them in his pocket, for the first time since we left Ft. Kearney left them in his portfolio this morning. I remarked last night that I should take my letters, for I thought I would be able to send them much in advance of the mail, al-

though we expect to meet that daily. I was perfectly delighted at my success. Most of the officers left their letters behind in their trunks in the same manner as Carroll.

It is my impression that you will, when you get this last, no. 3, exclaim in the language of one Williams, "*Hold on!*" 24 pages, if my memory serves me right. It will certainly occupy your time for a week at least.

Today we had not much to greet or please the eye. We made an early start, 5½ A.M., passed the artillery camp about one mile from the road and also about the same distance from our camp. Our road laid along the sand bluffs which run, in some places, close down to the river; on the opposite side the bluffs are more bold and farther from the river. Capt. Gardner goes on guard tonight with his company. Tomorrow I go on. I wrote you yesterday that I relieved Sergt. Lovell. Your mother will be pleased to hear of that. Day after tomorrow we ford the Platte. We may have much trouble, and perhaps none. The only trouble at this season of the year to be anticipated is the quicksands; a team once in, and the mules must go ahead or the wagon is water-logged at once. It is my luck, good or ill, to be the rear guard that day. Go on tomorrow at retreat, and relieved the next night at the same time. Our camp tonight is on the river. I took my wash, lied down, took a nap while dinner was being prepared, now I am writing you. We hope to be lucky enough to get some letters at Ft. Laramie.

Business.

I want you to see the secretary, or ask some Mason to do so, and pay my dues to the Blue Lodge, also to the Royal Arch Chapter, and Encampment at Manchester. Anyone will do it for you.

I also want you to ascertain the subscription price of the New York Weekly Herald, and send it to me 6 months. Perhaps you can buy it in Concord; if so send it to me by mail. You had better do it in that way if practicable.

Where is Gen. Pierce?

Camp 28, S. Fork of Platte,
August 20, 1857.

Still on the Platte. It has been a good friend to us. We have been in sight of it nearly the whole route from Ft. Kearney. We

cross tomorrow the South Fork. It may be troublesome or not, depending upon the stage of water and location of sand bars.

By Capt. Van Vliet's measurement a few years ago we will be tomorrow just half way to Ft. Laramie from Ft. Kearney, 168 miles and a fraction. We go only 8 miles tomorrow, cross the river and encamp. Next day we pass from the South to the North Fork, a day's march. I am on guard with my company. Just my luck to be the rear guard crossing the river. We met no one today on the route that I could send any letters back. Shall hereafter carry all written letters.

Camp 29, North Bank of S. Fork of Platte.

August 21. As I wrote you last night, we have safely crossed the South Fork of the Platte. We had no trouble crossing except the overturning one wagon. We occupied about one hour crossing command and train. I was the last to cross with my company, being the rear guard. The men pulled off their shoes and stockings and rolled up their trousers and went in. The water was not over three feet deep in the current. One had to keep moving or the sand would have been from under them at once.

Col. Sumner's supply train is here encamped; one officer and about 60 men and a large train. Col. Sumner is down on the Republican Fork with three companies of the 6th Inf. (at Laramie) in hot pursuit of the Cheyennes. It is expected that he has got on a fresh trail and is close in upon them. He has been out some 38 days, took 20 days rations. What he is doing for subsistence no one knows. Living on buffalo meat, I suppose.

Just as we reached the ford Lt. Bryan's surveying party from Utah (Bridger Pass) came in. His escort is two companies of the 6th Inf. They encamp on the other side of the river; most of the officers are here, however, in camp.

Phelps's battery is in, also, so you see that we have quite an army here by accident or chance. The 5th Inf. is only about one day's march behind us.

The ford at the point of crossing is about 700 yards, or nearly half a mile.

One of the party of Lt. Bryan's will take letters to Ft. Kearney and then mail them. So you see I am in luck again.

Today I broke one of my teeth. You remember the one opposite

of the old rascal I had pulled with so much feeling? Well, the filling came out gradually, and at last it broke.

I am now glad it is out. Have your teeth taken care of, for once decayed they can never be restored.

Love to all. Today I found a deer's horn, seven prongs or horns. I shall preserve it to decorate our front hall for a hat rack or some parlor ornament. It is a beauty. I found it as I strolled from the guard to the river.

Camp No. 32., N. F. Platte.

August 24. In camp again. What do I think about to write you so much during 24 hours I cannot imagine. It has grown into a habit that it will be hard to break myself of, this daily writing or journalizing. It is my only pastime. Dr. Hammond sent me over two or three novels, Jack Hinton by Lever, for one. It is capital, something after the style of Charlie O'Malley by the same author.

I closed my letter to you yesterday in a state of frigidness, as you will readily see by the style of penmanship. After retreat I had Linch build me a fire in front of my tent; made an embankment behind so that the heat would be thrown towards the tent. The scheme succeeded admirably. In a few minutes my tent was very warm. The cold, damp air was replaced by a more genial atmosphere. I dried my clothes and sat up quite late heating my feet, reading Jack Hinton. I slept charmingly all night. Now, 2 P. M., Dudley and myself are going fishing. Will write you this evening whether I catch any or not.

8 o'clock P. M. Just up from an elegant supper of fish caught by me this afternoon. Dudley did not go out, so I had Charlie saddled and, taking my fishing rod, off I started. I went up the river about one mile, caught a grasshopper, put him on my hook and cast my line. Soon I brought to the bank an elegant fish resembling in size and shape the perch although much lighter in color. In about one hour I had six beauties, each one weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I put them in my holsters and back to camp I came highly pleased with my first attempt at fishing. Sir Isaac Walton could not have done it better. Tomorrow I shall go again. We cooked three tonight and were very excellent. I do not feel very bright tonight, so I will bid you all good night and off to bed I'll go.

P. S. A California party passed down on the other side of the river just at night; could see them distinctly through glasses.

Camp 33, N. F. Platte,
Wednesday, August 26.

Today is our day of rest, but not much for me as muster is so near. I have been engaged making out muster rolls all day. Yesterday we made about 18 miles, got in camp about 1 P. M. I devoted most of the afternoon in sleep and reading Jack Hinton.

We have now 103 miles to make Ft. Laramie. There we expect to get a mail. I shall hope to hear from you and the dear little ones. I do not much expect to be able to send this until I get to Laramie. I shall take it with me every day and add, rather I will seal it up with a chip of cedar from the celebrated pass Ash Hollow. It is from wood the men got to cook with; we have to send daily to the bluffs for fuel. No wood on the route until we get within 18 miles of Laramie. I am getting so metaphysical in my letters I shall have to stop writing. My letters must appear very old maidish to you, but you must bear with me, for I must have employment for the mind. Tomorrow we start again.

The cedar is very fragrant. I have it in my trunks; prevents moths.

Camp 31, N. Fork Platte River,
August 23, 1857.

My dear Maria:

Today is your Sabbath but not ours. We made an early camp after marching some 12 miles, on account of the rain. I sent letter no. 4 from the South Fork of the Platte where we crossed. I sent it by Dr. Hammond of Lt. Bryan's party. Yesterday we crossed from the South to the North Fork passing the celebrated Ash Hollow. Our march was from camp to head of hollow 15 miles. We rose gradually from that distance, and when we arose the edge of the great basin the sight was wonderful to behold. As far as could be seen the bluffs, peaks, and deep ravines presented an awful spectacle. To have supposed that our immense train could by any possible means pass down through to the river, which was visible through the main cut, was the farthest point from any reasonable conjecture. For $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles did we wind down through these peaks and ravines, and as we wound round one another appeared in front just as insurmountable, apparently. We at last

came to the point called the descent; this is a steep fall of about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile or less, perhaps, almost perpendicular. Here the whole command was halted and detailed to get the train over or down. Both of the hind wheels of the wagons were locked, and a dozen men to each wagon holding back by means of ropes. In this way we got the entire train down without even a trace chain being broken. The Colonel first played the fool in getting down his own ambulance, going in front in sand half leg deep, manifesting in his manner and actions the most intense solicitude for the safety of his own private property. A more disgusting sight no man in any position could present; even an old woman would have behaved with more unconcern. I really believe that it was the secret wish of every man in the command, and I know it was so of the officers, that his old carriage would overturn and smash it to atoms (excepting always Swaine and Maynadier.) The Colonel has not one officer in the line but what perfectly hates him. Do you believe it? He has not, for more than a month now, marched his regiment a mile. And when gentlemen from other commands are told it they are unwilling to believe it. They say it cannot be possible that any man on duty with his regiment can do so unscrupulous a deed. It is so, nevertheless. We pray that he will leave us the first opportunity.

At about 3 P. M. we arrived on the bank of the river, where we went into camp, a march of 20 miles, my company in the advance.

Just across the river and up the small creek of Blue Water a few miles was Harney's fight with the Sioux two years ago. The battle of "Blue Water" as Dudley calls it. This was the fight he was in. The troops forded the river at a point nearly opposite our camp yesterday. Just below us is a mud fort, Grattan, built by Harney's command, and one company was stationed there for some time; it is now abandoned.

Several of the men killed in that fight were brought back and buried near the bluffs.

Capt. Phelps's battery came in just after us. Capts. Clarke, commissary, and Dickerson, quartermaster, came in also. They go on to Laramie tomorrow. They bring us word that Col. Sumner and his command has had a fight with about 300 Cheyennes and killed several, but still in hot pursuit. His loss was two killed, Lt. Stewart and several men wounded, but not dangerously.

It was quite an affair. You will hear of it long before you receive this. The papers of the day will ring from one end of the Union to the other.

I think I hear you ask me how I live. Well, I will tell you, and I want you to believe it, altho' it may seem extravagant. You know that everything is put up and sealed. Of course then we laid in a large quantity of cans of different materials. Tomatoes are the principal dish we have for dinner. Last night Carroll and myself had an elegant oyster soup, Worcestershire sauce, walnut ketchup, etc. Had biscuit baked in my Dutch oven. We have every day these biscuits hot, and our only regret is that we did not get cans of butter. We have good beef, steaks, soup bones, etc. Today we had an elegant soup of beef, with all the "fixens". Our constant drink is tea which we get from the commissary, and it is excellent. We pay for flour $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb., the same as you would pay in St. Louis. Everything we get of the commissary is the same, contract price, while if we paid the transportation it would cost us 15 cents per lb. here, and as we go further on the price of transportation increases. Our expenses are very small. We have sauce made of dried peaches which we buy of the commissary. Also pickles, dried apples, etc. The government has fitted us out in this respect elegantly.

I wonder if it is fair at Concord, and did you go to church? Did you talk to Charlie and Jessie of "dear papa"? I know you did. Who knows but what at this very moment you are talking to our dear little ones of their papa?

Does Jessie's humor go off her face, and is she becoming fair? I want you to send me a daguerreotype of Charlie when he gets his flesh on, and of Jessie if possible. Send yours to me, for you took all of them with you.

North Fork Platte River,
Camp 34, Aug. 27, '57.

Thursday, 27th. In camp again. In the morning by daylight we strike tents, pack wagons, fall in and off for Utah. Such is our morning recreation. About noon we get in camp, unpack wagons, pitch tents, cook dinner, take a sleep, go fishing or gunning as we feel in the humor; night comes and as we lie down nothing is heard in or around camp save the neighing of horses or braying of mules,

or our nightly serenade from the wolves. At this moment (9 P. M.) I hear half a dozen of these prairie revellers barking and moaning, very much to our annoyance.

We marched 18 miles and a small fraction today, crossed Lawrence's Fork or, as laid down on maps, Dry Fork. Today has been one of interest to me. Court House Rock has been in sight all day. It is about 5 miles from the road and resembles a large building with an out-house to the left. It is perfect in its appearance. It is situated on a hill, and the whole taken together is elevated above plane of the prairie about 400 feet. Lawrence Fork or Creek passes near it, a stream about 30 yards wide, the same we crossed today. Capt. Gardner, Lts. Thompson and Kearney went on to the top. I regret I did not go. Capt. G. took a sketch of it for me, close to it. It is taken so near that the symmetry is injured very much. From the road it is very perfect. The voyagers in early times, who were mostly from St. Louis, called it Court House Rock from the similarity of the court house in St. Louis in their time. It has gone by that name ever since. Chimney Rock, also, is just in front of us. It is a spire of rock running up precisely like a chimney, and I cannot give you a better idea of it than to say that it has the appearance of a chimney standing after the house has burned down. In olden times the bases of chimneys were very large, occupying half of the house; this has a perfect appearance of such a standing chimney. I have often seen in the country an exact counterpart. We pass it tomorrow. Bennett and myself are going to start one hour ahead of the command to visit it, and I shall preserve some specimens from the rock. I have one from the pinnacle of Court House Rock, given me by Lt. Thompson.

Farther in the distance is Capitol Hill. It resembles from here the capitol at Washington. It has its dome most distinctly marked. The main building also is distinctly formed. If we approach near it I shall visit it. I am, indeed, for want of other employment getting to be the scientific man of the command. I forgot in my last letter, which I now have on hand for delivery to the first man bound in, to mention my pet, a tiny mouse. He is a rare species, not larger than your thumb, eyes, I may say that he is wall-eyed. I keep him in a tin box, give him a handful of grass when I go to bed and in the morning he has it made into a nest like a ball of yarn, and he in the midst of it. How he gets in or out

I do not know. He must make it up around him. I intend to keep him as long as possible. Good night. Will write you tomorrow of my adventures.

Camp 35, Friday, 28th August, '57.

I wrote you of my intentions to visit Chimney Rock last night. Well, Lt. Kearny and myself, with Linch on Charlie with one of my guns, left camp at the sound of the "general" one hour before the command left. For full three hours did we travel towards the rock. At about 5 miles distant I halted and took a sketch in pencil, again at about 3 miles, and lastly, which is the one by far, at about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the base. We at last got to the base of this curious freak of nature. I send you herewith my sketch dressed up a little, and by examining it you will understand my explanation. After visiting this old land-mark and inscribing our names high up in the sandstone, we came down the perilous descent and took to the bluffs back of it for a hunt. We saw deer and antelope but did not get anyone. Returned to camp just as the command was forming for encampment. I went on guard with my company. The march today was $23\frac{1}{4}$ miles, the longest one yet.

Tomorrow we pass through the celebrated Scott's Bluffs. It is a cut of some 7 miles from the old road. I was rear guard, and was thereby enabled to sketch the notch through which the road passed. It is one of those wild scenes which please the eye and cater strongly to the imagination. In the distance the view resembles what you would imagine a long succession of castles with their looming towers would picture. The scene strikes everyone with the same idea. They are so wild, so awful, yet so beautiful. Tomorrow after getting into camp I will make an outline drawing of it and send it. Our camp numbers 36 today, marching days, 7 days of rest during that time, making 43 days out from Ft. Leavenworth. In three days we will be at Ft. Laramie. There we rest 3 days, and when I hope to receive some letters and get some orders. My pet mouse is still living, as bright as a dollar. I commence tomorrow morning taking meteorological observations, an additional work of an intellectual character. I have, you know, a very good thermometer. I shall take the observation at daylight. The mornings are excessively cold, while the days are extremely hot and sultry.

Camp No. 37, August 30, Sunday.

Another of your Sabbaths, but not for us. We made about 18 miles, my company leading. It was a hard day's march for the command. We are in a fine bottom for grass, on the Platte. The artillery are just below us. They now encamp near us every night. We met a party of Californians and got off letters. I sent you no. 5. My sketches I had not completed, consequently did not send you no. 6. It is astonishing how much travel there is overland from California. We are now 27 miles from Ft. Laramie. Day after tomorrow we encamp near it. There we rest for three days. We have plenty of opportunities to send letters to the States, but, alas, no mail from the old States. I have completed my sketches. I am quite efficient as a topographer. They are made roughly, of course, but you get the idea.

Monday, 31st August, '57. Camp 38, N. F. Platte.

Again in camp. We are now in about 8 or 10 miles from Fort Laramie. Tomorrow by 10 A. M. we shall have arrived there. I shall be delighted at the prospect of a three days rest and letters from you.

Our road today has been rough and uneven. Made about 18 miles. Encamped near Bordeaux trading house. We passed this morning Dippie's trading house. He has a squaw for a wife, and keeps a trading house for the Sioux Indians and travellers on the road. There is a trader encamped in his tepee made of buffalo skins, tanned, near him; he also has his squaw and some children. The tepee is the best one I ever saw, clean and commodious. Squaw and children clean and pretty and well behaved. Lt. Grattan in 1854 with 30 men were killed near this trading house of Bordeaux near where we are encamped. The common grave of the men is seen in the distance in the shape of a mound of earth thrown up. Lt. Grattan was there buried, also, but subsequently was exhumed and carried to the States. We also passed near or rather through the gap where the mail party was killed the same year. These outrages, you will recall, led to Gen. Harney's Sioux expedition two years ago. The Sioux are now friendly. Several tepees are encamped at this trading house. They are the same Indians as the agency ones in Minnesota, talk the same language, etc. I think they must be more wild and retired from the white man.

I have a very excellent collection of agates and cornelians which I will, if I can do so, send you from Laramie together with the wolf robe.

Camp 39, Near Ft. Laramie, Sept. 2d, '57.

Wednesday. We arrived here yesterday about 11 A. M. Encamped near the post. It is a very pretty site and the houses are quite elegant. Col. Hoffman, in command, called yesterday on all the ladies and gentlemen in garrison. Invited to dine today at 1 P. M. with Col. Hoffman. Shall go. Mrs. H. is a high headed piece of furniture, fully corroborating what I have heard of her before. The Colonel is a very agreeable man. I got a letter from Elijah but none from you. I hear that Bee and Kelly are on their way and they will bring me plenty of news I hope. Col. Johnston of the cavalry is ordered to take command of the expedition. Good! The old woman feels it sensibly. He grows more worthless every day he lives. We are all up in arms with our muster rolls. I stop to complete this letter to send direct to Leavenworth by a Mr. Gatlin, the beef contractor. I will have plenty of opportunities to send you an account of the dinner. Major Johnson, Capt. Lovell, Dr. Getty, etc., are here. Fine gentlemen. Met Mrs. Lovell and Ketchum. 3 companies of the 6th are with Col. Sumner. Bee will hate to come out here. We are going to Salt Lake, and I had as leave go now as to go into the Indian country. It will be soon over. They will offer no resistance. Will write you more fully again.

In Camp near Ft. Laramie,
Sept. 4, 1857.

Dear Maria and children:

Tomorrow at 4 A. M. reveille sounds, and we move for Utah. We are to go and have it done with. I prefer, now that we are so far advanced, to go on. We are more than half-way, and the sooner it is over the better. A monthly mail is established so that I shall hear from you often.

You must take good care of yourself and the dear little ones this winter. Get you a good boarding place and be entirely independent. I was so sorry not to hear from you here. It has been a long time since I heard from my dear family. I sent you

no. 6 the day we arrived. You must hear from me often. I got a letter from Elijah; he is doing well. He informs me that [illegible] had buried their little child and that Lydia's health was very poor. You must write them often.

Tonight I am very tired. I dined with Col. Hoffman. Had a pleasant time, very. Mrs. H. is a large woman and a very agreeable companion. She is somewhat masculine in her deportment, and comports very much in her manner with what I have heretofore heard of her. I am well pleased with her.

I have hardly been to the Fort. I go up tonight to carry some letters, and will leave some money to be put in a draft, as I cannot get it tonight, and have it sent to you. You must keep the children under your eye. Capt. Bee will bring us letters from you. He will overtake us at Green River.

If I can get the draft I will send it; if not, I will send it the first opportunity. Spare no expense in making yourself comfortable.

Remember me to all. I will continue my journal and send it to you. You must preserve it.

P. S. Today I sold Charlie to quartermaster of the expedition for what I gave for him. Have got me a pointer puppy of my Saturn's stock and Sir George Gore.

North Fork Platte River,
Sept. 6, 1857, Sunday.

My dear Maria:

Another of your Sabbaths, but if you call marching on the rear guard with a company to protect some 150 or 200 wagons over one of the roughest roads and uneven country you ever saw — a country compared with which Sutton is as level plane, almost, a day of rest, the Lord help you. 21.63 miles at that. We left camp this morning with the fullest expectation of marching only 15 miles, but how sadly were we disappointed. We are, however, on the Platte. I have had my wash and am about to take some rice and milk, for I have a cow that I bought at Fort Laramie which I will tell you about hereafter.

First as to business. I left with Mr. Fitzhughes, sutler at Ft. Laramie, \$100 to be sent you about the 8th of this month. I could not get down to the camp of the 5th Inf., where Major Hunt was, to get the draft in season, so Mr. F. kindly said he would attend to

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it without fail. I sent it in letter no. 7. Please state in your letters when you receive anything, number of letters, sketches, etc. I shall then be able to know whether you have received all my letters. Your letters you must number. Your last one was not, however. I do not know as I wrote you to do so in season. What money you do not use I prefer it be on deposit. You had better put it in the bank and pay your bills quarterly.

Now as to the cow. You have heard Col. Alexander speak of Major Johnson's dogs; he was always swearing by them. Well, Maj. Johnson is at Ft. Laramie, and as luck would have it he has puppies of three weeks of age. Their mother is half of Sir George Gore's celebrated liver and white and half Maj. Johnson's, an elegant cross. To take one involved the necessity of milk. Therefore I sent a man in pursuit of a cow. I intended to buy one, if I could, for my own use. I at last succeeded in buying a cow and calf for \$30. Cheap as dirt, a first rate cow. The calf I gave to the company. The cow is driven with the herd of cattle, and Bennett, who has charge of the cattle as commissary, has her driven by Marius, old Marius, who is on ex-duty as butcher. Bennett also has a sister of mine, the only two disposable, and I keep them in my tent and feed them. Ned and May are the pets, black and white. I think they will both be dark liver and white as they grow up. Perfect beauties. Tell Charlie that I have a May. I named my dog Ned for Major Johnson, it being his name. May by Bennett's consent to remind me of the past. You can partly appreciate my pleasure when I tell you that I supped on rice and milk. Your mother can, I know. Have you received yet a box by express containing those otter skins? I am tired, so good night.

Will take this along and if no opportunity occurs to send it will add.

Monday Sept. 7th. In camp on Platte at 12 m. La Bonte's Camp, so called. Wood, grass and water very good. Still on south side of Platte. Tomorrow we cross. We have made today 17.37 miles, my company leading. Road most of the way very good. The ground is exceedingly dry and the weather has been excessively warm. A canon (canyon) through which the Platte passes commences about 5 miles from camp and comes out near us. It is perpendicular rock the whole distance, a beautiful sight. I intend visiting it tonight. Today I found many fine specimens of

rock and agates, crystallized quartz, cornelians, etc. I shall go out and make a collection tonight.

10 P. M. I have been out to the cañon and got some beautiful specimens of rock. Shall preserve them.

I left at Laramie Pettengill and Vankirk sick in hospital. They have fever. Will come up with Bee. Morrison was discharged there on certificate of disability. I told him to go and see you when he returned. Old honest David has got out of the army at last. He can get a pension. I gave him a note to give L. D. Stevens, Esq.

I have heretofore forgotten to tell you that I am getting fat. This may surprise you, but it is nevertheless so. My health was never better. Hair growing out and whiskers also. You remember I wrote you that both head and face were mowed. My hair is more compact than before. I think of giving it another trimming.

Today has been excessively hot. We are up now so high above the level of the sea that the atmosphere is very much rarefied, so much so that it affects the breathing of men and animals. We breath much shorter and consequently cannot endure so much fatigue. It is owing to the absence of carbon. The mountains and bluffs are full of iron ore, and from all I am able to judge there must be immense beds of coal. I think a scientific exploration would develop some rich veins of the ore.

I intend to take this letter along. I have an idea that tomorrow we shall meet some Californians.

P. S. Dandy and Ned and May are well, cow ditto.

Tuesday, 8th. Crossed the Platte about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from camp. Marched $19\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Weather oppressively hot. Cold in the morning and at 4 P. M. 119° in sun. At 12 M. it must have been much hotter. Grass very poor. Wood enough for use, drift wood. Animals falling off very much. How the commands behind are to get through I do not know. We shall lose many of ours before we get through. Our marches are long but grass cannot be found only in spots. If we had taken another road I think we should have found better camps. No one passing, so I did not send my letter. It is doubtful whether we meet anyone to send letters until we get to Platte Bridge, 4 days march more.

Thursday, Sept. 10th. Another long march, 21.33 miles. We are now within about 20 miles or 25 of Platte Bridge, 102 from Ft. Laramie. We have made some most extraordinary marching

and at the rate we are going will soon reach Green River. We are all anxious to push the march to have it done with. A very great change has just come over the weather; for the first time for many days we had rain in the afternoon and it now (7 P. M.) rains and is very cold, but when I look round and see other officers so poorly provided for in the cold I reflect upon my thoughtfulness in providing myself so beautifully. Here is my cozy bed, clean sheets, plenty of blankets and everything to make me as comfortable as I could possibly be under the circumstances. I reflect more happily upon the fact that you and the dear little children are so comfortably situated, where you will be able to care for yourself and them, that you are not here to share the privations and cold that we must all suffer before we reach our destination. I am in most excellent health and spirits. Strange to say I am quite in flesh. I have scarcely had a sick moment since I left Leavenworth. You must do everything to make yourself comfortable this winter. Go at once to work to provide yourself with every convenience and spare no expense to keep yourself and children in health.

Camp 46, Friday, Sept. 11th. Our march today has been very pleasant and comfortable, 15.23 miles. Good grass, wood and water. When I say good I mean that there is enough for the animals by herding them. This is more than we have had since we left Fort Laramie. Tomorrow we rest a day. Today has been very cool and this afternoon it rained, with considerable thunder. It is now 8 in the evening. I have just put the pets, Ned and May, to bed, and I must go myself for it is cold. I intended to have a camp fire in front of my tent this evening but the rain prevented it. I shall tomorrow go up to the Bridge. I sent up today by Bennett and got 2 of the best robes the trader had; bought an elk skin also, so you see I have three robes besides plenty of blankets. I shall leave this letter at the Bridge, and a mail goes to Laramie every few days. So many opportunities for sending you letters and not one chance to hear from you. Your last was dated the 15th July, now nearly two months since I heard from you and the dear children. We expect in about ten days to meet Capt. Van Vliet and then I shall be able to write you of his success. His trip determines whether the Mormons intend to resist our entry into the valley. It is thought by every one that they will be very submissive. It would be well for them if they are. They preach very warlike sermons but that is all they can do.

Camp 48, Platte River,
Monday, Sept. 14, 1857.

My dear Maria:

I sent you no. 8 from Platte Bridge. I had an opportunity to send it to Ft. Laramie by a gentleman who stopped in camp last night, and you will probably get it much earlier than I expected when I left it at the Bridge. I was on guard last night, and it being excessively cold did not write you. We left our camp of rest, where I concluded my last letter, yesterday, and passed the Bridge to the ford about six miles and then made our 47th camp. 47 marching days exclusive of our rest days. We have rested 11 days in all. Today my company was rear guard. Made about 10 miles over a very rough road. I did not march with the column. Williams and myself and Henry for a servant got permission to cross the river and visit the bluffs opposite camp and extending up the Platte as far as our camp runs. Accordingly we left early, forded the river, and took a direct line for about 8 miles to the base of the mountain or bluffs. Here we struck an old Indian trail and followed it through one of the most rugged gorges I ever saw. Deer and antelope were abundant, grizzly bears also. We did not see any bears, and I was happy to avoid these gentlemen for they are an unwelcome guest. The trail was rough, so much so that we frequently had to dismount and lead. After about 20 miles hard travel we at last came out suddenly on the Platte, and also opposite camp. Glad were we to see the animals and wagons in the distance. On reaching the Platte we forded again, and for the last time this season at least. We are now opposite what is called Red Buttes; they are high bluffs, the banks appearing a fine red, the soil being impregnated with oxide of iron. It presents a beautiful appearance. Tomorrow we bid adieu to the Platte. I forgot to mention that as we were passing under the bluffs we passed four little mountain rivulets or brooks dashing down from the gorges to the plain below, reminding me of home, my own native hills. The rippling of the "little friends" as I heard them in the distance suggested the thought that for ages these brooks have been flowing forth from their mountain sources to the Platte below, unhonored by any human being save a casual traveller or wandering war party of Indians. For ages have these streams quenched the thirst of the deer, elk, bears, buffalo, and the whole race of prairie herds.

These hills appear to be perfectly worthless, but they are rich in mines, ores, etc. No doubt but that they will be objects of attraction hereafter, another El Dorado. Coal must be abundant. Gold, silver, iron undoubtedly will ultimately be found, as the character of the rock and soil indicate a strong mineral formation.

Sept. 15th, Tuesday, Camp 49. This morning we bid adieu to the faithful old friend the Platte. For 500 miles and more have we drank from its bed its delicious water. Often have we crossed it, but now for the last time we must say farewell, "A word that has been, must be, still — farewell." A word, too, that makes us linger. I took one long, last look at the old friend as we threaded our way up through the sand gorges to cross over to the Sweetwater River, our camping ground tomorrow night. We have made a tremendous march today, about 24 miles. Got in about 3 P. M. I led the column with my company. We brought wood from the last camp. Grass and water abundant. It is on Grease Wood Creek, spurs of the Rocky mountains prominent in the foreground, looking craggy and wild.

Wednesday, Sept. 16th, Camp 50. Today we reached the Sweetwater River, one of the tributaries of the Platte. Our course for several marches lies along this river. It is very crooked, and one day's march we cross it 4 times. Last night it commenced to rain and turned very cold. In the morning it rained when we struck our tents, and no one can for a moment imagine the disagreeableness of such an occasion. In addition to the wet it was freezing cold. It rained through the day, consequently we made an early camp on the Sweetwater, about 12 miles. Grass good, water abundant, fuel scarce. The only fuel we get is buffalo chips, wild sage, and grease wood. The two latter are small bushes growing like potatoes in a field, and covering nearly the whole ground. It is merely fuel and that is all. We are now in the midst of the Rocky Mountain spurs. Tomorrow we come to Independence Rock and also pass what is called Devil's Gate.

Thursday, Sept. 7th, Camp 51. Last night was one of the coldest we have had. It rained before and after getting into camp, with a cold, chilling wind. Some of the officers had stoves made to order of sheet iron, very small. I went up and had a long sitting with the Colonel to get warm more than anything else. While there it occurred to me that Maynadier and Swaine had one each, and both occupied the same tent. I left precipitately for Maynadier,

and to my great joy got his stove and pipe, and now, even now, cold as it is, I am writing in the back of my tent with the tent too hot for comfort. I am, you know, the luckiest man in the world I do believe. Several officers got theirs smashed on the way, but now they sadly regret the loss of them. The stove is sheet iron, about 1 foot high and 18 inches long, rounded at both ends, the pipe about 3 inches in diameter and 4 length and an elbow. It sets by the tent pole. A tin or sheet iron plate with a hole through it for the pipe is tacked to the tent pole, and the tent is drawn back by the pipe and fastened elsewhere, so you see we are as comfortable as a fine house.

My two little pets, Charlie and Jessie, also Ned and May, are sleeping by my side in all the innocence of puppyhood. Today we had snow, yes, snow. What do you think of that? Well, you must remember that we are between 6 and 7000 feet above the level of the sea, as high as the top of the White Mountains. We passed Independence Rock where there is a trading house and a bridge across the Sweetwater, a toll bridge. Here we found McGraw with his surveying party of about 100 men. He is the superintendent of the wagon road from South Pass to Salt Lake. The last Congress made the appropriation the same time that Col. Noble's route was created from Ft. Ridgely to Missouri River. You remember it, of course. Devil's Gate we also passed today. Here is one of nature's wonders. The range of solid rock rises out of the prairie all along the bank of the Sweetwater. The gap through which the river passes is about 10 yards at the bed of the river and about 100 at the top, and is 400 feet high. Think of that! It is a wonderful sight; no representation can picture the awful sublimity of such a chasm. Just after we passed the gap we came to a mail station belonging to the Mormons, entirely abandoned. Near here we find remnants of hand carts which the Mormons used last year in going to Salt Lake. Men, women and children dragged these carts with their goods on them across the plains with no other means of transportation. Just think of a religious fanaticism that would induce women to drag these primitive vehicles with all their worldly goods for a distance of 1200 miles!

Graves are quite common. We pass them every day, a rough board, with the name, date of death and place of nativity distinctly marked thereon. The craggy spurs are covered with names of persons that have passed here for many years. Some in '45,

some earlier, many later. Today we hear authoritatively that Gen. Harney is on his way, and will overtake us at Green River. 160 miles more will bring us to that point, 11 or 12 days' marching.

8 o'clock P. M. It rains now and I fear will be a rainy day tomorrow. I hope not. It is so very disagreeable in every respect. I shall close this letter tonight and take it along with me. I heard at the trading house that some wagons were to go to Ft. Laramie. I shall take it along with me and if I do not send it back will continue my journalizing. I must off to bed. I expect many letters by Gen. Harney, and I hope to hear from you. Kiss the children. Love to your mother and all. Lt. Carroll insists upon resigning as soon as we get there. He may resign on Green River and go back with Capt. Van Vliet.

Sept. 18th, Friday. I did not have the opportunity to send my letter back so I renew my notes this evening. Last night it rained and was quite cold. Snow during the evening. After enjoying my new stove I went to bed warm. Rained until near morning. When daylight appeared snow was plenty on the mountains. If you will examine Mitchell's large atlas you will readily see our course. On the left hand or south side of the Sweetwater River the Sweetwater Mountains rise immediately from the plateau and tower heavenward. Devil's Gate and Independence Rock are both laid down. These we passed yesterday. We are now about 70 miles from the South Pass. We then descend to Green River where we await the arrival of the rest of the troops preparatory to marching on Utah. It is doubtful whether they will resist us. It now looks as though they were determined to fight. I hope they will, we then shall take possession of the country by force and probably winter in Salt Lake City. Today we met a man and his wife; they were Mormons making their escape from Utah. They represent the dissenters very large, but Brigham is preaching fight. They left five weeks ago. The woman was barefoot, and they have had to conceal themselves from parties of Mormons who are scouring the country with a view to ascertain the force marching against them, and to see the position of our supplies. Last Monday they saw a party of about 50 armed Mormons, mounted, returning through the South Pass. They represent that small guerrilla parties are scattered through the mountains to cut off our supplies, but these we shall take good care of before we cross the summit to descend

into the Utah valley. We have made $19\frac{1}{2}$ miles today. Everybody in fine health, the sun is out and it is quite warm (now 4 P. M.) If the Mormons will only fight their days are numbered. We shall sweep them from the face of the earth and Mormonism in Utah will cease. Our campaign will then be at an end. I sincerely trust that they will, at least, go far enough to compel us to take quarters instead of hiring. Capt. Van Vliet will meet us in Green River and then I shall be able to write you direct and definite, as he will return to Ft. Leavenworth without delay and will take letters to the States. It is doubtful whether this letter will be delivered to go to you save by the hands of some military express or Capt. Van Vliet. I shall carry it daily until I find an opportunity to send it, and daily add as long as it is in my possession. Was it not so cold I would sketch some of these mountains and send them to you. We saw a magpie flying over the mountains. This is rare, as they rarely come this side of the mountains.

Camp 53, Sweetwater River,
60 miles this side of South Pass,
Sept. 20, 1857.

Dear Maria:

I sent you letter no. 9 yesterday by some Californians that happened to meet us. I directed them to leave the letter at Fort Laramie, as they have mails running now from there to Leavenworth.

Yesterday we made about 14 miles, encamped on a bottom on the river. Grass tolerable, wood in the mountains, sage and grease wood also plenty.

This has been truly a day of rest for us as well as you. At retreat the band came out and played several of their pieces, among which was the Jenny Lind polka. Then did my thoughts wander back to Fort Ridgely, where we all could hear, and exchange sociability in the concert room or in our little parties, with an air of unconsciousness as though we were never to be separated. Alas, what changes have taken place! How we are scattered over the face of the continent!

Camp 54, Sept. 21, '57. Today, much to our surprise, we met Capt. Van Vliet on his return to the States. He brings intelligence that the Mormons will oppose us in entering the city of

Salt Lake. They have burnt the grass for many miles along the road and are determined to resist at all hazards. This much of it is talk, but that some seven hundred Mormons are in the mountains there can be no doubt. Capt. Van Vliet is silent, as his instructions were secret, but he says that we cannot go into Salt Lake this fall. If we do not it will verify all I have written before, and what everyone who knows anything about the country says, and that is "it was too late to start the expedition." Had the blockheads in Washington had an idea in their heads, or listened to those who were able to give advice, all this would have been avoided, and in the spring a splendid fit out might have been made, and supplies of grass, wood and water obtained.

What a hurrah it will kick up in the States! Every newspaper in the country will be headed war, *war!!* The excitement will be tremendous, but, my dear Maria, I rely upon your good sense not to let these things trouble you. A thousand rumors and reports will be put in circulation but never rely upon any one unless they are reasonable. The Mormons will circulate all kinds of stories, reports, etc.

We may have to winter in the mountains; if so, how dreary and lonesome! Thank God we have provisions just behind us that will subsist us and save us from starvation, but the idea shocks me of staying in the mountains. We would hut ourselves in woods and make it very comfortable as regards warmth, but the isolation from the world! You know how philosophically I take these things as I grow older in years and in the service. I improve upon what to most people passes for indifference, but I have my secret communions and reflections, and they are a solace to me. I sent by Capt. Van Vliet a long letter to father, and this I send also by Capt. Van Vliet. We hire an express to go tonight and overtake Capt. V. with letters. I send your watch chain. Capt. V. will take them himself to Fort Leavenworth, from there I think the chain will go safely. It is broken. You must get it mended and wear it on your watch.

We shall have frequent opportunity to send letters from Green River, as military despatches will go often, and by those means we shall be enabled to send and get letters. I have not heard from you yet, now more than two months. Dear Maria, our express goes off soon. Col. A. would not let us have mules to send back, the old rascal! Visit all our old friends. You must keep in

PROCLAMATION

BY THE GOVERNOR.

CITIZENS OF UTAH—

We are invaded by a hostile force who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction.

For the last twenty five years we have trusted officials of the Government, from Constables and Justices to Judges, Governors, and Presidents, only to be scorned, held in derision, insulted and betrayed. Our houses have been plundered and then burned, our fields laid waste, our principal men hatched and slain under the pledged faith of the government for their safety, and our families driven from their homes to find that shelter in the barren wilderness and that protection among hostile savages which were denied them in the boasted abodes of Christianity and civilization.

The Constitution of our common country guarantees you us all that we do now or have ever claimed.

If the Constitutional rights which pertain unto us as American citizens were extended to Utah, according to the spirit and governing thereof, and fairly and impartially administered, it is all that we could ask, all that we have ever asked.

Our opponents have avoided themselves of prejudice existing against us because of our religious faith, to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no privilege, no opportunity of defending ourselves from the false, foul, and unjust aspersions against us before the nation. The Government has not contemplated to name an investigating committee or other person to be sent to inquire into and ascertain the truth, as is customary in such cases.

We know those aspersions to be false, but that avails us nothing. We are awestruck and forced to sit idle with an enemy unnecessary made, which has been done against us at the instigation of anonymous letter writers ashamed to father the base, mendacious falsehoods which they have given to the public of corrupt officials who have brought false accusations against us to screen themselves by their own infamy and of hating persons and hating editors who prosecute the truth for their facts sake.

The issue which has been thus forced upon us compels us to resort to the great first law of self preservation and stand in our own defence, a right guaranteed unto us by the genius of the institutions of our country, and upon which the Government is based.

Our duty to ourselves, to our families, requires us not to timidly submit to be driven and slain, without an attempt to preserve ourselves. Our duty to our country, our holy religion, our God, to freedom and liberty, requires that we should not quietly stand still and see those fetters forging around, which are calculated to ensare and bring us in subjection to an unfeeling military despotism such as can only exist in a country of Constitutional law from usurpation, tyranny, and oppression.

Therefore I, Brigham Young, Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Utah, in the name of the People of the United States in the Territory of Utah,

1st.—Forbid all armed forces, of every description from coming into the Territory under any pretence whatever.

2d.—That all the forces in said Territory hold themselves in readiness to march, at a moment's notice, to repel any and all such invasion.

3d.—Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this Territory, from and after the publication of this Proclamation; and no person shall be allowed to pass or repose into, or through, or from this Territory, without a permit from the proper officer.

L. S.

Given under my hand and seal at Great Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, this fifteenth day of September, A. D. Eighteen hundred and fifty seven and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety second.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

MORMON DECLARATION OF MARTIAL LAW

[From the original printed broadside in the collection of W. R. Coe.]

view the etiquette of good society, be not remiss in those things. Learn to ride, French, etc. I shall feast on my books when I get into winter quarters.

Kiss the little ones for me. Take good care of them. I write Elijah this mail also. Do you see Gen. Pierce often? Cultivate his acquaintance. I ought to have written him.

Camp 55, on Sweetwater, near South Pass,
Sept. 22, 1857.

My dear Maria and children:

Today has been one of extraordinary happiness. I received two letters from you by an express, the first I have received since the 15th of July. One of yours was mailed 14th and one 18th August. You will see by this that I have sent you 10 letters before. I do not expect that they will all reach you but, my dear Maria, I was so gratified, yes, gratified, to hear of your own health, and that of the dear little ones. Ere this reaches you you will ascertain that I am as comfortable as a church mouse. You know that if anyone has a faculty to make oneself comfortable it is me. I told Linch what Charlie said about him and he laughed heartily, and for the last two hours he has been on a broad grin. Have you heard from Sanborn & French as to the settlement satisfactorily of the protested draft? And has Mr. Steele acknowledged the receipt of the \$700?

I will write father and Mr. Hadley about the lands. Mr. Hadley's and mine is in the hands of Rev. Mr. Gear who owns land alongside of mine, and Mr. Wells, who is an honest and upright man of Minneapolis. I paid the taxes on the land before I left so that is all correct. You can write them to that effect. I will write them also. As I do not know where Mr. Hadley lives you had better write him also.

I sent you \$100 from Ft. Laramie. This you will have received ere this.

Col. Smith and our two companies, 4 companies of the 6th Inf., and 4 companies of the 1st Cavalry are to join us. All the officers are well and send love. You do not know how much pleased I am at the sensible view you take of my absence. You have the correct one. It pleases me, therefore. Keep the same mind and I shall be happy in mind and body. Lt. Dudley got a letter, and that was about the extent of private letters.

Capt. Dunovant says that Charlie is "a little rascal and that he must not forget him". He loves Charlie like a child, always enquires for him. Elbs of the band also enquires after him, Sergt. Albright, also.

I think you had better address me in addition to the one you use, "10th U. S. Inf." I just see that you have addressed one of yours so. Love to all, while I retire to a happy slumber. Express goes back tomorrow. I sent yesterday my guard chain. Yours, I should have said.

Camp 56, Wednesday, Sept. 23.

Yesterday I received your ever welcome letters and answered them immediately in no. 11.

Your slips of news went the rounds of the camp as a precious bit of late news. It is an admirable idea, and Dunovant desires me to say that you were very thoughtful. Continue to do so, as it is the best and shortest way of getting news. Send everything of importance, slips from the Patriot or any other paper relative to all subjects; make up letters with them; Capt. Van Vliet's report and everything pertaining to military affairs. The box I do not expect has gone from Leavenworth. It is there in the hands of the quartermaster. Lt. Carroll's chance for resigning is up and he will go on. He is very much disgusted; will resign as soon as he can with honor. His wife as late as the 18th August was still prominent. Capt. Tracy has a boy. Wife in Portland. Write her. She will be delighted to hear from you. Write Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Maynadier, and all the ladies of Ridgely and elsewhere. You will find it a source of great pleasure to keep up correspondence with the army ladies. It is one of the pleasures of the service. Tell Capt. Potter that I hope to see him in Utah ere long. Is his company ordered to any of the posts on this route? I hear that a part of the 7th is to relieve the 6th at Laramie and Kearney.

We left the Sweetwater this morning for the last time this season as a camp at least. We cross it tomorrow. We are now within ten miles of the South Pass. Shall go through it tomorrow and encamp on the "other side of the Jordan" at the Pacific Springs; 60 miles will then carry us to Green River where we all concentrate for a grand movement on the New Jerusalem. Spies are thick among us but we pay no attention to them.

The Wind River range of mountains have been visible for two or three days, covered with perpetual snow. Fremont's Peak (see atlas) looms up with its white cap to the height of 13,570 ft. above the level of the sea. Pile the White Mountains of New Hampshire upon itself and you will then get the height of this lofty peak. No wonder that eternal snows inhabit its summit. The whole range as far as we can see is white with snow. We are within 60 miles of them. Our march today has been tedious, about 17 miles. I am by my stove, tent too warm for comfort, cold without. I assure you that I am as comfortable as though I was in a house by the side of a blazing fire. You know how apt I am for such comforts. My little pets, Ned and May, are sleeping by the stove. May belongs to Mr. Bennett. Linch is laughing still at Charlie's message. Linch gave me a letter to send to Jane Smith at Hanover, N. H. I sent many letters for my company. Love to all.

Write me about everything and everybody. Where is Gen. Pierce, Webster, etc.?

Thursday, Sept. 24. We are now in Oregon. Who would have thought that I should have been so soon in Oregon Territory. The South Pass is in Oregon, also the Pacific Springs (see atlas). We crossed the Sweetwater today for the last time. The water runs towards the Pacific Ocean now. The springs are frequent, and we have marched about three miles since we first came to them, and the water amounts to a large creek. They are frequent along the road, water excellent. March today $20\frac{1}{3}$ miles. Tedious day's march. The wind blew a perfect gale through the Pass. The guide said it was a moderate day to what is usual. The wind sweeps through it at all seasons of the year. Now you suppose the Pass is one of the wonders of the age. Let me describe them briefly. For 20 miles before we come to the summit the road is like a macadamised one, gradual ascent, with a rolling prairie like Minnesota. It is the only rolling prairie, really, that there is on the route of that character; it seems to be a belt of prairie running west of the Wind River range of mountains, and south through the spurs of mountains. It has that appearance at least. All around this is mountains and high hills. You keep ascending, and the South Pass is not found for the 20 miles as any distinct point save a gradual ascent till you commence a gradual descent on the Pacific slope. One thing reminded us of our

passing it, and that was the terrific wind and dust that would almost cut out our eyes. My eyes are very much inflamed, as also is everyone's. It always blows here, hence the Pass is impossible for troops or large bodies of men in the winter. To the north and to the south there is no way of crossing the summit with wagons. A rumor has it that McGraw's party has found a new pass and feasible, but not yet determined upon. This is the only one known as passable. It is the great thoroughfare of wind and storm. That best describes it, and if today was moderate the Lord save us from a more severe passage. We expect to get into Utah tomorrow. We shall then be the Army in Utah, at least the vanguard. I feasted for dinner on antelope which Gould (carpenter) killed, and tonight he brought me a sage hen for tomorrow. Do you want to know one of my bills of fare? Today, for instance, antelope baked in a Dutch oven, antelope fried, soup, beef, first, tea, tomatoes stewed, boiled rice, warm biscuit baked in the oven, and apple sauce, pickles, Worcester-shire sauce, walnut catsup, etc., etc., yet you think I shall suffer. I think it will not be for the want of food.

I forgot to tell you that I have a French cook, a professional meat cook of the best hotels. He was a recruit. He cooks meats splendidly. When I get into winter quarters won't I live! I am in excellent health.

Friday, Sept. 25. When I wrote you last night little did I think I should have to record an attack this morning by Mormons, as is supposed. This morning about 2 o'clock several shots were fired immediately behind my tent, and immediately the whole herd of mules stampeded with a terrific rush. The herd was immediately behind me and you may judge of my surprise when shots rapidly given were fired so near. The herders commenced the halloo and cry "soldiers turn out, we are attacked". It was at an hour when everybody was sound asleep. Immediately the whole camp was in commotion. In less than no time every company in the battalion was under arms, rifles loaded, awaiting orders. I was one of the first out and my company was the first formed. You know how particular I always am in having a light and matches near me. On the march I never go to sleep without a candle and matches by my side. I struck a light immediately and in no time I was in my trousers, put on my shoes, and the rest of my garb I put on going to turn out my company. I took

in my hand my hat, shirt, sword and revolver, and by the time I got to the company I was dressed ready for a fight. After ascertaining that the enemy had disappeared with the mules, our companies were dismissed and we all retired to bed. The guard and herders succeeded in getting all the mules except 13. None of my company mules got away. The safety of the herd was miraculous. The herders always have one mule which wears a bell. By this all the herd is governed; they will follow it wherever it goes. Well, the bell mule by the merest accident got caught by the picket rope in a wild sage bush, stopping him, and with him most of the herd stopped. They were brought in at once and caught up and tied to the wagons. At daylight some men went in pursuit for them and found 6 at first, and soon after the remaining 7. It was most wonderful that we did not lose the whole herd.

One man in H Co., Capt. Tracy's, died of fright. He had the heart disease, hence the sudden fright killed him. Was buried this morning by his company.

I think the ball is about to open. The guard, Co. G, Capt. Cumming, was very stupid; the men passed them very near and they never fired a shot. They never would have got by the I without a few shots. They were Mormons without a doubt. 2 companies go on guard tonight and will hereafter. The camp will now be encircled with a chain of sentinels, so they cannot approach the camp so easily. Their intention was to drive off the mules, nothing more. This is to be their kind of warfare, I expect, for the present. We have made one of the marches today 25.78 miles, a tremendous march. Tomorrow we make a short march, and it should be so as the men were very tired tonight. I gave my men whiskey when we came in. Wind and sand terrific today.

Saturday, Sept. 26th. My letters begin to assume more of the air of despatches than that of a journal. We left the Little Sandy expecting to go only 8 miles, but we found no grass so we pushed on, and we made one of the most extraordinary marches on record; 4 days marching we have made 87 miles and a fraction. Our march today has been 21.20 miles, the fourth day of long marching. It was perhaps fortunate that we marched so far, for when we came in sight some 60 armed and mounted Mormons were following Lt. Clinton, who had been sent to Green River for forage with some dozen wagons. When the troops came in

sight they went off in great haste. It appears that we are to have some fun after all our fatigue and march.

Two companies on guard on Big Sandy, Cos. B and E. Tomorrow night Cos. I and C go in which will be at Green River. We are now within 10 or 12 miles of the river. Today we passed into Utah about 18 miles this side of Green River; the boundary is marked by a stone set up with the letters "U. T." I am in excellent health.

Sunday, Sept. 27th, 1857. On Green River. The Mormons have virtually declared war. Brigham Young has declared martial law in Salt Lake City and calls upon all his people to defend their homes. The mountain men say that a large force is in the mountains and will attack us unless we keep a sharp lookout for them.

There are a great number of Shoshones or Snake Indians here. It is one of the most warlike tribes this side of the mountains. They are down on the Mormons and the chief is here to see Gen. Harney. He wants to take 1200 warriors into the field. They are a splendid set of men. Col. Alexander should hire as hunters and guides some 25 of them, but the "old woman" never will do any such thing. He is the most worthless old fogey in the world, frightened to death. He is in his dotage, and I really believe he is a little frightened. There is two or three trading houses here, but have nothing of importance. Green River we forded today. It is a very rapid stream and is colored with a green tint, hence it is called Green River. There are two supply trains here. Lt. Deshler is 20 miles from here on Harris Fork, a tributary of the Green River. We go there tomorrow. We have had some apprehension for his safety, but I think there is no danger. We halt there until further orders. Phelps's battery is one day behind us, and will join us at Harris Fork. I hope we shall not lay there long. I want to go on. So does everyone. The season is quite late and I have no doubt of our entering Salt Lake valley with the battery and 5th Inf. Our other two companies are one month behind us.

Monday, Sept. 28th. On Harris Fork, 22 miles and a fraction. When we arrived at Green River last night or yesterday early, the Colonel sent an Indian express to Lt. Deshler, asking him if he needed any assistance or was in any way threatened. He wrote back that large scouting parties were seen yesterday

making reconnaissance of his camp and more especially the cattle, some (1100) eleven hundred. He was unable to give definite information, so left the matter with the Colonel to say whether he would send troops after stating all the facts. The result of the whole thing was that I was privately informed, as commanding officer of the guard companies, that we should move out early without a sound of the bugle, and be at Harris Fork early so to give Deshler early assistance, for it looked wonderfully as though the herds there were in imminent danger.

I was up all night, at 11½ I had the cooks of the officers and companies awake; at 12, midnight, I sent round and had the 1st sergt. waked up, and they to wake the men quietly, and at 2 o'clock the whole command would move. It was one of the most quiet and orderly affairs one ever sees. If we were going to take some important position in battle under cover of night the matter could not have been better done. Not a word was said by the men, not even did a teamster crack his whip. The result was that we had a very hard day's march in the night, but arrived little after eight o'clock this morning. Thus we made a long march before breakfast as one might say. It was a very successful affair, and had Deshler been attacked we should have been in season to have saved him.

We have just received word that Phelps's battery was at Green River and would be here tomorrow. We move up tomorrow morning about 7 miles to get grass for our animals, when we shall encamp permanently until orders to move are given. It is astonishing to see how wonderfully the Mormons have their express and spy system perfected. Their object is to stampede our animals and cripple our movements in that way. I think that is now their only intention. Our supplies are now with us, at least there is no train ahead of us, so we shall give ample protection to them.

I send this by a Mr. Landers, one of McGraw's surveying party. He is out of health and returns to Washington, his home. When you receive this write father that you have heard from me and am in excellent health. When the commander of the expedition arrives we expect letters. Kiss the dear little children for me, many to yourself. There may be a thousand and one rumors that we are cut off and all that. This is the Mormon game which they are now playing to defeat the entry of troops this winter. But

I tell you that the 10th can and will lead the van to the city, there is no ifs nor buts about the matter. Believe no rumors. After Gen. Harney joins we shall have plenty of opportunities to send letters. Give me a letter, long one, on the Concord people, such as Roberts, Marshall and all those old stand-bys. I have not heard you mention them.

The first express after the pay roll arrives I will send you a draft.

Army for Utah,
Harris Fork, Camp Winfield, U. T.,
Sept. 30, 1857.

Dear Maria and children:

I sent you letter no. 12 from the ford below by an opportunity that presented itself through the kindness of Lt. Tallmudge of the artillery. He, knowing of Mr. Landers going East, sent an Indian express to us from Green River for that purpose. We moved up to this point, about 5 miles, for wood and grass. It is as good as any in the country, and we shall stay here until further orders. Drills commenced today as skirmishers, and you do not know how pleased I am with my company. I have so few men that are recruits that I can put one in each group of four men and go on as though they were old men. I have my company perfectly organized, and never should want any better men for a desperate fight. The other companies are more than half recruits and will need a great deal of drilling; they are fine men, however, and will make a good fight. My satisfaction lies in the fact that my men are thoroughly drilled and can be relied on in any emergency. I shall show them my center wheel in a day or two.

Mormons continue to hover around us, and the first one that shows his head will get it cracked to a dead certainty. The enormity of their oppression here in this country is heart rending in the extreme. Murders are as common among them, to all those who do not bow to Mormondom, as the sun rises. The ox trains of Russell & Wharton, which were here with our supplies, have a girl of about 15 years of age who came to them for protection. They treated her worse than savages. They have 70 men whom they designate as the destroying angels. These men put out of the way any man whom they suspect of expressing any dissatisfaction of the creed. Thousands have been murdered

without any other provocation than a desire to return to the States. They leave Salt Lake valley and that is the last that is heard of them. They are worse than the banditti of Italy. They have sent out circulars to induce our men to desert, and offering them \$50 and a safe passage through to California or employ them in any business they wish to go into. What a comment on human nature! How changed from civilized life! They require Mormons going into the Indian country to marry squaws, and give white women to Indians with a view to obtain the friendship of the whole race of Indians. In this they have been sadly mistaken. Not any tribe of any importance has gone over to them, on the contrary they want to go with us to fight them.

Bridger, the celebrated guide who owned the fort by that name (see atlas), says that he can take the army in to the valley without going through Echo Cañon, without any trouble. It is 100 miles further. We will winter in Salt Lake valley in spite, that is certain. Gen. Harney must be within 100 miles of us. I hope that he will come up soon and that we shall move on. Beautiful October weather now.

Camp 62, Oct. 3. We moved our camp up the creek yesterday about six miles for better grass; on the 1st inst. Co. I on guard; marched in the rear yesterday; camp pleasantly situated, weather beautiful. Last night it was somewhat cold but my little stove kept me and my little pets very warm, plenty of wood. Thousands of rabbits within gun shot of the camp. Everybody dines on rabbits. Plenty of fish, also, some splendid trout.

Mrs. Canby is very well. I have just come from her tent. She was sewing and looked quite at home.

Yesterday Brigham Young sent to the commanding officer of the troops on Harris Fork an official letter, together with his proclamation, warning all armed bodies of men from advancing into the valley, calling on the forces of the Territory to rally to the defence of the state and their creed; that if the season was too far advanced we might winter on Harris, Black's, or Henry's Fork, or on Green River; but if we could return this fall to do so without delay. If we stayed we must return early in the spring. That in case we did stay we must deliver up all our arms and ammunition to his Quartermaster-General Louis Robinson, who would be at Fort Bridger to receive them. (Ft. Bridger is not burned as I wrote you.) That if we desired provisions he

would furnish them upon the proper application, etc., etc. The old fool! Did you ever see such impudence, such braggadocio? Such an old idiot! We will show him on which side of his bread the butter should be spread. The 5th Inf. was at Green River last night. It will come to Harris 1st crossing today, and next day to this point. Capt. Reno's seige train is there also.

Tomorrow we have a Sunday morning inspection for the first time for nearly three months, and shall have a Sunday with you. I am very busy with my quarterly papers and shall soon have them completed. I expect Gen. Harney will bring us letters from you.

Oct. 4, Sunday. Today has been truly one of rest. Sunday morning inspection this morning. I thought how I should like to have had you and dear little Charlie see Co. I under arms, with their rifles loaded, 20 rounds of ball cartridges in their cartridge boxes, all on a Sunday morning, shirts tucked into their trousers. I gave the order last night that the shirt was to be inside the trousers. Carroll and myself did the same. Drab hats with the letter "I" in front, looking sunburnt, hardy and stout. Just imagine a march of 1000 miles, and nearly 3 months time consumed, and picture then to yourself what must be the physical condition of us all. Why, we are iron men. I am as stout and strong in all my limbs as an ox. My cheek bones are not visible, I am so healthy and fleshy. I shall cut my hair tomorrow again. Weather delightful. Sent you a note yesterday as I wrote you. Be particular and date the slips of news you send me.

Camp 62, Harris Fork, Oct. 6, Tuesday. I wrote you on the 4th, Sunday. Yesterday I did not write you because I was on guard and had no good opportunity.

Yesterday, just as skirmish drill was about over, the fire alarm (mine) was sounded. I looked up the valley and saw the smoke ascending rapidly and making towards camp. My company happened to be closed, and I faced it to the right and struck out at double quick, taking my arms with me. On we went and still onward. Passed the artillery camp until we went about 5 miles up the bottom. The rest of the companies returned to camp and left their arms, and when I got to the fire the others were full $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in my rear; only two companies then came up, F and H; the others returned. I, being the senior officer present, ordered

a detail of 2 non-commissioned officers and 12 men from the 3 companies, and armed them from my company, left them to put out the fire, and, as the river made into the bluff, to watch it burn to the river and await further orders; the rest of us came in. At 4 P. M. I went on guard after the hard morning's march. When we returned two men that had died in hospital were buried. The 5th Inf. and Reno's battery came in about 2 P. M. They report that two supply trains that were on Green River were attacked and burned by the Mormons. This is open war. We have, fortunately, 6 months provisions with us. The ball is opened, and attacks on our trains is their system of warfare. The excitement is tremendous. Mountaineers are leaving the Territory and everything is being burned by the Mormons to prevent our advancing. Today Col. Alexander held a council of war to decide upon what to do. Gen. Harney is eternally damned as far as the troops here are concerned, and the government doubly so for not sending us a commander in season. Here we have been for some 8 days, beautiful weather, not knowing what to do. The General should have been on Green River with the advance, instead of which we are here without knowing whether we are to have one or not. Col. Alexander is senior officer, and you know how much confidence we have in him. He don't know what to do. Every officer in his regiment says "take command and push on." I think he will at last do so. No time is to be lost, we want mounted troops greatly. The rascals come out on the hills boldly, knowing that we have no mounted troops. Capt. Phelps, Reno, and Col. Canby are for the advance. Col. Waite and his officers are for going into winter quarters. Tomorrow will decide it. I hope we shall go on. We are for the advance, we have got to win our colors and now is our chance. We are bound to make him assume command and go on.

Oct. 8, In Camp. Yesterday Col. Alexander assumed command and we shall go on. Good! 4 companies, 2 from the 5th and 2 from the 10th, B and H, Capts. Gardner and Tracy, were ordered on detached service to go to Green River for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the destroyed trains, and also to get all the powder and lead in the hands of the traders. They will return tomorrow. They left last night about 5 P. M. to make a night march of about 20 miles across the country, avoiding the roads. What do you think of that kind of life? My dear Maria,

it is delightful. It is excitement, and you will not wonder at it when you take into consideration that we have marched 1000 miles, got hardened, healthy and robust as we all are. You cannot fail to see our condition, physically, from a garrison life. We can endure anything in the way of hardship; nothing is impossible under such circumstances; a night march of 20 or 25 miles is no great task for us.

I am next for detached service. The order is out for a movement tomorrow. The battery, first followed by its train, next the 10th Inf. followed by its train, then the immense trains of supplies concentrated here of Russell's & Wharton, ox trains, then follows Reno's siege train, then the 5th Inf. The whole command when straightened out will reach 7 or 8 miles. What do you think of that? How rejoiced I am that you are not here to bear the suffering and hardships of such a campaign. The Mormons are burning the grass everywhere. We have six months provisions with us. Thank God for that; our animals are to be the sufferers. Yesterday the men were paid off. Major Hunt and Dr. Rogers inquired for you and Charlie and desired to be remembered to you. Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Hunt are in Cambridge. They have not been heard of for some days. Tonight I go on guard. Let me caution you about reports of our defeat, etc. The press will be teeming with all sorts of reports of our starvation, etc. Let nothing trouble you until you get the authentic information. We cannot starve for we have plenty of provisions. Our movement is one of trials and hardships; we must all suffer from cold, and have many things incident to a campaign to annoy us. We have one thing, however, in our favor, that is the climate. It is healthy and dry owing to the altitude. I have three buffalo robes and in case of necessity can use my wolf's robe. So you see I cannot suffer for want of clothing, and you know that I have some ten government blankets. Besides, I have a large supply of other clothing, better and more of it than any officer in the command. Tomorrow I will give you a description of my dress and of most of the officers. We go constantly armed, never go outside of camp without our revolvers on our belts.

It is now 3 P. M., at 4 I go on guard.

Camp 62, Oct. 3, 1857.

Dear Maria:

I have an opportunity to send you just a line, and, as I am in doubt whether it reaches Mr. Landers before he starts for the States, I omit the regular series of letters to send by some other way. This, if it reaches you, gives two or three days later news from us. We moved up here about 6 miles for grass on the same stream. We are now waiting for Gen. Harney or some competent commanding officer. He or some other one should be at the head of the army. He deserves censure, at least, for not being here. A Mr. Ficklin is here from Mr. Landers's party, and will return immediately. It is doubtful about his getting to him before he starts for the States. Gov. Young has sent us his proclamation, and written a letter for us to return immediately, or if the season is too late that we may winter in this vicinity, either on Green River, Harris, Henry's Fork, or Black's Fork, provided we will send to Bridger's Fort for delivery to Gen. Louis Robinson, his quartermaster general, all our arms and ammunition. How considerate! The old rascal! All remarked, when the letter was read, and on being asked if they were ready to deliver up their revolvers that was on their belts, that they should turn the wheel 6 times before they did so. Our weather is beautiful, and we ought to be marching. The battery is here, 5th Inf. at Green River, and Capt. Reno's siege train there also. Mr. Ficklin was stopped by about 60 Mormons today, and questioned very sharply, but permitted to come on. Several teams from Green River were sent back by them. They were well mounted.

My health is excellent, officers also are well. I will send you my letters regularly when I have an opportunity. Write father that you have heard from me. Take good care of the little ones and of yourself, also.

P. S. Mr. Landers has a long letter for you.

In Camp, Harris Fork, Army for Utah,
October 9, 1857.

My dear Maria:

I have an opportunity to send a note by a Mr. Dawson, one of the train masters of Russell & Wharton. His train was one that was burned at Green River. It is doubtful whether he gets through to the States, and I therefore retain letter no. 13 to send

by more safe conveyance. Ere this reaches you you will doubtless hear of battles and engagements, but all will be unreliable. Col. Alexander has assumed command of the troops now here, and day after tomorrow we move on. Three supply trains have been entirely destroyed, two on Green River and one on Big Sandy, 10 miles before or on the other side of Green River. The supplies we have here will last us for a long time, and if grass can be found sufficient to subsist our animals we have nothing to fear. The commands here are as follows, 10th Inf., 5th Inf., Phelps's battery, and Capt. Reno's siege train. We shall take the supply trains with us. We understand that reports of battles and burning of trains has already gone to the States, and that we are cut off, etc. This is all gammon, and I caution you not to believe what is circulated in papers, as large stories are printed on the merest rumors. Place no reliance on them. Our troops are in the best possible fighting condition and only wait for an opportunity to get at the enemy. The ball is fairly opened, and we intend to "dance all night, till broad daylight", and make the Mormons pay for the music. I am anxious about a draft of \$100 I sent you from Ft. Laramie. If you should need money, and my remittances do not reach you, father will furnish you with whatever you want. I will the first opportunity send you more money. I have an abundance and have not drawn my September pay. Give yourself no uneasiness about funds. My health is excellent, and my company is 77 strong and anxious for a fight. The Colonel is desirous of buying horses to mount one company, and I would not be surprised if it was mine. I hope so, for it would be an opportunity to distinguish itself as scouts and partisan warfare. Flaherty of my company was detailed as orderly to the Colonel. This makes two from my company, and to tell you the honest truth he thinks that my company is the fighting company of the regiment. This is accounted for from the fact that they are mostly old soldiers and their drill is perfection. Jim Alexander and our sutler came in today leaving their train back to come up with Col. Smith. Jim is with him, I expect in partnership. Capt. Marcy of the 5th, with 2 companies of the 5th and 2 of the 10th, B and H, Capt. Gardner and Tracy, returned this evening from an expedition to Green River. I am next for detail in the 10th for detached service. If they should mount me the service would be hard, but after marching 1000 miles what can't we stand?

I write father this mail, and will tell him to send you money whenever you want it, so don't hesitate to write him for it if my drafts do not get to you. Take care of the dear little ones. Tell Charlie that Dandy is well and as gay as a lark. You may think that we shall all suffer very much. Well, we have many hardships to endure, but I am clothed and provided for in an ample way. I have 3 buffalo robes beside my wolf robe, plenty of blankets, also of other clothing, so it is not the want of clothing that is to embarrass me. I am splendidly provided for in this respect. I will send you the regular letters as soon as I think they will go safely. No. 12 was my last.

My little stove keeps my tent as warm as an oven. My pets, Ned and May, are snugly sleeping by the side of it.

This goes tomorrow morning.

In Camp, Harris Fork, Utah Territory,

Oct. 10, 1857.

My dear Maria:

I have concluded to send my regular letters and my pay account for September. I have endorsed one and you sign your name as I have written it in pencil, and send both papers to "The Paymaster, U. S. A., New York." The one endorsed he keeps, and the clean one he sends to Washington. The pay roll is complete, so all you have to do is to send it to him; he will send you draft which the banks will cash. I wish you to drop the State Capital Bank and do business with Mechanics Bank. I send a pay roll because it is safe, even in case they are lost. No one cashes pay rolls of officers except banks of U. S. deposit and paymasters, and then in this case it must be paid in New York by check of paymaster there, so you see it is much safer than a draft. I wrote you yesterday a note, but today I have concluded to send all my letters.

Dunovant is just in and sends his love to you and kisses for Charlie. He also desires to be kindly remembered to your mother. All the officers often desire to be remembered to you and the children.

Camp 14, Harris Fork,

Monday, October 12, 1857.

My dear Maria:

Yesterday we made a march en route for Salt Lake City. I was left with my company to bring up an ox train, the cattle

of which had strayed away during the night. After $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours it got under way, and as soon as I got to the 5th Inf. camp, 5 miles, my orders were to leave it and join my regiment. I made a cut-off, and in the meantime orders were sent to me to act as flankers to the train. Our whole train is 9 miles long. It takes about 6 companies to guard it. I wish you could see the train as it moves along. Two Mormon spies were taken in camp yesterday by the 5th Inf. They are two brothers Hickman, brothers to the celebrated Bill Hickman who is hovering around our rear with a large party. We are in constant expectation of an attack, mostly in the night with a view of stampeding our animals. Dandy is blanketed and in front of my tent. We sleep on our arms, ready at any moment to fall in to receive our Mormon friends. It snowed yesterday morning and also last night. It goes off readily; all this is excellent for us as it wets the grass so they cannot burn it. It is a Godsend for us.

Tomorrow I am detailed for the advance, and I hope that I may meet some of the murderers. I do think from all I can learn from the mountain men, who know them well, that they are the greatest set of villains on earth. They say that this Bill Hickman, who is one of the 70 destroying angels, has murdered more than a hundred men in this country with his own hand. We hope to meet him ere long. Our grass is much better than we expected to find. We made today $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles over a rough road.

Tuesday, Oct. 13, Camp 65. In camp again. Yesterday I wrote you that I was for the advance. The duties are to protect the head of the column and to look out a road, and, if necessary, to repair or make; for this purpose a wagon of tools are sent with us. Today has been one of wonders as far as getting the command along. We left the river and took to the gorges in the bluffs and high hills, sage bushes entirely covering the ground. While I anticipated an easy day's march it has been probably harder than any the advance will have to perform. Tomorrow we strike the Oregon road which, I am told, is very good. It takes the Mormons perfectly by surprise that we have avoided their strongholds, Echo Cañon and Emigrant Cañon, Fort Bridger and Supply. Our distance this way is nearly double than through the cañons, but our progress cannot be stayed this way by any natural defences. If the Lord gives us 25 days of good weather we have them very tight. I have been making and

repairing roads all day with my company. 10 o'clock P. M. A beautiful night. Mormons hovering around. About 8 miles today.

Camp 66, Harris Fork, Oct. 14, 1857. As I wrote you yesterday the ox trains have to cross the creek, and not until 3½ P. M. did we get ready to start, being in the rear. 9 o'clock found us in camp in sage bushes with not a spear of grass to feed our animals on. The road has been very bad and animals in bad condition. I was on guard, also Co. C, Capt. Tidball; I was in command of the whole. A report is out that we are going back. God forbid! The Colonel is not the man for his position; he is harassed nearly to death. He does not know what to do. He consults no one, not even Col. Canby. He will find that his true course is to advise with men of sense and practice. It has now become a matter of judgement and practical sense, and if he desires to be successful he must rely upon his company officers. I have never made any suggestions, nor shall I. If he calls upon me in a proper manner I shall talk to him with great freedom. I hope for the success of the command he will do so, and call for an expression of opinion from other officers. The fact is he is not competent to command so important an expedition. Tomorrow, when we take up the line of march we get onto a much better road. We are in advance, but C and I Cos. are for flankers to the ox trains. I killed game today. Rabbits and sage hens are very abundant.

Thursday, Oct. 15, Camp 67. We made an early start this morning, arrived on the creek early. We lie over here for one day as there is plenty of grass. Rumor has it that we go back. The Colonel has said so already. You never saw such a disgusted set of men as the officers are. They are furious. What his final determination will be I do not know. If we do go back we are in a fair way to be disgraced. The Mormons are hovering about us in large numbers seeking an opportunity to run off our animals. Duty on both officers and men is very arduous, exceedingly so, but we can stand almost anything in the way of hardships. Tonight a call was made for 30 privates as volunteers to go on an expedition tomorrow morning at 4 o'clock. Subalterns were called upon also to go; all volunteered, and Lt. Grover was selected to go, mounted on mules. The same number were called for in the 5th Inf., all to be under the command of Capt. Marcy of the 5th. Where they are going no one knows, but it is suspected that a

fight is on hand. Rumor also has it that he is going to look out a road to Henry's Fork for winter quarters.

Oct. 16, 1857. Capt. Marcy's command returned. My company and Capt. Gardner's were ordered out to go down the creek to have a brush with Lot Smith and some 60 Mormons who were approaching our trains. We went about 5 miles, saw them well mounted, but not near enough to do any execution.

Capt. Marcy saw the same party and had a parley with their commander. Capt. Marcy dismounted his command, brought them to a ready, and then met their commander. Had a long talk which resulted in their giving no particular account of themselves. Col. Alexander gave Capt. M. positive orders not to fire unless they commenced it, hence his hands were tied. Shameful, but what else could you expect of the "old woman"? He has, by his vascillating conduct now become the object of ridicule of every officer of the army here. He is insane if ever there was one. He does not know what to do or how to do. He says one thing and does another. Here now is 12 days beautiful weather lost. Had we gone on at first we might have been nearly into the valley.

At last he comes to me to advise as to his best course. He came to my tent and had a long talk. He asked me, in the first place, if I had made up my mind relative to the movement of troops. I replied that I had so far as my information goes. He then asked me what I thought about it, and in giving my opinion to speak freely. I then commenced by asking him relative to distances to certain points. I soon found that the information I then had was the same as his. I then stated that he assumed command for a certain purpose and that was, of course, to go ahead and not to retrograde, otherwise he would have left the different commands as the general order left them; that there was but one thing for him to do, or rather that there was at the time he assumed command but one thing, and that was to go on. I told him that the 5th were for going on now, but were not then when he took command; that we had passed over one of the worst roads in the country, and to retreat would not only disgrace him but kill all the animals; that if he went on the officers of his own regiment would sustain him, but if he did not they would not; thus his private as well as public reputation was at stake.

I advised him to divide the ox trains, when a team gives out

to take what we could and burn the rest. When I got through he says "I'll swear I'll go on"; he told it freely when he left my tent and said he was going on. Everybody was very happy.

I forgot to tell you that Capt. M. on his return captured 2 Mormons, Major Taylor and his adjutant. They were evidently on their way to get ahead of us to burn grass. Important despatches were found on them, one a letter of instruction from Gen. Wells, dated Cache Cave, Headquarters Eastern Expedition, Oct. 4th, 1857. The purport of the whole letter was to burn grass, stampede animals, alarm camps, cut down logs across the road, destroy fords, etc., etc. Other letters were found. A journal also was taken, giving the plan of operations and what they had done. Oh, the villains!

Oct. 17. Today the Colonel has had another council. The burning of the ox trains and taking 60 days provisions and move for Salt Lake has been discussed in camp. Major Taylor was questioned this morning at Col. Canby's tent. His letters and despatches were read to him, and he could not deny but that he was out to execute the orders found on him. They both are under guard and in separate tents, and are not allowed to have any communication with each other. This morning, before the council broke up, I was ordered out with my company to relieve Co. B on a picket some 3 miles down the bottom. At 12, noon, I received orders to repair to camp and report to Col. Canby. I came in and was detailed for detached service, to take 20 days provisions, leave my company wagons and would be furnished with four others, and to leave also all my heavy baggage behind, in other words load light, and at dark to report to Capt. Marcy of the 5th. In the meantime I received the order that one company of the 10th and one of the 5th, under command of Capt. M., would move tomorrow morning early, under such instructions as would be furnished Capt. M. At retreat I had my company ready, and owing to the miserable quartermaster's department I did not get my wagons until after 9 o'clock. I at last got them, and one of them broke down on my way to the 5th Inf. camp. I sent back for another wagon, and at this time it commenced snowing, cold and windy and dark as Egypt, and when my men got into camp it was about 12 at night with three inches of snow. Orders were issued for a start at 2 o'clock provided the weather was favorable. Morning came and still snowing. At about noon it cleared up

and at 12½ we were en route across the hills, over an untrodden road, to open a communication with the rear of the army. Snow was about 7 inches deep. Sage bushes thick as grass, and the hardest marching I ever saw. After 4 miles such marching we struck a road. This was quite good. Went about 3½ miles and found a patch of bushes and encamped. The weather was very cold. Saw during the day a horse's track going towards the camp; suspected that it was an express man from Col. Smith. At about 5 P. M. captured a man from Green River, who said he belonged to the trains that were burned at Green River, and said that the track was an express from Col. Smith and that he was near South Pass camp in the hills.

Monday, October 18, '57. Last night about 12 o'clock the sergt. of the guard awoke me and said an express man from Col. Alexander was in camp. I directed him to take him to Capt. Marcy, and this morning I read the letter from the Colonel, stating that Gov. Young had written a defiant letter to him, and that the army would move to the head of Bear River in 3 divisions, ox trains to be divided also, Capt. Marcy with part of Phelps's battery, 3 companies of 10th and 2 from 5th to compose the 2d division, Capt. Phelps commanding. (Capt. M. is senior, one of Maynadier's blunders.) The express man, Mr. Ficklin, not returning to our camp led me to suspect that the "old woman" would again change his mind. However we struck camp and was nearly arrived in the 5th Inf. camp when we met Mr. Ficklin, and true enough the 1st division was marching for Henry's Fork via Ft. Bridger for winter quarters, instead of going ahead as he ordered. Under the circumstances, and the number of days time lost, he is compelled to do the best thing that could be done. Such childlike conduct is a disgrace to the service, and he is eternally disgraced.

By Mr. Ficklin Jimmy got a letter from Bee. Sends his love to Dunovant and myself. Had a large mail for us but did not dare to send it. We shall all winter on Henry's Fork and be all together. This will be pleasant. Sophia is in Charlestown, S. C. We are all now in camp near our old ground, and tomorrow morning we start for Ft. Bridger. Here comes my luck again. I am the next in rank to Capt. Marcy out of the 5 companies. He commands the whole column, hence I shall be in command of a battalion. Such has always been my good luck. The details came so, and

Col. Canby is not the man to ignore the roster. Gardner and Tracy went to Green River on detached service. I next, then Dunovant and Tidball. Capt. Marcy has his own company. Capt. Selden of 5th is junior to all.

Camp on Harris Fork, Near Camp 65 on our route up, 20th Oct., 1857. As I wrote you this morning we left camp as a command as soon as we could get the ox trains off for a downward movement. Command in fine marching order. Phelps's battery moved out first in very good order, and at 7½ A. M. all moved out in the trail of the 1st division. We passed camp 66 (old camp) and came to the camp of the 1st division. Here I found my company wagons in charge of two or three sick men. Took them up and came on to our present camp, making 9 or 10 miles. Excellent marching. Ox trains came along finely. Got in camp at 1½ P. M. I was in command of infantry battalion most of the day. I like Capt. Marcy very much. Do you not remember hearing of a Captain Marcy and his company being all murdered by the Indians, that it went the rounds of the press of the horrible massacre? This is the identical Capt. M. Such are rumors in and about the army. He is one of the finest gentleman I have met with for many a day. Last night another express came from the East, from Col. Johnston himself. We are, thank God, to have commanding officer at last. He will be with us in about 7 days. His project is to go to Fort Bridger and take that, put the supplies in winter quarters, and, if possible, push on to Salt Lake City. If we do not get through we shall winter on Henry's Fork, one of the best places in the country. We shall build huts for our quarters, as there is plenty of timber and grass in abundance for the animals. Last night Gov. Young sent in to Col. A. some "Deseret News", a newspaper full of all sorts of nonsense about troops coming into the valley. An address in poetry is published by a Miss Snow to the ladies of this army of invasion; this means Mrs. Canby and Mrs. Burns, the only two ladies with us. It is very pathetic and warns them to persuade the army to go back. Elder Kimball also has an immense discourse on the state of the invasion. Swears that no U. S. soldier shall set his foot in Salt Lake City as long as a drop of blood is in his veins. He is Brigham's first councillor, and his whole discourse reminds me of John Hook's Second Advent tirades in the tabernacle across the garden. It is that style.

Brigham also wrote a letter to Col. A. saying that he was no gentleman. Right, for once. Tomorrow we resume the march. Tonight I am officer of the day. I have just been out to the guard and now propose to retire.

Wednesday, Oct. 21, Camp on Harris Fork, near Camp 64, upward trip. We have made tonight our 2d camp in 2d division of Army for Utah. Our march has been directly back over the same road we went up the Fork. When we passed over the road before most of the officers then thought that Col. A. had at last taken a step towards doing something for himself and the service. But, alas, the weakness of old women! It has been a severe trial for us all that we are humiliated into the position that we have an officer in the army, yes, at the head, by accident, of this gallant little army, and still more in a personal point of view, a colonel of the 10th Inf. who is no more qualified for his position than a child ten years old, who changes his mind as often as the wind blows, who does not know what to do or how to do, whose intellect is blunted, who issues orders to do one thing and the next breath do the contrary, whose whole care is a grass plot for his tent and a feeding spot for his own animals, whose conduct is that of an insane man, who has marched up and down this valley to his eternal disgrace and injury to an immense amount of public property, such as loss of mules, wagons, cattle, etc., etc. In short he is dead as an officer and man to all that know him on this march; even his guides are disgusted with him as a shallow and weak old woman. He could live on in his extreme selfishness and meanness while he was in garrison, away from department headquarters, without exposure to the world, but he is now before the world and the world shall know him in his true light. Even Major Hunt has at last become convinced that he is the "d—dst fool he ever saw in a military position." When Major H. speaks you may know he has made up his mind. Why, Col. A.'s conduct has been so childish and weak that no one has even any pity for him. He seems to be callous to his follies. Thank God, for the interests of the service and the command in this country, Col. Johnston will soon be with us. We should have been in Salt Lake City ere this.

Thursday, Oct. 22, Camp No. 3 of the retreat. Today we have made about 8 miles. Very good marching for the condition of our animals. Today I was rear guard. I have command of the

battalion most of the time. My good fortune. You know that my luck for command since I have been in the army has been most extraordinary. There are now two captains in the 10th present that rank me, and here I am in command most of the time of 5 companies. Captain Marcy is an excellent man. Last night he made himself known to me as one of the Masonic craft. Excellent! He informed me, also, that Mrs. Patton was his sister and desired that you should make her acquaintance. Rev. Mr. Patton is one of the professors in the Methodist Institute. He says that she is a jolly, lively woman, and thinks you will be pleased with her. Call on her at once. Capt. M. and myself are bound together not only by the incidents of service but by the ties of brotherhood. We rest here tomorrow. What next the Lord only knows.

Friday, Oct. 23, 1857. Still in Camp. Col. A. will wait until he hears from Col. Johnston. He should do so for to go to Fontenelle Creek, some 40 miles above trading house on Green River, would entirely use up our animals without finding winter quarters. It is evidently the intention of Col. Johnston to winter at Henry's Fork, and any diverging from that course is lost time. Was up to the Tenth today. Col. A. down with sick headache. Got permission for Capt. Marcy to make a night expedition against a party of Mormons in our rear. As soon as I obtained it I left for camp of center division. Everything was to be kept perfectly quiet. About 140 enlisted men were detailed from the 5 companies according to their strength. Capt. Marcy commanding, myself, Capt. Dunovant, Lts. Grover, Clinton, Bristol, four officers, five guides, Goodale, Baker, Martin, McDonald, and "Mary Anne", a Mexican from Henry's Fork who was going home and was chased in by the Mormons, Lts. Bennett and Tallmadge as volunteers. The whole thing was arranged so quietly that no one in our camp or any other knew of the move. Not any officers except Capt. M. and myself and Dunovant knew of it until after dark; at 7½ was to be the hour of starting.

Saturday, 24th Oct. Last night at 7½ the men were ordered to fall in for detached service. Orders were given that not a loud word should be uttered. We moved out about one mile on the road and then turned into the hills. Our object was to get below them, and then come up on them. We wound round the hills over sage bushes, through ravines, into deep gorges, etc., etc. Never was a night scout better conducted. The command was

divided into three divisions, Capt. Marcy the center, I the right, and Capt. Dunovant the left. On we went until we struck the road some 10 miles down the creek. Then our guides wound their way up on hills to discover fires, etc. After searching for most of the night we arrived home at 2 o'clock this morning, having marched at the least calculation 20 miles. Today many Mormons are seen. They captured two wagon masters and sent one in, after taking away his arms, with a note for the release of Major Taylor. Party from the 10th are out (3 P. M.) now. The 10th are mighty suspicious that we will do something in our division. Tonight another scheme is concocted. I am to have command of it, to go up the river. Tomorrow will write you about it. I am somewhat tired from my tramp. No express from Col. Johnston. I advised Col. A. to lay over here until he heard from him. We shall winter at Henry's Fork.

Camp on Harris Fork, Sunday, 25th Oct., '57. My note paper has at last run out, at least what I have out of my box of books. I have now to resort to a letter paper. As I wrote you last, I took about 60 men and made a night scout last night about 8 miles up the river. I was in command, Capt. Selden, Lts. Bennett and Carroll and Dr. Baily, McDonald as guide. We moved out of our camp about 7½ at night, passed through the 5th Inf. camp in most perfect silence; not a loud word was uttered, and so quiet was our march through the midst of their camp that none but the guard knew of it. Our march led up the creek, occasionally leaving the bottom for observations from the high bluffs. After about 8 miles tedious marching we returned without discovering even a camp fire. Our march back was without noise, and so still was our approach into the 5th Inf. camp about midnight that the sentinel did not discover us until we were inside the chain. We got back at 12½, a hard night's march. Today I have been down to the camp of the 10th. No commands have sent out scouting parties but ours. Capt. M. is desirous of making something for his command. They are evidently not a little nettled by the opportunities we have in our command.

Now I am about to communicate to you a secret by permission of Capt. M. He is a correspondent of the N. Y. Herald and is a very pungent writer. He has read me several of his letters and are excellent. They are dated Harris Fork, and you will very

readily know them; his signature I do not know, but I will ascertain before I send this long letter to you.

Monday, 26th. I am at this moment happy to state that Col. Alexander has just received orders to move to Black's Fork on the road to Ft. Bridger. This is as it should be. The express has just arrived. Col. Johnston was at South Pass 24th inst. All the supply trains will then and there be concentrated and move for our camp. This approves of my advice not to go to Fontenelle Creek or leave this Fork until something definite was ordered. To have gone to his proposed point would have been going exactly in the contrary direction. It was all that I could do to prevail on him to stay here. He was tomorrow, if he did not get orders today, going to leave the Fork and go to the creek directly in the wrong course. Col. A. seems to be fated to go wrong or have wrong ideas of his duty. He is certainly the most incompetent old imbecile in the army. Tell your mother that if she could see him here she would think that it requires more requisites to make up a military man than being kind to his family. She has only seen him in garrison, and then only petting his Will and Kate. I think if she could now be here she would not find so ready a defence for him, with 2000 men and about 4000 animals at his mercy, with a winter in the mountains staring us in the face, with not two days' grass at our hands for animal subsistence. When our animals die our supplies are left as we have no means of transportation; our very existence depends solely upon our present supplies as nothing is raised in the country that can be obtained. I trust that his military career will wind up with this ignoble exhibition of imbecility and indecision.

Lieut. Grover is just in with a scouting party of 20 men. Saw 8 Mormons on splendid horses, fired on them at about 300 yards, and thinks he hit one of them. Had the I's been with him I do not think they would have got off so well.

27th Oct., Camp 4 of the Retreat. Today we moved down about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles for better grass for our animals. We have seven days to go about 25 miles before Col. Johnston will meet us. The 10th moved about the same distance. 5th Inf. also moved but between us and the 10th; we move every third day; 10th tomorrow, we next, 5th next. I am anxious to get into winter quarters. Mormons reported near 5th Inf. old camp; detail made for 60 men,

guide McDonald, sent out after dark to reconnoitre. Returned, reports no fires. Detail dismissed. Just at night I caught two splendid trout which I shall have for breakfast. One weighed a pound.

Camp on Harris Fork,
October 28, 1857.

My dear Maria and children:

Yesterday I closed letter no. 14, as it had grown to an enormous size for a letter, more than 30 pages. You see that my hand improves. I account for this from the fact that I have written today a muster roll.

I have today also found some more note paper, so I shall continue on that size for the present. Tomorrow we move down a few miles. I hope when we get with Col. Johnston we shall have an opportunity to send letters more frequently. Today a man went to the States from the 1st division, but the "old woman" in his usual meanness did not let anyone know of it.

Camp 5 of the Retreat, Harris Fork, Oct. 29, 1857. I still persist in calling this the retreat, yes, I may say masterly retreat, a retreat that none but a modern Alexander could be capable of conducting. 'Tis well now that Col. Johnston is on his way, and has assumed command of the Army for Utah. Henry's Fork will be our wintering place without doubt. I promised some time ago to give you a description of ourselves when we are on the march, or more especially when we make night marches. Of the difficulties and dangers of night scouts I need not tell you, for it must be very apparent to you. Now for my troops. Buckskin trousers, over those, mountaineer's leggings, coming up to the knee and tie with a string, coat of buckskin or any other you choose. I wear my hunting coat and I am the envy of everyone, as it is a beauty. Felt hat, great coat outside if you choose, in addition. Some wear moccasins but I prefer shoes. One revolver in holster, one on my sword belt. Thus you see we are prepared for any character of an enemy. It is wonderful to see the uses that buckskin can be put to. It serves for everything in the wearing apparel line. There are several kinds of skins, antelope, deer, elk, and mountain sheep. The mountain sheep is much the finest and makes the handsomest garments.

Another distinguishing feature in our campaign is our guides. They are mountain men, mountaineers, as some would call them. One of ours has been in the country more than 30 years. They live in lodges and have squaws for wives, most of them. These women work moccasins and all kinds of fancy work in a most fantastic style. They are mostly Flathead and Snake squaws. They made my trousers and I furnished the skins. They have a process of smoking the skins that render them pliable and soft after being wet. It is done by the willow fagots.

Tomorrow I intend to go down to the camp of the 10th Inf. Day after tomorrow we muster. Muster rolls are to be made out again. I am anxious to get to Col. Johnston for I know he must have letters from you. The 18th Aug. was the last.

Oct. 30, Friday. Today we have been in camp. Thermometer at 7 A. M. this morning stood 42 above. Last night was quite warm. This is the weather in which we should have marched into the valley. Caught two trout today, one weighed nearly two pounds. The 10th I learn is some ten miles below us, so I shall not go down.

Oct. 31, Saturday. Today we struck camp about 9 A. M. Moved down the creek about 8 miles. 10th not yet in sight. Passed through the 5th Inf. camp; they were mustering, we muster about retreat. Thermometer 36, 7 A. M. Tonight I commence my sheets and night shirt. No Mormons have been seen for two days. It is now so that I can undress myself. Heretofore alarms were so frequent that we slept with our clothes on for some time.

Oct. 31, Saturday, 8 P. M. Muster is over and I am just concluding "Hector O'Halloran," a novel by W. H. Maxwell. I have read "Falkenburg", one of the most interesting books I have read for many months. It is one of the "Library of Select Reading." Get it and read it. You will find it very interesting. I expect every mail to get "Little Dorritt" and Harper and all that is interesting. "Waldemar" is the hero in "Falkenburg."

Nov. 1, Sunday. Today is Sunday. Well, it is a day of rest, for we are lying over. Yesterday we mustered.

The weather is beautiful. During the day the sun is warm, at night the moon shines brightly and the stars glitter, and as I gaze on them and contemplate the heavens it is a happy reflection to know that the same sun warms you by day, and the night is lighted by the same moon and twinkling stars; and how vast is

the universe, here for more than two thousand miles we both can gaze on the same heavenly bodies.

The 5th Inf. camp is about 4 miles below us. Lt. Tallmadge and myself rode down this afternoon, arrived there about sun one hour high. Just as we rode into camp Capt. Neil of the 5th sent in word that he had within rifle range some 60 Mormons. Everything was set in motion. Tallmadge and myself, being mounted, rode out over the hills to see the fight and go in if opportunity occurred. On getting out there they were in about 1000 yards, very much scattered. Capt. Neil gave them a shot but killed no one. We left for 5th camp, reported what we saw, and then started for our own camp. It was now dark but the moon shone. Each of us had 12 shots, 24 in all, and felt as though it would take quite a large party to take us. On we went, met one poor footman, drew our revolvers and advanced on him. He proved to be a discharged teamster. I asked him if he was a Mormon; he replied "No." I told him it was fortunate for him that he was not and rode on. Arrived in camp about 9 o'clock. Reported what we saw and Capt. Marcy was on for another scout tomorrow and wanted me to go. I consented.

Nov. 2, Monday. Last night a detail of 50 privates and 5 non-commissioned officers were ordered to report to me at 8 o'clock this morning. Lt. Grover was selected as my second in command, McDonald as guide, Dr. Mills as volunteer. At 8 we left camp, at 9 the command was to move down the Fork. We left the creek in the direction of Black's Fork and Ft. Bridger. After marching about 7 miles we descried the rascals about 2 miles ahead. I divided my small command, sent Lt. Grover to the right while I moved to the left. There were about 30 of them in sight, how many concealed I did not know nor did I care. We advanced on them. I crossed the Fork (Black's) and drew up in line and offered them a fight. Grover did the same, but with all our daring we could not rope them in. We advanced on them but would not stand. After trying them in every possible way we united and moved for Harris Fork, recrossed the Fork (Black's) and after some hours of hard marching we came in sight of the creek. The men were very tired, and by way of a pastime, just as a herd of some 20 antelope rose the hill about 400 yards distance, I gave the best shots permission to step out and take a shot. The antelopes were upon a fast run, but one fell instantly, and on going for it

the ball passed through the head; one or two others were wounded. We packed it on Grover's horse and had it dressed and divided equally among the details. It weighed 60 pounds when dressed, a very large one. When we got to camp we found all the army concentrated and the agreeable intelligence that Col. Johnston was near with 8 companies of 2d Dragoons, and the entire rear of the army with all the supply trains. Col. J. was expected tonight, but I think it extremely doubtful whether he will come up tonight. He has a very large mail for us, and you do not know how anxious I am to hear from you and the dear little ones; the 18th August was the last I heard from you.

I expect we shall be returned to the regiment now. Our chances for scouts will then be over. We have been on the *qui vive* ever since we were detached from the regiment.

When I get my letters I shall be able to write you advisably as to movements. We have been on this Fork for the month of Oct., when we should have been in Salt Lake City. Tomorrow we shall probably lay over here and get our mail also.

I hear it rumored that Col. J. will endeavor to go into Salt Lake City this fall. If that is so I shall be very happy, for to winter in the mountains will be what I shall decidedly dread. We can make ourselves very comfortable but I do not like the idea of staying here 6 months. I want it over and done with.

Tuesday, Nov. 3, Camp on Harris Fork. Today about 4 P. M. Col. Johnston arrived in camp about one mile below the 10th and about 2 miles below our division. I immediately rode down with many officers to greet our friends. Their train with the supplies reaches about 8 or nine miles. Put the whole army and trains in line and it would reach from 15 to 20 miles closed up. What do you think of that? I met Col. Johnston and his staff, Col. Smith, Bee, McNab, and Kelly of ours, Lt. Tyler, Smith, Livingston of dragoons, Kensel of artillery, and a brevet attached to our regiment. Dr. Baily is also along. Judge Eckels, the Chief Justice of Utah, is also here. He is now holding a court at chambers (in an old common tent), and has served a writ or complaint of treason on Major Taylor. What is to be the development I do not know. "We shall see what we shall see."

Wednesday, 4th Nov. Got three more letters today, dated in July mostly. Pleasing news. I am surprised that you did not get more of my letters; however, by this time you will have got

nearly all of them. This is now no. 15, and long letters, too. What Col. J. intends to do no one knows. It is rumored, however, that he is going to Salt Lake City if it is a possibility. I hope so.

Orders out for requisitions for clothing.

5th Nov. Order to move rumored. We have not joined yet. Tonight the order is out for a movement to Salt Lake City. We shall then join our regiment. Made copy of order. I have all my clothing except bootees.

Friday, 6th Nov. Moved today. I was detailed to guard center of supply train of 3d division.

This morning it commenced to snow and was very cold. I marched my three companies out to the road at an early hour this morning, and before the proper train came along it was 12 noon. The trains when stretched out are enormous. It continued to rain and snow, wind blowing fresh all day. All day we plodded along with those villainous trains until about 10 o'clock at night, when I got in camp nearly frozen, a more disagreeable day's duty I never experienced. Some of the trains are still at the point of starting and must be sent for tomorrow. We must lie over here tomorrow. I believe we are now in about 20 miles of Ft. Bridger. We are now on Black's Fork. The ground here is familiar to me as I made this the field of operations for my last scout with 50 men. The buttes or hills near us were then covered with Mormons.

Nov. 7th. Lying over today. Companies have been sent out to bring up the trains, and whether we leave tomorrow or not I do not know. Bee has been in and we have had a sociable old talk. He says you are a great woman, one of the salt of the earth, wants to see you and hopes ere long to all get together. Hopes you will write Sophia. Be a good girl. Sends love to you and the children. Desires to be remembered to your mother kindly. He has Sophia's and Anne's daguerreotypes. Why don't you send yours and the childrens?

Camp on Black's Fork, Sunday, Nov. 8, '57. Today we have been lying over as the animals were very badly off. This morning was one of the severest as yet. The thermometer at daylight must have been far below zero; at 7½ I put mine out and it indicated 3 above only. Several of the mules died last night. If the weather does not moderate many more will go in the same way. Today I am officer (regimental) of the day. Went on at 7 A. M. Relieved tomorrow at 7 A. M. The duties on men and officers

is very hard but we must endure it. My health is excellent. I have scarcely seen a sick day, and what a blessing it is to me! I cannot be too thankful. Tomorrow we move at 9 A. M. in the direction of Fort Bridger. It is now 11 o'clock at night. The wind blows and stormy. It is not very cold, however; this may save the animals; all the trains are up.

Tonight I got wind of a secret express for Ft. Laramie and wrote you a hurried note to say that I was well. Whether it ever reaches you will be very doubtful. If it should it will be late news for you. Col. Johnston keeps his own counsels and what he intends to do is all a mystery. Our first care is to make winter quarters for our animals and stores; when this is effected our next care is to see whether or not we can go into the city. I fear the season is too far advanced.

I gave Linch the books Charlie sent him, told him about his gun, etc., and he has been on the broad grin ever since. I got "Little Dorrit", etc., Harper, etc. The silver is in my trunk, gives me no trouble, and if we go into winter quarters it will do me much service.

It is singular in your letters you should so earnestly express a desire for me to write you certain particulars about the march, when my letters you have since received must be of the description you ask of me. I have in my letters anticipated your wants exactly. Those, as I have written you, I wish saved, as they contain data of the march and incidents which I wish to preserve.

Mrs. Bee, ere this, has probably written you from Charlestown.

The draft I sent you from Ft. Laramie has ere this reached you. I have since sent you my pay rolls for September; my October pay I have not drawn nor do I intend to, nor shall I draw much until I have an opportunity to send it to you to put in the bank, where we can have the benefit of it when I come home. I prefer it to be there than here.

Dandy is well and stands the deprivations of corn better than almost any horse here.

Tell Charlie that his pony shall be forthcoming. I shall get him a pretty one.

It is now late and I have just come in from visiting the sentinels and must to bed, so good night.

I shall close this and commence a new one.

Black's Fork, In Camp, Nov. 9, 1857.

Last night I wrote you that I had sent you a note by a secret express. Today I have to say that he was not allowed to take any letters, consequently my very private note will never reach you. You must wait for the regular ones. Today is our 2d day's march. Made about 7 miles, animals lying along the road every rod, almost, and daily and hourly dying as they are driven along the road. Snow about 7 inches deep. Fort Bridger is our hope. If we once get there we shall be safe with our stores. Hundreds of animals die every twenty four hours. Just as I arrived in camp and got my tents up I was detailed for outpost duty. We went out about one mile on the bluffs without tents, as the field officer of the day told me that we could not get there with them. Outpost duty is done by (illegible) usually, but the severity of the weather here in the mountains overrides the principle. However, we stayed without any shelter and anything to eat 24 hours. No fire except what we could make from the sage bushes. It was awful. Never was men more exposed or had a harder tour of duty. Some of the men were frost bitten. My dear Maria, it is quite Russian. You see our animals have no corn, and the grass, what little there is, is under the snow, and they having come some 1100 miles, poor as can be, hundreds dropping down in the harness for want of strength to stand up. When all these things are taken into consideration you will come to the conclusion that we are having a pretty hard time. We are. Troops have never been called upon to do more arduous duties than now. On duty all the time, night and day almost, yet, strange to say, no one is sick scarcely. What a creature man is! He can exhaust all other living beings. When you read this I want you to remember the remarks in former letters; had Gen. Harney been at Green River when he should have been we would have saved all this, and been in Salt Lake City. When he was absent and Alexander, the "old woman," found himself in one of the prettiest positions an officer could desire, assumed command, did nothing, made an ass of himself, was crazy, fooled away the entire month of beautiful October marching up Harris Fork and down again, when had he done his duty, or done as he was advised by those who would and who could sustain him, we should have been in or before the walls of the Saint's city. Either would have been successful. Now our struggle is with the season and the elements that belong to it.

Col. Johnston is very popular and is a man. Of the "old woman" you cannot say as much.

Today, 10. The 5th came up, very cold. I was nearly frozen last night, yet my health is excellent.

Still in Camp No. 2. Animals died last night by fifties. Thermometer far below zero.

Nov. 11, Wednesday. Man in Capt. Gardner's company accidentally killed today by a man shooting beef cattle. Ball missed the beef and glanced into a tent and passed directly through his head, killing him instantly.

Thursday, Nov. 12. Thermometer 14. Horribly cold. Dandy lost. I fear he has been stolen. Michael and Linch are in search of him. Man buried today. 4 companies of our regiment move forward about 4 miles. I remain behind.

Friday, Nov. 13. Moved today. I remain to escort some supply wagons. Made 3d camp. I got in camp after dark, very cold, at junction of Smith's and Black's Forks.

Saturday, Nov. 14. Thermometer 11. Moved in advance about 3 miles and encamped. Today is the first time I have been in the column. Have been out on duty ever since we started from 1st camp. Dandy found last night nearly dead. I think he must have been very sick. Looks horribly. Will die, I think. I am for outpost duty tomorrow about 1 mile up the creek. Col. Smith field officer of the day.

Sunday, 15th Nov. At 3 P. M. moved my camp to position for outpost duty. Left Michael with Dandy in wall tent. He cannot long survive, is very sick. He must have taken a violent cold. Relieved Capt. Gardner. Bee relieved Capt. Tracy on the other flank. Outpost duty is the hardest guard duty to perform. No one sleeps for 24 hours, 2 dragoons for orderlies, as express men in case of alarm or attacks. Horses saddled at all times ready to mount.

Monday, Nov. 16, 3 P. M. Just relieved from duty. Glad that it is so. Dandy died last night. I feel his loss very much. He was in splendid spirits when I missed him. Well, he has served me well so far. He was considered a great horse by everyone. Tell Charlie that he will never see Dandy again. Col. Cook with 8 companies of dragoons are expected hourly. There will a mail come with him. We are now within 5 miles of Ft. Bridger. Shall establish a depot there and probably move the command to

Henry's Fork for winter quarters, taking the animals. I must to bed as I have not much sleep since night before last.

Tuesday, 17th. 5th removed today to Ft. Bridger. Capt. Gardner and myself ordered to regimental camp. Shall go on tomorrow. Cattle have died so rapidly that they have to send back oxen to draw one train at a time. When we get to winter quarters I will give you some details of the loss of animals that will truly startle you.

Wednesday, Nov. 18. About one o'clock cattle came back. Camp ordered to be struck. I was again assigned to the ox trains as escort, whereupon I had a quarrel with the Adjutant and old imbecile. I got no satisfaction from him as usual. As soon as we get into winter quarters I shall have one big row with him and it will end in my carrying up to Col. Johnston a complaint about Coury. He uses him still as a private servant. I owe him something that you know nothing about, and when I tell you, you will not wonder as you were the sufferer by it.

Just as the trains were starting out orders came for a change. Cos. B, A, and I were sent on with the trains. We arrived at Ft. Bridger about 8 P. M. I had previously sent a detail forward to pitch the tents. Col. Johnston about one mile and a half up the creek with the batteries and 5th Inf. At the fort I found 4 companies of the 5th and our two companies as a guard to the supply trains. How long this is to last I know not. Preparations are going on to store the supplies, buildings are going up for that purpose, assisted by wall of fort.

It is rumored that we all winter here in present camp. In a few days I shall be able to write you more fully.

Thursday, Nov. 19. It is now 7 P. M. For the first time for many weeks I have a slight headache as the result of a cold I caught yesterday coming from the other camp. As the night comes on I am gradually getting rid of it. When I got in camp last night in the dark, muddy and cold, I then thought it was one of the most forsaken places I ever expected to find. This morning I got up and on going out found myself in a beautiful camp, near the walls of the old fort, on a level, plenty of wood and water, and I am perfectly delighted with the camp ground. I am officer of the day. 10 P. M. Gov. Cumming has arrived and just as he was leaving Leavenworth letters were handed him, and yours of the 7th September was among them. I was delighted with the happy

news that you were all well. The mail contractor is just behind with the dragoons with a large amount of mail matter, but I expect that the one I got is the latest.

You wish that I had resigned. I think you do not mean so. If I had wanted to I could not with honor, being under orders for the field. You speak of my lands in Iowa, they are well cared for now by Preston. They are valuable and I will send you the description tomorrow so that you may know where they are.

I hope to realize something from them even yet, very handsomely. As to the Mormons, I can whip 300 of their best with my company. They have all gone into Salt Lake City, and in the spring we will try them.

The mail goes directly back and will now all winter, so at least I shall hear from you once in two months, which is much better than I expected. An expedition is being projected to go to Taos and Santa Fe in New Mexico after animals for the spring campaign. A small command will go only. In winter quarters I shall be very comfortable. I have two wall tents, one over the other, with my little stove and it is now so warm that I can hardly stand it with a small fire. You know that I am great in fixing up. I have also a Sibley tent and three or four common tents. The common tents I shall make a floor with, then put down the old carpet some four thicknesses, and what could you have me do to make myself more comfortable. My Sibley tent I shall have in front as a sitting room, my wall tents back leading out as my sleeping room. How I wish you were here for the winter! We could be so happy and comfortable, but the spring would be bad. My happiness now will consist in knowing that you are comfortable and well provided for. Take care of those jewels of ours. Have Charlie's bowels kept open; that is the secret of health; attend to yourself in that respect. I sent you \$100 from Ft. Laramie, also a pay roll from Harris Fork the first of October. Those must have reached you ere this. I have not drawn my pay for the months of October and November, nor shall I as, I do not need them.

Lt. Carroll is going to resign and go back with the mail. I will send money by him to forward you from St. Louis. Spare no means that you want. I want you to be careful with Charlie in your language. He will catch every word he hears, and you are now shaping his mind for the future.

I can imagine how he looked going to church, the dear little fellow. As soon as I get into winter quarters I shall devote myself to study, French in particular. You do the same. Lose no time in acquiring the language. The language is an ornament to everyone, especially of those connected with the army. I have a dictionary and your French book. I shall be able to master the language during the winter, besides my cook is a Frenchman and I intend to talk with him exclusively in his language. If he is bright it will enable me to learn the language without trouble.

I hope you have received the draft I sent you from Laramie and some \$130 in a pay roll.

I think I must be making money as I do not use much. We shall have a jolly lot to spend when I come home, won't we?

20th continued. Just at night I got another letter from you. I am very sad to think you do not take the world easier, especially my absence. In some of your former letters I flattered myself that you were looking at the matter in a very philosophical light, and I was delighted with the happy thoughts, but your last indicates a very different tone. It makes me very sad. I have in my previous letters put you on guard against rumors and reports. I had hoped until now that you would be reasonable, but your last letter makes me uneasy. Ere this you must have received funds. I can make all due allowances for your being without money, but I have written you to write father, who will be too happy to send you money. I am half inclined to believe that much of your discontent is owing to what appears destitution, for from your tone I infer that your consolation does not depend upon the company of your friends and relatives, but more in the fact of your being entirely independent, and in order to feel free and unencumbered you want money. I regret that I could not foresee the irregularity of the mails or I would have had plenty of money with you. But don't despair, be cheerful and happy. Take care of our jewels. I will send by the mail which leaves here the 1st of Dec. plenty of money. Don't speak of extravagance any more; use money freely. Spare nothing to make yourself and the children comfortable. Do not hesitate to take your position and maintain it, altho you may now be depressed a little for want of funds. You can count on its being forthcoming. I have plenty of money due me. It is impossible to spend money here. Before the mail leaves I shall be able to give you our exact position for winter quarters.

I have some business matters that I want you to attend to and I will write you a separate letter pertaining to those matters. My health is excellent. I have not scarcely seen a sick day since my departure from Ft. Leavenworth.

I got the Patriots Sept. 9 and 16. Your last was dated the 22d Sept. Late news for us.

A mail route is established and this is their 1st trip. They intend to run a monthly mail between us and Ft. Leavenworth. Thus you will be enabled to hear from me once in a month. Tell Capt. Potter to write me. I shall be too happy to hear from him.

I have written you everything relative to matters here in my former letters, all of which you will receive when you get this. You address me funnily, you say Jesse A. Gove, Capt., etc. My dear Maria, why not Captain Jesse A. Gove? You see that I have titled you Mrs. Capt., etc., which is your proper address. Go to Boston by all means this winter. You will enjoy it much.

Saturday, Nov. 21. Fort Bridger was an old trading post kept by one Bridger who is the principal guide, an old mountain man. The Mormons compelled him to sell and took his stock and everything else, paying him something like \$8000. He now claims the place. In May last the Mormons built a wall round it with the following dimensions, wall 100 feet square inside, 5 feet at base and runs up to 15 feet, tapering to about 15 inches at top; attached to this is another wall about 80 by 100 feet and 7½ feet height. These walls are built of small round stone laid in mortar. It is a strong wall and well built of the kind, but with the guns we have along could have been knocked into pie. All the buildings are burned. Attached to this enclosure is a picket fence of several acres as a herd yard for animals, all of which serves well our purpose. Two lunettes, fortifications, are now in progress at the salient angles of the walls for defence. This I presume will be one of the 3 posts to be established in Utah. It is a pretty location, and is the key to the cañons. Everybody is at work. Sergt. Mogart is on duty in building the lunettes, and you ought to see him strut. He is just the man for it, however. Lt. Webb of 5th Inf. is the officer in charge. 2 miles up the creek is headquarters, and all the army except our 6 companies. Camp Scott is its name. 2 companies will be left here after the stores are put in houses being built within the walls, probably one of the 5th and one of the 10th.

Sunday, 22d. Today we rest; for more than three months we have known no Sabbath day.

Monday, 23d. Work resumed. One of the most lovely mornings I have experienced for many days. This location, I am told, is warm and pleasant during the winter. We have had high winds, but the sun comes to us warm and pleasing.

I am anxious to get permanently into winter quarters. I shall pitch my Sibley tent (in shape of a tepee), door on each side, wall tent close up to the door on back side for sleeping. So you see that I shall be as comfortable as heart could wish, barring the absence of my dear family. As to suffering you need not have any fear for me. My health is excellent, have plenty of reading. The whole state corps of officers are here and I shall have a pleasant time and agreeable society. The Governor's lady is along.

Tuesday, 24th. Another lovely morning. I am officer of the day. Lt. Carroll officer of the guard. Lt. C. sent in his resignation and applied to go to St. Louis to await action of President. He resigns unconditionally. Col. Alexander has it in charge to forward. There can be no doubt of its passing and he is anxious to go home, and will go back in advance of the mail with one of the guides.

Wednesday, 25th. Relieved this morning as officer of the day. Rode up to Camp Scott for the first time. Lt. C. got answer that on account of the endorsement of Col. A. that leave was not granted him, one of the old rascal's pieces of malice. What he is capable of! He stated in his endorsement that Lt. C. was the only officer present with his company, ignoring my presence entirely. Carroll has written another letter in explanation at my suggestion and sent it through me and Col. A. to Col. Johnston. I think he will get it.

Thursday, 26th. Went up again to Camp Scott. Capt. Marcy and about 40 men start immediately for New Mexico.

Carroll got his leave. So you see I am again without an officer. Mail leaves 1st Dec., one expected same date. Mails will be monthly. I close this, will send you draft.

Friday, 27th. Capt. Marcy's command got off this morning. Still in camp. Everybody at work to get our stores into winter quarters. The fortifications are going on at this place rapidly.

Today I got a detail as president of a board of survey on all the quartermaster's stores that have been shipped at this point by the contractors for the army. It is a mountain of labor. It includes

the examination of supplies for the army for 12 months. Some 800 heavy wagon loads, 6000 lbs. each. I suppose the reason of putting me on was that it involved some legal points between the contractors and government.

The contractors were to deliver the stores at Salt Lake City, but the Quartermaster, Capt. Dickerson, was ordered to receive them here and a verification of bills of lading and invoices became necessary. The contractors are responsible for all property as deficiency, and hence the destruction of the 3 trains by the Mormons at Green River has to be investigated. I do not know when we shall get through.

Saturday, 28th. Examining stores. It is enormous and I am very tired.

Sunday, 29th. Today we were obliged to examine hospital stores, as they cannot be turned over to the medical director until examined. 19 wagons full. Weather windy and cold today. Lt. Carroll is getting ready to go home. He is going on the 1st and will take letters. I send by him a draft of \$100. He will send you the amount from St. Louis, deposit it in Mechanics Bank and use it as you want it. I shall send these letters by the mail and drafts for you. As I have said before, I want my money in the East where you can control it, as I am liable to lose everything here. I am in excellent health.

Monday, 31st. Beautiful morning. On board of survey as yet. Adjourn early to write letters. Mail closes tonight. A mail is now due here. I have delayed writing with a hope that it would arrive before it left for the States.

It is now 12 m. I shall close this and write you another of business in which shall send a draft for \$258.50. Give my love to everybody that is kind and good to you and the dear little ones.

Everybody here sends love, Bee and Dunovant and Jimmy in particular. Bee is the same old fellow, thinks much of you, has received both of your letters to Sophia and sent them to her.

I now close this. Send one, no. 17, by mail, one without number by Mr. Carroll.

Fort Bridger, U. T., Nov. 30, 1857.

Dear Maria:

This, if it gets through, will somewhat surprise you, it will be so much ahead of my other letters of some 100 pages that I send to-

morrow by the regular mail. We are expecting today a mail and one starts tomorrow for the States, regularly established. Lt. Carroll has resigned and has leave of absence to go to St. Louis to await its acceptance. Such is my destiny to be without an officer. He goes back by a cut-off with a guide and two other men. A hard trip, but he will make it much in advance of the mail. I send by him \$100 which he will remit to you from St. Louis. I also shall send you by mail letter no. 17, a draft for \$258.50, which you can deposit in Mechanics Bank and draw as you want. I prefer my funds remain in the East. I drew my pay to Nov. 30, this date.

We now have monthly mails established. I write you in no. 17 a business letter, also list of lands, etc. Have you ever heard from Sanborn & French to know whether the protested draft was all satisfied? Do so. Write Mr. Gear about my Lake Calhoun property. Ask him about taxes, etc. Mr. Steele, also, what he has done with the \$700 you sent him. I shall also write him. You ask him when the next installment is to be paid, or perhaps he did not put my money in them; there might have been some failure of the arrangement as it was fixed when I left.

Take care of the children. Go to Boston and spend the winter if you choose. Go to your Uncle Sanborn's, take particular pains with the children in reference to croup. Look to Charlie's bowels. Wean him in winter quarters. The whole history of the campaign is in my letter that you will receive in due course of time. It is long and lengthy. Love to all. A thousand kisses to our dear little ones and many to yourself. Preserve the jewels that I may enjoy them and you hereafter. I am on one of the most important duties now in the army, a verification of the army stores received and then delivered to contractor to deliver to Salt Lake. It involves the losses of the trains, etc.

I am in excellent health, never better.

This is a beautiful climate here, and will be one of the posts (3) in the Territory. In winter quarters. God keep and preserve you all.

Fort Bridger, U. T., November 30, 1857.

My Dear Maria:

I have just sent you \$100 and my letters by Mr. Carroll who has resigned and gone home.

I finished my journal to date in the letter number 16. This pertains to business.

1. I send you draft for \$258.50; deposit it in Mechanicks Bank and check out as you want to use it.

2. Get Jessie and Charlie a birthday present for me. Jessie a cup; tell her that her papa was on the Platte within 27 miles of Ft. Laramie. That day I sent you letter no. 5, and chip of cedar inclosed.

On looking at my diary on Charlie's birthday I find the following entry "Off. day today — Lt. Carroll off. guard, my dear little Charlie's birthday — three years old", etc.; both of their birthdays came on Sunday. Get Charlie some plaything. Have Jessie's cup marked "Jessie" and then in old English, like our silver, "from her father" August 30, 1857, or anything else you choose. I only desire that what I have quoted above may be followed, the rest, my dear Maria, you may dictate.

3. Send me sheet postage stamps.

4. Send daguerreotypes of yourself and children.

5. Send W. P. Flanders, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis., \$50 to pay my land taxes, etc.

6. Have you ever ascertained about the draft, whether it was satisfactorily adjusted with Sanborn & French?

7. Have you heard from Mr. Steele since you sent him the \$700?

8. Send Seth E. Pecker, No. 20 Elm Street, \$60 to pay for those liquors. I have one box yet that has never been touched; the brandy is invaluable as the Mormons and Indians destroyed most of the hospital brandy.

9. Have you ever seen Capt. Jackson about the uniform of G. Guards, and to know if they can be turned to any account whereby I can get some pay or part of it?

10. Get those otter skins and keep the worms out of them. Give one to your mother.

All these things you will attend to after you have got all the money. These comprise all my little debts except Cahill's clothing bill and I do not care to pay that yet. Let it be for the present at least.

I enclose you a list of my lands, and have learned to show the machinery of descriptions; don't you think I have made it plain? I have written Elijah to attend to my Grant County lands. I

have written Mr. Steele, Gear, Stuartson, Preston; to Preston I stated that if anything was paid in to send it to you, and you would deposit it in a bank. Don't let any of them play you sharp. I have now \$300 on hand and would send a part of it but there is some risk. I sent \$50 to New Mexico to buy a pony by Capt. Marcy. Ponies are selling for \$200 and down to \$100 here. Capt. Pike has gone on the detail and will take care of him. If it is a pretty one it shall be Charlie's. Now, my dear Maria, I do not think of anything else.

It is now 7 P. M. Mail starts at daybreak tomorrow.

I am excellent in health.

Fort Bridger, U. T., Dec. 4, 1857.

My dear Maria and dear children:

I have been so much occupied on the great board of survey that I have not written you for two or three days past. We are still at work on the stores. The 1st of Dec. the mail went off and in it I sent you a draft for \$258.50 and many other letters. I sent letter no. 14, 15, 16, and another one by Lt., also \$100 to send you. The one in the mail I numbered 17. Nothing but the usual routine of duty has occurred the last three days. I do not know yet whether I form a part of the permanent garrison of Ft. Bridger or not. One of the lunettes is completed. I will draw you a plan of the wall and fortifications and send it to you.

Our duties here are very onerous. I go on officer of the day every other day, Capt. Selden, 5th Inf., the other. So you see I go out every morning to be relieved or to relieve. This board of survey is one of the most difficult duties in the world. Still I am in excellent health. Today I took a good wash and I am now, 8 P. M., feeling first rate. All my things are with me safe and sound. We are all limited in our supplies as many of the commissary's stores were burned by the Mormons. We have had no salt for nearly two months to issue to the command, but I have some that I got of one of the contractors' wagon masters, and nobody but Linch knows of it, and don't you tell anybody but Charlie and Jessie. I have enough for six months, about a peck. You know I am *smart* sometimes. Capt. Marcy has gone to New Mexico for salt and animals, etc. Within two miles we make a large city. Gov. Cumming and family, Chief Justice and the whole civil corps

are here. We are having civil courts and one of the Mormon prisoners is to be tried for treason.

Brigham Young sent in to Col. Johnston some salt and an impudent letter; the Colonel told him to go back with his salt and tell Brigham not to attempt to hold any more communication with him or his emissaries would hang; that he could not treat with him only under a white flag, as he considered him as a traitor to his government and he should treat him as such. *Good!* Had the "old woman" been in command he would have taken the salt and used it himself. Col. J. is a trump and just our man. You will find that the spring will make things howl. I expect that we shall wake up old Brigham early.

Saturday, 5th. My birthday. Did you think of it? Yours is the 17th, I think. I will look in the Bible, and if I do not have a dinner with old Bee then I much mistake my purpose. He is always talking over our lives at Ft. Snelling and Ridgely, thinks much of you.

I am 33 today, about 9 A. M., either 10 minutes before or 10 minutes after. It was in the morning, as I have been told by those who stood by when I made my debut.

Be that as it may I am in excellent health, and have not weighed so much for 10 years as now, no less than 154 lbs. without overcoat. What do you think of that?

I am now living with Lt. Archer of 5th Inf. as Mr. Carroll is gone and I am alone, and, as I do not yet know whether I stay here or not, I do not choose to put myself into permanent quarters.

Still at work on the board of survey. We shall not finish it for three weeks, I do not think.

I am officer of the day still every other 24 hours, and as we have all the supplies of the army here we have to be very vigilant. It is very hard duty but I do not seem to mind it.

Capt. Selden and myself go out every morning regularly to relieve or be relieved. Now am officer of the guard. Only 5 officers for both details, 2 for officer of the day, 3 for guard.

Sunday, 6th. No rest for us; at work on fortifications and boards of survey.

Monday, 7th. Judge Eckels has ordered a grand jury to assemble to bring the Mormon prisoners before it under the charge of treason. Meets today. On another board of survey to examine camp and garrison equipage; officer of the day.

Tuesday, 8th. Cold this morning. Very windy and too cold to work on the works. Men dismissed at 12 m.

Wednesday, 9th. Cold and windy. Officer of the day again.

Thursday, 10th. Beautiful day in camp to work on proceedings. I shall be glad when I get out of this place, as I am not desirous of staying here. I want to get up to the other camp.

Friday, 11th. Another pleasant day. I read "Little Dorrit" whenever I can. I do not think much of it, not half equal to the rest of his works. I may, however, change my mind before I get through it. Officer of the day.

Saturday, 12th. Pleasant today. At work on proceedings. I shall rest tomorrow. I shall be officer of the day and will read my Prayer Book, and imagine you and dear little Charlie going to church some hours before the time here. You know that for every 15° East the hour is one hour earlier, so before you have got to church I shall be getting up.

Michael found me a horse or pony today, a good one at that. I shall try to raise him and ride him. We are all reduced to the soldiers' rations, and some of that is reduced. Many of our commissary stores are reduced $\frac{1}{2}$, but enough to live on. A great many were burnt in the trains.

Sunday, 13. I have an opportunity to send this by private hands. I have written Gen. Pierce. Ask him if he has received a letter from me.

I am in excellent health. I expect ere this reaches you you will have got the 2 drafts, \$258.50 and \$100. I am in excellent health. Take good care of the dear ones.

Fort Bridger, U. T., Dec. 16, 1857.

My dear Maria and children:

On the 13th I sent you letter no. 18 and a draft for \$200. I do not want to keep money by me here, so I send it to you to keep for me. Use what you wish and deposit the rest subject to my order or yours. Have that understanding with Mr. Minot. We are still here at this post, doing very hard duty. I wrote Gen. Pierce by last mail, or rather by the same conveyance that I sent the draft.

For the first time since I left Ft. Leavenworth I have a cold in the head. I expect to be relieved from this onerous duty in a few

days. I finished "Little Dorrit" an hour ago, and I must say that it falls much short of the rest of his works. The amount of lumber to be waded through to get at the closing scenes does not pay. The last chapters are very interesting, but it has been a long time coming to it.

I shall soak my feet in hot water and off to bed early. Everybody, almost, has a cold in the head.

Thursday, 17th. My bath and early retirement saved me from a fever, I have no doubt. I am feeling very much better today. My cold is running off very freely. I have plenty of handkerchiefs and other clothes. Mr. Carroll left me some half dozen, as many towels, pillow cases, sheets, three or four beautiful shirts, wrought, two of them, vest (military), gloves and stockings. It was quite a windfall to me. A mattress also, so I have two. I opened my trunk the other day and everything is in the nicest order, silver, knives, and everything in splendid condition. Old Daddy Linch takes care of me like as though I was his father. Knows where everything is. Mr. Carroll left me his trunk, a very nice one, so I keep my linen in that, and when I want anything he takes the key and gets it. Mrs. Marony washes for me. She thinks the world of me. Always asks for you and the children. So do all the camp women. Do you recall Charlie's sending a message to Anne? Well, the Sergt. Major, who is always asking for you and the babies, was making enquiries of you when I told him of it; long afterwards when the mail went off he came down for the message, so I hunted for it but could not find it. I did not tell him so, however, but I told him I would find it and send it up to him. When he left he asked me to write a few lines to Anne, as she had said so much about me and my good advice at Leavenworth, so I made up a nice little note all about Charlie and his party, how he would not have Dandy for fear of kicking little sister, of his going to church, and hearing beautiful music, etc., etc. Sent it unsealed to the sergeant. Linch said he read it and he thought he would never stop laughing, he was so tickled.

When I go to the other camp I think Mrs. Marony will cook for me. She wants to if she can. Ned is the prettiest dog you ever saw. He will be very large and is so knowing. You will like him, he is so handsome. He is black and white, black ears, body spotted, a round black spot about the size of a walnut on top of his head, with a white ring or ground mark, another round black spot on his

rump. Beautifully marked, and is considered the prettiest dog in camp. I have him in course of fine training. Have him a box at the head of my bed where I shut him up every night. In the morning I reach out of bed and let him out. He is a great comfort to me.

Thursday, 18th. I am getting rid of my cold rapidly. At last the officer of the guard duty is done away with and I go on officer of the day once in 4 and 5 days.

I immediately dressed up, put on some clean clothes, and am looking highly respectable, rather neat than otherwise. I have two new pairs of pants, plenty of coats and broadcloth military vest, a legacy of Carroll's, and with the aid of my little tub for washing I am quite myself again.

My flesh remains on as yet. My health is excellent so far, and trust it will so continue.

Saturday, 19th. Nothing new today.

Sunday, 20th. Cold and snowing.

Monday, 21st. Last night was the coldest of any I have yet experienced. Today it is as warm as summer. Being tired of these proceedings of board of survey, Dr. Baily and myself went out hunting. We each killed one jackass rabbit. They are very large and as white as snow, ends of ears tipped with black, fur very fine and long. I have saved the skins for little Jessie. I must kill several and save them. It is very fine fur. They are nearly three times as large as a common rabbit.

Tuesday, 22d. Officer of the guard re-established. I am officer of the day. We have got to take it every other day now. Tomorrow I expect to finish the board of survey proceedings.

Wednesday, 23d. I have got the writing all done and the proceedings occupy 40 pages of foolscap. While it was intended as a tribute to my professional knowledge, it has been very hard labor.

I expect to be put on a board of commissioners to look out a reservation. You see that I am called upon often. Such responsible duties of course do not depreciate me in your estimation. My position is very flatteringly established, and of course you will be highly pleased. It is Capt. Gove to do this and do that. I shall endeavour to get out of the last talked of duty, as it will be a long cold ride for a week.

A mail is expected every day. One goes off the 1st of January.

Wednesday, 23d. Officer of the guard re-established. This all

comes from not having a commanding officer here who is willing to say and insist on his rights and the rights of his command.

I have sent in the labors of a month, the board of survey; all the officers detailable for guard have gone on the sick report so Selden and myself are the only officers for duty. I do not blame them for so doing. I expect soon after Christmas to be relieved. I could, if properly situated, make myself more comfortable here than in camp.

Thursday, 24th. Officer of the day. You do not know how much I am relieved in my labor and care. Tomorrow is Christmas. Shall go up to camp. It is only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the creek.

I hear it rumored that one company of the 5th, Capt. Robinson's, and mine of the 10th are to garrison this post.

Friday, 25th. It is Christmas, my thoughts fly to you in Concord. I imagine I see Charlie wishing his papa a Merry Christmas. Well, today I went up to camp. Called on Col. Johnston and Maj. Porter, his Asst. Adj. Gen. Saw Col. Alexander there, Major Hunt, Capt. Dickerson, A. Q. M., and Clarke, A. C. S. of the army. Bee also. Bee, Dickerson, Porter and myself then started out for calls. Went to Mrs. Canby's who is living as comfortable as heart could wish, Col. Smith's, Mrs. Burns, Alexander, Gov. Cumming and lady. She is a small, pert woman, looks and talks like Miss Retchie, wears spectacles, very agreeable and affable. Comfortable as could be desired, took some wine, etc. From these to Judge Eckels, his District Attorney, Secretary of Territory, etc., etc. Everyone knows that I was in the profession, and want me to come up and help try the Mormons before the grand jury—and to tell you the truth, I think I could do it without fear of being beaten. I sometimes think that I should like to make my debut in a case that would please me. The deuce of it is I have more reputation in that line than I deserve, and if I did not make a successful affair of it I should fall from grace. I have thought best to play my part with keenness and shrewdness. It is much easier to lose a reputation of that sort than win one. About 4 P. M. I dined with Capt. Dickerson. All these people have comfortable homes and tents, and in this delightful climate everybody is happy and cheerful. Such beautiful days we have, it is like our October weather, the air perfectly pure and healthy. Save a few colds in the head everyone is in excellent health. During the evening the soldiers had a ballet in two large hospital tents. Most

of the officers went in and took a glass of wine with the managers and retired. Last night the 10th and 5th bands were out all night playing throughout camp. It really seems like garrison life. Col. Johnston told me today that he wanted my crack company to defend those stores, and that I would be detached from my regiment for that purpose. This gives me my own company as a separate corps with none to interfere or molest. Robinson does as I want him to do. I have my company my own way, drill when I please and how I please, as he knows nothing about our drill. I shall get rid of that rascally outpost duty, be quiet and retired, plenty of time to read, and enough of books to satisfy myself. The companies of the 5th have very large libraries (being an old regiment) and I can amuse myself in any way I choose. The order will be out tomorrow, I suppose.

A Merry and Happy Christmas to you and the dear ones.

Saturday, 26th. Yesterday was Christmas and I am officer of the day as a last time. Got an order that Co. B, 5th, Robinson's, and Co. I, 10th, Gove's, would constitute the garrison of the important post of Fort Bridger. A long sermon was preached relative to its importance and the confidence imposed by the Colonel commanding in its garrison. Lt. Cunningham, Co. B, 10th, ordered to report to me for duty, and Elwood from the 5th to Capt. R., so we shall have an easy time of it.

We shall move up the companies under shelter of the walls of the fort. I shall pitch my two wall tents, rip open the back of one and have the back one for a bedroom, the front for a sitting room. In the back one I shall put down the old carpet and have everything in great comfort.

I shall build a chimney to it so I will have an open fireplace. The other companies will go up tomorrow. The 10th is very full when compared with the 5th, and dress parades and drills are the orders of the day. It knocks everything here. It is splendid. With my little army of 76 men (Robinson has about 32) I shall commence drills and parades, charge up through the camps on a skirmish; first they will know will be Gove's Army, as they call my company in the 5th, charging into camp. Before this goes off I shall be able to write you more fully of my situation.

Sunday, 27th. The companies are moving, but we shall not hurry about getting into camp. We shall police well before we move. I must commence my cooking tomorrow.

Monday, 28th. Co. B, Gardner's, moves today. Cold and windy. Some snow. Getting ready for muster. We cannot strike tents on account of the high wind. We shall move up close to the walls of the fort. A section of Phelps's battery is ordered down here.

Tuesday, 29th. Wind high, blowing a gale, cannot move today.

Wednesday, 30th. Non-commissioned officers of the 10th give a ball tomorrow night. I expect they will endeavor to outdo the 5th and they will do it, too. I got my invitation and send it to you. I do not think I shall go. It is a mile and one half, and if the wind continues to blow I shall not go, certainly.

Thursday, 31st, 1857. Wind still continues. Orders out for inspection by Maj. Porter, Asst. Adjt. Gen., and a review at 4 p. m. I think he will get enough of it without the review.

10 o'clock p. m. Inspection is over, no review. Porter was glad to get through as soon as possible. I did not go to the ball. I thought I would stay at home and write you and my dear little children. My mind goes to you, and tomorrow I shall think of the calls you will receive. You must ere this have received money, as I have sent you some hundreds before this.

The mail goes tomorrow but I shall not send this only by private hands. I shall send you more drafts as I do not want it here with me. What you don't want deposit to your or my order. The District Attorney, Mr. Hackaday, goes to the States in three or four days and will take a few letters. He will overtake the mail before it gets to Ft. Laramie.

For fear some of the letters may not reach you I re-enter the drafts I sent you.

\$100 from Ft. Laramie.

\$128.50 pay roll from Harris Fork.

\$100 from Leavenworth — that you rec'd.

\$100 by Lt. Carroll.

\$258 draft by mail.

\$200 draft by private hands.

all of which will arrive in due season. The last three lots were sent about the 1st Dec. and may not reach you for some months.

I am now going to bed. I will bid you all a Happy New Year tomorrow morning. My health is excellent.

Friday, January 1st, 1858. A Happy New Year to you all! Today, instead of going up to the camp, I have been moving. I

think I have spent the holidays very poorly. The ball last night was a great affair, danced until daylight. I am now glad I did not go up. I think I shall keep away until I get my controversy with Alexander over. I think I told you something of it in some of my former days' writing. When I found myself here out of detail I applied for my men, Coury among others; they were refused. I replied very tartly to the endorsement. Previous to this Maynardier had made application for the transfer to the band another of my men. I refused in an endorsement to let him go. I wrote to the Colonel in reply to the refusal of those men joining their company a very sharp letter with a view of appealing to Col. Johnston. I had seen Maj. Porter, Asst. Adj. Gen., in reference to the men of my company on detached service, and he told me that I should have them. What is to be the result I shall see in a day or two.

Saturday, Jan. 2, '58. I have conquered the "old woman" at last. Coury reports for duty with his company. I have at last carried my point in his case. Excellent! I have now paid him one that I owe him. Today I am moving my company. Last night I barely got my own tent up. In about one week I shall be in trim order. The mail went off yesterday. I did not send this as Mr. Hackaday goes in a day or two, and I will send you more money if I can get a draft. The old mail came in today. It is the old Mormon mail and contains nothing late. I heard of a paper quite late from Ft. Laramie saying that the banks were bursting up and that there was a general failure throughout the country. My dear Maria, is not our little salary, sure to us, better than the chances of business although it does occasionally separate us? Have you thought of that? I have no doubt but that I should have been in speculations that would perhaps have impoverished us all. The pay of an officer in the army now amounts to something in this panic. Think of this, and congratulate yourself that all these fatal blows do not cost me or you any anxiety. How many sleepless nights have been experienced by men of all classes! Our pay remains the same, and we go to bed and rise up in the morning and still it is the same. I feel as though it is again my good luck that I stayed in the army, for while at Ridgely I had many thoughts of resigning and diving into those wild speculations. Had I done so it would have been my ruin. Don't you think so? Yes, I know you do. My good star thus far has guided me well and faithfully, and as I often have remarked "let well enough alone." I think you will agree with

me. All the lands I have were bought at a cheap rate and paid for; the crash will soon be over and I shall still reap the benefits of it. How fortunate it was that I did not sell my Lake Calhoun property! It would have probably been on time, and hence a loss. It will now come up in a healthy state and receive its true value. My only anxiety now is about the \$700 you sent Mr. Steele, but ere this reaches you you will ascertain about that. Traverse des Sioux property will be valuable even with that, as the speculation had not then affected that place as you well know.

Write Mr. Hadley my views on this subject, also father. I am anxious to get a mail from the States.

Sunday, Jan. 3, '58. I am getting fixed up for winter. My two wall tents are sewed together, the back one is lined throughout with fly on the inside and pieced out with wagon covers. I have boards to lie down and shall put down the old carpet, so you see I shall be very comfortable. I have two stoves and shall be as comfortable as could be expected. Lt. Howard and 16 men of the artillery are here with two pieces, one in each lunette, so we are well protected.

Two Mormon spies were captured yesterday in camp. They now have a ball and chain on them, a change not very much desired, I apprehend. I tell you that there will be vigorous measures instituted in the spring. I have just got a note from Lt. Carroll dated the 8th Dec. beyond the South Pass. Getting along as well as could be expected.

Old Marius, the butcher, cabbages tenderloins and tongues and brings them to me and I pay him well for them. Dr. Baily messes with me. A new army Dr., brother to the Ft. Ripley Dr., both here. It is now 10 P. M., the moon just rising out of the east. Perhaps you are looking at the same moon. The day has been salubrious.

Old Bee is excellent as usual. So is Dunovant, Jimmy and all. Bee is now a militia Lieut. Col. The discharged teamsters have formed themselves into 4 companies and Bee is Lieut. Col. and is now trying to make something out of them. He holds the temporary commission while they are in service. I must close this; tomorrow morning I will go up to camp and get a draft and send you if possible.

P. S. My health is excellent. Have not been off duty a day since I have been in the country.

Jan. 4. I have been up to camp and got a draft for \$130, which I send you by Mr. Brown, who goes as bearer of despatches to Washington. Dr. Brown will go to Boston and Miss Dudley will write you of his whereabouts. I give you again the list of drafts and on the suggestion of Major Hunt write directions as to them.

1st. Draft for \$100 from Ft. Laramie, the date and number I do not know. In this case you will have to trust to luck. Mr. Fitzhugh sent it.

2d. Pay roll for August, to be paid on your order at New York.

3d. \$258.50 draft No. 387, dated Nov. 26, '57, drawn by Maj. Hunt, Paymaster, U. S. A., on Asst. Treasurer, New York.

4th. \$100 dollars sent by Lt. Carroll.

5th. \$200 No. 32. Dated Ft. Bridger, U. T., Dec. 4, 1857. Drawn by H. F. Clarke, Capt. and Asst. Quartermaster, U. S. A., on Asst. Treasurer, St. Louis, Mo.

6th. \$130 No. 435, Ft. Bridger, Jan. 4, 1858, drawn on Asst. Treasurer, New York, by Maj. F. E. Hunt, Paymaster, U. S. A., all payable to your order.

Now what I want to advise you is this, that when you receive this and these drafts have not been received, write to the Asst. Treasurer at New York and St. Louis according to the above record and say that you have been advised that draft No. — drawn by — on Asst. Treasurer of the United States at New York or St. Louis, as the case may be, payable to your order, have been sent and not received, request that payment of them be stopped only to your order from this place. When received endorse them over to the bank, and date the endorsement Concord, N. H. (date). Ask Mr. George Minot or the cashier about it and he will advise you whether such an endorsement will answer or not. You understand me, I think. I close this hoping that you will use money for everything that will make you comfortable. When you receive this and all these drafts are not received, write to the places on which they are drawn and ask them to not pay, only as I have given directions.

Fort Bridger, U. T., January 6, 1858.

My dear Maria and children:

Twenty long letters have I written you, and now I wonder how many of them you have received. All of them I hope. They have

been long ones too. I sent the 1st of this month by Dr. Brown my last of 34 pages, containing a draft on New York, no. 435, drawn by Major Hunt, payable on the face to my order. I endorsed it payable to the order of "Mrs. J. A. Gove." If it does not reach you before you receive this write to the Asst. Treasurer of the U. S. to stop payment only to your order from Concord. The date of the draft is as follows, "Fort Bridger, U. T., Jan. 4, 1858."

In my last I gave you the number and description of drafts I have sent you previous to this to pursue the same course in regard to payment. I think you will not want much for money. We have no opportunities to spend much money here, and now that I am permanently located at this post for the winter I shall have but little to do but read and write. My tents are fixed up in fine style, the best in the army. My two wall tents are sewed together, the front one ripped open at the back. I use the back one for trunks and sleeping. I have a good floor and the old carpet down the whole length of both tents. In the front one I have a tent fly that covers it entirely. My tents are banked up with dirt and in front a porch or entry, so that I have got a real house. My little stove warms both rooms nicely, plenty of sheets and bedding. Have just had old Daddy Linch put on clean sheets so I am really fixed up.

In a day or two I shall have my kitchen built, and then, with my Frenchman, Berlieu, for a cook, I shall get along finely. I think I wrote you that Dr. Baily messes with me.

Spies are hanging around camp continually. Col. Johnston has found it necessary to appoint a provost marshal, with 8 sergts. as assistants. Lt. Grover of "ours" is appointed. He has unlimited power as such. Life and death is in his hands. He is precisely in the capacity of secret police and these sergeants are detectives. There are two at this post, Sergt. Sheppard of B Co., 5th, and Sergt. Preston of my company. They are relieved from all duty, go and come when they please, have a warrant of their appointment, and examine everybody that comes in or near camp. They are to be on the watch day and night, report everything to Lt. Grover that they see and hear. Our camp has been full of Mormons for a long time. Vigorous measures are being taken and these scoundrels must keep off at a proper distance.

We have no mail yet. We expect one daily.

Tonight (10 P. M. now) I am officer of the day; a patrol of 10

men just reported to me from above to go out on the Salt Lake road and return, to apprehend everybody they find and bring them to me. They will come back about 12 midnight.

I am reading French and intend to be able to read it fluently before winter is out. You must do the same.

January 11. Since the 6th nothing has transpired worthy of record. We are here still at this post, and shall remain so for the winter. My comforts and conveniences are as good as they can be. My health is excellent also. Since I wrote you last I have been very busy with my quarterly papers. Today I closed up my quarterly return of clothing, camp and garrison equipage. The enlisted men of the 10th at Camp Scott are getting up a theater. I have no doubt but that many good actors can be found among the men. The 10th is outstripping everything else in this command in all respects.

It is now just tattoo. A severe snow storm is raging. It will lull soon, as the wind is now ceasing.

Sunday, January 17. 'Tis Sunday evening and I am alone in my tent thinking of my dear ones far away. Since I wrote you last nothing has occurred to relieve the monotony of this cheerless place. The privates' ball came off at the theater building on the 15th and was a very disgraceful affair. Had it not been for the provost marshal and his sergts. I do not know what would have been the result; as it was much fighting and drunkenness occurred. It was evidently gotten up to get liquor, as they cannot get it otherwise. Several men were injured. Sergt. Lovell, in company with a corporal of the 5th Inf., was attacked by 7 or 8 men and injured very much. He was not drunk, but, anticipating a row, started for home and was overtaken by this party of men and beaten. A watchman at the store of Mr. Livingston's heard the outcry and ran out and drove them off. He fought like a lion and had no arms. The men were armed with clubs. Lt. Grover has been down here today and have got three of them, of my company; the others are out of it and have not found them out.

Holcomb, O'Sullivan, and McQuillen, the latter you never saw. He was a recruit. Col. Johnston is very much outraged and is going to order a special court for their trial. They will catch it sure. Sergt. Lovell has never been drunk since I released him on the march up. He was warned of this and was going home. I have a sort of a superintendence of his duties and his two sergts. here.

I got a note from him tonight to have Sergt. Brown, Commissary Sergt., arrested, and the head quartermaster's man here put in the guard house. Robinson, the commanding officer, is a mere stick here. No one goes near him, everybody comes to see me. During the day I have many calls. Before this goes off I shall be able to give you more information.

A Capt. George is here as sutler and speaks Spanish fluently. When I see you I shall talk to you in foreign languages altogether. Hurry up your French.

January 20. I have another opportunity to send this letter. Mr. Kerr goes to the States and will take a few letters. He goes tomorrow and this must be in by tonight.

Lt. Grover, provost marshal, was down here today and told me that I would be appointed judge advocate of a special court martial to try some important cases; those men that waylaid Sergt. Lovell will come before it, also several citizens who are to appear with counsel. I am in for it now, and my whole energies will be devoted to meet the public expectation. I am told that Col. Smith will be president and a full court of 13 members will be ordered if possible. Much will be expected of me, and I do not intend that the public shall be disappointed.

A party of mounted men came into the other camp just now. I am in hopes it is the mail. The Quartermaster gives Mr. Kerr a mule and he is to take a small mail. I will see him tomorrow, and if I can will send a letter with a draft.

Last night a spy came within about 400 yards of this place and was fired on by one of the provost sergeants. He was on a fleet horse and made off with all speed.

You must remember what I have written you heretofore about rumors and reports, don't believe them until you hear from authentic sources. The newspapers will be full of all sorts of rumors. We are within 113 miles of Salt Lake City, and the spring will open with a quadrille that will make the Mormons wish that they had not subscribed to the ball. The hardest part of the winter is over, so the mountain men say. Everybody is drilling and our men will be in excellent drill in the opening of the campaign. Yesterday I positively declined the judge advocateship of this court, but Col. Johnston told Grover that I must do it.

I hope I shall be able to send you a draft tomorrow.

Fort Bridger, U. T., January 21, 1858.

Dear Maria and children:

As I wrote you in no. 20, which I presume you will get at the same time as this, Mr. Kerr will take this one in his own package containing a draft for \$120, no. 40, dated Camp Scott, near Fort Bridger, U. T., January 4, 1858, on Asst. Treasurer of the U. S., St. Louis, to the order of Capt. J. A. Gove, U. S. A., drawn by H. F. Clark, Capt. and C. S., U. S. A. Pursue the same course with this one as with the others. If not received before you hear from me again stop payment as I have heretofore described.

The party that came in yesterday was not the mail.

It is much easier in the winter to go to the States than come out; the snow is rapidly going off, and soon will disappear.

I am now going to the upper camp with this letter. Am in excellent health. Still weigh my 154, the heaviest I have weighed for many years.

Write to father every time you hear from me. We are not allowed to multiply letters by these private mails or I would write oftener to them.

I do hope to hear from you very soon. I am tired of waiting. Take the greatest care of yourself and the dear ones. I dream of you often.

All your friends enquire of you often, Williams, Dunovant, Bee, Jimmy, etc., etc., old McNab also, Maj. Hunt and Dr. Rogers. Mrs. Hunt is in Cambridge, go and see her; the Major wishes you to do so. Make yourself happy and contented.

Fort Bridger, U. T., January 31, 1858.

My dear family:

Yesterday was one of great happiness to me; the Nov. mail came in and brought me four letters from you, one mailed Oct. 3d, one 24th, one 29th, and one 31st. Your two last were numbered 1 and 2. In your last you had received mine numbered 10 by Capt. Van Vliet. Ere this you must have heard all sorts of rumors, and of many of us being killed, but I pray that my cautions in former letters have put you on your guard. We got news that we had had a terrible fight and 500 of us slain, trains all burnt, etc., etc. How wide from the truth! There is not in all Mormondom force enough to whip us. One of your letters

acknowledged the receipt of draft from Fort Laramie. Since then I have sent you about \$800. Don't be so sparing of your money, get everything you want. I wrote you the 21st and sent draft for \$120, the one before was for \$130. Mr. Carroll has reached St. Louis with \$100 more, and a draft in the mail of \$258, besides a pay roll in Oct. 10th. On looking at my book I find on the 13th of Dec. I sent you \$200. This is the order so you will know how to receive them. Oct. 10th pay roll \$128.50 for Sept., Nov. 30th, by Mr. Carroll \$100, to be sent you. Nov. 30th by mail \$258.50. Carroll went with it. Dec. 4th by private hands \$200, Jan. 4 by mail \$130, Jan. 21 by Mr. Kerr \$120, \$937.

Is it possible that I have sent you that amount of money, and I have my January pay due me yet. We can spend no money here. My great luck lies in the fact that my wardrobe is extensive for such a campaign. Everything like wearing apparel very costly. I have not had to buy a dime's worth, nor shall I need to for 6 months to come. You know what an elegant outfit I got just before I left Ridgely. Carroll gave me many things, shirts, collars, elegant coat, etc., etc.

I heard from Carroll at Platte Bridge and Laramie; he is home ere this. In one of your letters you say you had nothing for deposit. Now, my dear Maria, I think ere you receive this you will have a few dollars. Take the same course in regard to stopping payment only to your order if not received before the subsequent letters. I do not know whether I have written you that I sent \$50 to New Mexico to buy a pony by Capt. Marcy. He is going to get me one when he returns.

In my last I wrote you of the villainous assault on Sergt. Lovell, and of the big court that was to be ordered for the trial of the men. Well, as I expected, I was appointed judge advocate, and the court consists of 13 members, the largest the law allows. Col. Smith, president, Col. Waite, Col. Chapman, Col. Canby, Capt. Reno, Capt. Phelps, Capt. Tidball, Capt. Hawes, Lt. Burns, Archer, Williams, Murry and Kensel, and your husband judge advocate. The 25th inst. the court assembled. 3 orderlies were detailed, two at the upper camp and one of my own choice here. Flaherty, my clean man, I selected. I have also a clerk, Shields of my company, a man I got at Leavenworth. He writes beautifully. I was selected as judge advocate with a view to give them a trial with all form and proceeding of a civil court. It was

one of the highest compliments that could be paid me. Still I dreaded it, but you know that I have some ambition when it comes to reputation. Last Monday I brought before the court O'Sullivan of my company. The charge was "violation of the ninth Article of War," a capital offence. It consumed 3 days in his trial, from 10 to 3 each day. Everybody came to the trial from Chief Justice Eckels down, and when I heard the flattering compliments paid me by such men, my dear Maria, I felt proud of my success, a tribute in which you will share I know. It was a tedious trial, and I informed the court that no delay should result from me, that the hours allowed by law might be consumed in their sittings. On the next morning Holcomb of my company was arraigned under the same charge, and at 3 o'clock Saturday I closed his case, submitting both cases without argument. The future will develop my success in these trials.

O'Sullivan's case occupied 34 pages of closely written matter and Holcomb's 40 pages. All questions and answers I took down and from this manuscript the clerk engrossed it. I walked to camp in the morning and returned at night, which did me much good I have no doubt. And now my dear Maria, if I have not kept a daily journal for you my labors described above must be my apology. There is one other case of the same sort but of some doubt; out of these two trials I would not be surprised if a perjury case or two was brought out. I have four or five other cases of minor importance that I shall commence on tomorrow. The court did not sit today, being Sunday.

I am in excellent health, much better of a cold I had on me the first of the week.

A Mormon prisoner and a soldier escaped from the guard last night at camp. The Mormon's name was Stowell.

Tell dear little Charlie that Ned is the best and most knowing dog his papa ever had. He is one of the handsomest pointers I ever saw and has more sense. He is considered by sporting men here a splendid specimen, he has so much sense. I talk to him as I would to Charlie. He comprehends everything I say to him. He is a great comfort to me. I have him excellently trained, and he allows no one to come near the tent at night. I forgot to write you in my last letter that I had drawn cavalry hats for my men; they look finely.

Tomorrow the mail goes off. The worst of the winter is now

over. There was but a very few papers came. They were left at Platte Bridge on account of the deep snows. It is surprising to me how it could be so pleasant here. We have had but little cold weather to what I have been subjected to for two winters. It is true we are much farther south than Minnesota, yet the altitude and the fact of our being on the other side of the Rocky Mountains perhaps gives me that impression.

The Pacific slope is much warmer even in the same latitude than the Atlantic. On Green River there is no snow. The ground is bare here and has been for days. We have two or four inches perhaps at a time, then it does not snow for days. We have a great deal of wind, which is very disagreeable.

You speak of taking music lessons and learning music. I hope you will do so. Go to Boston and see your friends there, also go out to Cambridge and see Mrs. Hunt. The Major is always enquiring for you, as do most of the gentlemen. They seem as closely attached to you as you do to them. I saw Dudley, McNab, and all the gentlemen last week. They enquired after you. McNab told me yesterday that he had received a letter from his wife, who wrote that she had a few days before received a letter from you, so you see we get from one and another all your correspondence.

You speak of the increase of the human family. You do not congratulate yourself, by the way. As I read along I expected every line to read some of your own self congratulations. Did your modesty prevent, or what was the cause? When you write Mrs. Alexander give her my love, for I like her much, and say that it is not to be hoped, nor is it the humble wish of her coworker in night trials and morning afflictions, that she is one of the elect of those "who dearly love their lords." It is a consummation not "devoutly to be wished."

Monday, Feb. 1st, '58. Court Room, Camp Scott.

I have just walked up from Bridger, and am ahead of time 20 minutes, so I devote those few minutes to writing you. It is a fine bracing morning and I never felt better in my life. I do not know when the mail goes. I presume today or tomorrow. I will ascertain and perhaps write you later.

6 o'clock P. M. I have just returned from the court and I have a few moments to write you.

Linch, who continues the same "old honesty," is to carry this up to the other camp.

I saw Col. Alexander and I told him of hearing from you and all about Mrs. Alexander. He says we must go in for our families and bring them out. I said "Amen", of course, to that. He will approve a leave as soon as we get situated in the territory. We may go in together this summer or fall. The poor old man, he likes me I do believe. He was like a child with me today.

Fort Bridger, U. T., Feb. 7, 1858.

My dear family:

A mail has come in, so we hear, and I trust it may prove true as I have not had any letters later than the last of October from you.

Yesterday the court adjourned sine die after a tedious session of two weeks, and when I tell you that I feel fine and relieved it but expresses feebly my present feelings. The cases have been important, and required much skill and judgment to prosecute them. I am so very tired that I will wait until I get the mail and then write you all the news.

The three glorious letters of yours came duly to hand, besides several papers, etc. You do not know how rejoiced I am that I got so late and so good news. The slips are of late date for us, and everyone is reading them. You constantly say that you suppose "I have heard all about it". You make a great mistake, for your letters are the first news I get. The mail made a very quick trip, but it ought to have been made in the month. The winter is very favorable for travel, and is said to be more free of snow than has been for many years. Your last was dated Dec. 10. Some of them are numbered and some not, one dated 13th Nov. and one 23rd, which I think makes all your letters complete.

I went up to camp and had a fine gossiping time with Major Hunt and all the officers that have wives away. You can well imagine the pleasure it creates to get a mail from the States.

Lydia's death is indeed sad news, but it did not surprise me, from what you had said in your previous letters. Squire must feel very sad, yet he has a little girl to console him in this great trouble.

You say in yours there was some talking done at your meeting in Boston. I have a very special opinion in the whole matter. You did not mention that Miss Vanclermo was in your party. Mrs.

Dudley wrote her husband that she was there. Did you omit to mention that my ancient friend was there through design? I called on Col. Alexander and told him of everything you wrote about Mrs. Alexander, and I did think the old man would go crazy. He has got well over his quarrel with me, and thinks the deuce is to pay with everyone.

Sergt. Mogart is in arrest for quitting his guard without permission from proper authority. A new court, I understand, has been ordered to meet in a few days.

February 10. This morning I went up to the camp and found that a court had been in session for a day. Col. Alexander president, Lt. Forney of "ours" judge advocate. It was a penny court to ours, no size and intellect, 7 members.

In my last I wrote you of the assault on Sergt. Lovell. O'Sullivan and Holcomb of my company were the only ones that we could get hold of. There were seven cases before the court, every one pleading not guilty. The record occupied about 175 pages of closely written matter. In the last case one Henry F. Ringsner, a citizen and retainer to the camp, was brought up for trial under the 60th Article of War. Citizens are never tried by general court martial except with an "Army in the Field." Michael of my company was the principal witness against him. This Ringsner was in the employ of the quartermaster's department, and had a general charge and superintendence of quartermaster's property outside of Fort Bridger. After a while several cases of liquors were stolen from the hospital stores which were in the same buildings. Suspicion at length rested on this man as being in position to take it or connive at its taking. Michael drank brandy at his tent out of a hospital brandy bottle. He described the bottle and was shown a hospital bottle and recognized the bottle and label. His description of the bottle and label was perfect. This story he told to Lt. Grover, provost marshal, about the middle of January last, and said he could state all these facts in court. Ringsner on the 17th of January was arrested and confined in the guard house until his trial. About a week before Ringsner's trial Michael went away without permission and I confined him. He was in confinement until the morning when Ringsner's trial commenced. The night before I sent for Michael and asked him to state to me all he knew relative to the case and what he could swear to in court. He told me the same story that he did Grover. The next morning the prisoner Ringsner

was called into court and applied for counsel. The court granted it, and a Mr. Smith from Washington City was introduced. The first thing he did was to file a statement objecting to trial, as to the jurisdiction of the court. I wrote out a reply and the court sustained me. Then the court wanted to turn him over to the civil courts. So did I, but after much argument, which lengthened out the records, they declared to the competency of the court, and that inasmuch as they had declared the jurisdiction of the court they should try him. After producing Dr. Baily, the purveyor, as to the loss of the brandy (4 boxes), I then established the identity of the brandy bottle and label by Dr. Ridgley. You see my object. I had in court a bottle which Michael said was precisely like the one out of which he drank brandy at the prisoner's tent. Both the Drs. identified it as a hospital bottle. Michael was then called, and what do you think was the result? Why, he denied that he ever drank any liquor of any kind at the prisoner's tent at any time. You may well imagine my astonishment. I caught the drift of the whole matter at once. He had been in confinement with Ringsner, and I saw, as did every one, that he was bribed. I immediately applied to the court for the privilege of a cross-examination. It being about 3 P. M. the court adjourned. The next morning they all came brim full of law. Col. Smith had been to see Judge Eckels, the Chief Justice, and he told him that no one but the adverse party could call witness to my proposition. On the vote they decided not to let me cross-examine him. I then proposed to introduce witnesses to show that he had stated the facts in a different manner out of court to what he did in. Here the counsel for prisoner filed an objection to such a proceeding. I replied. The court argued the point on the side of the prisoner as Judge Eckels had said so, when I quoted Greenleaf as authority, and a more astonished community you never saw. It was precisely a case in point. If you want to look at it it is paragraph 444, vol. 1, p. 561. All this became a matter of record for the reviewing officers.

On clearing the court they refused to allow me there to prove the alleged facts on the ground of custom of court martial. My position was beautifully defined, and I was glad they did in the manner they acted, for, had I cross-examined him or proved that he had lied, he was my only direct witness and could prove nothing against the prisoner. Now what was the end of Michael's perjury?

Charges were put against him immediately for making false statements to the prejudice of this man Ringsner, thereby causing him to be arrested and confined for nearly a month. Both guilty, the one of bribery and the other of lying. The court tried him and sentenced (he pleading guilty to all) him to confinement to hard labor in charge of the guard, with a 24 lb. ball attached to his leg, and to forfeit \$5 of his monthly pay for the same period. Such is the price of villainy and rascality here. It established the guilt of both in everyone's mind.

February 11. I do not think you will be very much edified by the long tirade of court proceedings, but it shows what I have been doing. Sergt. Mogart was tried by this last court and reduced to the ranks, but on the testimony of Col. Alexander to previous good character he was restored. The old rascal, he has an object in view. I was in hopes he would be broken, as I have several times determined to reduce him. Sergt. Lovell is in arrest now for some irregularity in his drawing provisions. He had been on a spree. He has received my last indulgence. I shall not let up on him this time. It is of no use. I think I shall make Preston 1st. sergt. I have not yet determined. O'Sullivan and Holcomb have received their sentence and were today sent to regimental headquarters for confinement, away from their company. They were both found guilty by the court, (another triumph for me as prosecuting officer) and are to forfeit all pay and allowances that will become due during the remainder of their enlistment, to wear a chain and ball of 24 lbs. weight attached to the leg, to be confined at hard labor under charge of the guard, at the expiration of their term of service to be indelibly marked with the letter "M" (mutiny) over the left hip, then to have the head shaved and drummed out of service. Such is the fate of bad men. They get their reward sooner or later. Had the sergt. died from his wounds they would have been shot.

I have made Haven a corporal, and he makes a good one so far. I tell you I have but precious little confidence in any enlisted man. I have been making an example of some of my men and more of them must be brought out if they do not reform and be good soldiers.

Last night Col. Smith, field officer of the day, Major Sibley of dragoons, Capt. Reno and Radford and Capt. Dickerson, A. Q. M., came down to make me an evening visit. The Colonel

has to visit the guard after 12 o'clock. I opened my box of liquors for the 1st time. Got them up a magnificent supper, brought out table cloths, our silver, etc., etc. Oyster soup, boiled tongue, tripe fried and pickled, rice croquettes, cakes [illegible] etc. Magnificent affair. You never saw a more agreeably surprised party. We played everything throughout the evening and a more social gathering you rarely ever see. They took especial pains to come 2 miles on a very cold night, and I think they enjoyed themselves very much. Old Dunovant was on outpost with his company. I sent him a good drink of brandy by Major Sibley.

Friday, Feb. 12. How time flies! Spring will soon open and then there will be a hurrying time here in this little army. Today I have been fixing up my papers that were left unfinished at the close of the year, when I was called upon to commence a new career in a court martial. I shall go up to camp tomorrow with this letter and try to get it off Sunday, as I understand Mr. Gerrish, a trader, is going into the States. The mail will go the 1st of March, when I shall send you another long letter. It is a pleasure to sit down to write, to know that you are looking forward to receive it, and wonder when you will get it. The mails will be very regular. By the time you wrote me last you ought to have received my Sept. pay roll. We get a mail by the last of this month or the very first of next. Ere this you have received many drafts I sent you. Carroll had \$100, and by the mail he went with I sent \$258 or such a matter. Carroll wrote me from Kearney, and the mail party met him and the mail on Big Blue, so by the 10th or 12th of January he got home to St. Louis. Since then I have sent numerous sums.

As to coming out here in the spring it is a matter I can tell you nothing definite, as you readily can see. If it is possible I intend to spend the winter in the States, and I am satisfied that my chances are as good as anyone's. All this extra labor on me will not hurt me in the estimation of Col. Johnston, and Maj. Porter will do anything for me in that line. Would it not be delightful to spend a winter with our friends, then in the spring come out with troops? It is one of the most remarkable climates in the world, healthy and delightful. Once here, we could pass a happy season. I do not want you to think of coming without I come for you, unless it is impossible for me to come in. It is impossible to tell what we shall do. You shall come out or I come in next summer.

Dudley will get leave as soon as Capt. Heth joins. He is already ordered here. I told Dudley that next to myself I would prefer him to bring you out, and so I would. I think he has more tact than any man I know of, and it would be his delight to bring you out. Goodnight, I will write you a few lines in the morning. My health is excellent.

I told Dunovant that you called him "old Dunovant." He laughed and told me to write you and call you for him "old woman."

I expect to send this letter by private hands by the 13th and not wait to have it go the 1st with the mail. Mr. Gerrish is going by next Sunday and I will try and send it by him. Tomorrow I shall go up to camp. I hope the colonel commanding this army will let me rest, for I have been on the jump ever since I came here, and it is concluded that I have done my share of duty outside of the line.

Saturday, 13th. This morning when I woke up I found a most terrific storm raging, the most severe we have had this winter. The mountaineers here say that this is an annual storm in February. It is not cold but blustering. It is comfortable in my canvas house, as much so as in a house. It is singular to me that at Ridgely it should be so cold and freezing for months, with snow many feet deep, while here we have had no snow to speak of, with the climate for the most part delightful.

The idea that this winter I should winter in the Rocky Mountains in tents on $\frac{2}{3}$ rations for a soldier! The officers are allowed like the men, we get 13 oz. flour per day, $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. bacon per month, and all else in proportion except beef, we get 2 lb. a day, but such beef, all bone, driven as it was in ox wagons hauling supplies from Leavenworth, nearly dead when it got here. It is to be wondered at that we could eat it at all, but let me tell you that it is thankfully taken by this army, more than a thousand miles from supplies or the prospect of supplies for 3 months to come.

In the early part of winter I secured some salt, but kept it from everyone. I have now salt beef, pickled tripe, tongues. So much for my smartness. We get the same allowance for our servants, so the amount is ample for our wants.

I have not seen Bee for many days. His camp is about 5 miles from here, up Black's Fork. Jimmy and Deshler are there also. Next week I intend to go up and stay with him all night.

Dunovant, Williams, Armistead, all your friends I see often, and they always desire to be remembered to you. Dunovant sends love to Charlie and wants to know if he has got a "mooly cow."

All the Ridgely gentlemen desire to be kindly remembered to your mother, Col. Alexander especially. I tell you there are no such people in the world as army families. You have probably come to that conclusion.

I think you had better have Jessie baptized. Why did you not tell Mrs. Renton that you named her for her? Jessie Renton is pretty and I do not object. Take her down to Boston and let the old lady stand Godmother. She will do the handsome thing for her. It is a Scotch name and I do not see any objections to her having a Scotch Godmother. You have my consent to name her what you please when you baptize her. She has not been baptized, so the Ridgely can be changed. I think Ridgely a pretty name, however, but if you take a freak to name her Renton I have no objections. I rather like it, and then Mrs. Renton would be pleased.

I have not drawn my pay for January nor February, nor shall I have to. I do not intend to draw it at present. I have no expenses. The only expense others have is clothes, and I have so many I do not know what to do with them. I shall expect the next mail to hear that you got my pay roll. If you have not received it write the paymaster at New York immediately and tell him that I sent my Sept. pay roll payable to you by him, and to stop payment only to you or your order.

My health is excellent. I still retain my flesh. Am blessed with a glorious appetite and have not been what you would call sick since I left Leavenworth.

As soon as the spring opens the upper camp is to be moved down near the post where we shall all be together.

We all await anxiously for spring that we may be relieved from this state of inactivity and ennui.

My French cook is one of the best I ever saw. When we get into garrison I shall take him as a cook in our house, for I do think he is a trump, on meats especially. He has served one apprenticeship at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, afterwards he was in a house at Chicago.

Write me all particulars of failures etc. It interests me very much.

I do not hear from Steele, Mr. Gear, or any of the Minnesota people.

I will try by next mail to send you more news, but you see we are hived up here without any knowledge of events outside our camp.

I intended to have gone up this morning with this letter but the wind blows so severely that I will send it by Linch.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., February 14, 1858.

My dear family:

Today is Sunday and also St. Valentine's Day. I am officer of the day. Last night I sent up letter no. 22, which a Mr. Gerrish says he will take safely through to the States in one month. By the 25th of March or 1st of April you will get it. Our January mail will not get here in season to answer letters, as the regular mail for the States starts the 1st of March and also every month. The postmaster thinks the January mail will come about the 10th of March. That will bring later news than we have had.

Tomorrow I intend to go to camp.

Monday, 15th, 1858. The wind blew so hard today that it was impossible to get to camp, so I stayed at home and fixed up all my papers and letters.

My health is excellent. The weather, except the wind, is delightful.

Tuesday, 16th, 1858. Went to camp today. Walked up with Major Sibley and Dunovant. As for Bee I have not heard of him for a week. Tonight Col. Smith is officer of the day and is coming down with a party to spend the evening. Capt. R. here they pay no attention to as though he was not in command. It annoys him very much, and comes in and talks the matter over with me. He does not see why they should slight him. I know. He is a penny man, notoriously so in his own regiment, and they do not really treat him civilly.

Wednesday, 17th. I am officer of the day today. Last night Col. Smith, Maj. Sibley, Capt. Reno, Dr. Mills and Williams came down and spent the evening very agreeably with me. Col. S. has to stay until after 12 o'clock to visit this guard. Had an elegant time. My Frenchman cook outdid himself. He is the

most apt man for a cook I ever saw. These gentlemen are astonished that oysters could be so nicely cooked. He is a trump, good for nothing else. If we ever get into garrison I will have him for a cook instead of a girl. Had meat balls, boiled tongue, splendid oyster soup, cookies, rice croquettes, coffee unequalled, etc., etc. Had supper about 11 o'clock, and a very happy time. Tomorrow I intend to go to camp. Health excellent. No news of any moment. We just live here hived up, drill, eat, and sleep. My books are a great blessing. The 5th Inf. have a large library.

Thursday, 18th. This morning I was relieved from officer of the day. Shall go to camp this afternoon. The wind blowing very hard here now. The atmosphere feels like spring, like rain. There is now but little snow here, nor has there been for the winter.

Friday, 19th. Last night a party of us were at Dr. Mills's tent. Had a nice supper about 12 o'clock. Col. Smith, Capt. Reno, Major Sibley and myself. It was very dark and I stayed all night with Major Sibley. He went on this morning as field officer of the day. Got breakfast with him. The field officer of the day has to visit Bridger's Fort, so the Major dined with me, so also Lt. Webb, 5th. Yesterday I called to see Mrs. Canby. She is excellent. Sends much love to you. Got your magazines and as for health she was never better. Old Alex is well and in fine health. Very friendly with me. It is now 10 o'clock at night. So good night.

Monday, 22d, 1858. Today is the 22d. A salute was fired at Camp Scott in honor of the day. Nothing since last Thursday has come up of any interest. Bee was down here yesterday. I was very glad to see him. Jimmy got your letter and he was very much pleased. We are all getting uneasy. The weather is mild so that beef will not keep. We shall be much unsettled for two or three months, and our duties will begin to multiply as spring opens. Scouts and outpost duty will be frequent, and until we move over into the valley we shall all be on the alert. Rumors are constantly afloat but they ultimately vanish. Yesterday rumor had it that the Mormons were leaving the city. This may be all true. It would not surprise me if such was the case. Indians brought the news. Capt. Robinson is away to the other camp, so I am alone here. I cleared out my trunks today and am cleaning up generally.

Old Daddy Linch is cleaning up my tent, so I shall be clean again.

My health is excellent, never better.

Tuesday, 23d. Today I am officer of the day. Last night it snowed about 2 inches, all gone by night. It has been a beautiful day, charming. I had a fine drill with my company this afternoon. I intend to have them in excellent drill. This afternoon I had an idea to go to the other camp and drill with the battalion, as Col. Johnston has offered the chance to me. The moon shines brightly and I think of you all. It is like summer out. Tattoo is just over.

Thursday, 25th. Today has been one of the most charming I have seen for a year. Strange to say, spring at this early date is fairly upon us. No snow, warm and pleasant, no wind and the creek here is breaking up. The ground commenced to thaw, and in a few days grass will begin to start and we shall look anxiously for Capt. Marcy from New Mexico. We begin to think that something will be done very early, as the winter has been so mild and favorable, the spring cannot be against us, for the great snows in the mountains can be the only impediment to movements, and as there is but little snow comparatively we shall make an early move.

Yesterday I was up to Camp Scott. Dined with Col. Smith and also with Dunovant. Dunovant and myself called on Mrs. Cumming, the Governor was not in so we did not see him. Called on Judge Eckels, etc.

Today I took a long walk. Had a splendid drill. I am getting ready for muster and I intend to have out my men in perfect order. I suppose Maj. Porter will muster us.

Friday, 26th. Officer of the day. Had some excitement today. The animals on Smith's Fork stampeded and went in sight of this post, over the mountains towards Salt Lake City. Whether they were being run off by the Mormons was a question with us. I despatched corporal of the guard and three men to try and head them off, but they were too late, but ascertained that they were dragoons' horses and mules on a frolic. They were soon recaptured and brought back.

The 28th is muster. I have got my men in complete order. I bought each man a pair of gloves, and I think they will cut a shine.

Saturday, 27th. Last night the wind commenced blowing and all day (now 8 P. M.) it has blown terrifically, harder than ever. Several tents have blown down, and I thought at one time my ranch would go under.

The wind has lulled somewhat. Tomorrow is muster.

Sunday, 28th, 1858. Muster is over and the mail closes at retreat, so I must close my letters and send them up. I have nothing new to write you. Only that I am in excellent health, never better. My company this morning looked perfection. We expect a mail by the 10th when I expect to get lots of letters from you. Take good care of the children now that spring is opening.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., February 28, 1858.

My dear family:

It is now 10 o'clock at night. A beautiful moon lights up the heavens, and as I pace up and down in front of my tent my mind runs to you. I imagine what you were doing today. It is Sunday. I suppose you have been to church, and as you went to bed you thought of me, thousands of miles from you. How quick thought is! I think of you and my mind runs to you as though you were but a few feet from me. I sent you no. 23 today. I hope you will get it.

March 1, 1858. Monday. I am officer of the day. I do not feel well today. I did not sleep well. I account for it by the fact of my getting a severe cold yesterday at inspection. I had on a thin uniform coat and got very cold. I usually wear my brown overcoat. Do you remember it? I have been wearing it all winter. It is very warm and comfortable and has served me a good purpose.

Today the sun shines brightly and pleasantly. A moderate wind. We hope to get an early mail. I want to hear from you very much. I will some day sketch Ft. Bridger and the camp.

March 2, Tuesday. Today has been one of those charming days. Thermometer up to 56. No wind of consequence. A man came in today from Salt Lake. He went in last fall and they treated him so badly that he left. He represents the Mormons fitting out parties to hang on our borders, and three companies have already gone out. We are on the alert constantly. Scouts are out daily, and if they get much ahead of us they must get up early.

I have been here doing double the duty of any other company in my regiment. It now looks as though scouting will about equalize it, as we shall be left to guard the stores; from that duty the companies must do the outdoor work until we all take a start. No part of this army will be left here, but we shall be relieved by companies from Laramie. I have positive assurance that I shall go on with the advance. The service begins to be hard on all the companies.

I think I wrote you long ago that Clark of my company deserted from Harris Fork in October. A body was found on Smith's Fork hung by the neck, and the coroner's inquest returned a verdict that it was Clark. I was up as a witness with several of my men, and I think it is him myself.

March 3, 1858. Today is the anniversary of the birth of our regiment. I am today three years a captain. The regiment have erected a flag staff and made a flag, and today they raise it. Col. Smith yesterday was field officer of the day, and he and several others spent the evening till 12 o'clock with me. Today is another warm and beautiful one. A company of the 5th is out today on a scout towards Salt Lake. Murry reported to Col. Smith last night on his return from a scout with 30 men. A detachment of dragoons are out with 5 days provisions. We are having hurrying times now. Col. Johnston is determined not to be surprised. Our safety depends upon our own vigilance. My company is in splendid fighting order. So is the whole regiment. I do think "ours" can not be beaten in health, drill, and efficiency by any in the service. I am proud of it. The Colonel is on the most agreeable terms with me. He is complimentary to me and my company at all times, and my relations are of the most friendly character with every officer in the regiment and army, all of which cannot fail to be gratifying to you and our friends. My position is well and highly established, and you know how desirous I am of a good reputation unbought by fawning or flattery.

March 4, Thursday. Every day we have something new. Scouting parties are constantly going out. Armistead with 30 men passed our camp today to go out in the direction of Salt Lake City. Major Sibley came in from a scout with 60 mounted dragoons on mules, having stayed on the Muddy last night. A mail is now due, and if it does not come in within 5 days we shall think that the Mormons have captured it. About the tenth I shall have a chance

to send you this letter by private hands. We must now be careful what we send and write. How fast time flies! Here it is like the last of May in Minnesota. It is one of the most healthy and remarkable climates in the world. I am officer of the day. It is now 12 o'clock at night. I am just going to visit the guard and then to bed. You will be about getting up in the morning. With you it is Friday, still Thursday to me. Today I had a school in tactics with my non-commissioned officers. You would laugh, I know, to hear the lazy fellows recite, just like great school boys; they come to my tent. It is very important, however. I intend they shall know and understand their duties thoroughly.

March 7, Sunday. This is one among many of our recent days of sunshine and warmth. This is most remarkable for weather at this season. Last Friday I went up to Bee's camp about 6 miles from here. Stayed all night with him. Came down yesterday in one hour and ten minutes. Yesterday morning 5 Mormons were seen near the upper camp. Bee sent out some men and we followed out about 5 miles. Saw them on the buttes or peaks of the bluffs. A cache of potatoes was found at Fort Supply yesterday, some hundreds of bushels. There will, as the snow goes off, be more found, as some 150 families lived there previous to our arrival. I just hear that some oats have also been found.

I hope the cache of potatoes will be large as I am wanting some very much.

I shall send this letter by private hands to Ft. Laramie. From there it will go in the mail.

I shall send by every opportunity. I sent you yesterday a line by Miller who goes to the States with other discharged soldiers. Our mails will be interrupted for many days, and the mail now due I expect is taken.

Scouts are out today in every direction.

There is a report that the camp above will be moved in two weeks from the present position, probably up to Fort Supply. This command will be strengthened, and I hope Col. Canby to command.

It is now about tattoo. This letter I shall send tomorrow morning. I told Miller that if the letters were taken from him to write you that such was the case, and to say that I was well. I have my doubts as to this reaching you. My health is excellent.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., March 9, 1858.

My dear family:

I sent you recently two letters without numbering them, one by Miller, discharged from my company, and one by private hands to Laramie. This I send by an express. It may go tomorrow or next day. If not tomorrow I shall write you more. An express returned today from Laramie in 12 days. Reports no snow beyond the South Pass. Grass green on the Platte. The companies at Laramie ready to join us. No mail had arrived at Laramie when he left, thinks it will be up in a few days. Saw no Mormons on the road.

Col. Johnston is going to move the camp near this fort in about ten days, when I hope I shall join my regiment. We shall then have brigade drills. Won't that be splendid?

My company will be paid off tomorrow. I will write tomorrow morning before I send this.

Wednesday, 10th. This goes by express to the States. I do not know whether it will ever reach you. A command goes back to the South Pass to escort the mail. The command moves to this point in ten days. We shall then all be together. I am in excellent health. I hope to hear from you at a late date.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., March 14, 1858.

My dear Maria:

This is Sunday with us. The 8th inst. I sent you letter no. 24 by private hands. I also wrote you again the 10th, making three letters I have sent you within a week or ten days, only one of the regular series. On the 11th a man by the name of Ross came in from the direction of Salt Lake City from a Indian camp in charge of one "Ben Simons," a Delaware Indian. It numbers about 400. Ross had eleven Indians with him, mostly Snakes. They are friendly and are coming in as soon as he returns. He reports that the Mormons have probably killed most of the Gentiles in the valley. All or nearly all that went from this camp last fall to go to California have been killed. He corroborates Brown's story mentioned in my former letters, his escape, etc.

12th inst. Ross and his Indians returned, passing by this post about one o'clock p. m. Soon after it commenced to rain and snow.

About retreat a man came in from the Salt Lake direction with a pack mule, splendidly mounted, so much fatigued that he could not apparently speak. He saw nothing of Ross and his Indians. He is very reserved, says he came from California to Salt Lake City, remained there 9 days, and then came here under a Mormon escort till within a few miles. His whole outfit is new and well made up. Says he has despatches for Gov. Cumming. My men want to hang him. Say he is a Mormon. Half persuaded that they are right from recent developments. Yesterday, 13th, he went to the upper camp and is now with Gov. Cumming. What his business is no one yet knows.

12 o'clock noon, Sunday. Reports are many and varied this morning. Some trouble has already arisen between the civil and military authorities relative to this man. He says his name is Kane, from Philadelphia, brother to the late Dr. Kane, that he left New York the 5th of January. He has not as yet delivered any despatches to Col. Johnston, though he told him he had some for him.

"Mary Anna," a Mexican who went out to New Mexico with Capt. Marcy, came in last night by the way of Laramie. He reports that they suffered extremely in the mountains on their way out, that plenty of animals could be obtained and Capt. M. had already bought some 250. He brought despatches to Col. Johnston from Laramie. Orders 6 and 7th Inf., A and M Cos., 2d Artillery, and 1st Cavalry to reinforce this army. Breaking up posts in Arkansas so Potter will get here at last. 4th Artillery to garrison Riley, Kearney, and Laramie. All these orders you will see long before they reach here, for I suppose you watch the papers closely. You can get all the news by the Herald, and Mr. Butterfield will let you have them from his reading room.

"Ben Simons" came in also last night and reports 1100 Mormons this side of the cañons. We may have lively times here. I trust Col. Johnston will not be superseded.

Mary Anna reports a mail within a few days of us. It was this side of the Rocky Ridge at the last crossing of the Sweetwater. Roads good.

There is a little snow today. I find that I have much to journalize now.

Capt. Marcy lost Sergt. Morton of E Co. (Heth's) in the mountains on their way out.

Tuesday, 16th. Cold, windy, and very disagreeable. I am officer of the day. Today a sergt. of a dragoon picket of some 20 men in the direction of Salt Lake came in and reported the loss of several mules by Mormons, men that evidently came out of Salt Lake City with Kane. The soldiers are very much incensed against this man Kane. It is thought that the Governor is completely fooled by him.

Wednesday, 17th. St. Patrick's Day, but little drunkenness as no whiskey.

My dear Maria, two hours since I wrote the sentence above, and what do you think I have stopped so long for? You cannot divine. About 7 o'clock in the evening I commenced, and it is now 9 o'clock and I renew my letter. I have been in command of one of the lunettes with my company and a detachment of artillery with guns shotted for a fight. Several shots were fired into camp, and then came my favorite alarm call and the long roll on the drum of the 5th Inf. Co. In three minutes we were in position and ready for a fight. The Mr. Kane I have spoken of previously left this morning for Salt Lake City under a guard. Tonight he returned and says he got lost, that he fired these shots to find his way into camp. This we do not believe, as his shots came directly over the camp. A patrol of the guard was sent out immediately, and one of my men shot at Mr. Kane and just missed him. My men have a reputation in that line, you may well believe. They brought him in and Mr. Kane was the most astonished man you ever heard of. He barely escaped and that was all, and a more frightened individual I never saw. He was sent with a guard to Camp Scott. My men were in the work and rifles loaded before you could turn round, anxious for a fight. I have no confidence in this man, and our men sleep on their arms tonight. His escort was seen by the Provost Sergt. (Preston), and if they molest us tonight they will be a sorry party. It was exciting in the extreme to see with what alacrity my men got in position. I would have given \$500 to have had a fight. Tomorrow the whole army moves down to this post, and a nice little fight would have given us a brevet. We may have one yet. Tomorrow I will write you of this night. We shall sleep on our arms, and woe betide any of these scoundrels if they molest us. McCarty shot at him, and we all think he did it on purpose, as Mr. Kane thinks it hit his collar. The man says it was accidental. I heard

the men talking about it and they say he shot at him. Had he killed him he should not have been hurt. Even if Mr. Kane's story is true he runs his own risks in coming into camp in that way. The military authorities think him a spy and there is no doubt about it, and the sooner he gets out of our reach the better.

Thursday, 18th. Terrific snow storm. Camp Scott on the move. Headquarters came down in the morning. Snow storm from the N. E. commenced about 10 o'clock and has raged all day. About 12 Mrs. Canby and her Mary came to my tent, rejoiced that they had no farther to go. Mrs. Canby, Colonel and Mary dined with me. I had a new table cloth, silver, and for eatables this is my programme.

Roast duck, which I killed the day before, boiled rice, boiled tongue, vegetable soup (desiccated vegetables), elegant coffee, nice bread, etc. She stayed until about — and then went over to her own tent. I tried to have her stay all night but she said nothing would be arranged unless she went over and so she must go. I could have made them up an elegant bed, plenty of clean sheets and pillow cases in my trunk. She says all I want to make me happy is my wife and children, for I was nicely fixed up. I thought so, too, and if you could have been transported to me and spent the winter how happy we could have lived! But spring would have come. I would not be surprised if all the ladies and camp women were left here in charge of troops coming up from Laramie to relieve us.

Friday, 19th. Am officer of the day. Storm still raging. Old Bridger, who is Col. Johnston's guide and who was driven out from his place by the Mormons, says that this is the equinoctial storm, and may last for some days, then comes the warm weather. Everyone in camp is miserable. The snow is so deep that the men cannot get much wood, and we are here about as destitute as the people in camp. Everybody from camp has been here to find a comfortable place. Williams, Reno, Webb and Clark and Dickerson dined with me today. Have been here all day.

10 o'clock p. m. Storm raging still. Small moon peeping out to light up the snow and make it look the more dreary. The herd of mules went back today to Smith's Fork. No grass for them here. Mail will not be here for two or three days. A large party of Mormons gone down to intercept the mail, but when they find that Capt. Hawes with a squadron of dragoons is with it they will

"catch a Tartar" if they try to capture it. Capt. H. returns with a mail to Laramie, and I shall send you draft. It will be the only certain mail for the States for some time. I shall avail myself of this opportunity to send you a long letter and money. Capt. Marcy will be back here ere long. Col. Johnston has just published an order of congratulation to the army on the arrival of Capt. Marcy. It is pretty. I will copy it. I will also send you a copy or sketch of this post.

I have taken up topography. I like it very much, and if I have time I intend to make a map of the whole camp. I am surprised at my own success in that line.

Bee with his command will not come down until the storm allays somewhat.

Saturday, 20th March. I think the storm will be over soon, the moon is quite large.

In camp they are getting arranged and will soon be in order. No mail yet. Expected tomorrow. I hope so.

Sunday, 21st. Livingstone I discharged the 19th; he will go to the States, I expect, the first opportunity. Shall send you a letter by him. Today has been warm and pleasant. Yesterday most of new Camp Scott called on me. Everybody comes to my tent. Col. Smith, Capt. Reno, Dr. Mills, and Capt. Clark spent the evening with me at a game of cards. Boston is the prevailing game in camp. Major Hunt has parties very often.

Today Major Hunt called on me. They do not wait for me to call on them. I have not been to camp yet. They like to come into my comfortable quarters. I think everyone in the army has been to see me. Col. Johnston and Major Porter called today.

The snow has gone away today rapidly, and in a few days it will be all gone.

10 o'clock P. M. Mail in. Shall wait for my letters. Lt. Thompson gone up and will get them. I hope to get many from you.

Monday, 22d. A happy man am I. I got your letters dated the 27th Dec. and 20 Jan. Long glorious letters, just such letters as I delight in getting from you. It did my soul good to peruse them. Bee was down from his camp. You ought to have heard him laugh at your criticisms on Carroll. Old Dunovant was pleased, and Bee still insists that you are a trump, no matter what the suit is. Your letters are so well written and had such a buoyant spirit running all through them that most of them I read to Bee and Dunovant.

Dunovant desires to be remembered to you with much love, and also Bee. Great enquiries for Charlie. Dunovant always enquires most particularly for him. Tell Charlie that he almost worships him. Jimmy got your letter, pleased beyond measure. I have not been over to the 10th yet. Am today officer of the day. We do not move, bless the Lord for that. I think I wrote you that I discharged Livingstone the 19th inst. He goes to the States. This mail I send draft. Capt. Hawes escorts it to Laramie.

I received slips of papers, postage stamps, etc.

Got Harper for January, 2 Heralds, and Concord papers. Don't you believe what people tell you about the mail. I think I get all letters and papers you send me.

There is drafts I sent you yet, dates as follows:

Dec. 13, \$200, No. 32, Dec. 4, 1857. Bridger Fort, U. T.

Jan. 4, \$130, No. 435, drawn by Major Hunt.

Jan. 21, \$120, No. 40, sent in letter no. 21.

Bee got letter from Sophia. All well and in excellent health. Write her often. Bee thinks the world of you. Williams and all enquire for you and hope to see you soon again.

Tuesday, 23d, 1858. Mail leaves the 25th. Drew my pay for January, February and March and send it to you in a draft for \$358.50, draft No. 476, dated Fort Bridger, U. T., Mar. 24, '58. Capt. Hawes and a squadron of dragoons go with it as escort to Fort Laramie, so it will go safely.

12 m. I have just returned from Major Hunt's. He got letters from Mrs. Hunt dated the 20th Jan., the same date as yours. I told the Major that I intended to write you to tell Mrs. Hunt that the Major was the fattest, healthiest and most determined man in the army.

The fact of it is, this is a wonderful climate, no one is sick. What a country to raise children in! I think it a more healthy country than Minnesota. No one ever gets sick here, Sleep out and it is all the same.

I want you to write Mr. Gear and also Mr. Steele, Mr. Gear about the taxes on my Lake Calhoun property. He was to put it into Mr. Wells's hands at Minneapolis. I have but little confidence in Mr. G. He is not so reliable as he ought to be. You had better write Mr. Steele and explain how Mr. Gear nor Mr. Wells have ever answered me or you in reference to the taxes on that property, and ask him to see if it has been attended to by either of them. I

wish him to ask Mr. Wells to attend to it at once and make return of the matter to you, and you remit to him what funds he may want. I have but very little confidence in Sanborn & French. Have it attended to at once. Write Mr. Steele about the payment for the other 6 shares, and remit him the instalment or amount, to send you a copy of regulations of company, etc., that I expect him to look to my interest in the property and see that it is all right. I believe it will be excellent property and I have no desire to lose it.

Write him also to advise you in season to make remittances, so that no forfeiture will result from the present payment. Be sure to have the other 6 shares.

I shall write father and tell him all about it. I regard it as good property, excellent. You will have on deposit some \$1,000 when you receive this. I drew my pay as it was so good an opportunity to send it. I shall not draw again for some time.

9 o'clock P. M. When you send to Cahill, etc., for their bill ask them to send you the bill for the epaulettes, etc. Perhaps they will do so at any rate. I will write them this mail.

I got a letter from Strat Bailey about my L. Island lands. Now I am off to bed.

Tuesday, no, Wednesday, 24th. Mail closes this evening. I shall keep this letter open until the last moment.

This morning (10 o'clock) is lovely and genial. The snow is rapidly going off, and in a day or two we shall have it clear and dry. Bee moves his camp today.

1 P. M. I must now close this letter as the mail leaves very soon, or rather closes.

Mrs. Canby and the ladies will, I expect, be left here. In such case I will leave my trunk, silver, etc., with her. She is well.

I want you to dress as well as anybody. I send you money for that purpose. What you do not use deposit.

Keep the children in nice dresses. If you have an extra dress or so of an unusual cost I will not complain.

For a party you ought to have a velvet dress. You do not write me whether you have grown fleshy after weaning Jessie. I think you ought to get a little more flesh after weaning her.

I have written Mr. Carroll. I would not be surprised if he came out here and did not resign. Remember me always to everyone who enquires for me.

In regard to Col. Alexander I cannot now write you. I wish to tell you in person. We are now on the most amicable relations and I hope it may continue.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Herald is unknown to me, also the Tribune. Capt. Marcy writes for the N. Y. Herald, and if you find a communication from the army signed "A" or "Argus" in the Herald, see if you "smell a rat."

I have sent one or two and have now in preparation, but I fear I cannot complete it, a long letter. I shall send it if possible. You can get the Daily Herald at most of the printing offices. You had better take the Daily Herald for 6 months and send them to me after you read them. Do so by all means. Keep shady about it, as people will find it out soon enough.

I must close. Draft enclosed, no. 476, dated Fort Bridger, U. T., Mar. 24, '58, \$358.50.

Love to all. My health is excellent and I never was better.

Fort Bridger, U. T., March 24, 1858.

Dear Maria:

I have just sent a long letter to the post office, and I now think of something that I may have mentioned to you in some former letters, that is in reference to sending money to Flanders at Milwaukee to pay for taxes that have been accumulating on my lands there. Send him \$50. Also send to the County Treasurer for taxes on Grant Co. lands. Write him to send you the amount and tax receipts. I may have written Elijah about it and you also. Have it paid by someone.

Tell Mr. Hadley to write Mr. Bunker that I wrote him once that the government had once refused to allow his claim on the ground, if I remember rightly, that there was not service enough nor identity.

Mr. Bunker will find no pleasure in writing abusive letters to me, as I care no more for him than the wind. I have other and more important business than devoting my time to his case, which I consider a bad one, to say the least of it.

In my long letter no. 25 I sent draft for \$385.50. Stop payment if not received by next mail. The number is 476, date Fort Bridger, U. T., March 24, 1858, drawn by Maj. Hunt, Paymaster, on Asst. Treasurer, N. Y.

I make this minute as this letter, altho' going in the same mail, may reach you before that does.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., March 25, 1858.

Dear Maria:

I have this late moment to write a line to send by a friend who is going down with the mail this morning. As it has not yet come along I have a last word. I send by him a communication to the New York Herald signed "Argus." I wish you would take the Daily Herald and after reading it send it to me. Do so, you can subscribe for 6 months. Write them to send to your address, or get some of those booksellers to obtain it for you. The subscription price is \$7 a year.

It is now 7½ o'clock in the morning, a beautiful morning. I expect the mail will be some days to Laramie, as it goes under escort. After they reach Laramie it will go in 20 days.

Goodbye, as the mail is fast on us.

Draft for \$385.50 in the mail.

Fort Bridger, U. T., March 26, 1858.

My dear family:

Yesterday I closed to your address long letters. In no. 25 I sent draft for \$385.50, no. 476, drawn by Major Hunt on Asst. Treasurer, New York, endorsed by me to your order. If not received before you get this you will write Asst. Treasurer and stop payment only to your order.

Col. Kane went out yesterday morning to confer with the Mormon authorities. The nature of his business no one knows. I think all he gets out of Col. Johnston will not do him much good. I sent letter to N. Y. Herald, signed "Argus." You may see it. Send me the Daily Herald after you read it.

Last night I was not very well, as we had a slight snow storm and I got cold. Bee, Dunovant, and Jimmy were in to see me this morning. Berlieu, my French cook, is deranged and gone away. He will starve if he cannot be found soon. He told some of my men that he was to be hung. I have noticed that he was singular in his conduct for some days past. I do not know what I shall do now. Yokel is washing for the company and I have no cook.

Sergt. Marony and his wife are very anxious to transfer into my company. If I only had her she would make me an excellent cook. I do not know what I shall do yet.

Saturday, 27th. Col. Kane returned today. The result of his mission is not known.

I have sent over to Smith's Fork for a cow, and I hope to get one. You cannot imagine the poor quality of beef. Our short allowance of everything will continue till supplies come up.

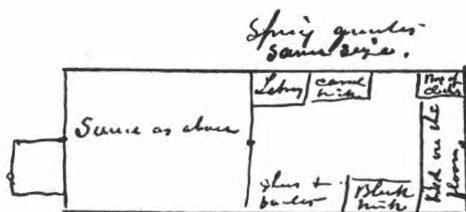
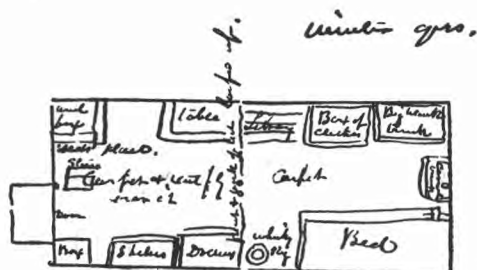
Salt came up so that we get 8 oz. each man. We get no more than the men. Salt was sold here and is now selling by the sutler, obtained through Indians, for from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per pound. What should you think of that? I can well imagine what you wish, that is that you could send me a good dinner, a good dinner of fresh vegetables, good meat, etc., etc. It sounds like a dream to me. Beef is so tough that the dogs cannot and will not eat it unless you cook it, and then even they are compelled to do so or starve. Yet you ask how we live, why we think and say that we get along excellently. So we do for, being 1,000 miles from supplies, that we get anything is doing well, but some of those home dinners would not be distasteful I can assure you. If I only had potatoes, even.

Sunday, 28th. A beautiful day. I am officer of the day and commanding officer. Capt. Robinson is field officer of the day. Yesterday I had a house cleaning. Such a dust and quantity of dirt! It was sickening. I have made a change in my sleeping arrangements. I am as notional as you used to be. I have had it on these same old trestles and boards that we used going from Traverse des Sioux to Ridgely, the very same. I had, as I wrote you, a box made to keep me warm; well, I thought of you when I was cleaning out, so I said to myself "if Maria was here she would have things different, whether it was for the best or not", so I changed things about, and last night I took a bath and went to bed much pleased with my new arrangement. Here is a plan of my tent before and after. I will occupy the opposite page, reserving this for explanations.

Quarters: two wall tents sewed together, the back of the 1st one ripped open, and the front of 2d or back tent is already open. These I have looped up so it makes one continuous room. My bed was on trestles, but I have put it on the carpet, the box and boards for a bottom retained. I have a buffalo rug, chair, and

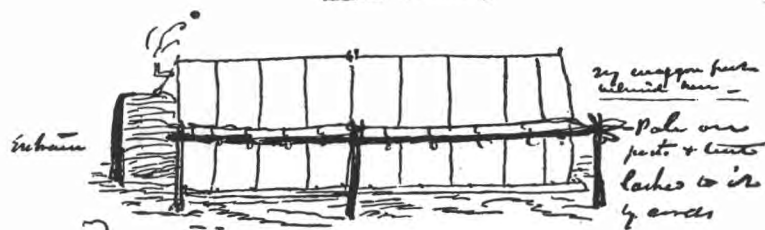
camp stools scattered round so that most of the tents is taken up. Within ten steps in front is my cook tent.

It is 1/2 past eleven.



tents built from a ...
 with ...
 while ...
 with ...
 as ...

Side view,



Now I think you understand my spring fashion. It is new and I like it much. It is not drawn with that nicety as it might be, but I am waiting for 12 o'clock and am not particular.

Monday, 29th. Cool and raw wind. A soldier of the dragoons died yesterday, and was buried today from the 5th Inf. hospital.

He died from the shock produced by amputation of his leg, having received a shot there, severing partly the artery.

The procession was beautifully grand, the corpse wrapped in the national flag and followed by a led horse dressed in mourning.

Tuesday, 30th. Went over to Camp Scott today, called on Mrs. Canby. She is very well, and is better in health than for years.

Wednesday, 31. Beautiful day. March has favoured us truly. It came in like a lamb and is going out in the same way. It is really warm.

Last night I was troubled with a touch of the neuralgia. I do think the toothache is really preferable, for you then know what the cause is and where it is located, but with the villainous neuralgia you can never put your finger on it. It was on the right side of the head and in my eye.

Thursday, April 1. It is April Fool's Day. Well, I have fooled no one nor do I expect to. On the contrary I took a sleep this afternoon, and at retreat, when I awoke, I found a letter from Col. Johnston releasing Sergeant Lovell, and an order for a general court martial of which I am president. A more surprized community you never saw than myself. Such is the reward that those get who do their duty. There is Col. Waite, Canby, Chapman, Cpts. Reno, Robinson, Phelps, Gardner, and Tracy, all ranking me, and yet I am president, and they have not served in that capacity at all. Well, I have been doing duty all winter of a laborious kind and I regard it as the highest compliment he could have paid me.

7 P. M. The civil authorities have moved down and are to give a fandango tonight. Col. Smith and a card party meet at my tent tonight so we shall not go.

Friday, 2d April. Court met this morning pursuant to order. Swaine, Bennett, and Armistead are members for the 10th besides myself. Owing to the inclemency of the weather we adjourned to meet tomorrow. With my Carroll coat, new epaulettes, I am very [illegible.]

I understand they had a very miscellaneous time up at the civil authorities party. Glad I did not go. Col. Smith, Capt. Bee, Reno, Clarke, and Dunovant spent the evening with me in a game of Boston. Had boiled tongue, salad, rice, coffee, no more oysters. No coffee. Good time. Wind subsided.

Saturday, 3d April, '58. Court met this morning, but did not get through the trial of Reed. It promises to be a long court. Adjourned over to Monday at 1 o'clock and ten minutes.

I am now about to copy a map of this country immediately around here and on our route to Salt Lake City. Major Porter compiled it. It is drawn by Capt. Neill, 5th Inf., and prettily done.

Sunday, 4th. Easter Sunday, and here we are without eggs, butter, milk, or any vegetables, except desiccated, for more than 9 months. To look back and see that for 9 months we have been deprived of everything but old tough beef that had hauled wagons for 1000 miles and, to prevent its dying from starvation, killed and issued for us to live on, with about half rations all winter, is a picture from which I readily turn. Yet we say we get along admirably, so we did, for we are alive, and that is doing well under the circumstances, remarkably well. It will be a year ere we have an egg or a chicken or butter or cheese or anything that we now so much — from deprivation — desire.

Today there is a report that Gov. Cumming is going to Salt Lake City with Col Kane and 4 men. If this is so it is but childishness. If Gov. C. has been so far fooled by this nincompoop of a Mr. Col. Kane, he is a bigger fool than I thought him to be. My opinion of his fitness of the position never was very highly elevated. Tomorrow I will write you more of it.

Tuesday I have a chance to send letters. How lucky! Shall send this and news to the very latest.

Monday, 5th. 9 P. M. Tomorrow morning I send this. Nothing of importance has occurred except the Governor going to Salt Lake City today with Col. Kane. It is looked upon as the strangest proceeding possible.

I send by this mail, or rather by McDonald, a mountaineer who goes to the States; he says he is going in 20 days. If so this may reach you before the regular mail in which I sent you a long letter, no. 25, and a draft for \$385.50, no. 476, drawn by Major Hunt, 3 months pay. You had better wait a while, if the letter does not then come write to the Asst. Treasurer, N. Y. City, and stop payment as I have heretofore instructed you.

It is now 12 o'clock and I am very tired, having written a long letter to the Herald signed "Argus." I wrote one last mail. Keep it quiet.

I am excellent, and in that letter you will get the news of the camp to the latest date.

We expect a mail in a few days, when I hope to hear from you.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., Wednesday, 7th April, 1858.

My dear Maria and children:

Yesterday I sent you a long letter by a Mr. McDonald, a mountaineer, going to the States. It was no. 26, 19 pages.

Today court has been in session, so also is the civil courts. Last night the wind blew and sleet came drifting along at a terrific rate. This morning there was about 3 inches of snow. It was not cold, however.

Yesterday Ben Simonds, a Delaware Indian, came in with about 150 Indians which he has about him, mostly Snakes, bringing in my man Berlieu, French cook of former mention. He is nearly dead. Was 4 days without food or shelter, and at the end of that time he found a dead animal lying on the ground, from which he partook. It appears that he came to his senses the next morning but had no idea where he was, and striking a road, which must have been the Oregon trail from this point, kept on it until, faint and worn out, he lied down probably to die, when some Indians from Simonds's ranch, who were out hunting, found him. They took him in and treated him with care, and yesterday brought him in.

His feet are frozen badly, as on or near Bear River there is much snow. He is in hospital and will probably lose his toes and perhaps feet. He was evidently out of his head, as he left without a bite of food. He remembers nothing of his leaving; he is not now in his right mind half of the time.

Nothing has as yet been heard of the Governor. Dr. Forney, an old ass, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, has gone out this afternoon to the Yellow Creek, to Simonds's camp, to make a treaty. Is trying to make something in imitation of the Governor.

Just got an invitation from Col. Smith to come to his tent to-night.

April 8, Thursday. Came out pleasant this morning, but the snow commenced falling so that the court had to adjourn at 12 M.

No mail heard from. I fear we shall not get one until Capt. Hawes returns from Laramie.

Tonight I shall go over and spend the evening with Bee. Last night we had a nice game of Boston at Col. Smith's.

I suspect two of my men of desertion, Kelly and McQuillen. I have set some traps for them and I think they will get caught.

I luckily bought a calf the other day of some mountaineers and yesterday killed it. It is magnificent after eating leather for beef. I sent a roast to Col. Johnson, Alexander, Smith, Canby, Bee, and others. It is a great luxury.

The head and pluck I am very fond of, so I sent it last night to Mrs. Canby with the following note: "Capt. Gove's compliments to Col. and Mrs. Canby, with accompanying documents, and will be happy to have the pleasure of dining with them on calf's head at such time as may suit their convenience, with the following proviso, engaged from 10 till 2 each day, Sundays excepted, all other times ad libitum.

"Bridger Fort, U. T.,

"Thursday even., 8 Ap'l, '58."

Was not that modest? I sent her a roast, also. I expect to dine with Mrs. Canby soon.

Linch carried it over this evening.

It is still snowing and blowing, sleet and cold, very disagreeable.

April 9, Friday. Storm continues. I dine with Mrs. Canby tomorrow at 3 P. M. Shall go from the court room in full dress. Very apropos. It was so bad this morning that we could not sit in the tent, besides the smoke was suffocating.

12, noon. News! News!! Two men are to be sent below and I have an opportunity to send you this letter. How fortunate I am! Why cannot I get letters from you as often as I send them?

This afternoon a man by the name of Gilbert, of the firm of Gilbert, Gerrish & Co., has arrived. He met the Governor in Echo Cañon, with an escort of Mormons under the command of the villain, Porter Rockwell. For shame, that he should have put himself in a position to be so far humiliated by being escorted, more like a prisoner than the chief executive of this territory, by a band of lawless men, led by a notorious murderer and rebel!

This Mr. Gilbert saw many Mormons on the road going south, and it is understood that they are leaving, but where are they to go? Troops surround them on all sides. He saw Brigham at Provo, a town or city in the south part of the valley. He returned to the city. I must before I close this find out more about the

Mormons and write a letter to the Herald. "Argus" is around. 10th April. Mail leaves immediately. Dunovant is here and sober, so he says, and wants you to kiss Charley for him. Looking fat and splendidly.

I have written the Herald. Good-bye.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., April 13, 1858.

My dear family:

The 10th of the month I sent you no. 27 by private conveyance. I have been very busy on the court martial and have not had much time to write. Last night the mail arrived bringing letters from you to 14th February. It would have been here much sooner had not the escort retarded it by slow travel. The April mail will be here the last of the month if not detained by the escort.

I was so happy, got your letters of January 27, February 1 and 14, also ambrotypes of my dear family, Charlie and yourself on leather came in one of the letters. They are very excellent and natural. It is what I have been wanting for a long time. I look at you all daily, and it seems as though you were present. The slips of paper are very interesting and you must continue to send them. I got two papers, Harper's Weekly, in which Col. Johnston is represented, and Fort Bridger, etc. Just about as much like it as a church is to a slaughter-house.

Col. Johnston is miserably represented. The fact is Bridger is taken when old Bridger was here, and from Stansbury's exploring expedition in 1850. It is no more like it now than Concord is like Bow. There is not a building here only what has been put up by sutlers and the quartermaster. The stockade work is not here. About one year ago the wall was built, and as for the pictures otherwise you might have remembered of seeing the same in London Illustrated News as scenes in the Crimea. It is true the hardships and privations have been severe, but the whole affair are pictures gathered up for the occasion to sell. I will make you a sketch of the whole camp from a height about one mile from here. It will be small but will give you an idea of the camp. There is a young man here as military store keeper's clerk by the name of Osborne. He was formerly in Washington as a confidential clerk in the State Department. He corresponds for the Union, and he is the only man that knows of my writing for the Herald. He goes



FORT BRIDGER, UTAH TERRITORY.—FROM A SKETCH MADE EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER." FOR DECEMBER 28, 1850.

FORT BRIDGER, UTAH TERRITORY—*From Our Own Correspondent*

I notice in a number of Harper's Weekly which has reached the camp, some cuts purporting to be representations of this position, which are so grossly incorrect that it has induced me to subscribe to your paper that I might discharge a duty I owe to the army and the public, by sending you some drawings that will represent the fort as it is, and not as it is supposed to be. Fort Bridger is represented as it was in the winter, when two companies were camped here, viz., Company B, Fifth Regiment, Captain Robinson; and Company S, Tenth Regiment, Captain Gove; with two brass field-pieces under command of Lieutenant Howard, Fourth Artillery; the whole force under command of Captain Robinson.

around among the civil and military authorities, and then comes down to my tent and I assist him in making up his articles, and I get thereby all that is agoing without exciting suspicion. He thinks I am the next man in the army to Col. Johnston. Perfectly idolizes me, and I like him much for his good sense in matters of interest. He is smart as a trap. He goes up to see Col. Johnston, gets out of him all he wants to know, asking him questions I could not in my position, and I get the advantage of it. The other day he was up to camp, or rather over, and called on Col. Johnston. Got to talking about the officers and Osborne mentioned that we had some fine officers. "Yes", says Col. J., "I regard Capt. G. as one of the best officers in service, and one of the brightest ornaments of the army." My dear, this is private, but who would not be proud of such of an opinion. He mentioned no one else by name. You may well imagine that such remarks are worth all the labor and service I have had to do through the winter. I think I made my mark on that big court martial in the opinion of all that were on it. My dear Maria, it is pleasing to me that, while I have done my duty as I thought my country expected I should do, without any attempt to seek a spurious, superficial position beyond my merits, to find, unasked and unsought for, such opinions expressed from the commanding officer of the army. Do you not suppose I can feel in any other position than one of pride? I know you feel proud, too, and when I reflect that I have you and my dear children to live for, to care for, such kind remarks swell my heart with pride and only regret that I cannot do more for my country.

Of Col. Johnston I have spoken before, but his whole ideas of officers and men are that to those who are ready and willing to do and endure everything for the public good, to those he gives his confidence and support. He is one of the most remarkable men I ever knew in that respect. He sees everything, knows everything and everybody, nothing escapes his notice. He has no pets nor favorites, but goes in for the greatest good to the greatest number, and to those who do their duty and their whole duty he relies on to carry him through and sustain him. He thinks much of Col. Smith and Maj. Sibley and such men; they are my companions, strange to say, come to my tent and talk of everything as though they were my brothers. I appreciate this respect, while at the same time they

are profited by these interviews upon questions pertaining to laws, decisions of the departments, etc. I give them counsel. Everybody in the army comes to see me, and if I do say so, do not think I am blinded with these attentions. I am not so vain as all that. I have kept very closely at home, read and wrote very much, my mind I have stored with much useful knowledge, and every hour I have turned to profit. My health has never been so good. Scarcely a sick day has overtaken me, and now my health is excellent.

I got letters from Mr. Gear, Preston at Rockford, Ill., and from home. My Lake Calhoun property is all right. I think in my former letters I wrote you to send Mr. Wells some money. I got a letter from Flanders of Milwaukee and he had not then received the money. Ere this you have received further remittances, Jan. 4, \$130, on N. Y. draft no. 435, Jan. 21, \$120, on St. Louis Asst. Treasurer, drawn by Capt. Clark, draft no. 40, sent in letter no. 21, March 25, \$385.50, drawn by Major Hunt on Asst. Treasurer, N. Y., no. 476, sent in letter no. 25.

Today the court adjourned after a long session. Dr. Hurt, Indian agent, returned this afternoon from the Uintah Valley where he has been watching the Mormons with reference to Capt. Marcy.

I forgot to mention that last Sunday morning I went over to 10th Inf. camp to Sunday morning inspection. My company had on the cavalry hat, the only one in the regiment, with the black ostrich feather like Kossuth hats, but turned up on the right side. They looked splendidly. I am still the largest company in the regiment and the cleanest. I was on the left, and was up to all drill and manoeuvres. After inspection I started my company at double quick and came to Bridger, passing Col. Johnston's tent without halting, a distance of more than half a mile. Not a man fell out.

Mail goes back in a few days. I showed the pictures to your friends. They say they are excellent. All send love to you and messages of every sort to Charlie. Jimmy was perfectly delighted with the pictures.

Capt. Bee got a letter from Capt. Nelson in which he mentioned me, and several times said he was determined to go to Concord and see you. Nelson thinks the world of you. Poor fellow, I hope to hear of his recovery; he is one among a thousand after all. If he

comes do everything for him to make his stay comfortable and happy. I am officer of the day today. The weather has been pleasant and agreeable.

I am now very busy in making up my quarterly papers. Our camp is full of mountain men daily. I have got from a Mexican mountaineer a pair of buckskin trousers made by his squaw. They are pretty. I am going to get a coat trimmed with beads, etc., etc., and moccasins. It will be very expensive, but I want them for fancy.

Friday, 16th. Since I flew off on a tangent on the 13th and wrote over some 16 pages of nonsense mostly, I have had little to say. Nothing occurred in the meantime to record, and I have been devoted to my quarterly papers. This night I have closed my clothing return. Ordnance mostly completed.

Mail goes Sunday morning. We expect a mail by the last of the month. Last night I had a card party at my ranch, Col. Smith, Bee, Sibley, Reno, Dunovant etc. Nice time.

Saturday, 17th. Pleasant this morning. I am officer of the day. The grass is starting up briskly and soon will be excellent grazing. The mail leaves tomorrow at 8 A. M. under escort of Lt. Armstrong, 2d Dragoons, and 20 men. We look for the next mail by the last of the month. Tonight I will complete the mail matter I have on hand and send it over to the post office. I hope ere this you have sent Mr. Wells of Minneapolis, or Mr. Steele for him, money to pay the taxes on the Lake Calhoun property. If another assessment is ordered on the Traverse des Sioux property send it. Correspond with Mr. Steele and take his advice in the matter. I want the rest else I lose what I have paid. I hope to ascertain from you something more definite relative to that property. I got a letter from Mr. Gear; the Lake lands are all right and in the hands of Mr. Wells, but he wants money to pay the taxes.

I enclose a note from old Bee. It will speak for itself. It rains and is dark, and about retreat. We are talking over old Ridgely times, etc., so he takes the pen to write you a word.

Dunovant, Hill, Williams, Col. Alexander, Armistead, every one sends much love; the Colonel desires to be particularly remembered to Mrs. Sherburne. All mention her frequently. Write me in your next how much money you have on deposit.

Preston wrote me that he would sell his half of the Jaspas County lands for \$1000. This would be a bargain had I it to spare,

but I do not know about the Traverse property, else I would buy. It is a bargain. He says he is hard pushed for funds and is willing to sell for cash at a low rate. I wrote him that I could not buy as I had not the money to spare. If I knew the exact state of the Traverse purchase, and that the \$1000 was laying idle, I would buy, but on the whole I think it best not to invest until I can come East and do it myself.

I have not yet made up my mind to write the Herald. I think in my next I will write Butterfield an article to publish. We shall have plenty of opportunities to send it before the regular mail, there are so many citizens leaving for the States.

It is now 12 at night, and I must visit the guard, close this letter and to bed. Will expect many letters next mail. Kisses to you all. Care for our jewels. As to what will be done no one knows. It is pretty certain that the moment Captain Marcy arrives with the necessary transportation we shall be off for Salt Lake City, only 113 miles.

P. S. Have not felt well today but now am feeling much better. Shall be all right for inspection tomorrow.

Bridger's Fort, U. T., April 18, 1858.

My dear family:

I sent you this morning a long letter by the mail, no. 28, and commence you no. 29. How much I have written in those 28 letters! How much to wade through to get at the little of interest there is in them! It is like Dickens's "Little Dorrit," wading through seas of reading to find an occasional island fertile with fruits.

Today we have had bad weather, wind, snow, and rain. It can be very disagreeable here when it takes a fit that way. However, I remain in my canvas house reading and writing. I did not write the Herald. I thought I would wait until the Governor came back, when I would give them a rouser, and perhaps the Governor too.

It is now 10 o'clock at night. The men are all asleep. I have just boxed up my violin. I took it out for the first time for many days. It is refreshing to make harmonious sounds, it is pleasant to the ear; yet we have but few comforts without annoyance, for as soon as I could get my violin in tune and play and listen

to the harmony made thereby for one minute, perhaps, alone, soon one would come in, then another, until my tent was literally crammed with people; then I became an animal, a showman. It then devolved on me to amuse the crowd; thus are we the animals or showmen through life. It is very annoying to be broken in upon so when we desire solitude. I was alone with my mind with you, and imagining you all listening to my playing, Charlie and Jessie flitting about in the air, almost, with delight. Now that they are all gone I write you what I would in solitude have thought, so, perhaps, had I not been interrupted I should not have written you of my thoughts. Are you not the fortunate one at last? I think you are. That I should be annoyed to redound to your pleasure is very strange, yet it is even so. I imagine you and the dear ones sleeping, that it is near midnight with you. I can see every feature of the room, location of the house, your faces live before me at this moment, and when you wake in the morning and think of me I will perchance be asleep, perhaps dreaming of you.

I called over to see Mrs. Burns; her little girl, Mab, is not quite as old as Charlie, but when she would tell me, with that earnest way, of anything my thoughts run back to Charlie.

We had no parade today on account of the weather. We are now commencing to catch trout; they are abundant in these streams. I shall try them in a few days and see what I can do.

I must off to bed. God bless you all to wake in the morning in health and happiness.

Monday, 19th. Before I was out of bed this morning an order came for the two companies at Ft. Bridger to join their regiments without delay. Was I not glad? Altho' it increased my own duties I prefer to be with my regiment. Capt. Robinson was very much disgusted, I immediately commenced packing, and by 12 o'clock I was in camp, floor laid to my tent and a carpet down, going like a steam mill. I expect to be on outpost tomorrow or next day. A depot guard will be sent every day to Bridger. Tomorrow we commence mounting guard as a brigade in front of Col. Johnston's quarters.

Tuesday, 20th. Brigade guard mounting, about 100 men in all. Two men came in today from Salt Lake City. Their business I have not as yet learned. They are not Mormons but came in as bearer of despatches to Col. Johnston from Gov. Cumming.

Wednesday, 21st. Marched on outpost today. For particulars see the enclosed written while on duty.

Thursday, 22d. Relieved this morning. Quite severe duty. An express goes off tomorrow morning very privately, but Ficklin, who carries it, says he will take a letter to the "Widow Gove," so I am preparing this and a communication to the Herald.

For particulars see the Herald. I have not time to write you more fully.

Friday, 25, morning. In great haste for the express. Am well. See Herald for news.

Outpost, Wednesday, 21st, '58. This is my first tour of outpost duty since last fall. You will see by my regular letters how I came to be here; how, much to my joy, Bridger command was broken up and companies sent to their regiments; how nicely I am fixed up on the extreme left of my regiment. Bridger is now in charge of a brigade or depot guard, and guard mounting is in front of Col. Johnston's tent, and all the outposts and pickets are there mounted. I have the best post of the two outposts. I have one officer, 4 non-commissioned officers, and 40 privates under my command; the other is the same from the 5th. Then there is the depot guard, two or three inlying pickets, etc., etc.

The bands alternate. You ought to see the parade passing in review. The guard mounting is done in the same way, only two or three guards separate and distinct, having its own commander, and the field officer of the day take part the same as garrison guard mounting. Thompson is my subaltern today. I have sent him out this night with 18 men about one mile, to return at reveille, to guard some approaches to camp. These hard duties have become now almost a second nature to us. I am about one mile back of the camp; the other outpost goes out in the direction of Salt Lake City during the day, and at night is drawn in close to camp; then at reveille it goes out to the Cedars again. No one during the night sleeps, but are with arms in hand. Today I have been preparing a powerful article for the Herald; see my regular letter for camp talk and gossip. It is now 7 P. M. Will write you again during the night.

My dear family: Camp Scott, U. T., Saturday, April 24, '58.

Yesterday I sent you letter no. 29, also one to the Herald. How often I have opportunities to write! It seems strange that I

have to make up my letters to send you so often. Today Ben Simons, a Delaware Indian on Yellow Creek and friendly to us, but having some several hundred warriors around him the Mormons dare not disturb him, sent in a load of provisions, butter, cheese, onions, potatoes, etc. Do you not think it was welcome? For nearly one year have we been without any genuine vegetables, and the way he gets these through he takes his warriors and goes down through the cañons to buy for himself, and then brings them out here. It is the first load, but promises to bring out more in a few days. I got some of the butter, excellent, but paid the moderate sum of \$1.50 per lb. Onions \$6 per bushel, and so on, but what of that? These, strange to say, are luxuries to us, and no price would deter us from buying. I have engaged some potatoes in the next load, but the idea of good butter is so novel to us, having been without so long, nearly one year.

Col. Johnston publishes an order relieving the men of the duty of hauling wood by hand, substituting mules, and further congratulates the army on its patriotism and patience in its hardships throughout the severe winter. It is pretty, and in my next "Argus" will send it for publication.

Sunday, 25th. Express came in today from Capt. Marcy. He was within 100 miles of Laramie, halted for reinforcements. Had some 1500 mules and animals of all kinds. Col. Hoffman started for Leavenworth about 21st inst.

Grand inspection and review today.

Monday, 26th. Extract from journal: "Warm and beautiful day, little wind and uncomfortably warm. Had a company drill across the creek, excellent. Dickerson had a ballet (card party) last night. Mrs. Marony commenced cooking for me. Get 1 qt. milk daily now from Sergt. Jones at Bridger."

We had a very pleasant party at Capt. Dickerson's last evening, the same old party that I have before written about, Col. Smith, Major Sibley, Dr. Mills, Capts. Bee, Reno, Gove, Clark, Dickerson, etc. It has got to be a sort of a club. Dunovant not present, on outpost.

Tuesday, 27th, 12 noon. Marshal Dodson, U. S. Marshal, with a posse of mountain men (14) came in just now, having been chased into camp by some three or four hundred Mormons. This looks very strange after Gov. Cumming's reception. How conclusive it is that they are humbugging him! He has made an ass

of himself, to say the least of it. Tomorrow I am for outpost, Lt. Forney for subaltern, 4 non-commissioned officers, 40 privates, post in the direction of Salt Lake City, among the cedars. Remain out 24 hours. No sleep for anyone. Sergt. Marony making another effort to get into my company.

Wednesday, 28th. I go out this morning. Will write tomorrow.

Thursday, 29th. Off outpost last night. It rained hard. Got very wet while out in the cedars. My friend Osborne came out and told me that Col. J. was to send off a secret express, and that he could get my letters in for the Herald, but I had none written and could not get into camp. Osborne promised to come to the creek at night with writing materials, as at night we are drawn into the creek within half a mile of camp where there are tents, simply. Not a sign of a bench or anything to sit on. While out in the cedars I took my pencil and blocked out my letter to the Herald. When I got into the creek Osborne came down, and I had Linch bring down a buffalo robe to sit on, and, having spread it out, I took my pencil, and lying down on my side, with my head on my hand, I spread my self on the positions of parties here and duties of the government. The article will speak for itself. It certainly has some sharp points. You may tell Butterfield that he might guess at the owner of the "nom de plume."

The letter gives you more news than I could write in an hour. I helped Osborne complete his to the Union. I wrote you a note in pencil which I expect will be exclusive, as no one else scarcely knows of its going off, so you will get the benefit. I intimated that Osborne wanted to show Col. Johnston my letter. I consented for him to privately intimate to Col. J. that I had written as a sense of duty to him, and the complicated position of the army in reference to the civil authorities, that no one had a suspicion that I was corresponding in any way, that the intimation should be of such a character that I would not be a party to it, or apparently have any knowledge of Col. J's knowing it. Osborne came down and told me that the "child was born," that Col. J. was highly pleased that any officer should be so good a friend to him as to set the public right in these matters, the more so as it was farthest from his suspicion that I had so much interested myself in his behalf. Well, the Colonel is in blissful ignorance of my knowledge. This afternoon I saw Osborne and he handed Col. Johnston my letter, written under the circumstances in pencil, and as he read

along he would stop and comment upon the truth and aptness of the illustrations, and was the best pleased man, Osborne said, he had seen in 12 months. He read some parts of it over and over. When he got through Osborne asked if the sentiment was his, or that he could make any alterations or curtailments; he replied, "No," that he could not have it otherwise to please him more than it did as it was written, but was surprised that such a document could have been gotten up by the light of a camp fire, in the short time allowed, and under the circumstances of a heavy rain all night. So the Colonel is in blissful ignorance of the fact that I am aware that he saw the letter, and I intend to keep him so. Tomorrow we muster.

Friday, 30th. Last night the wind changed to N. E. and a terrific snow storm and sleet prevailed all night. The great preparations for parades, reviews, and inspection of this army were all set back, and the muster took place without arms, in overcoats, in the company parade grounds. Last night was at Col. Smith's at a card party, the old club party. Officer of the day today; as I have got to sit up I have invited the club to visit me tonight.

Saturday, 1, May Day. I imagine the crowning of May Queens, hunting for wild flowers and the like in the land of civilization, but we have no pastimes of that sort here. Muster was through with early and, being officer of the day, invited the club to my house last night. They all came. Had a nice supper, canned tongue, salad, biscuit, butter, hot coffee, etc. Mrs. Marony is splendid on refreshments. I do now really live. Her little boy just begins to walk. It is refreshing to see a little child. How quick my mind runs to you daily!

It has been very cold today.

9 P. M. I must be off to bed, as I have been up now three nights, outpost, club, and officer of the day. An unusual dissipation for me.

Monday, 3d. Yesterday had a grand parade. Sergt. Preston transferred with Sergt. Marony, so we have Mrs. Marony for a certainty. Everyone in camp thinks you and I have a prize. She is certainly one of the best women in the army. Marony as a sergeant is not as good a guide as I could wish, but is in other respects a good man. I made Sergt. Libby 1st. Sergt.; Sergt. Lovell is 1st duty sergt., Marony 2d, and Mogart, the rascal, is from first to last duty sergt. He is a great rascal and has been

tried once by general court martial, but old Alexander saved him by testifying as to his previous good character. He knew better than to call on me for a character. He has been in arrest once since. Libby so far has done admirably. Yesterday Kelly and McQuillen deserted, but I have suspected them for a long time and they will be caught, both of them, as the road is lined with troops.

Had dress parade last night at retreat. Men in as perfect order as though we were in garrison. All our movements are done on the double quick and it is a beautiful sight to see us at parades, etc., 10 companies leaving their company grounds at double quick, apparently in the greatest composure, passing and re-passing each other, when all at once you will see a line of battle formed in an instant. We are the great attraction of everybody. The whole camp comes to see us, and the precision with which we manoeuvre is wonderful. My company still is the largest and I think the best.

Tuesday, 4th. For outpost tomorrow. Invited to Bee's sitting of the club. Rains today very hard.

Wednesday, 5th. Rainy. Marched on outpost this morning, Lt. Armistead, 4 non-commissioned officers and 40 privates, going to the front again. I expect a hard tour. Had a pleasant time at Bee's last night. The old party present.

Thursday, 6th. 10 A. M. Am just off outpost, and such a night as last night, rain, snow, sleet, and cold, without shelter during the day. I think if those snobs in and around Congress had to take one such tour of service as I had for the last 24 hours they would not think we were parlor soldiers. But, as I have often written you before, it is strange to see what endurance there is in man; duties that we look upon as being slight here were to us in garrison mountains, yet we do not mind them. Imagine standing out for 12 hours in the cold and rain and snow and wind, with nothing to do but watch a little fire at your feet, nearly put out by the elements. Then march $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in to the creek with mud ankle deep at every step, not a dry thread to your back for 24 hours! Such has been our tour, and yet here I am at my table writing you at 5 P. M. to go off tomorrow by private conveyance. I have just received a detail for officer of the day in camp tomorrow.

Kelly and McQuillen have been heard from, and I think they will be caught. I hope so, for they have been both of them disposed to be mutinous, and but for the straight rein I have drawn

on them would have deserted long ago. They both were concerned in Sergt. Lovell's assault.

About 11 o'clock an express from Gov. Cumming came in from Salt Lake City with despatches to the Secretary of State, with a request that they be forwarded by Col. Johnston. No copy is furnished Col. J., which to say the least is uncourteous. He informs the Colonel that "in a few minutes he leaves for the south and will return to this camp in about 10 days, and then prepare a copy of the communication." Hopes that the two men sent into camp will not be molested, when it is known that the two men are notorious Mormons. If they do not fool that old man into the strangest notions I am mistaken. In short he is an old ass, in a political point of view. Everybody is outraged in their feelings for his course. I have just seen Maj. Porter and got at some items for "Argus", who I trust will make a good use of them.

Col. J. is also informed that a large delegation of Mormons will go to the States, and hopes they will be allowed to pass unmolested. It is an outrage on the army and the American people, and if the government listens to these dastards it will be a stain upon her reputation not easily obliterated.

The express leaves tomorrow morning. We have no mail yet. Hope to get one in a few days.

I am in excellent health, and no hardships seem to impair me. I do not think I have had the nervous headache for many days; am nicely fixed up and am very happy, except that I should be more so could I see you and my dear ones.

I certainly will get a leave as soon as anyone in this army. Old Colonel is particularly friendly, talks of you and Mrs. A. gossiping in your correspondence, and really enjoys it. Comes to see me very often. I must close this as the mail goes off in the morning early. Dunovant is here and says you must kiss Charlie for him and tell him not to forget the "mooly cow." He wants also to know if you remember the time he kissed you.

He desires to be remembered to your mother.

We have been cursing old Cumming. Dunovant says he will volunteer to go under my command to Salt Lake City. He wants to have the matter done with. Says old Cumming is a d——d old fool, and he is not alone in that belief.

I shall not send a communication to the Herald, but may write them a private letter that they may make their own comments. I

wish you to send copies of the New York Herald to Gen. Pierce, marking "Argus", write in pencil "Gove" on the paper.

On outpost, 2 miles from camp,
April 28, 1858.

My dear wife and children:

Here I am amid wind and rain and dust in command of the outpost today. Forney is my lieut., 40 privates and 4 non-commissioned officers. My friend Osborne is just out and says that an express goes out in the morning, and wants me to help him get up a letter, also to write the Herald. Well, I have some paper which we always take out to send messages to camp, and so I will use it for a better purpose. The express is secret. Today Osborne insists that he might tell Col. J. in confidence that I was the best and most racy writer here and his best friend, so I told him he might do so, but not in a manner that Col. J. would know that I was aware of it. So tonight (now 2 at night) and I am writing by a lantern, Osborne came down and told me that the Colonel was the most delighted man he ever saw, was happy to know that he had an officer in his command that took such an interest in him without his being known. Well, during the day, while sitting in the wind and dust under a cedar tree, I wrote in pencil a long communication to the Herald, and when I read it over to Osborne he declared that he would show some parts of it to Col. J., as it was eloquence itself. Well, my dear Maria, I think there is merit in it myself, and I gave him the same privilege as in the other case. He is going to take a copy and take the original to Col. J. in the morning. You may tell Butterfield that "Argus" cannot write to an administration paper as he can to the Herald, that the moment is critical in the extreme between the military and civil powers. You will see by the communication that affairs admit of discussion and the Gov. is completely fooled, but not Col. J.; that the Governor gets some fashionable dabs in my good language. At present I cannot write him a letter.

You see how you are blessed by my writing; no one knows of the departure of the express, and I get this scrawl to you. My letter in the Herald will give you all the news; will send regular letter by mail. I would send one if I was in camp. I shall be relieved tomorrow about 9 A. M. My health is excellent. Look at

some parts of the letter in the Union and see if you see my tracks.

P. S. All my letter to the Herald is like this.

Camp Scott, U. T., May 7, 1858.

My dear Maria and darling children:

Yesterday I sent you letter no. 30 of 30 pages. I do not know how I get so much to write about, but I think these little incidents that are trivial to me may interest you, so I write about them. Today I am officer of the day. Duty is very hard, but it belongs to the service. It still storms and is highly disagreeable. This and next month is the two rainy months of this country.

Saturday, 8th. Storm ceased, but it is cold. Ben Simonds, the Indian, in camp with another load of provisions. Linch got me 4 lbs. butter, 3 doz. eggs, and about one peck of onions; for the butter \$1.50 per pound, eggs \$1.50 per doz. or 12½ cents each, onions \$2.00. What do you think of that price? But I pay it very cheerfully as they are about the first for nearly one year. I get milk and of course Mrs. Marony makes me milk toast for breakfast. I really live again.

Sunday, 9th. Inspection, no drill, dress parade this evening. We have the whole army to look at us; we drill every day and dress parade every evening when the weather permits. We are perfection in the double quick drill.

The Indians from Oregon and this territory are coming in to get their presents; the Bonnaks, Snakes, and Utahs are here in large numbers. A council is to be held to make peace between these tribes.

Monday, 10th. Beautiful morning. Had for breakfast boiled eggs, rice cakes, and milk toast.

Called on Col. Johnston today. A large party of the Bonnak Indians in war costume called on the Colonel to pay their respects. They are fine looking Indians and said to be the best in the mountains. They inhabit the vicinity of Fort Hall, along the northern rim of the great basin. They paint red, mostly, the foretop cut short and brushed up in front and painted white to make it "stick up", the rest of the hair braided and very long. Some of them have braids to the feet.

Kelly and McQuillen of my company deserted. Our provisions

are nearly out. The rations of flour to camp followers and citizens is reduced to 8 oz. per day. Our beef is mostly gone, and Col. Hoffman is not within more than thirty days of us. We shall have to kill our fat mules if necessary and eat them. I hope we shall not be obliged to do so for two reasons; 1st, we think poor beef preferable, and 2d, we want them for transportation, but necessity will make them palatable.

Rev. Dr. Clinton, a Mormon, was brought into camp today. He will be allowed to go into the city for we have no indictments against him, and as we are short of provisions we do not want him here.

The band plays finely. Do you remember the Tremont Quickstep? Well, I have took it into my head to arrange and alter it for the band. Sweeny is delighted at the idea. I have already commenced it. I find it a great deal of labor. It will take me several days to fix it up. I have now worked at it for 4 or 5 days.

Tuesday, 11th. Fine day. Drills and parades. Nothing of news in camp. My health is excellent. I was weighed today and weigh 154, some 8 pounds over my usual weight. So you see I am not a shadow yet, but fleshy and fair and forty as ever, more so.

Wednesday, 12th. No mail yet. Gov. Cumming not been heard from yet. I have put the finishing touch on the Quickstep and it is altered so you would not know it. I think it will be splendid. Tomorrow I will give it to Sweeny to copy in the band books. Tomorrow I am for outpost. Game of Boston to come off at my tent tonight, Col. Smith, Bee, Reno, and myself, Clarke and Dickerson and Dunovant lookers on, some coffee only.

Thursday, 13th. 7 A. M. At 8 I go to brigade guard mount. Had a pleasant party last night. Tomorrow will journalize. I think I shall get in rear of camp today.

Friday, 14th. Came off outpost this morning. Had Cunningham for subaltern. Col. Chapman field officer of the day. During the day it was windy and disagreeable, the night still and pleasant. Gave Sweeny music yesterday. Took a wash after coming in. Battalion drill and dress parade this evening.

Saturday, 15th. Battalion drill this evening, also dress parade. Invited out to Boston party, pleasant day. Indians thick as snow flakes in a storm. Gov. Cumming coming to camp. Encamped on the Muddy last night. Health excellent as usual.

Sunday, 16th. Gov. Cumming came this morning while we were

on parade and about to pass in review. Several Mormons came in with him. Col. Kane, also, who leaves for the States this evening. A large party of us are about to start for the Indian camp, the Bonnaks. They are below the Fort and are amusing themselves by paying and receiving visits from their red brethren. They all have a great passion for gambling. The mode is similar to the moccasin game of the Sioux.

Monday, 17th. Mail reported a few miles below. Major Porter and myself went down upon a bluff to get a look at it with our glasses. I am so delighted at the prospect of hearing from you all. It has now been several weeks since we had a mail. It will not be here until late this afternoon. It has an escort in wagons from the 6th Inf. commanded by Lt. McCleary, 6th Inf. Capt. Newton of the engineers is, we understand, with it also.

It is reported that great preparations are being made below in reference to mail arrangements and army communication.

9 o'clock P. M. Mail in and distributed. I got two precious letters from you, one dated or postmarked March 3, and one March 17, most two months old. The news it contained was pleasing and happy. I fear the scarlet fever. You must be careful at all times. As spring opens you must watch the dear ones with constant care. What does it mean by breaking out on Jessie's leg again? It is, I hope, the last that is in the blood. The slips you sent me are full of interest, and the mail brings news of large reinforcements to the army. Col. Johnston is Brevet Brig. Gen. Good! Old Alex is mad, of course. I go for it because he is the fittest colonel in the army for it by 99 per cent in my judgment, and nearly every man in this army thinks so also. It is a reward to merit, and it is highly deserving.

Anne is at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. She is there as one of the camp women. Dora is in N. Y. I suppose. Sam is discharged by expiration of service. Mrs. Canby is in excellent health but keeps very close, occasionally a little sick, and the Colonel is out of health occasionally. I have heard it whispered that it is sympathetic. I will try and ascertain before I close this letter.

Thursday, 18th. I got Harper for February and March, and they are interesting. Several papers about the epaulettes, etc. I have already written you to pay the bill.

Mrs. Martin is as usual, as flat as a tailor's press board, both before and behind, as hoops are not in vogue here. Last

night the band serenaded Gen. Johnston, and Bee, Dunovant, Maynadier and myself called on the Gen., who seems highly pleased.

Gov. Cumming makes an ass of himself as usual. He represents the Mormons leaving for Provo, a city about 40 miles from Salt Lake City. He seems to have the idea that he is the commander-in-chief. He will learn too late, perhaps, that he has but a small control on the army. The mails brings us army news of importance. It would seem that everything is put upon war footing. I hope the government will have sense enough to declare the Territory in rebellion. If they do that we will settle their coffee very soon.

Wednesday, 19th. Warm and pleasant. Market wagon of Ben Simonds in camp. Shall get some butter from them and eggs. Tomorrow company drill and dress parade. Band practicing my Quickstep.

Thursday, 20th. Mail leaves the 22d. McNab has printed a bulletin which I sent you.

Warm and pleasant today.

We see by the papers that the uniform is to be changed. The cap or hat to be black and ostrich feathers. That will please you, but the other changes are disapproved by everyone here in the army. The uniform as it now exists is far preferable to the new style. Why cannot they get some officers on their boards that have some sense and idea of good taste?

I am for outpost. Last night a few Mormons came into camp, three families that Gov. Cumming gave passes to the camp. When they came to the cañons Cumming had to pass them through. So much for his authority. The whole thing is a farce, and the Governor is fooled to death. He is the most egotistical old granny I ever saw, and it would be a blessing if he would leave camp for good. It is understood that he is going into Salt Lake City soon. I hope so.

These people that came in are without clothing and everything to make them comfortable, entirely destitute, ragged and dirty, the most pitiable looking people imaginable. They say they are better off than thousands. My God! What a state of things there must be there! Had they not met Gov. C. they would have been killed as apostates or left without animals to starve in the cañons. Such is a mild picture of Mormonism.

I go on outpost tomorrow, and I think I shall prepare an article that will make somebody howl.

Friday, 21st, 1858. On outpost. I am sitting on the ground in an old tent, 8 P. M. Mail leaves in the morning at 8 A. M. I must close this up and send it early to the P. O. You repeatedly ask me when I shall come in. My dear Maria, I cannot tell you more than a man in the moon. You think rightly about thinking of joining me.

Mr. Carroll is with Col. Hoffman and has his wife. She is very much disgusted, so the officers say that came with the mail.

I can get a leave as soon as anyone, so, my dear, you must have patience and watch over our dear ones that we may be happy when we do meet.

An express goes off the first of the month, and I think I shall defer my letter to the Herald until then, when I shall prepare a rouser. It is my luck to be on outpost when I do not want to be.

I have got hold of a book containing the cardinal doctrines of the Church of Latter Day Saints. I do think it one of the most wicked doctrines ever propagated. One of their principal tenets is that when a man or woman apostacises, she or he is to be killed at once to save the soul, and upon this the past winter many have been killed. What the government thinks of itself is more than I can imagine. It ought to be damned forever if it compromises one jot or tittle. Send the Herald to Gen. P. that contains my articles. You can get them at Butterfield's. The new uniform is a humbug, mostly; the hat is well enough.

By the next express I will send you a letter, and I may write a short article, but if I ever have time I will make the bark fly in my next. The very first chance I get I mean to get a black woman as nurse for the children. Get a family servant and then we will have no trouble with Dutch and Irish. At the earliest opportunity you let me know how much is to be paid on the Traverse des Sioux land, that is, how much more.

I wish George could be with me roughing it here. It would cure him, I have no doubt.

I have not mentioned lately my pet, Ned. He is one of the finest looking dogs in the army, the pet and admiration of everyone.

He allows no one in my absence to come into my tent, and anyone coming near at night he alarms me at once. He has got

human sense, almost. I whipped him for going to parade; after that I would tell him to stay at home while I was away and he obeys like a man. Music is his delight.

Monday "Capt. Gove's Quickstep" is to be brought out at brigade guard mounting. It is splendid. My success was complete. And now as I sit like a journeyman tailor writing by the light of a dim lantern I get tired, so I must close, assuring you that I am in excellent health, never better. I weigh 154 and am quite fat on the ribs. 100 pack mules leave today to hurry up provisions. 10 oz. of flour only now allowed. If anything should befall our train we would starve. We will barely get through, yet everyone is cheerful and looks it in the face without concern. We become hardened to almost anything but death.

Camp Scott, U. T., May 22, 1858.

My dear family:

I sent you no. 31 this morning by mail. I was on outpost as usual. I wrote a private letter to the Herald, from which they can make up a paragraph.

I got cold last night, and do not feel in excellent trim just now. A man was buried from the 10th today, of B Co. Died of congestion of the lungs. Had been in the hospital for some time.

Sunday, 23d. I am officer of the day. Cold and windy this morning. Had a simple inspection. Lt. Clinton left this morning for Harris Fork to guard workmen in constructing a bridge for the up trains. Has 25 men. I had a delightful sleep last night. Tomorrow, if the weather permits, my Quickstep is to be brought out.

I think of taking Ossian's Serenade and change it so as to make a double quickstep or march. We do nothing else hardly but trot. It will make a splendid tune for that purpose. It will only contain the air. The music will have to be changed.

Monday, 24th. This morning the band played my Quickstep. It is certainly beautiful. Orders issued for a grand review on the 26th of all the troops by Gen. Johnston. The 5th Inf., 10th Inf., Phelps's battery and Vol. Battalion, which makes a formidable line. It will be a splendid affair.

Thursday, 27th. Yesterday the grand review came off. It was a splendid affair. All went off without any trouble. Col. Johnston's staff numbered ten in all. Col. Alexander commanded the whole

and rode my horse. I bought an American horse of one of the mountaineers, having been in this country 5 years and thoroughly acclimated. He is handsome and the best trained horse in camp. I paid \$200. He would make a good lady's horse, he is so thoroughly broken, has a beautiful gallop and easy trot. Last night some Mormons came in. They are apostates from the church. Gov. Cumming passed them out. They have been on the way several days. They are destitute and ragged and poor. They are, like thousands, the veriest slaves. Having but one wife they are the very dregs of Mormon despotism. They are English and Welsh, mostly, and very civil. No molestation is allowed by the soldiers. They are not allowed to go into their camp but by passes signed by Col. Johnston. They are to leave in a few days for the States. They confirm all we have heard of the Mormons heretofore. They say thousands have been obliged to go with Brigham Young, against their will, for some trifling debts or the like. They are the poor people of England, deluded like those Second Adventists, just about such a people.

We learn that the mail is below a few miles. Good! We received a few cattle today from below, also.

9 P. M. Rumor that an express is in, that mail will be here in a few days. It is expected that the Commissioners will be with it.

Report says that the President has issued his proclamation to the Mormons. Tomorrow will find out all about it. An express came in but the character I do not know.

Friday, 28th. While I was in bed, having turned in after reveille, Linch handed me a letter from you brought out by the express, who I learn turns out to be Dr. Brown. I laid in bed and read it with great pleasure.

12 M. Judge of my surprise when Linch brought me letters to the 17th April. It appears that a new mail contract has been given out to Mr. Hacaday, etc., weekly. The mail leaves every Saturday; only think of a weekly mail from this camp. I also got one of yours dated the 8th April. It is surprising that we should get letters in about a month. Direct all your letters "via St. Joseph's." I am so rejoiced to hear of your good health. As for me I weigh 154, so you see I am far ahead yet. My health was never better. Ride almost every day. Tomorrow I am on outpost. Just my luck. I shall write my letters tonight. I got a bundle of papers. Gave Linch his. Mrs. Marony comes to enquire for you and the babies.

Her little Johnny is trotting about smartly and is very pretty. The President's proclamation falls upon us like a thunderbolt. The why and wherefore can only be realized by us here. It is a finely written document, and instead of sending it here at this late hour it should have been sent here nearly one year ago. I do not think Brigham Young will heed it in the least. I hope not. If he does comply, or seem to, it will keep us here much longer. My last regular communication to the Herald is very happy in view of the developments. You see I have answered the objections made to the propriety of such a course. What if they do submit? Their church obligations are paramount to State laws. The Commissioners and another mail will be here in a few days. I hope we shall move immediately.

In one of your letters you ask me what became of my cow. I wrote you, I think, long ago that she died also. Most of the horses died also, both private and public. Williams barely saved his, but it looks like a scare crow. It will take 6 to 12 months to revive those that did live.

The Mormons have some very fine cows, for which they ask the enormous sums of 80 to 100 dollars. I will not give it, but if I can get one for \$50 I will buy her. I have bought milk for the last month but it was skim milk. When Mrs. Marony came into my company she told me that it was worthless. I thought it mighty thin. On the 26th I stopped it, having taken it one month, 1 qt. per day, and what do you think my bill was, only \$15.00, 50 cts. a qt. and blue at that.

Every one, almost, enquires for you and the children, Elbs of the band, the sergt. major always, Mrs. Martin and the sergt., and many of the soldiers want to know how Charlie is. Mr. Maynadier got daguerreotype of Mrs. M., Tom and Will. Tom is a beauty, fat and roguish as ever.

Now as to gossip of that kind, at the mention of which you ladies get behind your fans, but nevertheless are all ears, ahem!, Mrs. Canby, I must speak calmly for my reputation is somewhat at stake, is sick a great deal, and the Colonel also, which later incident has led some of us to suspect that it is sympathetic, but after a careful survey of the premises, having made a reconnoissance expressly for you, I have come to the conclusion that if it is so it must be very incipient, a conclusion arrived at after the most weighty consideration. The future can alone develop the disease,

if it is by any possible means poison or some other ingredient having much the same effect, barring the killing; even then, if my recollection serves me rightly, all you die several times in the course of your lives, especially after being poisoned; enough of that however. It is now retreat. I am for outpost tomorrow. Will write you more tonight. I must go down to the Mormon camp to see if I can get a cow, as they leave tomorrow.

9 P. M. I have bought a cow, paid \$60, and is splendid. Mrs. Marony will make butter, and instead of paying \$1.50 per lb. I get it much cheaper. She will almost pay for herself in three months.

I feel sad for poor George. I wish I had him out here. I think he would get better by riding and roughing it. My horse is the best gait for a lady you can well imagine, beautiful trot and gallop. He is the best trained horse I know of. The mail leaves and arrives every Saturday, so you see we shall hear from you often. Williams, Dunovant, Bee, Jimmy, send much love; Jimmy says he has consumed your letter long ago.

Nelson has been to Charlestown and says his next trip will be to see you; he will go north in the summer I presume. You must treat him kindly and make him comfortable. He will be delighted to see you.

I must devote myself to Mr. Argus for a while, so good night. I am so rejoiced that we are to have a weekly mail.

The band plays my Quickstep often, and it is said to be splendid. It is really so. I have got up a popular reputation as a musician. Gen. J. remarked, when they told him that the tune was mine, that Capt. G. could do most anything. Send me some newsongs. I want you to get "My Old Kentucky Home" and send it out, and any other songs or pretty quicksteps. "Home Again" I want above all things, also some blank music paper. I think you can send it as blanks; see the postmaster. Tell old Uncle Jake and Abial that I am in my proper element.

Camp Scott, U. T., June 4, 1858.

Happily the mail came in last night, and the pleasure of receiving yours of the 9th of April was allotted to me. I got it this morning at reveille, also some papers. The idea of getting a mail once in a fortnight is something refreshing to us.

Since you think my letters that are written at one time are of so much more interest I have not written anything of a journal

style since last Saturday, and the mail leaves tomorrow morning and every Saturday hereafter, so you see the necessity of journalizing is obviated.

Last Saturday morning I was on outpost. Came off Sunday about 11 o'clock at night. I heard the band playing, and then I knew the Commissioners had arrived. The music sounded beautifully as its sweet and harmonious strains came to me through the stillness of the night. Sunday morning, after taking a wash, I went to the General's tent and made a call on the Commissioners. Gov. Powell is a large, portly man, and a fine gentleman in his appearance. Rev. McCullough is a substantial plain spoken man, and as true as steel. They are both fully converted to the policy of the army and are on our side. They have no idea that the Mormons will accede to the provisions of the proclamation of the President. The multitude of crimes and murders are so potent that no civil tribunal will ever get them to try, without the army pursue them and bring them back. The pardon only extends to rebellion and treason, of the crimes committed in the valley such as murder, robbery, and theft; their name is legion, and are of course subject to trial and conviction, for this reason they will never submit to be governed by the laws of the United States. The whole structure of the church is antagonistic to the usages of the government. On the 20th inst. the two Commissioners left for Salt Lake City, and on the 3d Gov. Cumming started with his family. The Governor is highly indignant at the feelings of the Commissioners towards "his people," as he calls the vagabonds; and, my dear Maria, my opinion is that if they do not submit (which they will not) we shall pursue them and find ourselves in the vicinity of Sonora in hot pursuit. I trust so, for I do not desire to live or stay in this vicinity the coming summer.

It will be a happy change to us all, and we all very much desire a trip in the direction of the Pacific Ocean, where we may imagine that we smell the sea breezes, if only a flight of the imagination. With the Commissioners came a correspondent of the N. Y. Herald named Fillmore. He is stopping with me, so you see I shall be kept well posted up on the affairs of the nation.

Mr. Symonton of the N. Y. Times is in camp also, so the Tribune, Herald, and Times are represented here fully. I shall, I think, send a communication. I have written as Mr. F. insists on my doing so. It is pleasing to me to know that my last com-

munication was a full and complete answer to the proclamation. It could not be better, all of which was written long before a proclamation was dreamed of here. I take some credit for the foresight, at least.

Capt. Hawes came in from Laramie, also Capt. Lovell, 6th Inf., with supplies. Mr. F. has prepared an article on our rations and short allowances, which you will see by reading the Herald. We were just out. We had not flour enough to last but a day or two.

Col. Hoffman is now probably on Green River. Capt. Marcy is about there also, as an express came in from him a day or two ago, and he was near the mouth of Bitter Creek, about 80 miles from here. So you see God protects the just and right. We shall be off in ten days, and God speed us, for I am tired of camp life and so is every one.

Loads of provisions are coming in daily, almost, so we can live pretty well now by paying roundly for everything.

I have a splendid cow, and I am growing fat every day. I am perfectly well, better than I ever was.

The Mormons that came out are all gone, and a more ragged, dirty set of ragamuffins I never saw. I have no confidence in apostates. I would not trust one of them behind my back.

I paid \$60 for my cow. She is splendid. Today Gould made a churn and Mrs. Marony is going to make my own butter. She has lots of cream, and can make an abundance for me and her own use, which I tell her she may have after I get what I want. She is an excellent woman, thinks the world of you and the children. Today I saw Carpenter, and told him of his mother calling to see you, which pleased him very much. Linch sticks to me, faithful as ever; the only fault he has is he never thinks of anything; he is like a machine, goes when and where you tell him, but perhaps it is all for the best, for if he was smarter he might be dishonest, for I think Linch one of the most honest men I ever saw. I get much out of patience with him once in a while, but he is faithful in all emergencies.

Saturday morning. Mail about closing.

Camp Scott, U. T., June 11, 1858.

My dear family,

It is nearly retreat and the mail leaves tomorrow, so notwithstanding my headache I must write you a short letter. I have

just come from Bridger where, of course, I have been on a board of survey as president since 7 A. M., and, being obliged to stay out in the sun to check and examine stores as they were delivered from the contractors' trains, the grand result is a big headache, but to my good luck it is one of those day afflictions, for I now feel as though it was passing off.

Everything in and around Camp Scott is moving. Last Sunday evening the order was published for an onward move, and a more happy set of men you never dreamed of. Mail came in on Sunday also, but I got nothing but some papers. Very few letters were received, as you should direct "via St. Joseph, Mo.," then we get them one week earlier. Col. Hoffman was supposed to be at Harris Fork crossing and would be in in a few days; on Tuesday he did, sure enough, come in with 52 wagons of supplies, Capt. De Saussure, 1st Cavalry, 2 companies 6th Inf. and 7th Inf. Captain Lovell, 6th Inf., stayed here for several days. Lt. Carroll was let back with Capt. Hendrickson and Capt. Stuart, 1st Cavalry, with 52 other wagons loaded with supplies, and on Wednesday Capt. H. encamped about two miles below, and yesterday came in, Capt. Marcy being just behind them under Col. Loring of the Rifles and 3 companies 3d Inf. They came in today, so take it by and large you may safely calculate that the ball is about to open. Sunday one column moves and soon all shall be in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

Mr. Carroll joined me last evening, and Mrs. C. and the little C. are both well and stood the march well. It was cold and snow fell for several hours. What do you think of that, the 10th of June and a violent snow storm? Col. Hoffman is to be left here with 2 companies 6th Inf. and Capt. Stuart of 1st Cavalry. They are very much disgusted.

Mrs. Carroll seems to take things as quietly as possible, but she has no earthly business here; she is helpless and destitute of cook or servants save a wet nurse. It vexes me very much to be so annoyed by what seems to be a force of circumstances. I regret very much for both Carroll's sake that he has come back to the regiment, as he became very unpopular with nearly all the officers. He and she both seem to depend on me for counsel and existence. Before we started from Leavenworth last July she asked me to tell her whether she ought to go along, and I told her "no" most emphatically, and she now blesses me for my frank-

ness. What I don't like in the whole matter is so much pretention and always finding an excuse for not coming up to the advertisement. There is a want of balance of mind in both of them. They have no cook, and I do not want to mess with them, yet I do not see how I am to avoid taking them into my mess. I wish they were away from me until I get permanently located. What in the devil he brought his wife to annoy and vex me for I cannot see. I wish I never had a lieutenant, then I should not be troubled and annoyed, and, my God, think of the baggage! Goodness gracious!

I told Carroll that he must get himself a cook, for I could not furnish a man to do it in addition to one that I let him have to take care of his animals. They have an ambulance and get along on the road well enough, but such an amount of fussing and fooling! In short, she no business here.

Carroll showed me your letter and it was beautifully worded, and had you signed your name Maria Louise Gove instead of Mrs. J. A. Gove you would have been more nearly correct; however, they thought it a well written letter and so did I, hence they were so anxious to show it, and perhaps they did not notice the signature, but you know I see most everything, and you must remember the next time that when you write so pretty and so sensible a letter, you must always wonder, "will old Argus in Utah see this?" By the way, I wrote you of Mr. Fillmore, correspondent N. Y. Herald, is here. I must not be caught napping. I think "Argus" will be kept off my communications in the Herald. I hope so.

Now as to Mrs. Deidrech. I have wondered in my musings how Ann would look to me in the matrimonial bonds.

I suppose she, like all her sex, is or will be in that delightful situation known to and fully appreciated by all those women who truly "love their lords." Tell Ann, upon the supposition that she has already arrived to that happy state, that it does not surprise me very much that she has abandoned the bowl business, both round and square, for that more congenial practice and occupation of eating rice or some other pungent poison. It is the failing of females, however repugnant it may seem at first; it is like drinking lager beer, the taste is soon acquired, and in most cases grows upon (or in) one. I should like very much to see Ann. I could a tale unfold that in the line of stories would be no trifle, but old things have passed away and all things have become new,

and I hope it will be a boy. There, now I have said it, and I expect it will be just like you to read to Ann what I have written about her.

I think you had better keep pretty quiet with the dear children, at least through the heat of the summer.

I feel very sad to hear of George's poor health. I think if I had him here I could bring him out.

I forgot to tell you that the mail has come in bringing a letter from you of the 3d May, also news of Gen. Smith's death. I hope Gen. Harney will not come out until we get off to the valley.

You must attend to the paying of taxes as I have written you heretofore.

I sympathize with you in the deep affliction that death has brought into the house of Mr. Rolfe. She must bear her affliction with fortitude, remembering that she is not alone in these great trials.

I heard a piece of gossip about Mrs. Martin, and that last winter she had a miscarriage, so she is not, as one might suppose, entirely destitute of procreation. I suppose she, like most others, will keep trying, and God speed her in her endeavours.

Send me some pretty waltzes, songs, etc., whenever they come out.

Remember me kindly to everyone. Tell Charlie that his pony is forthcoming. Next mail I will write you from the cañons, I hope, and remember to direct your letters "via St. Joseph, Mo." I am in excellent health on the whole. Write me every mail.

Camp on Bear River, June 18, 1858.

My dear Maria and children:

The orderly has just come round and informed me that the mail leaves in the morning, and I must write you a line. I have got an attack of the mountain fever, or bone fever, as it is called by some. Although I am on guard with my company I suffer immensely by pains in my bones. My head is well, and you know when that is clear I do not mind much else. I do not mean to go on the sick report if possible to avoid it. I have never yet been on.

We left Ft. Bridger Tuesday, 15th, as the rear column, the 10th and Col. Loring's command, the Vols., Col. Cooke and dragoons and Phelps's battery left Sunday, on Tuesday the 5th Inf. and Reno's battery and also Gen. Johnston and staff intending to go to Bear River. Tuesday we left. Encamped on the Muddy first

night, next day went to Bear River, about 22 miles, being out in the rain about 10 hours. It was one of the most disagreeable days I ever experienced. Drowned 5 times in attempting to ford the river, then gave it up. We crossed on a bridge, and after standing from 2 P. M. to 6 P. M. in the rain we recrossed the river and got our wagons about 10 o'clock, when we went into camp. An awful day. I got cold, hence my fever. It is nothing serious, however, but I cannot march. Our supply trains did not get up and Col. Loring's command had to go into camp on the Sulphur Creek, 2 miles up Bear River; the next morning, 17th, we crossed our wagons by hand and went into camp.

I went on guard last night at retreat. Today I am in much pain, but I hope to feel better tomorrow. We leave tomorrow, 10th leading the van. The Mormons have accepted the pardon but it is no more in earnest than the wind; they are as impudent and villainous as ever. Gov. Cumming is getting open his eyes. No trust is to be put in them. They refused to give up the post office and the keys, but the Commissioners told them they should do it and they did. They will not send any [illegible] to the Commissioners and talk insulting as ever, so you see we have got to give them a sound whipping, hang about 100 of them, and then the rest will submit. They have accepted only to gain time. The President has damned himself and the country. You see my last letter to the Herald dated the 29th April. It is the true ground, although written long before the intentions of the President were known. It fully answers his course.

I would now write a [illegible] letter to the Herald if their own reporter was not here. I sent an extract in one of his letters, which you will see that the army apologizes to the country for having served them so faithfully.

The mail passed us yesterday but we had no authority to stop it, so we shall be without it for 10 days. We have the mail weekly now, so you will hear from me often. Send via St. Joseph, Mo.

All the officers are well. I think I wrote you before that Williams was aid to Gen. Johnston.

Capt. Marcy looks hearty and well, and he must have a brevet for his trip.

Write me every week. Take good care of the children during hot weather. I will write you every mail.

I am anxious to hear from George. If he was with me I think he would get well. You must keep quiet with the children.

Camp, 20 miles south of S. L. City, July 2, 1858.

My dear family:

We have at last found the great city, marched through it and encamped on the other side of Jordan. From Bear River the wildness of the country is extreme to the great valley of Salt Lake.

Saturday, 19th. Left Bear River, marched to Yellow Creek, distance $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Here the whole army encamped in a bed between high mountains and deep valleys. It was a beautiful sight.

Sunday, 20. Left camp at 5.15. Reveille at 3 A. M. Commenced ascending a high mountain for miles, then descended. Entered Echo Cañon and made 14 miles in all. Encamped in the cañon. The bugle notes echo and re-echo for many moments after being sounded, hence the name. You can hear the echo if you slightly raise your voice. The cañon is 20 miles long. On either side of the road and creek high hills and mountains rise up from 500 to 1500 feet; on the right is a bluff rock of red sand stone and conglomerate, on the left it is higher and rolling, and grassed to the top.

Monday, 21. Left camp early. Hot and dusty. Continued our march, and when within about 2 or 3 miles of Weber River we came to the narrow pass and the Mormon fortifications. The pass is truly wild and romantic, ditched, and walls across the road and narrow passes, but of the most flimsy character. It could have been turned easily by 500 troops. There were huts standing which would accommodate probably 1000 or 1500 men. These were behind the works. On the high bluffs overhanging the road large stones were placed to throw over, just as though we were to be fools enough to go under and let them drop them on us. We could have whipped them out so easy that I regret we could not try them, especially as they now talk so wildly. We stayed on the Weber one day and then crossed on a bridge that was built by detail.

23d. Crossed the bridge and moved about 4 miles from the bridge.

24th. Left camp and passed another high ridge and mountains, and encamped on a creek within a few miles of the foot of the mountain.

25th. Took up our line of march and crossed the creek some 9 times in six miles; at the last crossing came to another piece of fool's labor in the shape of a fortification. I guarantee to be able to turn it with my own company; here we commenced ascending the Big Mountain; for 4 miles did we continue to go gradually up between high hills and bluffs, at last at an elevation nearly twice as high as Mount Washington we reached the summit. From here we saw the great valley for the first time. Now that we are up we must go down. For about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile it descends at an angle of about 45 degrees, but, strange to say, no accident occurred of any importance in passing our miles of train. Nothing happened in our own train. We still continued to descend, down, down, when at last after 16 miles march we arrived at the foot of the Little Mountain. Here I went on guard with my company, and being on an elevation in rear of our own camp I sketched hastily the front views which I send you. If I had had time I would have made it more complete. These mountains are probably 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. They are just in front of camp, and such have been our companions for miles back. From this point it is 12 miles to the city. We have got the Little Mountain to cross.

26th. Left camp early. I am rear guard of our own regiment. We ascended rapidly and then descended more so. After miles of dust and wind we came to the narrow pass in Emigration Cañon, and then we came out upon the bank bordering the great valley. Here we had everything before us; 4 miles brought us into the outskirts of the city. We found the city evacuated, all had gone to Provo except a few men whom they left to burn the city if ordered. The city is 50 per cent better in structure and situation than I expected to find. It is beautifully laid out and watered at every street. Most of the description in Harper's Weekly is very correct, but the city itself is too grandly displayed.

Brigham's palace is a magnificent structure. His apartment for his wives is attached so that it is easy of access. It is said that the inside is furnished in the most elaborate style, furniture imported, two or three pianos, etc.

The people are at Provo. They are impudent and rebellious still. They say they will accept the pardon, but that the President is a fool; that they will not obey anyone but Brigham Young. They don't want the army and won't have it. Such is the result of the pardon, a miserable policy which the government ought to be

damned for. We stayed on the side of the Jordan in dust and alkali for two days, then moved camp south in the direction of Provo, on the mountain benches, where we have now a beautiful camp and grass. Gen. Johnston returned yesterday from a reconnoissance for a post. He took with him a board of officers and the Commissioners. He has decided to go south to Cedar Valley, near Lake Utah and Provo. Just where we want to go. Not a house can be rented in the city to anyone.

Judge Eckels is in camp, but goes today to the city, and is going to commence operations and, mark my word, we will have a fight out of them in making arrests as a posse before a month. Nothing but a fight will make them understand our power and their inability to cope with us. A strong posse will go with the marshal in all cases.

We shall go from here in a few days to Cedar Valley.

There is some splendid fishing at Utah Lake.

The last letter I got from you was mailed 17th of May. It conveyed to me the afflicting intelligence of the death of brother George. I cannot say that I was unprepared for it, but the reality of such news never struck me with that earnest force until it indeed was so. How it must rend the hearts of my father and mother! You must write them often. I shall write them this mail. Truly my father's house has been one of death. I cannot realize that I shall never see George again. When I saw him last he was hale and hearty. Truly in the midst of life we are in death.

Take care of yourself and our dear children. I think there is no doubt of my getting a leave of absence this fall, to start in about the 1st Sept. If no troubles come up several of us will go in. It is so understood, and I know Gen. Johnston will highly approve of a leave for me. You may safely count on my spending with my dear family the next winter.

The mail closes now in a few moments and the carrier goes into the city. He will bring out a mail, when I expect to hear from you to a late date. You must write every week. Send via St. Joseph, Mo. Send me papers and letters often.

I approve of Mrs. Alexander being Godmother to Jessie, and of Hannah standing for her. Tell Hannah to hurry up matters if she wants me as the Godfather of the first. The same to Ann. Tell them to buy a barrel of rice. Eat freely and don't despair.

Love to all. Kisses to mine. Hoping to see you all soon. Time

passes like the wind with us. It is very hot here. Mrs. Carroll and Canby are well. Mrs. Canby has ridden horseback from Ft. Bridger. No rice there.

Camp opposite Lehi City, June [July] 8, 1858.

My dear Maria and children:

We are here on the banks of Jordan still, but not in the same place as before. We wander about wherever we find grass and water, on our way to Cedar Valley where a permanent camp for the army is to be established. There the army will probably winter in tents, as being preferable to building adobe houses. It is not the intention of the Gen. to build a post here, nor anywhere for the present, which is very gratifying to everyone in the army. It is useless to make the men labor for five months, after having served through the winter so faithfully under all the circumstances.

This morning a part of the army moved to winter quarters, Gen. Johnston and staff, Col. Loring's command, dragoons, Phelps's battery. Tomorrow morning the 10th, 5th, Reno's battery and volunteers move. It is only 8 or 10 miles directly west from the Jordan. Lehi is on the opposite side of the river about 3 miles distant. Said to be about 3000 inhabitants. Capt. Cumming and myself rode over there last night just before dark, had a delightful ride. Utah Lake is within one mile of us. Lehi is built like all the settlements in this country, of adobe and mud enclosures the entire distance round. In other words it is walled for the purpose of protection against Indians and keeping cattle out. There are four gates round the city. It resembles a Mexican town very much. The people are like all fanatics, just such credulous people as the Millerites, men and women of the same stripe, under the most perfect control of the priests and bishops. Contrary to what we expected, the men seem as much attached to Brigham Young and the church as was pretended from representatives made before we entered the valley. We expected to find many disaffected men and women, but they hold no intercourse with us only in the way of trade in vegetables and fowls, and are as tenacious as ever in the beliefs of their doctrines.

The women are under the most positive bondage; there can be no doubt of it. They look and appear dejected, and would undoubtedly live differently if they could.

The most scrupulous regard is had in reference to these people in the intercourse with the army, so that no reasons can be set up in the way of complaints by these rascally people. There can never be any harmony as long as they mingle with other people or gentiles, as they call them.

I have not told you, perhaps, before that Capt. Cumming has not drank anything for over six months, and he is one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew when he does not drink. Last fall he wrote out a pledge himself privately, and has kept it faithfully for six months. It was out on the 4th July. On the 3d he wrote another and asked Dunovant and myself to sign as witnesses, (privately) gave it to me, which runs to the 25th Dec. This is private, so never mention it in any of your letters to the ladies. So when the 4th came everyone supposed he would commence drinking again, and all wonder at his self denial. He is in excellent health, and is in fact a new man, says he has no desire to drink and is disgusted at the idea of ever drinking again to excess. Cumming is not on the best terms with the Governor, his uncle, and disapproves his course.

We left camp on the 6th, when I wrote you last, and marched to this point same day, a very hard day's march, some 19 miles. We met thousands of the Mormons on the road returning to Salt Lake City. Provo is in sight of us, about 18 miles, on the opposite side of the lake. Utah Lake is alive with fish of every description. Lake trout as big as Charlie. Most delicious. We get plenty of them and with the vegetables live excellently.

On the 4th July Capt. Phelps fired a national salute at 12 m. The day before Capt. Reno fired 13 guns on the death of Gen. Smith.

I bought a large sheep for my men, gave them a ration of whiskey, and the day passed off in camp without disturbance.

By last mail I did not get any letters from you. Why do you not write me every week? I fear sickness again, as you did not write me before when Charlie was sick. Write a word that I may know you are well. Have you yet received the draft for the \$385 I sent you? I send you by this mail one for \$200. Keep the money in the Mechanicks Bank, so that if I should ever draw the draft will be honored, and not have any more trouble about protests. Tell Mr. Minot that I may at any time draw on him for some amounts, and to honor the draft.

I got a letter from father relative to the death of George. Truly it must be very sad and lonely at home, but father writes with that usual moderation which always characterizes his letters, but the blow fell heavily on my poor old mother. It seems hard that her troubles should come to afflict her in her old age. You must have her comforted. Write good letters to her and tell her that I shall come in this fall if nothing occurs here among this villainous people to keep me.

Capt. Marcy came down to see me the other day and we had a long talk confidentially about matters in general. He will come in without doubt to close up his accounts that he contracted in New Mexico. He is with Gen. Johnston and will do all he can to have me go in with him to the States. I am certain of a leave if anybody gets one in the regiment or army, if nothing turns up. You see I shall have two officers left with my company, as Marshall is on his way and Carroll is here. Mrs. Carroll I like very much. She takes the trip with a good deal of sense, and her little Katy is a picture of health and good nature. She has a wet nurse, and it is perhaps fortunate, for she could never nurse a child, she is so frail. Carroll does first rate, and has been well received by everyone. So Mrs. A. has slipped up in her calculations this time; she gets her cue from the Colonel, who for that kind of low cunning cannot be surpassed by any man in the army. He is all smiles to Mrs. Carroll and very kind to Carroll, but the first chance he gets he will annoy them to death. Such is his character. The Colonel is very friendly to me, and I get anything I want. I intend to keep on the right side of him, certainly. Mrs. Canby has ridden the entire distance from Ft. Bridger to this point, so if horseback riding is dangerous the presumption is very fair that she is not blessed. Mrs. Burns is a sweet woman and in fine health. She has a little girl, Mab, about 4 years old. She reminds me of Charlie.

Bee and Dunovant has just left here and sends love. We are going fishing this evening. The mail closes tonight to go to Salt Lake City at 7 this evening.

Our mails so far have come through regularly, and we get news weekly, but you would think it old.

In the Herald of the 24 May are two of my letters, no. 1 and 3. My 2d is not received. It will be, though, in due time. I received a letter from the Herald office last mail thanking me in the highest

terms for my letters. No one here knows of it but Gen. Johnston, Mr. Osborne, and Capt. Marcy. He is a regular correspondent and mistrusted that the letters might be mine, especially that in reference to himself. His daughter wrote him that the Herald correspondent complimented him as being the fittest man in the service for the New Mexican trip.

A long editorial is in the same paper founded on my communications, which is very complimentary to me. It is very rare that they comment on their correspondence. I think in my 5th letter somebody will catch it. I hope no. 2 will be received, for in that I gave an account of Kane's trip out and return to Ft. Bridger.

I saw a very disgusting notice of Dudley in one of the extracts published in the Herald, taken from a Boston paper; we bore D. nearly to death for the silliness of the notice. It is sickening. He says it was written by a sergt. of dragoons now discharged, but that part of it sounds very much as though it was suggested. Dudley is a noisy, boisterous fellow, and not very popular in his regiment or in this army. As a soldier he is not considered equal to most of the others. His early associations I think were of a very inferior quality. He is coarse and vulgar in his language and only tolerable as an officer. He is for a gentleman what Mrs. D. is for a lady, so you may judge for yourself.

Dudley is very sociable with all the officers, but as a high toned gentleman he is not, nor never can be.

All this is sub rosa, and, in answer to an enquiry you made some time previous about him, I get along with him very well and have no trouble, still I do not fancy such boisterous men; they talk too much. Tracy I do not speak to at all. He has brought it about of his own accord. He is no account as an officer anyhow. It results from an extreme jealousy that I am preferred in all important duties over his head. He is no account anyhow, shirks duty whenever he can and 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 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.

I must close for it is getting late. Write me every mail, send papers, etc., books that are new, such as stories, for until about the 1st of Sept. no one will leave and we want reading matter.

Tell Charlie that I have got his pony, named Alice for Brigham's daughter.

P. S. I shall write you every week. You do the same. Preserve my letters.

Camp Floyd, Cedar Valley, July 15, 1858.

Dear Maria and children:

Tonight the mail closes and starts tomorrow morning for Salt Lake City. We live in the liveliest hopes in anticipation of getting letters from our friends. Last week I wrote you a letter, no. 38 proper, but I think it was numbered 37 through mistake; correct it if it is wrong. I sent you a draft for \$200, no. 561, dated Camp in valley of G. S. Lake City, July 1, '58, endorsed to your order. In Monday a large court martial convened for the trial of Maj. Sibley of the dragoons, 13 members, Col. Smith, Waite, Chapman, Canby, Captains Marcy, Lovell, Bowman, Robinson, Tracy, Gove, Dunovant, Trevitt, and Neil, Forney of "ours" Judge Advocate. You perceive that it was a court of high rank. The reason of this was that an officer is to be tried by those of his rank when it can be done. Major Sibley is captain in the line and brevet major.

The charges were some of old Cooke's petulance, commanding 2d Dragoons. He is in trouble all the time with his officers. In two days the trial ended. He was charged in the first place in not signing his muster roll on which the company was mustered. That was one of the causes. Another was for disrespectful language used by Sibley when sent for about his rolls. Major Sibley read a beautiful address in his defense, and I only regret that the oath of my membership will not allow me to write you the results of the trial. I was in hopes the proceedings would have been published tonight, that I might write you the pleasing result of the court's deliberations.

It was one of those vindictive annoyances which many of these old fogies inflict on their juniors, but old Cooke got hold of the man of all others he ought to have let alone.

The volunteers are ordered into Leavenworth to be discharged. Bee will go with them, and Jimmy expects to go in. Dunovant is up about it, as it does not brighten his prospects for a leave.

Bee will get a leave as soon as he gets in, I suppose. Gen. Harney is expected every hour. I forgot to mention that Col. Alexander was detailed on Major Sibley's court, and was the third member, brevet rank of Smith and Waite taking effect on courts martial, but he begged off and Col. Canby went on in his stead.

The court is still in session trying enlisted men.

It is so hot here at about 12 noon and cool nights. Snow can be had within five miles of my tent 20 feet deep. This seems strange to you, I suppose. Hills and mountains spring up from the valley, with steep slopes to the distance of four or five thousand feet, with perpetual snow in the deep gullies and ravines. We are surrounded by such. We have got so accustomed to it that one of these high mountains looks to us as little hills.

In all parts of this territory you encounter dust. There is so much alkali in the soil that it is like ashes. It becomes powdered as the wagons pass over it on our march, so that, with perspiration on the face, we get as black as though we were painted. Dust so thick that you cannot see a foot before you for most of the way. Why it is that we can stand the taking into the lungs so much of this villainous dust without killing some of us is unaccountable.

Imagine a train when closed up arranged as follows, each wagon with 6 mules and some 2. I will give you an order of march of this army from Ft. Bridger; 1st came Gen. Johnston and staff, with an escort of one company cavalry, section of artillery, and two companies infantry, followed by their trains, say fifty wagons, then 10th Inf. column, followed by their trains, say 60 wagons, company teams, 25 stores and 50 supply wagons, making about 120 wagons in all as the 10th Inf. train; then Phelps's light battery follow by train, then 5 Inf. column with another train like ours, then Reno's heavy battery and train, then Col. Loring's command of mixed corps with another train, then Bee's volunteers and small train, last of all come dragoons as the rear. This line, when closed, extends not less than eight miles, and when in march over

this rough country stretches out to probably at least 12 miles. Such is a short view of moving a brigade. What would you think of the movement of 100,000 men? It could be done in the same way only it would take longer.

I intended to have written a letter to the Herald. Did you not know that the two Fort Bridger letters in that weekly Herald were mine, and the editorial inside was written on these articles? The weekly is dated 29th May, the daily Herald that published them was 24th May. These were my 1 and 3 letters, the 2d must have been lost.

In reply to your inquiry who S. N. S. is, I think my last letter but one anticipated you; he is an old dragoon sergt. by the name of Spear. Dudley will never hear the last of that, as he confessed that he knew that Spear was writing to the paper. It is so silly and untrue and uncalled for that everybody is disgusted at the idea.

Now a word as to Mormons. My position, as taken in my letters to the Herald, is proving correct daily. After dark no gentile walks the streets alone. Everyone, night and day, is armed to the teeth. -Daily we expect to hear of a row.

It is 35 miles to the city from here. There is no intercourse between the people and gentiles, and everyone is watched and dogged by Brigham's minions. The city in fact is armed, and any minute we may expect a row. As I have said before, we cannot live together.

The women are the most abject slaves on earth, and so are the poorer classes.

I am in a great hurry to get this letter off, so love to all. I write every week. Will send you some sketches about us next mail.

Camp Floyd, Cedar Valley, July 22, 1858.

My dear family:

The mail goes tonight for Salt Lake City, and I rejoice to say that if no disturbance occurs here to actively engage the army I shall get a leave. Col. Alexander is desirous of having Dunovant and myself go. Bee was ordered to Leavenworth with the volunteers to discharge them, so we shall all be in the States this winter if nothing of importance turns up. Gen. Johnston will

give me a leave if Gen. Harney does not interfere, and he will not.

How happy I shall be when I get ready to start! I will not get off before the 1st Sept. probably, but I shall go in without delay. Col. Alexander will go before I do, but will not beat me much unless I go in on duty. It will be expensive, but what of that! I have a store of funds with you, so you see why I have laid up something for the trip. Tell Mr. Minot that I shall draw on him, and you must not move the deposit for I do not want to have any more protests following me up. Hereafter I shall not send you any more money, as I have sent you all up to date. The sutlers are sending in money, and I will borrow of them and draw on the Mechanicks Bank from Leavenworth to pay, so do not have my drafts dishonored. See Mr. Minot about it.

Now do not put too much reliance on what I have written you. You know the army is highly uncertain, but by present appearances I shall spend the winter with you and my pets.

I shall go in light so as to make the most rapid traveling I can.

Capt. Cumming, Marcy and myself are going to Salt Lake [illegible] for three or four days. The 24th is the anniversary of their arrival in the valley, and has heretofore been their great day, but I fear they will not do much. I intend to go to church Sunday. There is the utmost coldness between the gentiles and Mormons, no intercourse, hardly. There are a few gentile homes. Judge Eckels wants me to come in and stop with him. I do not know where I shall stop.

In the daily Herald of the 12th two of my letters are published on the first page. The Herald never publishes signatures attached.

Last Monday I was president of a regimental court martial. We tried 13 men in two days. There is not yet much desertion. One thing that helps the matter is the fact that Gen. Johnston is not going to build a post. The men here rather live in Sibley tents if floored over.

Bee started Monday for Ft. Leavenworth where he was ordered to discharge the volunteers. He will apply for leave as soon as he gets in. Jimmy went in also. They will be $2\frac{1}{2}$ months going in. If we get in we shall pass them on the way. I told Bee when he left that I would show him my back before he got to Leavenworth.

I have just written and sent in my application for leave of absence. If I get in this winter they cannot get us out until summer.

I am going up to Gen. Johnston's tonight and have a little talk with him. When we are alone we have some familiar conversations. Capt. Marcy is coming in very soon, so you can tell Mrs. Patten so. He talks of going to Paris to be treated for a slight deafness.

Whether Gen. Harney will come out or not is a question still in doubt. We expect he prefers Leavenworth to this alkali soil for the coming winter. If Harney does not come and there is no trouble, I shall come in. So will many others. I wish I was to start tomorrow, hot as it is.

Salt Lake City, U. T., July 29, 1858.

My dear Maria:

In my last letter from camp I wrote you that I was coming to the city on few days leave of absence. Well, here I am, in a Mormon hotel, and tomorrow we go to camp. We have been here six days, and a more non-intercourse visit among a people I never knew. The Mormons are still isolated, and do not appear to desire any intercourse with the gentiles. This is the case from motives of policy. We cannot ever mix, as clannishness is the only safe mode of maintaining their organization. The 24th June letter in the Herald was a true conception of these people. Do you recognize them? Our only place for resort is at the Governor's. Mrs. C. is a Boston lady, formerly Miss Randall. She and the Governor have been at Rye Beach for several years past. Some of the Concord people must have met them there. The Governor is an immense man in size. She is small, and one of the most intolerable talkers on earth. Finds out all about Mormon marriage affairs, and tells us many pleasing anecdotes. Cumming (Capt.), myself, and Mrs. C. have been to the lake, hot and warm springs, etc. We have met several of the principal men of Mormondom and their first wives at Mrs. C's, but they do not, any of them, invite us to call. Brigham we cannot get a sight at yet. Governor C. says he will call with us today if Brigham will be seen. He does not like to come in contact with gentiles, as he says much of his holy and healing influences pass from him. This is one among the

thousand absurdities of his, and these people believe him. I have bought all the text books of Mormonism, and shall take them in with me if I can get off. The Oregon war has again broken out, and Stephen's command has been defeated by the Kanackas or Nez Perces, some 20 killed and two officers among them.

As soon as Gen. Johnston learns definitely that Gen. Harney is not coming he will act on the leaves of absence.

It is impossible to learn definitely what the result will be, but we all hope for the best. Capt. Heth and Marshall are near Ft. Laramie. Russell has gone back to Kearney sick. I expect he will get out on sick leave.

I dread going out to camp to sleep and live in the dust. It was nearly 13 months, until I came in here, that I had not slept in any building or house, either a tent or the canopy of heaven was my covering during that time, yet I am heavier and in better health than I ever was before.

I do not know what it is to be sick. My little mare Alice, that is, Charlie's — tell him her name — is here with me, and the prettiest riding horse you ever saw. She is named for one of Brigham's daughters.

I have nothing to write you here, but can tell you much of these people when I see you. I am very well posted up on the social institution of Mormonism. I have been very observant of these people, and have not been mistaken in the main.

Many more of the men have more than one wife than is generally known. This week three men took eleven girls to wife, and daily they are marrying and given in marriage. Polygamy is the bond of the church.

The men are as obedient and loyal, apparently, as can be, now that the army is in the valley, but they lose none of their hatred to the gentiles. We all go armed and care not for the fools. It is very annoying to them to mark our independence.

I will keep this open until night.

6 P. M. We have just received a note from Gov. C. that Brigham Young is absent from the city, so we shall not see him. He has not been seen in the street since the army came in.

Capt. Marcy and Dickerson are here. We all go out to camp tomorrow morning. I must close this now as we shall be off in the morning. Don't be too sanguine of my coming.

I hope to come in with Capt. Marcy.

Camp Floyd, U. T., August 5, 1858.

Dear Maria:

What do you think I have been doing today? Well, I have been annoyed and disturbed by having a clearing out of my tents. It is a disagreeable duty but those things must be done; but it is useless to try to keep things in order and repair, but those who enjoy must suffer. So when a man gets a leave of absence to start for the States in two days he ought to suffer. Dunovant sits here scolding me that I don't tell you directly that we both have got the documents in our pockets, and in other words we have got a leave of ABSENCE. "Now don't cry," says Dunovant; so say I, but if there is any virtue in mules and horses we shall be on the borders of civilization by the first October next.

Write me at Fort Leavenworth in care of Col. Rich, P. M. Dunovant says that I shall see Charlie by the 20th September, but I don't believe that. We have both of us been to New York, Washington, and had several frolics — all in imagination. Col. Alexander, Capt. Gardner, Tidball (sick), Maynadier, Dunovant, Grover, and Gove from the 10th, all are coming in.

We shall travel about 35 or 40 miles per day. Excellent outfit, only four in the fast team, Capts. Marcy and Grover, Dunovant and myself. Don't be too sanguine. I have two horses, ambulance, and 6 mule team to each officer. Carroll is temporarily transferred to D Company which goes to Bridger, and Murry to mine.

I am a regular mountaineer on riding, and the twelve hundred miles must be done up quickly. I have lived on a horse the last year.

Ft. Bridger, U. T., August 13, 1858.

Dear Maria:

We start for Leavenworth tonight. All well. Capt. Marcy and Grover, Dunovant and myself go together; Col. A. and Maynadier, Col. Cooke, Lts. Pegram and Buford of dragoons also go today.

I am very busy getting ready, all the time I can spare must be used up in getting ready, drawing rations, etc., etc.

Write me as I directed last mail.

Ft. Laramie, N. T., August 26, 1858.

Dear Maria:

I arrived here yesterday, and am about to start for Kearney. Col. Cook and his party, also Col. Alexander, are here; the other parties will be in today. We are one day ahead of all. We beat the parties. Our average from Green River has been 35 miles per day, almost mail time. Dunovant and myself are first rate. These old fellows that have been in the service for 25 years and 35, even, can't understand how I can travel across the plains. I did not think I should use my accurate journal so soon. Dunovant is too lazy to take any notes, so I am to be credited for our fine travel. We shall make Kearney in ten days, so if I have good luck I will spend the 15th September with my dear ones. I got three mules changed. Five companies 4th Artillery are here, Col. Monroe commanding. We beat Col. Alexander and that satisfies us.

Love to all. Charlie's "Alice" is along, his pony.

My dear Gove:

Have you read the last Atlantic Monthly?

The article in the March number on the Utah Expedition is evidently written by a political republican. Its opening statements about General Pierce and Col. Steptoe are so false that it occurs to me the rest may be like them.

I wish you would read the article and note down your comments and come in and see me when you are in Boston, or write me.

Your friend,

SIDNEY WEBSTER.

Capt. J. A. Gove.

Boston, 26 F., 1859.

My dear Gove:

I have yours of day before yesterday.

I think that the attack upon Steptoe is too serious to be allowed to pass unnoticed by those who know the facts. I have in my possession, in the form of letters from Steptoe and otherwise, a complete refutation of the charge of moral cowardice in declining to claim executive authority in Utah, and explanation of the facts upon which is erected an insinuation that S. was guilty of official

infidelity in signing the recommendation of Young. Of course what passes between us is sacred to privacy so far as Gen. Pierce is concerned. I would like to know the author of the article, not to ever mention his name if you desired it, but to know the ground I am treading. I could, if desirable, make the correction in a tone of perfect goodwill to the writer.

Your friend,

SIDNEY WEBSTER.

Capt. J. A. Gove.

Fort Crittenden, May 1, 1861.

My dear sister:

I wrote you a letter last mail wishing you to get my black silk fixed up to your taste. I enclose you a draft of \$20.00 payable to your order.

We have received no orders as yet, but are in a great state of excitement to know what is to be done with the troops here. Our last pony express brought the intelligence that Col. Smith had command of the troops in Washington, that Virginia had seceded, the mob in Baltimore killing some of the Massachusetts men, etc., all of which enraged us beyond measure. We have very spirited and almost quarrelsome discussions with Virginians, and with those who glory with the South in their rebellion.

I have hung a flag up in my parlour. I never was so proud of my being a Northerner, and I tell all who come in they must salute the stars and stripes.

A number of Virginians here are now talking of going to defend their State, and it is high time for them to leave.

The Goodes have not left yet. Mrs. G. is sick in bed, and will not be able to go in in the stage. Capt. is so uneasy to go to the States he can hardly be content to remain much longer here. He is very anxious for Col. Smith to get him ordered in, and I wish to go too.

The children are well. Charlie's school finished yesterday for a vacation of 15 days, but we may not be here in that time. Capt. Gardner at Bridger has resigned and gone in to join the Southern army. His family remain at Bridger till fall.

We are expecting another pony to-night and are very anxious to hear the latest news from the seat of war, as Washington has got to be. If I come East (as I make my plans now) I shall come

directly to Concord and leave the children, and then go with the Captain wherever he goes. I know I can be of some use and comfort. There is nothing but I can do for the good of our own army and our Union.

Our last mail was carried to Denver City instead of being brought here, so we have had no letters for a long time.

Write till you hear of our removal.

Much love to all,

Good bye,

From your sister,

MARIA.

Fort Bridger, U. T., June 16, 1861.

My dear Rolfe:

By the mail which arrived this morning from the West we expect to get orders to pack up and start for the States. Ten days ago the telegraph announced that the ten companies of regulars in Utah would be ordered in. This announcement to me was gratifying notwithstanding I have command of the pleasantest post between Leavenworth and California.

The fatigues of a campaign are not new to me, and of course the "flush for a fight" does not steal over me by any professional impulse. I am gratified at the prospect, because I am satisfied that we can all do the country more and better service at or near the seat of danger.

By last "pony" I wrote Rollins as my representative that I hoped he would not forget us in the distribution of appointments in the raising of regular troops the coming congress. I am not over ambitious, I hope, in this request, because I do not think I am seeking a position I am not competent to fill. The great danger to be apprehended in raising new levies lies in the incompetency of commanders of corps and regiments. These are units to a greater or less extent to large armies; a thorough knowledge of the organization of a regiment in all the routine of duties is as essential to the efficiency of an army as that you require men, and the absence of this knowledge only begets confusion and discord. Without it you cannot have discipline or efficiency. Company officers must have some one to whom they can go for advice in all things, and to those who seek commands will find, too late perhaps, that the intricacies of service are not to be learned from books alone, but that a

practical knowledge must place them beyond the suspicion of incompetency.

What the government wants, they want now, and it cannot stop at this crisis to educate officers; put at the head of regiments officers who understand their business, and, with half army and half citizen appointments, regiments can be put into the field properly organized and readily disciplined.

If the government neglects this precaution thousands of lives will be sacrificed.

Not the least of the essentials of a well organized regiment is knowing how to take care of men. Soldiers in this respect are mere children, they are the most dependent beings on earth. The very nature of the organization of an army from the company to a "corps d'armee" make it so from necessity.

I apprehend that the want of knowledge of one's duty in respect to what I have been talking about has not escaped your own observation within your vicinity. They are actualities that no natural abilities can compensate for. The machinery cannot be run successfully without a practical knowledge of its construction.

There is another feature in this matter that I hope will not escape the observation of the President; it is this: he should give preference in the appointments and promotions from the army to those officers who served in time of peace on the frontiers, and do the duties of those shirks who, under the guise of sick leaves and fancy duty, are now hovering around the President "for duty," seeking place and position to the exclusion of the more meritorious. They are on the ground and can speak for themselves and through their friends. Take this department, for instance, the most God forsaken section of country on earth. There is not scarcely an officer to a company where there should be three. We are doing treble duty without hope of reward unless the President does us the justice now that he has an opportunity.

Our dates by telegraph are to the 8th inst. Every "pony" I expect to hear of a fight. God help the Union and aid the government in crushing out this most stupendous rebellion. The history of the world does not furnish a parallel.

My only regret is that my family is not in Concord, and I could be there to raise my hand in conjunction with thousands and strike the hydra headed monster down.

If you find anyone of my acquaintances base enough to suspect

my loyalty to the government, tell him from me that I hold him in utter contempt.

I started to write you a more social letter, but my feelings got the better of my resolution. I will do better next time. All well.

Camp on Platte River, Aug. 22, 1861.

My dear Rolfe:

We are now fairly homeward bound. Today we descended to that old friend, the Platte River, which for the fourth — and I hope for the last — time has greeted my eyes and gladdened my heart. For nearly five hundred miles we shall encamp on its banks and slake our thirst from its quicksand beds. It is remarkably low for the season, but a day and a night swells it to an impassable barrier. Today I began to realize that I was "going in". Our march from Ft. Bridger to this point has been unprecedented in time and distance, averaging over twenty miles per day with the entire command.

I have had one of my neuralgia attacks in the kidneys, and I came near dying. The attack lasted about one and a half hours and was relieved by cupping freely. I am now entirely recovered, and I hope as I descend in altitude that it will gradually work out of my system. I have often thought that if I could get down by the sea shore and snuff the bracing breeze as it blows from the troubled ocean, that I would never be troubled with neuralgia. How I have suffered within the last two years no one can ever know. It is one of those silent, stealthy ailments that can never be described.

Maria has been troubled with sore throat and cold, incidents of camp life at the first start. She is now well and so are the children.

Today I saw the Senate confirmations of the new appointments and promotions. My heart fails me, almost, when I reflect on the suicidal policy of the administration. I wrote you long before these appointments were made predicting what would be the policy pursued, and you now see some of the results of my worst fears. Why was an attack made on Bull's Run? God help them, lawyers, merchants, loafers, etc., made to command masses of men, when they do not understand the first rudiments of a squad drill. How should they know? Do you suppose it possible

for any man to be taken inexperienced from the desk and given a brigade or regiment of men and understand how to use them? It is like putting into the hands of a novice a watch and tell him to take it apart and clean it and set it arunning again. If there is anything capable of mathematical calculation to be learned only by thorough theoretical and practical knowledge, it is the manoeuvring of men in military tactics, the step, cadence, wheel, deployment, and massing, distance to be moved in a given time, etc., all go to make up the minutia of tactics. Now how, provided the word of command is committed from the book, in God's name can any man know or understand the results of a movement without long experience and practice, the use of arms, range of piece, effect of shots at given distances, etc.? But why say anything about it? War is a science, and unless the government stops short and lays aside this damned party preferment, to the exclusion of merit and skill, we shall be defeated though our men are as numerous as the sands of the sea. Now what was the idea of attacking the rebels in front at Manassas? There was this view open to every military man, and that is this: it might have succeeded or it might have not; in any event a great sacrifice of human life must have been the result. Victory or defeat, but a defeat was as probable as a victory with the material at hand. Then why hazard the attack? What did their major and brigadier generals know? They were given a large mass of men, and, like the man who drew the elephant in a lottery, did not know how to use them. It requires the head and ability and experience of military men to manoeuvre large bodies of men. The time when to move and the moment to strike all go to win a victory or provoke a slaughter. These men from inexperience knew not how to get their men on or off the field. A double line for which 50,000 human lives will have to be sacrificed. It will cost every man of that number to recover the defeat. But why write about these matters? Everybody must be a general. Had the men been properly commanded at Bull's Run I believe it would have succeeded. Never did the rank and file fight better. On every occasion where the fight was a "stand upon" our troops proved the best. Whole divisions and brigades without a commander! Was there ever such folly? And yet on top of this disgraceful defeat delegations from the different States are presenting their men of no experience for generalships, as though the thousands of brave men who have

come forth to battle for the Union were to be treated like the voters at hustings. Is political locality paramount to merit wherever found? Must soldiers' lives be raffled away on the "sweat cloth" of political dice throwers? When will the people demand justice? Look at some of the men promoted to be generals. In almost every case where an officer resigned before the trouble he is made a general. His contemporaries are still captains and lieutenants, as though resigning from the service was a *merit*. They have stuck to the service for weal or for woe and scarcely one, except he is around Washington, gets even a grade of rank. God help us! We are a defeated country so long as these things exist. Where are the older officers of the army, Col. Smith, Wright, Wool, etc., I have no heart to write. My mind is exercised when I look to the gloomy future.

Camp Near O'Fallon's Bluff,
Platte River, Sept. 13, 1861.

My dear Rolfe:

Seven days' march will bring us to Ft. Kearney. We shall then feel as though we were in the States. Settlers are already all along the Platte, and in a few years it will be taken up for cultivation.

At Ft. Laramie we got letters and your long and interesting letter was then received, also slips from the newspapers.

I shall always feel deeply sensible of the interest you took in my behalf, and hope to be able to thank you in person. It was true that I could not afford to resign my position permanently in the army for the command of a regiment of volunteers. I would be good for nothing at any other business. I have for the last seven or eight years made the profession of arms my constant study, and I should be illy prepared to assume any other.

I did not hope for any consideration at the hands of the Republican party; there are so many hungry hangers—on to be served that my remote situation (which should have been considered for that very reason) even if I had been one of them, would have availed me little. It was in the power of my State delegation to give me promotion in those new regiments, but I was not on the ground. My politics were not of the right stamp. I, of course, had done nothing for them in years past, and those that had must be served, and Mr. A and B must be promoted to

the rank and emoluments of colonels and generals whether they were qualified or not. That they are not fit for their position is a fact so well established that I only wonder at the stupidity of the President in allowing political delegations to recommend inexperienced men for promotion. Such is the fact, however, and so long as politics and politicians control those things just so long will we be defeated. It is as true today, as of times past, that the present opposition to the Democratic party cannot rule and govern now that they have the power; the very combination of elements that made them successful contain the germ of disintegration, and with no opposition but their own factions they will crumble to pieces as sure as the sun shines. There is one thing that the government seems to have lost sight of and which I have never seen broached in the journals of the day. It is this. What led to the disastrous repulse at Bull's Run more than anything else? Clearly want of discipline, and why was there not discipline? Why, for the reason that from the subaltern to the general of division the means and appliances were not possessed, the knowledge to handle and manoeuvre masses of men was as apparent to the private as the subaltern, the captain, the colonel and the general. While success attended this headlong and heterogeneous mass of brave men it was all right, but when it became necessary to manoeuvre these men in the face of the enemy then it was that it required knowledge without hesitation in the commanding officers, confidence that if a halt or a flank movement or any other change was made that it proceeded from a necessity that was known to exist to the superior officers, and that they were equally competent to effect it in a military way. Without these requisites the best troops in the world will falter when commanded by incompetent officers. It is an inborn sensation for self preservation and you cannot change it without changing the nature of man. The leaders of the government started out with the idea that the moral effect of calling out three or four hundred thousand men would intimidate the rebels and counteract the wide spreading rebellion and bring them to their senses. But the rebels foresaw that they were not soldiers, nor could they be until drilled and disciplined. The fact of their being officered by men inexperienced was a point to them gained. They fortified Manassas, and provoked an attack, and how well they judged of our weakness let the "Bull Run" answer.

This attempted moral effect on the part of the government served to strengthen the rebels. It afforded them the very facts they wanted to go before the people and rally them to arms, and so well did the Confederate States respond that 60,000 rebels appeared at Manassas as quickly as a corresponding number of Federal troops fortified themselves on Arlington Heights. This advantage there was that they had the best troops and the best officers, they were behind fortifications, impregnable to veteran troops. What then could you expect of undisciplined troops?

There is another feature in their movements that has been lost sight of. After capturing all the forts, animals, and their armaments, almost the first step taken then was to capture small parts of the army, thinking thereby to cripple the resources of the government by paroling its best officers. This has thus far succeeded admirably. How many officers and soldiers there are now on parole! What amount of good could they have done as a nucleus for drill and discipline! The fact of the matter is simply this, that while the government held the cards the rebels have finessed, until, thus far, they have the most points in the game.

I am wandering from the point I started to arrive at. In the want of discipline and efficiency growing out of inexperienced officers has it occurred to the government that a mutiny is as easy to provoke as that stampede from Manassas?

When I hear of so much complaint in the way and manner our soldiers are fed and cared for, for want of proper knowledge, I tremble when I think how, among 30,000 men, this neglect might grow to be a mutiny, and, like every error, will far outrun reason and common sense until the bayonet will have to be turned within the lines to restore order. Who shall say which party will be the strongest? Rebellion in camp seems to be a thing unthought of, and yet this thing occurs among the best disciplined troops. Can it be possible then that volunteers will set veterans examples in a matter affecting personally and individually each and every man in the ranks? No, they will not. The law provides for their care and subsistence and makes it the duty of the officers to enforce the law. The proper way and manner is only learned by long experience. Necessarily men must suffer neglect, not from intention, but from the proper knowledge to administer the law and regulations. Let the government look to this matter ere it is too late. Had the commissariat at Bull's Run been better attended

to the result might have been otherwise. A small mutiny grew out of that. Who shall answer for an universal one? Who shall put it down?

Since your effort in my behalf a law has passed covering the objection then existing. I do not, under it, expect anything from their hands. I should like a command of a regiment from my State, and if health should be spared me I could do what militia generals little think of in the way of making it effective. I should first ask for the transfer from my regiment two or three men for commissary and quartermaster clerks, and adjutant's office, men that know the routine of duty and papers (so voluminous) pertaining to these branches of the service. I would then establish a school for the officers, and require recitations and tactics, and officers to have recitations for non-commissioned officers, and so on to the private. System in military matters is everything. There would be no time for "fun," as they call it, and no one knows how much can be accomplished by such a division of labor; a month might accomplish what twelve would otherwise, and I think I do not appear egotistical when I say that if I have one merit in military matters it is in systematizing and arranging duties that are accomplished simultaneously, each within its own sphere. Such is the art of command; without it dissatisfaction arises and then disorganization.

We are all in the best of health. Maria will write all the little incidents of the march. I have a command of six companies, four of my regiment and two of foot artillery. We march rapidly, making upwards of twenty miles a day. By the 10th of October we shall be in Leavenworth.

A strong effort is now in train to divert us from this route to Denver. It is the same trick Governors and Federal officers of new territories resort to. They want 10,000 monthly disbursed among them by an army and they are entirely satisfied.

New territories all resort to such things, even allow lawless bands of white men commit depredations on the Indians to provoke a war; then come to the troops, and, instead of treating them civilly, apply to have them sent back into the mountains to increase cost of transportation. It is a fact, not credited, of course, that such is the course of new territories.

Oregon got a start and is now rich by such a proceeding. Every territory plays the same game. The army is a mere football for

demagogues. Denver City is a nest of gamblers and speculators with no means of support but by the soldiers' money, and such as the quartermaster and commissary departments disburse. They want us there for no other earthly reason. We sent them 2000 stand of arms and four howitzers, and they must take care of themselves.

I met in the stage the other day Dr. Frank Fuller, the Secretary of Utah. Had a talk with him, also the new Surveyor General.

Love to all. Will write you from Kearney.

Note. God help you if you ever get through this long letter.

Camp on Spring Creek, Kansas, Sept. 30, 1861.

Dear Rolfe:

We are now within about one hundred and fifteen miles of Ft. Leavenworth. In six days we shall be at that point if we have no difficulty en route.

Our march from Utah has been one of the shortest on record, and had it not been for the rains within the last few days would be shortened by some days. Today we lie over to give the animals rest; the roads have been very heavy, and animals, although in good order, became leg weary and must have rest. On the 6th of October we shall make our point of destination. What will be the disposition of the four companies of my regiment under my command I know not, the rest of the column goes immediately to Washington. I had hoped that such would be the disposition of my command. It may so turn out on our arrival at Leavenworth, in which event I should probably have the permanent command.

By the last advices from the east we hear of the fall of Lexington, Mo. It seems extraordinary that Gen. Price could have appeared at that point with sufficient force to take that place after two or three days' fighting. It can be accounted for in no other way than that among the new fledged generals roaming around Missouri, each was waiting for the other, and while they were hesitating Lexington was taken; and we now hear of Generals Pope, Lane, Hunter, Sturgis and others all marching to its relief, just in season to be "too late." If no better generalship is displayed in Missouri in future than characterised recent movements the rebels will have a foothold not easily displaced.

We get but little news of late. Indeed, as we approach the borders the items of news become more meagre and beautifully less. I fear to hear of a fight on the Potomac. I have great confidence in Gen. McClellan, but the most I hear of him is in making his staff brigadier generals and getting undeserving sub-alterns promotion.

Capt. Williams of my regiment, just promoted to a captaincy, is made a major of the 6th Cavalry, when he has never done six months duty with his regiment for the last six years. His company is with me without a single officer, and has been for many months. He has done less line duty than almost any officer in service since he graduated, yet he is made a major, and those officers of his regiment who have done his and their duty are left to continue doing so. D—n such a policy and those who uphold it! If there is anything that touches the pride of an officer it is to be over [illegible] by juniors, but these things have been done time and time again, and I have it within my personal knowledge that officers have resigned and entered the rebel service for no other reason.

Williams was an infantry officer, besides, while here in this very column there are no less than five cavalry officers who are his seniors, and have been all their lives in the saddle on the frontiers doing the hardest service known. Can you wonder, then, that officers, especially those born in the border states, feel chagrined and mortified at being overlooked and illtreated in these matters? In times of peace no officer would stay in service twenty four hours, but would resign and trust to the country for justification. It is here on this point that the government treats the army with impunity. It was small at the commencement of this trouble; the exigencies of service called for thousands and tens of thousands of men; new fledged generals were made from the field, the counter, and the desk, broken down resigned officers taken up and put in high places, and the army officers were left in the shade. They fought a battle before Washington with the militia, commanded by inexperienced officers, and the mention of the dastardly cowardice of these same generals and other officers is enough to sicken one at heart. A disgrace that the country will never outgrow even though it wins a thousand victories. I have seen it compared to Bunker's Hill. Bunker's H—! Had the poor ignorant devils led the men half as gallantly as did the

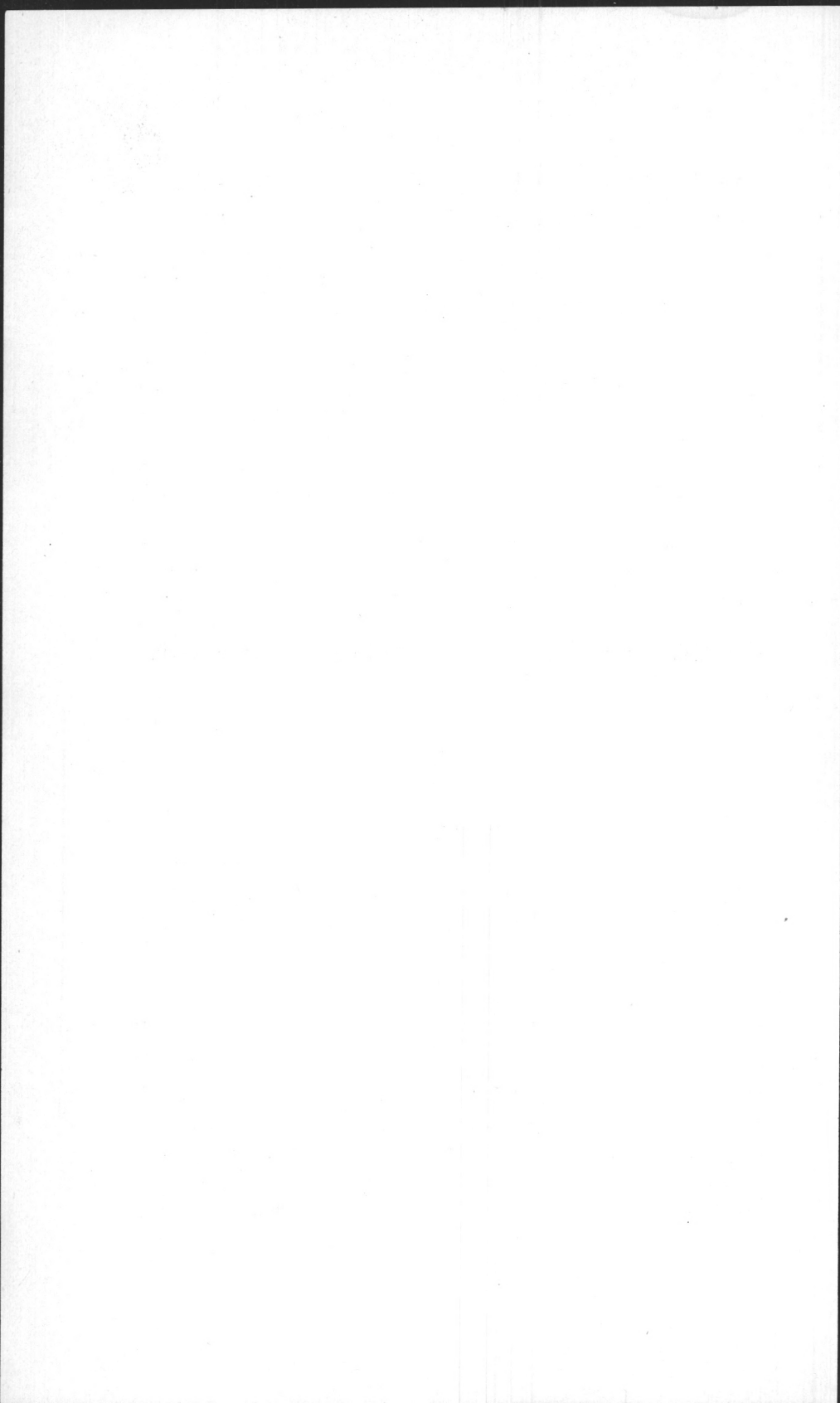
militia generals of that day the run would have been forward instead of backward, and they would have been ahead in the advance as they were in the retreat. Enough of this, however.

Maria and the children have all been sick from diarrhea and dysentery, but now are well, and as for myself I have entirely recovered from those rheumatic attacks.

Love to all. I expect letters at Leavenworth.

[Capt. Gove was commissioned colonel of the 22d Massachusetts Volunteers Nov. 9, 1861, and was killed in the battle of Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.]

NEW YORK HERALD CORRESPONDENCE



NEW YORK HERALD CORRESPONDENCE

[Capt. Gove mentions in several of his letters the fact that he wrote letters to the New York Herald, which he signed "Argus," and that they were published. He also mentions the presence in camp of a regular Herald correspondent, Mr. Osborne. An examination of the files of the Herald for 1858 reveals a large number of letters from the various stations of the expedition, all of which are printed without signature, and it is therefore impossible to select those written by Capt. Gove. In view of the descriptive value and interest of these communications we have ventured to include all of them so far as they relate to the description of the country and the people, and the condition and movements of the army. It is not to be expected that members of this expedition would have a favorable regard for the Mormon religion, but their views in this matter have no connection with the object of this volume, and such parts of their letters as may be considered partizan or argumentative have been omitted, our purpose being to reproduce their stories of such conditions and events as came under their own observation.

THE EDITOR.]

[New York Herald, May 24, 1858.]

Fort Bridger, U. T., April 10, 1858.

An express leaves this camp in a few hours for Fort Laramie, and I am specially favored with the opportunity to send you a short communication touching matters of much interest to us here.

Mr. Gilbert, of the firm of Gilbert & Gerrish, formerly traders in Salt Lake City, arrived in camp last evening from the States, via California and Salt Lake City. The information he brings relative to recent movements of the Saints is important. He reports having met Governor Cumming and Colonel Kane in Echo Cañon on Wednesday evening, 7th inst., forty-five miles this side of Great Salt Lake City, with a Mormon escort of twenty (20) men, commanded by the rebel Porter Rockwell, one of the chiefs of the Danites. He represents the escort as being splendidly mounted, and ere this His Excellency is safely deposited in a richly furnished room at a Mr. Stiles's, where the immaculate Col. Kane rested his weary bones on his pilgrimage to the camp of the

Utah army. Expresses were sent in advance to inform the authorities that the new Governor was approaching, and on Sunday he was to receive a public reception. Mr. G. met many wagons on the California road, going in a southerly direction, freighted with Mormon women and children destined, probably, for the White Mountain region near the New Mexico line. Brigham informed him that if the army would give them time they would leave, but if not he would "send them to hell 'cross lots." How far this revelation will be developed I am unable to say, but having run clear of the Lord's vengeance in his first decree, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indian in the second, we have every reason to hope for grace in the third and last invocation.

The deserter Berlin, of whom mention was made in my last, was brought into camp by the Indians the 6th inst.; he was found near Bear River, in a starving condition, by some Snake Indians who were out hunting, belonging to Ben Simonds's band. There is no doubt of the insanity of the man at the time of leaving, as he took no food, nor did he obtain any for four days, when he found a dead animal from which he satisfied, for a time, the cravings of nature. He is now in hospital, and will probably lose some portion of his limbs from freezing.

On the same day a private by the name of Allen, of Company B, Fifth Infantry, and one of the buglers of Phelps's light battery deserted, but owing to the inclemency of the weather they could not make time, and returned the next day to camp.

Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Utah, has caught the affection from the Governor, and has gone to Yellow Creek to make a treaty with the Indians. He left camp in the direction of Salt Lake City on the evening of the 7th inst., under a much more respectable escort than His Excellency's, to wit, Ben Simonds and about one hundred of his braves.

The Doctor evidently had a vision — he could not quietly look on and see the Governor, unarmed and unattended, brave the battle axes of the hosts of Israel that had gathered themselves together "to do or to die" in the service of the Lord in the land of Mormondom. So, ere two suns had spanned the heavens he might have been seen wending his way to the haunts of his children — to the land of vermilion, clay pipes and squawdom. In my next I hope to be able to enlighten the public of the results of his mission.

A man by the name of Lucas, in the employ of the quartermaster's department, was arraigned before the civil court a few days ago for stealing from one of the sutler's wagons a bag of buckshot, suitable for a revolver, and was acquitted. He was dismissed from the quartermaster's employment, and started for the States; but Mr. Gilbert, before mentioned, met this worthy son of Mormonism near Bear River, on his way to Salt Lake City. Thus this scoundrel has been in camp all winter as a spy, and paid by the government for his villainy. There are others in camp at which the finger of suspicion is pointing, and they cannot much longer elude the vigilance of Col. Johnston, or those to whom he has entrusted the care and attention of such matters.

The excellent health of the troops continues, and they only await the word of command for an onward movement.

[New York Herald, May 24, 1858.]

OUR FORT BRIDGER CORRESPONDENCE.

Fort Bridger, U. T., March 24, 1858.

The equinoctial storm has passed, and we "still live," notwithstanding the invocations of the Latter Day Saints for our speedy destruction. Spring is now fairly opened upon us, with all that salubrity of climate for which this mountain country is so remarkably distinguished.

This little but patient army of Utah finds itself alive and active, with a latent determination that cannot be fully realized but by those who have sojourned among them in this their mountain home.

Had the government heeded the advice of those who were competent to counsel in such matters this might have been avoided; but no, the army must march on Utah, and it did march as the American army can only march, amid cold and privations that can never be realized without participation. Col. Johnston has the entire confidence of the whole army, and any change in its commander would be deeply regretted by every man composing it. His sound judgment and unwavering determination are elements absolutely needed in a commander, and under his guidance no force in Mormondom can check for a moment the onward march of this command.

Rumors are rife of the enemy hovering about our camp in large numbers. A few nights ago eleven mules were driven off from a dragoon picket stationed out on the Salt Lake road. Shots were fired but no further harm done. It is supposed that they were captured by a party of Mormons that came out as escort to a Mr. Kane, who arrived in camp on the evening of the 12th inst. Colonel Kane, as he is called, comes, I understand, with a letter of introduction from the President of the United States, recommending him to the favorable consideration of the authorities here. He is still in camp, and to the present moment the precise nature of his business is unknown so far as I am able to learn. His whole conduct appears strange; but whatever may be his mission — whether friend or foe, for peace or war — the time for negotiations has passed. Nothing short of an onward movement and the restoration of law and order, the establishment of a Territorial government absolved from the pernicious doctrines of Mormonism will satisfy the ends of justice and humanity. By degrees Mr. Colonel Kane communicates with Colonel Johnston in reference to matters pertaining to his department, but the steady, unwavering course of the Colonel commanding, in all matters pertaining to these "Saints," must be anything but pleasing to this gentleman. Among other things he brings a letter from Brigham Young, addressed to himself after leaving Salt Lake City, in which Brigham states that, having learned through Indians that the army was in a destitute and starving condition, he would furnish supplies if desired; and having some two hundred head of cattle in very good order, would send them to camp at the instance of the authorities.

Colonel Johnston replies that, in the first place the army is not in a suffering or starving condition — that Brigham Young has been misinformed on that point — that even were it the case he did not believe that there was a man in his command but would starve rather than receive a particle of assistance from a people who had been, and still were, hostile to the army, and in a state of rebellion and open resistance to their own government — that their pretended sympathy and friendship was but a ruse, contrary to what they preached and practised while the army was advancing, amid suffering and deprivation, to its present position.

Col. Kane brought out the *Deseret News* to the 27th of January last. The spirit of rebellion and resistance remains unabated.

On the 20th of December last Heber C. Kimball entertained the congregation of Saints at the Tabernacle in a discourse on economy, home manufactures, and the proprieties of dress among the women. Here is a specimen: —

“In our city there are a great many poor women. I am aware of that, and they will be eternally poor, for they waste everything they can get hold of, and they are nasty and filthy, for I see them dragging their dresses behind them; and though they are so poor that they cannot get up in the morning and wash their faces and hands before breakfast, yet they have got about eighteen or twenty inches of their dresses dragging in the mud. Now you look, when you go out of this meeting, and see if you do not see several of them.”

* * * * *

“I was speaking to a lady, the other day, about long dresses, and, said she, “That’s the fashion Queen Victoria established;” says I, “What the hell has Queen Victoria to do over here?”

* * * * *

“I remarked to Dr. Lorenzo, a few days ago, when it was tremendous muddy, and a woman was walking through the mud with her dress whopping over, and then stretching out, and then whopping over on the other side, you follow that woman home, and you will find she has muddied her feet clear up to — her legs.”

From the above extract it is not difficult to decide upon the morality of such a people. I have never read one of Kimball’s sermons that did not contain much vulgarity and many obscene allusions. It seems to be his peculiar delight to say something repulsive to truth and morality.

An express came in from Captain Marcy, in New Mexico, via Fort Laramie; he represents the suffering of that faithful little band in the mountain snows as extreme. Col. Johnston has published an order of congratulation to the army, and, as it is so appropriate and heartfelt to all here, I send you a copy: —

GENERAL ORDERS No. 17.

Headquarters, Department of Utah, }
Camp Scott, U. T., March 14, 1868. }

The Colonel commanding announces with pleasure the arrival in New Mexico of the expedition under Captain Randolph B.

Marcy, Fifth Infantry, organized in special orders No. 50, Army of Utah, 1857.

After a laborious march across the mountains, through snow from two to five feet deep, for two hundred miles, the men breaking the track for their wearied animals through the deep and hard packed snow, the command reached Taos, New Mexico, on the 22d January, 1858, without food other than their dying animals, enduring almost unparalled suffering — struggling for its existence — the members of this energetic band maintained, amid numerous perils and toils, their good conduct and subordination, displaying an example in their country's cause worthy of imitation, and of which their country, as the army, is justly proud.

With deep regret is announced the death of one member of the expedition, Sergeant William H. Morton, of Company E, Tenth Infantry, from exposure to cold after over exertion in the discharge of his duty.

By order of Colonel A. S. Johnston.

F. J. PORTER, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Captain Marcy has no rival in the army for that kind of duty, and it was owing to his peculiar ability that he was detailed to command the expedition, and the success with which he carried it through fully illustrates the fitness of his appointment.

The mail arrived here Sunday morning, the 21st inst. It brought orders for a reinforcement of this army. It leaves tomorrow under escort of Capt. Hawes, with a squadron of dragoons, as far as Laramie. The mails have been very irregular this winter, and if Gen. Scott's order is carried out in reference to the mail and its transportation we shall all be rejoiced.

A few days ago a rumor was in circulation that the Mormon settlement on Salmon River in Oregon had been wiped out by some Black Feet Indians. These reports were brought us by the Indians.

I have just learned from a reliable source the facts in the case. It is true that they were attacked by a party of Indians, supposed to be Snakes and Bannacks, and only two men killed. This settlement has all been drawn into the city by Brigham Young — living to "fight another day."

Dr. Hurt, the Indian agent, is out on a mission with the In-

dians in the direction of New Mexico. It is to be hoped that he will accomplish the objects for which he was sent.

[New York Herald, May 24, 1858. Editorial.]

We publish this morning several letters from our correspondent at Fort Bridger, giving the latest and most reliable intelligence from that quarter. It will be seen from the information thus conveyed that the Utah difficulty is not wearing quite so satisfactory an aspect as the previous accounts seem to impart to it. It is true that Governor Cumming was on his way to Salt Lake City, but the circumstances under which he undertook this step do not justify the expectation that it will in any way advance the objects of the expedition.

It should be borne in mind that Brigham Young has always declared that General Johnston's force shall never be permitted to enter their city. Now, notwithstanding the statements that have reached us of the alarm under which the Mormon leaders are said to be laboring, and of the resignation or intended resignation of Brigham himself, the efforts that have been made to induce Governor Cumming to trust himself unattended in their hands looks to us more like a determination on the part of the Saints to maintain their position than to back out of it in the way which they are said to contemplate. Had they been disposed to make such a submission as the federal authorities are alone instructed to accept, they had an opportunity of opening negotiations through Colonel Kane during his stay in Salt Lake City. But it is well known that Colonel Kane could effect nothing by his personal influence with Brigham Young, and that he left Salt Lake under strong feelings of disappointment. He nevertheless did not abandon his task of mediator, for again we find him at Fort Bridger, endeavoring to bring about concessions on the part of the federal authorities which might lead to a compromise of some kind. Now the mission of Colonel Kane has always been enigmatical to us. He is by some supposed to be armed with semi-official instructions from the President, but we are quite sure that he bears no official character of any kind. The only explanation that has been offered of his interference is that he has lived among the Mormons, is favorably regarded by them, and entertains the most friendly feelings towards them. These facts, however they may qualify

him to counsel these misguided men for their own benefit, are not altogether of a character to render him a safe adviser, under present circumstances, to the federal authorities, whose course is decisively marked out by their instructions. It will be recollected that when the United States army first established itself at Fort Bridger an invitation was sent to Governor Cumming to enter Salt Lake City unattended by a military force. That invitation was very properly declined, because Brigham Young and his followers had no right to dictate the manner in which the United States representatives should proceed. They stood in the position of rebels, and they could only expect to be treated with the rigorous forms that are prescribed in such cases.

From the facts stated by our correspondent it appears that Governor Cumming has been induced to reconsider the policy of his first decision solely through the persuasion of Colonel Kane. In this he would seem to have dissented from the opinion of his military colleague, General Johnston, who, true to his principles as a soldier, refused to concur in any steps that might be looked upon as a departure from his instructions. He even declined, it is stated, to grant the Governor a military escort, declaring that no soldier under his command should enter Salt Lake City unless accompanied by the whole army. And so Governor Cumming, acting under amateur advice or on his own independent judgment, departed on his journey, trusting himself to the protection of a Danite escort commanded by a notorious man named Porter Rockwell, who, according to the description which we copy from the St. Louis Republican, is capable of any crime.

We own that we entirely agree with the view that has been taken by General Johnston of this step. We cannot see any possible advantage that can arise from it, saving to Brigham Young and his confederates. The object of the latter was evidently not to comply with the conditions of the government but to impress upon the mind of Governor Cumming such a conviction of their strength and unbounded influence over their followers as would induce him to modify those conditions. With this object, as he was to arrive on the Sabbath, he would no doubt be taken to the temple, where a demonstration would of course be prepared to satisfy him of the attachment of the Mormon people to their creed and to the persons of their elders. This done, all that Brigham desired to effect by the Governor's presence would

be accomplished. That these speculations are not devoid of probability will be seen from the declaration made by Young to Mr. Gilbert, that "if the army would give the Mormons time they would leave, but if not he would send them to hell 'cross lots."

What strengthens our idea that the Mormons have determined to show fight unless they can obtain their own terms is the fact that they are adopting the usual precaution of desperate men — of placing their women and children in safety. Large convoys of these have been met on their way to the White River Mountains, but there were no evidences that the male adults were soon to follow. It is the suspicious aspect of this movement that has probably decided General Johnston to continue the cautious but energetic tactics that he has previously pursued. We regret that his civil colleagues have not acted with the same reserve and prudence. They appear to be proceeding not only without his co-operation but without concurrence amongst themselves. Thus, whilst Governor Cumming has gone to Salt Lake City to endeavor to patch up matters with Brigham Young, Dr. Forney, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, has started for Yellow Creek to make some sort of a treaty with the Indians. This does not seem to us exactly the way in which the power of the federal government is to be impressed on the minds of the rebels. When matters have arrived at the point at which they now stand we prefer the sterner and more direct course of military diplomacy.

[New York Herald, May 25, 1858.]

PRIVATE LETTERS FROM FORT BRIDGER

Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, March 22, 1858.

The mail of February 1 from Independence, Mo., reached here yesterday afternoon. As soon as I knew of its arrival I walked to Camp Scott — a distance of six miles; but on my arrival at the Post Office I was informed it would not be assorted until 12 o'clock P. M. I returned to Fort Bridger after walking twelve miles, and concluded to wait up until the mail was brought here by the messenger sent for that purpose. Being anxious to hear from home I remained up as late as 1 o'clock A. M., when I heard the messenger returning, and to my disappointment I learned there was nothing for me. I can assure you I felt very bad; however, I

retired to my lonesome room and consoled myself that the morrow would bring me a letter and some papers. The morrow came; I visited the office again, and was told once more there was nothing for me. Mostly every person got letters or papers, but for poor me nothing. Papers being valuable, I could not get the loan of any until they were read and re-read. So I retired to my bed, resolved to sleep away my disappointment, and almost said I would never write home again; but on consideration I felt almost confident that you and other members of the family had written, but the letters had been lost or mislaid. Tell S. to send me some copies of the Herald, and to put my name on the papers as well as on the covers.

We left Camp Scott for this place last Thursday. The day was cold and snowy, which continued for two days. The snow fell two or three feet deep. The men worked hard to reach the fort, and, as the animals were unable to work, the men had to haul all the public property by hand. Things are looking very bad here. The full allowance of provisions has been cut down to two-thirds. Work oxen is our meat, and oftentimes shot down a few minutes before they die a natural death from starvation and cold. I often get a piece of this beef, as tender as a piece of sole leather. However, the decrease does not affect me much, as I am a small eater; but I have known men to offer five dollars a pound for crackers or bread. Most of the soldiers are barefooted, no boots or shoes to be had at any price. Men are at work making a covering for the feet of beef hides. Whiskey sells at \$12 a gallon; champagne, \$48 per basket; segars, \$144 per thousand; tobacco, \$2 per pound; figs and raisins, \$1 per pound, and other articles in proportion. To wind up I must say we are about starved out.

All the men and officers have suffered very much from cold and exposure during the winter, and the former for want of clothing, which was detained at Fort Laramie owing to the death and disability of the animals.

There are about five hundred Indians in camp, of the Utahs and Snakes. The former tribe informed us that eleven hundred Mormons intend to make a night attack on us, and that we must be on the lookout. Sentinels are in all directions, and no one can leave the camp unless he can show a pass. I cannot inform you of any more news, but take pleasure in saying I am doing well and at present enjoying good health.

[From the Newark Daily Advertiser, May 24.]

A number of the journals of the day are filled with letters from the Utah army, giving details of the circumstances which were the basis of the recent telegraphic rumors concerning the movements of the Mormons. As yet there is nothing reliable, save the facts that Col. Kane arrived at the camp from Salt Lake City on March 12, and, after a conference with Gov. Cumming and others, went back for another interview with the Mormons, and after his second return, he, with Gov. Cumming, on April 7 set out for Salt Lake City. It is stated that when Col. Kane came into the camp the second time it was night, and some pistol shots, which he fired by way of signal according to an arrangement with the captain of his escort, being mistaken for a Mormon attack, the whole army turned out. Col. Kane, being fired at by a sentinel at two paces distance, had a narrow escape with his life.

We give the following letter received by a young gentleman in this city from his brother, who is in the army, which repeats the accounts contained in the correspondence of the various journals:

Fort Bridger, April 10, 1858.

Dear Brother — There is a gentleman here who starts for the States this afternoon, and I take this opportunity to send you the news, which is late and important.

A Mr. Gilbert, of the firm of Gilbert & Gerring (Gerrish), merchants, of Salt Lake City, arrived here yesterday, having left Salt Lake City on Wednesday last, March 31. He says that the Mormons are leaving the valley and going to the White Mountains, and that they are very much frightened, and the majority of the people are wishing for the troops to come and give them protection. He also says that five hundred men could take the city and hold it, and it is quite possible that Colonel Johnston will make some move before long. Mr. Gilbert met old Brigham and Heber Kimball a short distance from Salt Lake, with their wives and children. They mean to burn the city if they can get away. Old Brigham told Mr. Gilbert if they would let him alone till he could get his traps away, he would leave quietly, but if Colonel Johnston came in he would send him to hell across lots. To-day a Mr. B. F. Ficklin, who started in November last for the Flat Head country for horses, arrived here, having left his party about twenty miles from here. They have had a hard time since they left. They went

as far as the British line. His men have been without food for three days, and I have been detailed with ten men to take them provision. My men are now ready, and I must close.

Besides the above we have also been furnished with other interesting letters. Mr. H. F. Morrell, a brother of Rev. Mr. Morrell of this city, was appointed Postmaster at Salt Lake City by President Pierce in 1856, but on proceeding to his office was refused possession — the Mormons having secreted his commission, which arrived by mail, and then denying his right to act. He returned to the East last summer, and went back again with the army. Some information sent to his brother in this city after the arrival out of the army, was published last fall; we have now received some additional information contained in letters to his brother, giving accounts of occurrences connected with the negotiations of Col. Kane, and other matters — partially confirming the reports which have recently been published. It also shows the belief entertained that Col. Kane is acting in the interest of the Mormons, and expresses the desire prevailing in the army for a "brush." We quote the following passages from a letter dated

Fort Bridger, April 10, 1858.

I have not much to write about the army or the Mormons. The former is in fine health and spirits, and the latter do not trouble us yet. There is a messenger in the camp by the name of Thomas L. Kane, a brother of Dr. Kane, who came direct from Washington via Salt Lake City. His mission is secret as yet. He has had several conferences with the Governor, the result of which he has sent to Salt Lake City. The supposition is that he is trying to negotiate for the Mormons. I know he has Mormon sympathies, and I believe he is a baptized Mormon. Whatever his errand one thing is certain — there are no terms for the Mormons but to lay down their arms and deliver up the traitors, and yield unconditional obedience to the laws.

He brought a letter from the postmaster of Salt Lake City, Elias Smith, directed to Colonel A. S. Johnston, which he referred to me to answer. I prepared an answer, but it was not considered advisable to send it. I have forwarded the letter to the department, and forward you a copy of it and the answer. We shall remain here until we receive a supply of animals sufficient for the necessary transportation, which will probably be about the last of

May; then for "the pomp and circumstance of (rather an inglorious) war" — unless the Mormons return to their allegiance, which they still openly declare they will never do. But I have reason to think there is an under current of fear for the consequences of their treasonable acts, felt by their leaders. I think they begin to be afraid that the fanatical faith of their deluded followers will not bring them up to the "sticking point." But everything is conjecture. It is impossible for human vision to foresee what results such fanaticism will produce. Every person in the expedition is "eager for the fray" if it must come.

The letter from the postmaster at Salt Lake, referred to above, and the reply, are enclosed. The first is dated Salt Lake City, March 8, 1858, and states that the opportunity is taken to send several letters to the army which have arrived by way of California. It is then said that, being informed that the United States mail from Independence has been stopped by the army and its contents opened and appropriated, he wishes to know by what authority it has been done, and, though "constitutionally averse to asking favors," requests that the letters for persons in Utah may be forwarded.

The reply of Mr. Morrell conveys a satirical return of thanks for the letters forwarded, and also for the deep interest manifested in the welfare of the writers, as from their appearance the envelopes had been opened. It is denied that the detained mail had been disturbed except so far as its contents belonged to the army, and Colonel Johnston, it is stated, has taken the next under his protection. In reference to the request to know the authority for the detention, Mr. Morrell states his right to act as postmaster, the refusal of his right by the Utah authorities, and his renewed instructions from government. Finally, Mr. M. quotes act 57 of the Articles of War, which awards punishment of death for holding correspondence with or giving information to an enemy, as applicable to those who are furnishing the Mormons with intelligence.

[From the Washington Union, May 23.]

We received last night several letters from our correspondent with the Utah expedition, giving various details of the news that has already reached us by telegraph. The letters reached us at too late an hour to permit us to present them entire, and we therefore

give only such extracts as embrace matters of the greatest interest. The latest date from Fort Bridger is to the 11th of April.

In a letter dated the 25th of March our correspondent announces the arrival at Camp Scott on the 21st of that month of the mail that left Independence on the 1st of February. He states also that the Mormons were hovering around the camp in considerable numbers, but they had not had the temerity to make an attack. We quote as follows:—

There is an outpost of twenty dragoons stationed about four miles out on the Salt Lake road. But a few evenings ago they were fired upon by a large body of Mormons. None were wounded, though the Mormons ran off nine mules. Last week the picket guard stationed about one mile west of the fort fired upon a man who, I feel assured, was Louis Robinson, the former proprietor of this place. A slight fall of snow during the night obliterated all traces of his whereabouts in the morning. That a man of his high standing among the Mormons should be prowling about camp during this inclement weather is most strange.

* * * * *

Col. T. L. Kane of Philadelphia arrived here on the 12th, completely worn down by rapid and continuous travelling. In fact he was so exhausted that we were compelled to assist him to alight from his horse. His advent among us has created quite a stir, and contributed much to relieve the tedium of the camp. The venerable Dame Rumor has been most industrious in circulating the objects of his mission to Utah during the inclemencies of winter. The prestige of his name was alone sufficient to excite the idle curiosity of those who have been so long without anything of interest to enliven the monotony of camp.

Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, April 10, 1858.

Learning a few moments since that an express leaves this morning, and having permission to write you thereby, I avail myself of the occasion presented to send you a few items.

Mr. Gilbert, of the firm of Gilbert & Gerrish, formerly merchants in Salt Lake City, reached here last evening from New York, via California and Salt Lake. He reports having met Governor Cumming and Colonel Kane in Echo Cañon, forty-five miles this side of Salt Lake, on Wednesday evening, the 7th instant. There

were about twenty Mormons, splendidly mounted, under the charge of Porter Rockwell, a notorious Danite, accompanying him. He could not learn whether they were acting as an escort or as having in charge the Governor as a prisoner. The Mormons were sending in an express to Brigham to inform him of the near approach of Governor Cumming. Mr. Gilbert was informed that a room had been richly furnished for the occupation of the Governor, and that he was to have a public reception on Sunday.

On his way to Salt Lake from California Mr. Gilbert met large numbers of wagons, heavily loaded, on their way, it is supposed, to the White Mountains, near the borders of New Mexico. Nearly one hundred leave the city daily, and, so far as women and children are concerned, the city is nearly depopulated. It is supposed that a large portion of them are secreted on City Creek, above Salt Lake, in the mountains, where it is known they have large caches of provisions. In a conversation with Brigham he was told that if the army would give him time he would leave, otherwise he would "send them to h-ll cross-lots." This assertion he will find to be as erroneous as when he said, upon our arrival last fall, that the Lord would destroy us, and later in the winter when he prophesied that all would be scalped by the Indians.

We are waiting for news from the Governor with much interest and anxiety. His early return to camp is not looked for by many, as he took with him large supplies — as, for instance, 1,500 rations of coffee, 1,000 of sugar, and other articles in proportion. Be that as it may I shall wait the development of facts, and advise you at the earliest moment.

The foregoing embraces all that we have received concerning the movements at Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City. As the narrative is incomplete, giving no particulars of the departure of Gov. Cumming, we presume that a portion of our correspondence has miscarried.

That material fact embraced in the correspondence is that Gov. Cumming has departed for Salt Lake City, accompanied by Col. Kane. We take it for granted that the telegraphic despatch announcing the arrival of Col. Kane at Fort Leavenworth is a mistake, as no confirmation of the rumor has reached us. In fact this rumor is entirely incompatible with the statement that he accompanied Gov. Cumming to Salt Lake City.

[New York Herald, May 27, 1858.]

THE UTAH NEWS.

Fort Bridger, U. T., April 15, 1858.

Feeling anxious that my Boston friends should be apprised of the earliest intelligence relative to matters in this country, and as the express leaves to-day I hasten to furnish you with the latest news.

A United States Commissioner, Mr. Kane, arrived here about the 25th of March from Salt Lake City, with despatches. He afterwards returned to the city, where he remained a few days, and on the 5th of April returned to this fort, and after a short interview with Gov. Cumming the latter agreed to accompany him to the capital on the morrow. Accordingly, on the 6th, Gov. Cumming, attended only by Mr. Kane and his carriage driver, took his departure for the Holy City, intending to go through in two days. He did so, and, entering the city on the 8th, found a large hall ready and beautifully fitted up for his reception. Brigham Young received him with an appropriate speech, which was responded to by the Governor in a true democratic and feeling manner. I am sorry I cannot furnish you a copy, but will do so by next express. We look daily for his return. He was treated with the utmost civility and respect. We look daily for Col. Johnston to issue orders for entering the city, as the road is now passable.

The condition of the troops here is quite deplorable; the rations are getting very short, the men only receiving thirteen ounces of flour per day, and the meat ration consists of the few old surviving work oxen who lived through the winter, after hauling our supplies to this place. Beans, rice, coffee and sugar, at much smaller allowance than prescribed by law, serve to furnish the balance. The men, after experiencing a winter almost unparalleled for severity, remain quite weak in bodily strength, but in the best of spirits, ready and anxious to complete the march against the city even with tenfold odds, and at a moment's warning to obey our country's call, and only await the "fortune of war."

The prices demanded by the traders in this Territory have become seriously alarming. Flour is now selling at \$1 per pound; bacon, sugar and coffee at \$1 per pound; and salt (very scarce) at the famishing price of \$4 per pound; tobacco (very inferior) at \$3 per pound; tea, \$3; saleratus, \$2, and everything else in the same proportion.

A duel came off at this fort on the 1st of April between Mr Bleasingdale, of New York city, a clerk of Livingston & Kinkead, sutlers, and private Michael Flynn of Company C, 2d Dragoons — distance twenty paces. They exchanged three shots with Colt's revolvers. Bleasingdale was badly wounded. Flynn also was wounded in the leg so badly that amputation was necessary, which took place on the 4th inst. by Surgeon Mills, U. S. A. The patient proved too weak, and death ensued. Flynn was an old, tried and trusty soldier, much beloved by all his companions, and his company has sustained by his demise a heavy loss. Bleasingdale has fled.

It is to be hoped that the government will take some measures to remunerate the soldiers for their intense sufferings this winter. Many have lost their feet and hands by frost, constitutions have been shattered, and brave, good men gone to their last resting place.

Lieut. N. A. M. Dudley of the 10th Infantry is here, well and in fine spirits. The zeal, energy and true military spirit manifested by this young and gallant officer are not only proudly acknowledged in his own regiment, but his career is looked on by our general officers as destined to be a bright ornament to our army.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Camp Johnston, Smith's Fork, U. T., }
April 6, 1858. }

An accidental express starts for the States to-day, and I have time to write you only a few lines. Not much, however, important to you or the public, has transpired since I wrote you last.

Eckelsville is depopulated! Governor Cumming, Chief Justice Eckels, Marshal Dotaon, Dr. Forney, Indian Superintendent, and all the other inhabitants of that mad-house and log house village have moved to Fort Bridger, where the main portion of the army of Utah is encamped, for better protection, and Eckelsville remains now a sad emblem of the "horrors of war." Only a few walls of unhewn logs, and the gorgeous mansion in which resided the Chief Justice, which consists of three badger holes, covered over with logs, are left to perpetuate the memory of the place where the civil government of Utah was organized.

When the civil authorities moved, Company A, of the Tenth Infantry, which had been their guard at Eckelsville, proceeded to

Colonel Cooke's camp on Smith's Fork, near Fort Supply. This camp is about nine miles from Camp Scott, and has under the protection of the troops here all the animals of the army save those in constant use at the main camp. There are stationed here, besides the six companies of dragoons, Companies A and E of the Tenth Infantry. The officers of this infantry battalion are Lieutenants H. B. Kelly and N. A. M. Dudley, and brevet Second Lieutenant T. J. Lee.

Governor Cumming starts to-day for Salt Lake, accompanied only by Colonel Kane, the messenger from President Buchanan. What the object of this mission is no one here can conjecture. It is certain, however, that Brigham Young has invited His Excellency to Salt Lake, and that he is going. As negotiations have been pending for several weeks between the Mormons and His Excellency, this leads many to suppose that his object in going immediately to Salt Lake is to stipulate for terms of peace. The Mormons are in a starving and destitute condition, and many of them discontented with their position of rebellion, which was forced upon them by Brigham. It is quite likely that they will now accede to any terms of peace. Spring is coming, and their fields are inviting them to the cultivation of the soil; while on the other side starvation and want of every comfort of life stare them in the face.

With these facts before us we conclude that the war will end with a severe winter's sojourn of this little army in the Rocky Mountains.

[New York Herald, May 31, 1858.]

NEWS FROM UTAH.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO CORRESPONDENCE.

San Francisco, May 5, 1858.

We have some additional news and reports from Utah via San Bernardino. A party of Mormons arrived at the latter place on the 20th of April from Salt Lake City. The intelligence brought by them is fourteen days later than that received by mail. Their statements are not regarded as entirely reliable, but may be taken for what they are worth. Yesterday one of the papers states that private advices announce that the Mormons are engaged in

erecting fortifications on the trail towards Oregon, several hundred miles north of Salt Lake. At one of the forts it is said nearly one hundred men are at work, and other positions are also marked out and are to be soon fortified. These movements may be considered preparatory steps to an emigration northward, as we are informed, by way of San Bernardino. Col. Kane, who appears to be acting as a commissioner with powers to treat, after a conference with Brigham Young, had gone to Camp Scott, as Fort Bridger is now called. It was believed that the movements which followed were the results of his conferences with the conflicting parties. Brigham Young has issued a circular to all his followers, commanding them not to fight, nor even to oppose the army of General Johnston, and that, as the army advances, they retire from the northern to the southern counties. He commands his people to avoid all contact with the soldiers, as it is not good for them to meet. With their wives, their little ones and their herds they are to vacate the country of Salt Lake, including the city, which is to be given up to the use of the soldiers, who are there ordered to erect a military post. This circular was seen and read by these gentlemen, but they did not bring one of them on.

When they left the movement had already begun, and they assert that by this time the city is vacated, and the army of Gov. Cumming is in occupation.

All thoughts of war or of fighting are abandoned, and it is believed that peace will prevail from this time forth. There no longer exists among them any intention of destroying their property or leaving it, believing that for all losses they sustain in consequence of the occupation by the troops they will have a claim upon the government.

The retiring population are to form colonies in the south, upon the Colorado, the Mohave, and in the valleys of the Sierra Nevada.

Many of those who left San Bernardino were badly treated in Salt Lake because they "came from hell."

It is said that the people have ceased to use sugar, tea, coffee, and other articles which are considered indispensable in house-keeping, because these things are not to be had. There is also said to be a scarcity of material for women's clothing, and many of them go dressed in pants and coats.

The people of the southern settlements are almost in open rebellion against the church. They are taxed so enormously for

the support of their army that their substance is nearly eaten up. The tax amounts to 33 per cent of their whole property.

Gen. Hunt will arrive in San Bernardino by the next mail to look after his affairs. He has the contract for carrying the mail between San Bernardino and Salt Lake.

These rumors are discredited, from the fact that they come through Mormons. The next two weeks will verify or disprove them.

[New York Herald, June 5, 1858.]

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Fort Leavenworth, K. T., May 25, 1858.

The late important intelligence from Utah, the material points of which I have forwarded you, has as yet effected no change in the programme of the reinforcing expedition now commanded by General Harney. Some distrust was cast over my despatch by your city journals, but the intelligence came from an authentic source, and though no confirmation of it has arrived here up to this writing, still I have no doubt of its substantial truth. The mysterious Colonel Kane, alias Osborne, seems to have had an effective agency in the matter. He no doubt represented to Brigham Young the earnestness with which the administration had taken hold of this matter, and the utter folly of any resistance on his part. I believed from the first that Brigham's braggadocio would result in a fizzle; that practically General Johnston was fully able to settle the matter, though a support for him was prudent in a military point of view. All hopes, prospects or anticipations of a fight with the fanatical host have vanished. It is hardly probable that the main body of them were at any time up to the fighting point, while the leaders have descended to the point dictated by necessity and common sense.

But, as above intimated, the preparations here for the march are going on as usual. Russell and Waddell are pushing on their trains with supplies, and the staff department are busily engaged in their respective duties. The quartermaster's branch particularly, under Captain Van Vliet, has performed its immense business without money — the paper promises of the last month alone amounting to over half a million. The people have such con-

confidence in the good faith of our government — so ably administered by our democratic rulers — that time is of little consequence. Two columns of troops have already gone, and the third leaves on the 28th inst., composed as follows: —

Brevet Colonel Chas. A. May, commanding.
 First Lieutenant G. B. Anderson, Adjutant.
 First Lieutenant C. L. Best, Commissary.
 Company K, 2d Dragoons, Lieutenants Robinson and Morrill.
 Brevet Major H. J. Hunt's Battery M.
 Lieutenants Beall and Long.
 Companies F, K, L and M, 4th Artillery.
 Captains Williams, Pemberton, Brown and De Russy.
 Lieutenants Hudson, Bagley, Anderson, Roane and Montgomery.

Assistant Surgeon Norris, Medical Officer.

A battalion of four companies of recruits commanded by Captain Heth, 10th Infantry, will also go with this column to fill up General Johnston's command to the maximum standard.

General Harney and staff will leave after the last column, and then travel rapidly.

From the unusual rains of this season the roads are in bad condition, necessitating a slow progress of the supply trains. The grazing, however, is excellent.

The statement in the St. Louis Republican of the 21st that Colonel Kane had arrived here is incorrect.

The troubles at Fort Scott still continue. Another company of artillery left for that place yesterday. Some five of the marauders are reported killed. No sooner is one killed as the result of his crimes than forthwith the abolition partisans here endeavor to inflame the public mind by posting off "Free State men killed" etc. No falsehood is too glaring to stand in the way of their nefarious schemes. The truth is there is a band of some sixty lawless men in that neighborhood who live by plunder and murder, and roam about under the title of "Jim Lane's militia." A portion of them are doubtless the political partisans of Lane, and it is not improbable to suppose that, in order to defeat the pacification in the English bill, a systematic attempt is now being made to force more "bleeding Kansas" on the country — to revive, in short, the old Tribune details of "border ruffians," "Free State man vanished" &c. &c. Look out, my fellow citizens, for another

inundation of Kansas horribles — the manufactory is at work. Kansas would continue peaceful as a child were it not for Lane's gang, who are acting more or less under the guidance of outside fanatics and demagogues.

[New York Herald, June 9, 1858.]

THE LATEST NEWS FROM SALT LAKE CITY
AND CAMP SCOTT.

St. Louis, June 8, 1858.

The *Republican's* Leavenworth correspondent learns from a man who left Camp Scott on the 8th of May that the troops would be out of beef by the 16th, but that their other rations would last till the 1st of June.

No despatches had been received in the camp from Governor Cumming, and nothing had been heard from Captain Marcy. The latter was expected to reach the camp about the 1st of June.

Colonel Hoffman's command was snowbound at Labonte Creek, eighty miles beyond Fort Laramie.

The most advanced trains of Messrs. Russell, Majors and Waddell were met near the South Platte. The trains were getting along finely until they reached the Big Blue, where heavy rains had caused serious obstructions.

A Mormon named Williams, living near Leavenworth, had received a letter dated Salt Lake City, May 8, which represents everything quiet in the valley. Gov. Cumming was in the city at that date, *and the people had abandoned all idea of fighting and gone to work on their farms.*

The Independence correspondent of the *Republican*, writing on June 4, says that the Salt Lake mail of April 18 had arrived, bringing news that an express had reached Camp Scott from Governor Cumming stating that he had been well received at Salt Lake City — that Brigham Young was willing to transfer all authority, and had enjoined his followers to recognise Cumming as their future Governor and aid him in the discharge of his duties.

Fort Laramie, May 18, 1858.

An express has just arrived from General Johnston's command, bringing us news up to the 6th instant. A letter bearing that date,

written by an officer there, holds the following language: — "We are still existing, not living." . . . "Duties are harder here and accommodations poorer than I ever knew them to be before. We are considered lucky if we get two out of every three nights in bed. An express has just arrived from Salt Lake City telling us that our Governor (Cumming) had started for the southern portion of Mormondom, and would not in all probability return here before ten days. He has been with the Mormons now over a month, and it is reported, and believed too, that he is making every exertion to patch up a compromise. A compromise with those who destroyed the food for which we are now suffering — especially, *since on the 20th of this month we will commence to kill the mules to keep our animal existence from being extinguished* — is not regarded with much favor in the army. There is some truth in the assertion made by a member of Congress that the 'army was a pampered herd of paid beggars.'

"It is snowing now, and has been for the last twenty four hours, with the prospect of its continuing at least twenty-four more. All this is dreary indeed for men who have only one blanket to cover them."

It appears that Colonel Kane, the mysterious individual who went through California in such sweaty haste to Salt Lake, has succeeded in getting Governor Cumming into the hands and under the influence of the Latter Day Saints. Young has probably done with Mr. Cumming as he did with the Governors previously sent out there — bent him to his will, and then made a tool out of him. Brigham is an able, artful man; he has labored to get a misunderstanding — a conflict between the civil and military authorities, and it seems has succeeded only too well. Gov. Cumming is said to have asked Johnston for an escort to enter Salt Lake City, and Johnston is reported to have answered, "If you mean by an escort the army, it is at your service; but if you mean twenty men, not one shall stir. The army was sent out to accompany you into Salt Lake City — it is your legitimate escort." The consequence, per report — a band of Danites escorted the Governor to the holy city of the Saints. There are many stories told in regard to a difference of opinion between the civil and military authorities, but as they are altogether unreliable they do not merit notice. Young will doubtless attempt to arrange with Gov. Cumming so that the army may not enter this modern

Babylon; then, as soon as the army is gone, the Governor will find he had better follow their example.

Many suppose that Col. Kane was sent out by the federal government to treat with the Mormons. I think it is a well established fact that he has no more authority to treat with them than any other citizen in the United States has. The question whether Kane is a Mormon is a good deal discussed; that he is a strong friend of the Mormons is beyond a doubt. Elder John Hyde, Jr., in his "Mormonism: its Leaders and Designs," on page 146, holds this language: — "Fillmore, by the advice and intercession of Col. Kane, who had embraced Mormonism in Iowa, appointed Brigham as the Governor of Utah for the first term of four years." Elder Hyde is good authority.

Some suppose that the Utah Commissioners will make peace with the Mormons. It is to be hoped they will do so, but they will be parties to no peace that does not admit the United States troops into Utah and Salt Lake City as freely as into any other part of the United States, nor will they favor peace on any conditions that do not secure the execution of the laws and the constitution of the United States. The Commissioners cannot be said to have been sent to negotiate peace with a rebellious province; they are rather messengers sent by the head of the nation to tell his uncivil subjects distinctly that if they don't behave themselves — do so and so — he will chastise them till they do. It is, of course, the duty of these messengers to convince the revolters of this fact; doing that, they succeed — failing to do that, so fails their mission. The nation need fear no dishonor at the hands of the men composing this commission.

It has frequently been stated in the press that an express has been sent on to General Johnston (left Fort Leavenworth on the 13th ult.) to prevent him from entering Salt Lake City or commencing operations against the Mormons. I believe this is not so. An express was sent on to General Johnston informing him how matters and things stood here, and giving some general instructions, but there was nothing which would prevent him from entering Salt Lake City or pursuing active military operations should he deem it necessary or even advisable to do so.

We have intelligence from Colonel Hoffman's command up to the 15th inst. It was then seventy miles west of here, on the banks of a creek, waiting for the falling of the water. It has been just

twenty-three days since he left this place. At that rate of advance what time will he relieve the half famished army of Utah? From the letter above quoted it will be seen that Johnston's men begin to eat mule steak day after to-morrow, with little or no bread. Colonel Hoffman's command, without being stayed by any more streams, cannot relieve the Utah army much, if any, before they have been living on the miserable tough flesh of poor mules twenty days. If ambitious Brigham aspires to military exploits there will be unfortunately a chance for him to make a good strike. The attempt might cost him dearly however, as Johnston's men are reported to lean towards Salt Lake City, saying they would sooner fight than starve to death; yea, they would sooner fight then go with empty bellies. On the last day of April and the first of May Col. Hoffman experienced a severe snowstorm. About two feet of snow fell.

Col. Hoffman's men have stood the cold and snow very well, but the animals have suffered severely; one hundred and fifty mules are said to have been lost.

It is now snowing very fast at this post, and has been for the last two hours; it will probably turn into rain before it is over. All the streams are very high; there has been a great deal of rain in this region this spring. The Utah Commissioners arrived here yesterday shortly after noon; they will change two or three mules here and go on to-day. This post is very destitute of supplies. They were unable to get corn for their animals here, so they will not be able to travel as fast in the future as they have done heretofore.

I send you herewith a copy of the President's proclamation to the Mormons, as it may not have been published in the States yet. It indicates the line of policy to be pursued by the commissioners:—

BY JAMES BUCHANAN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Territory of Utah was settled by certain emigrants from the States and from foreign countries, who have for several years past manifested a spirit of insubordination to the constitution and laws of the United States. The great mass of those settlers, acting under the influence of leaders to whom they seem

to have surrendered their judgment, refuse to be controlled by any other authority. They have been often advised to obedience, and these friendly counsels have been answered with defiance. Officers of the federal government have been driven from the Territory for no offence but an effort to do their sworn duty. Others have been prevented from going there by threats of assassination. Judges have been violently interrupted in the performance of their functions, and the records of the courts have been seized and either destroyed or concealed. Many other acts of unlawful violence have been perpetrated, and the right to repeat them has been openly claimed by the leading inhabitants, with at least the silent acquiescence of nearly all the others. Their hostility to the lawful government of the country has at length become so violent that no officer bearing a commission from the chief magistrate of the Union can enter the Territory or remain there with safety; and all the officers recently appointed have been unable to go to Salt Lake or anywhere else in Utah beyond the immediate power of the army. Indeed, such is believed to be the condition to which a strange system of terrorism has brought the inhabitants of that region, that no one among them could express an opinion favorable to this government, or even propose to obey its laws, without exposing his life and property to peril.

After carefully considering this state of affairs, and maturely weighing the obligation I was under to see the laws faithfully executed, it seemed to me right and proper that I should make such use of the military force at my disposal as might be necessary to protect the federal officers in going into the Territory of Utah, and in performing their duties after arriving there. I accordingly ordered a detachment of the army to march for the City of Salt Lake, or within reach of that place, and to act in case of need as a posse for the enforcement of the laws. But in the meantime the hatred of that misguided people for the just and legal authority of the government had become so intense that they resolved to measure their military strength with that of the Union. They have organized an armed force far from contemptible in point of numbers, and trained it, if not with skill, at least with great assiduity and perseverance. While the troops of the United States were on their march a train of baggage wagons, which happened to be unprotected, was attacked and destroyed by a portion of the Mormon forces, and the provisions and stores with which the train

was laden were wantonly burnt. In short their present attitude is one of decided and unreserved enmity to the United States and to all their loyal citizens. Their determination to oppose the authority of the government by military force has not only been expressed in words, but manifested in overt acts of the most unequivocal character.

Fellow citizens of Utah, this is rebellion against the government to which you owe allegiance. It is levying war against the United States, and involves you in the guilt of treason. Persistence in it will bring you to condign punishment, to ruin and to shame; for it is mere madness to suppose that, with your limited resources, you can successfully resist the force of this great and powerful nation.

If you have calculated upon the forbearance of the United States — if you have permitted yourselves to suppose that this government will fail to put forth its strength and bring you to submission — you have fallen into a grave mistake. You have settled upon territory which lies geographically in the heart of the Union. The land you live upon was purchased by the United States and paid for out of their treasury. The proprietary right and title to it is in them, and not in you. Utah is bounded on every side by States and Territories whose people are true to the Union. It is absurd to believe that they will or can permit you to erect in their very midst a government of your own, not only independent of the authority which they all acknowledge, but hostile to them and their interests.

Do not deceive yourselves nor try to mislead others by propagating the idea that this is a crusade against your religion. The constitution and laws of this country can take no notice of your creed, whether it be true or false. That is a question between your God and yourselves, in which I disclaim all right to interfere. If you obey the laws, keep the peace, and respect the just rights of others you will be perfectly secure, and may live on in your present faith or change it for another at your pleasure. Every intelligent man among you knows very well that this government has never, directly or indirectly, sought to molest you in your worship, to control you in your ecclesiastical affairs, or even to influence you in your religious opinions.

This rebellion is not merely a violation of your legal duty; it is without just cause, without reason, without excuse. You never

made a complaint that was not listened to with patience. You never exhibited a real grievance that was not redressed as promptly as it could be. The laws and regulations enacted for your government by Congress have been equal and just, and their enforcement was manifestly necessary for your own welfare and happiness. You have never asked their repeal. They are similar in every material respect to the laws which have been passed for the other Territories of the Union, and which everywhere else (with one partial exception) have been cheerfully obeyed. No people ever lived who were freer from unnecessary legal restraints than you. Human wisdom never devised a political system which bestowed more blessings or imposed lighter burdens than the government of the United States in its operation upon the Territories.

But being anxious to save the effusion of blood, and to avoid the indiscriminate punishment of a whole people for crimes of which it is not probable that all are equally guilty, I offer now a full and free pardon to all who will submit themselves to the authority of the federal government. If you refuse to accept it, let the consequences fall upon your own heads. But I conjure you to pause deliberately and reflect well before you reject this tender of peace and good will.

Now therefore I James Buchanan, President of the United States, have thought proper to issue this, my proclamation, enjoining upon all public officers in the Territory of Utah to be diligent and faithful, to the full extent of their power, in the execution of the laws; commanding all citizens of the United States in said Territory to aid and assist the officers in the performance of their duties; offering to the inhabitants of Utah who shall submit to the laws a free pardon for the seditions and treasons heretofore by them committed; warning those who shall persist, after notice of this proclamation, in the present rebellion against the United States, that they must expect no further lenity, but look to be rigorously dealt with according to their deserts; and declaring that the military forces now in Utah, and hereafter to be sent there, will not be withdrawn until the inhabitants of that Territory shall manifest a proper sense of the duty which they owe to this government.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents.

[L. s.] Done at the city of Washington the sixth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-second.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

By the President: LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State.

* * * * *

DESCRIPTION OF FORT KEARNEY.

Fort Kearney, like most of the forts in the West, has no fortifications, but is merely a station for troops. It stands on a slight elevation a few miles west from the banks of Platte River. The fort consists of five unpainted wooden houses, two or three stories high, and about two dozen long, low mud buildings. The houses are built around a large open square or parade ground, while the mud buildings extend in any and every direction out from the roads that run along the sides of this square. Trees have been set out along the borders of the parade ground, and they are the only bushes that can be seen in any direction except a few straggling ones on the banks of the Platte, several miles distant. Intermixed between these immature trees on the sides of the square are sixteen blockhouse guns, two field pieces, two mountain howitzers and one prairie piece. These constitute the artillery defences of the post against the Indians. On the west side of the parade ground stands the house of the commanding officer. It is a large, ill shaped, unpainted wooden structure, two stories high, with piazzas extending across its entire front on both floors. Within, however, the building is much more respectable, being commodious, comfortable, well finished and neatly furnished.

Directly opposite the commanding officer's house, on the other side of the square, is the soldiers' barracks, seventy feet by thirty feet, and two stories high. The barracks has never been finished; it is now in bad order; it can accommodate very well eighty-four men; there are in it now between ninety and one hundred men. The other wooden buildings are the officers' quarters, the hospital and the sutler's store. These deformed structures do not present a very inviting appearance to the eye, but they are charming palaces when compared to the hideous spectacle of twenty-four long, winding, broken-backed, falling down mud houses. Such infamous buildings are a disgrace to any fort, territory, army, government or nation. They are far inferior to Indian wigwams.

They can only be rivalled by the mud hovels of the Irish or dirty Asiatics. Yet it is in such buildings that the government stores are stored, or rather are placed to rot and be ruined. The government stores that were condemned in 1856-7, on account of no protection being furnished them by these mud piles, amounted to nearly \$35,000. But why on earth were such buildings put up? Because they are cheap? No, for since 1851 the United States government has paid out about \$50,000 in their construction. One of these "adobe" houses, which was built some ten years ago by volunteers, cost the United States \$30,000. These mud piles are of all sizes, the largest one being about one hundred and forty feet long, forty feet wide and twelve feet high. They are built by piling up sods on the top of each other, a foot or more thick, for the sides; timbers are then laid across the top, boards placed over the timbers, and sods, probably a foot deep, on top of that. The first heavy rain makes fine work with this worse than clay house. Their utter uselessness is so apparent that one can hardly imagine why they were ever used. Their demoralized appearance it is impossible to describe, so I will leave them to wash and rot down at their leisure.

There are now at Kearney one hundred soldiers of different companies, and about one hundred other persons, men, women and children, all told.

Capt. J. P. McCown, the commander of the post, was despatched there last winter; he went up with his company during very severe weather. On crossing a stream of water near the fort the ice broke, his carriage was overturned, he was thrown out, the wheels ran over his arm, dislocating it and severely injuring the muscles, so that it will be months before he recovers the use of his arm. He arrived at Kearney on the 5th of March, and since that time has had timber drawn, built a saw mill, sawed lumber and built a fine bakery; also cut, drawn, sawed lumber for and framed a new commissary store. The cost to government of that bakery, not including the soldiers' wages, was about \$200. Captain McCown is down on mud houses, and intends to have good substantial wooden buildings erected in their place.

As Fort Kearney is situated some thousands of feet above the level of the sea extremely high winds frequently prevail there. The flag-staff in the centre of the parade ground, like masts in a ship, is secured by ropes from being blown away. There are such

severe storms of wind and snow in the winter that men have been blown away from the fort by them. Two winters ago a man undertook to go to his quarters, a few yards distant, in a severe storm after night, when he was blown away and lost. Next spring his bones were found four miles distant. The only way men can save themselves in such storms is by lying down and waiting till the storm ceases. Animals have been left in their stables for two days without water during a storm, because men could not venture out into the storm without being blown away and lost.

* * * * *

SOIL AND FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

From Fort Leavenworth to Big Blue there is high rolling prairie; in some places it is quite hilly, and abounds in creeks, nearly all of which are pretty well wooded. The soil is good, and quite similar to that of the Northern Missouri. Between the Big Blue and Big Sandy the prairie is very flat; frequently as far as the eye can reach it is a plain as level as the sea; the soil is good, but there is no timber at all, which almost disqualifies it as a farming region. Water is also scarce. At the Big Sandy and along up the Little Blue the country is rougher and more picturesque; there is some excellent soil and a good supply of water and wood. The valley of the Platte River is fertile; grass grows well in it, and there is some timber. A continuous range of sand hills or bluffs run along nearly parallel to, and from four to eight miles from the river; these sand hills are several miles in width, and almost barren. Fifty miles west of Kearney the land is very poor, both in the bottoms and on the bluffs. The fine rich prairie soil ceases and there is nothing but a coarse gravelly surface. Grass grows poorly; there is no wood; travelling would be very difficult were it not for buffalo chips, and as buffalo have ceased to frequent the upper waters of the Platte they will soon be wanting. The land is too poor for anything; even the wild Indians and buffalo can scarcely live upon it. The Platte (shallow) River is not deep enough for navigation, is too deep and too full of quicksands for fording, while there is not sufficient wood for hundreds of miles to bridge it. Between the North and South Fork of the Platte the soil is rougher and even poorer than on the south bank of the South Fork. Indeed, there is nothing between Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie to

invite agriculture or farming settlements. This of course applies only to the country along the California or military road, by way of which we have just come. The land south, on the Republican Fork, and Lieutenant Bryan's route to Utah is said to be much better.

FORT LARAMIE.

This military station is situated on Laramie Creek, in the midst of a rough, sandy, barren country. There is some good grass several miles distant, but generally it is quite poor. Wood is scarce. The fort consists of two or three two-story wooden buildings, and about twenty one-story adobe structures; also one or two stone houses, all of which seem to have been built irregularly in any and every direction. As usual with this class of forts, there is a large open square, centrally situated, for drill and parade purposes. The adobe houses have been plastered on the outside, and are much superior to those at Fort Kearney, though the commanding officer reports them as nearly useless. The post is commanded by Major J. Synde, of the Seventh Infantry. There is one company here at present. The fort is capacitated to quarter three.

As I have omitted the distances between many points along the route, I will here present them in a much more perfect shape by giving a table of the distances of posts from Great Salt Lake City to Missouri River. This table is Mormon authority. I believe they have chained the route. The distances apply to the old military road. There are some cut-offs now which shorten the route. Some of the places marked in this table have other names, and there are other stations not marked in this; still the table and Stansbury's map give a person a good knowledge of the route to Utah.

DISTANCES FROM GREAT SALT LAKE CITY TO MISSOURI RIVER.

	<i>Stations.</i> <i>Miles.</i>	<i>From</i> <i>G. S. L. C.</i> <i>Miles.</i>
From Great Salt Lake City to		
Willow Springs.....	7	7
Hatch's Farm.....	8	15
Top of Big Mountain.....	4	19
Foot of do. (head of East Kanyon)	8	27

	<i>Stations.</i> <i>Miles.</i>	<i>From</i> <i>G. S. L. C.</i> <i>Miles.</i>
From Great Salt Lake City to		
Last crossing of creek (near Weber)	11	38
Weber River crossing	5	43
Beaver Dam (Echo Canyon)	5	48
Head of Echo Canyon	22	70
Yellow Creek	7	77
Bear River (camp on west side)	8	85
Quaking Aspen hill	7	92
Big Muddy	11	103
Fort Bridger	10	113
Grand Bend, Black's Fork, Smith's Fork	9	122
Ham's Fork	7	129
Leaving Black's Fork	18	147
Green River, below Bath's Fork	15	162
Green River, crossing Bath's Fork	7	169
Big Sandy	8	187
Big Sandy (camp in bottom)	7	194
Little Sandy (camp in brush)	6	200
Pacific Creek (half a mile from Alkaline Creek, which is poisonous)	27	227
Pacific Springs	7	234
South Pass	3	237
First crossing Sweetwater	8	245
Small Creek	8	253
Springs	8	261
Sweetwater (beginning of bottom)	4	265
Sweetwater, over high ridge	9	274
Alkali Swamp (be careful of poison)	11	285
Sweetwater, third crossing	13	298
Sweetwater, at Rattlesnake Mountains	12	310
Sweetwater, five miles west of Devil's Gate	14	324
Independence Rock	8	332
Greenwood Creek mouth	5	337
Foot of Divide Ridge, Greasewood	14	351
Willow Springs	6	357
Poison Springs (be careful of poison)	14	371
North Fork of Platte, upper crossing	13	384
Deer Creek	30	414
Lapelé Creek	15	429
Middle Crossing	15	444
Le Bouté's Crossing, "old ford"	18	462
Horseshoe Creek	15	477
Bitter Cottonwood	15	402
Descent of Chalk Bluffs on the Platte	13	505
Fort Laramie	7	512

	<i>Stations.</i> <i>Miles.</i>	<i>From</i> <i>G. S. L. C.</i> <i>Miles.</i>
From Great Salt Lake City to		
Trading station	22	534
Horse Creek	20	554
Robideaux Sloughs (Scott's Bluffs)	5	557
Trading station "ruins"	18	577
Chimney Rock	12	589
Buffalo Creek	18	617
Mail camping place	22	629
Ash Hollow mouth	30	659
South fork of Platte crossing	20	679
Commencement of cut-off	30	709
Slough three miles from Platte	20	729
Pond on cut-off	2	731
Main Platte River	18	749
Cotton Wood Springs	13	762
Fort Kearney	83	845
Leaving of Platte	8	853
Creek	28	881
Little Blue	14	895
Leaving Little Blue	42	937
Little Sandy	20	957
Turtle Creek	17	974
Cottonwood Creek	20	994
Big Blue River	12	1,006
Vermilion Creek, Elm Creek	21	1,027
Water holes in prairie	16	1,043
Nemmeha	8	1,051
Sloughs and ponds in prairie	12	1,063
Little Muddy	4	1,067
Oak Point	4	1,071
Walnut Creek	8	1,079
Big Grasshopper	10	1,089
Second Grasshopper	4	1,093
First Grasshopper	7	1,100
Mormon Grove (Deer Creek)	12	1,112
Atchison City, Mo.	5	1,117
From Great Salt Lake City to Fort Leavenworth		1,131

[New York Herald, June 12, 1858.]

OUR CAMP SCOTT CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Scott, near Bridger's Fort, U. T. }
 April 23, 1858. }

An express leaves this morning for Fort Laramie, and by special favor I am permitted to send you important news in advance of the mail.

On the evening of the 10th (the date of my last) Captain B. F. Ficklin came into camp with his party of ten men, from the Flat Head country and vicinity, where he had been sent by Colonel Johnston to contract for beef cattle and horses, to be delivered at this camp during the present month. Captain Ficklin's trip to that country was one of the most extraordinary on record, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. On the 9th of December last he left this camp with ten men, twelve horses, six mules and thirty days' provisions, for Beaver Head — a point on Jefferson Fork, one of the three forks comprising the head waters of the Missouri, a favorite wintering place for all the mountaineers in that part of the country, with their stock — without any guides or known indications by which he could guide himself; in fact he struck out for the mountains like a mariner at sea without compass. The first point of any prominence reached was Ladd Springs on Bear River; thence across the mountains, striking Snake River at a place twenty-five miles northeast of Fort Hall, arriving Dec. 27 — an estimated distance of two hundred miles. The snow on the mountains averaged two feet, and in many places the men had to break the way for the animals. With a view to avoid any collision with a Mormon settlement said to have been established on Snake River, near the mouth of Black Feet Creek, he had to seek a new route, and following up Snake River some thirty miles, thence north fifty miles by an Indian trail, he arrived at the foot of the mountains which divide the waters of the Snake and Missouri Rivers. After three days' arduous labor in crossing the mountains, a snow storm overtook the party in the midst of their journey. Here they were compelled to make a forced march of thirty miles to get off the mountains. Provisions giving out, they were forced to kill some of their animals until they could find some settlement. Arriving in the

vicinity of Beaver Head they found, much to their regret, that all the mountain men, apprehensive of the Mormons at Salmon River, had moved everything to the Flat Head Valley on Clark's Fork, the head waters of the Columbia. Taking their trail in that direction, on the 20th January they came to the camp of Mr. Herriford, who informed them why they had all left the Beaver Head Valley. Proceeding to the Flat Head Valley Captain Ficklin made contracts for beef and horses — the sole object of his mission — and returned to this camp, occupying thirty days on the route, through snow from three to six feet deep. Many of his men became disabled from becoming snow blind, and to give an idea of their sufferings I need only mention that they were three days going eight miles, without provisions, and in the thirty days returning twenty-six were either snow or rain.

On the 13th Dr. Hurt, the Indian Agent, returned to camp from the Uinta valley, where he had been sent by Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to ascertain the practicability of extending the Indian settlements along the Uinta river.

The objects of his mission having been accomplished, and finding no further purpose to detain him, he returned, after having made a trip of one hundred and fifty miles through a region of country considered heretofore impassable during the winter, with no one to accompany him but his interpreter. He represents the country as susceptible of cultivation to a very great extent; and in case of necessity the process of irrigation could be applied from the Uinta river. The Doctor is exceedingly popular among all the Indians, although the *Deseret News* calls him the "Runaway Indian Agent."

On the 19th the two companies — Company B, 5th Infantry, Captain Robinson, Company I, 10th, Captain Gove's — comprising the command at Fort Bridger, stationed there last fall to protect government supplies, were ordered to join their respective regiments (now encamped within a few hundred yards of the fort) without delay. A brigade guard is now mounted every morning in front of Colonel Johnston's quarters, which is quite imposing. Target practice is now the order of the day in the artillery camps. Captain Phelps, with his light battery, and Captain Reno, with his heavy guns, alternate in their days of practice. The health of the army continues, and notwithstanding the opening of spring, with its usual accompaniment in the shape of fevers, colds, rheu-

matism and the like, there is no material increase of the sick reports.

On the 20th Messrs. Worthen and Kimball came in from Salt Lake City, bearing despatches from Gov. Cumming to Col. Johnston. They bring out the *Deseret News* of the 7th and 14th, filled with slanderous imputations upon the intentions and motives of Col. Johnston, and violent denunciations against the whole army. While they affect submission to the civil authorities in the person of Gov. Cumming, they attribute all their troubles to the army, which they tried so earnestly to defeat by famine last fall. The Governor and Col. Kane reached Salt Lake City on the 12th, as appears by the following announcement in the News of April 14:—

His Excellency Gov. A. Cumming and Col. Thos. L. Kane arrived in this city on the 12th inst. in good health and spirits. They were escorted from Davis County by the mayor, marshal, aldermen and many other distinguished citizens.

In the same paper is the following in reference to the army:—

ANOTHER MURDER BY THE INDIANS.—On Bannock Creek, March 31, Elder B. F. Cumming and a small party, on their way from Salmon River, were suddenly and furiously fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush, who killed Brother Baily Lake and robbed the company of eleven horses.

Whether the massacre and robbery by Indians at Fort Limhi on Salmon River February 25, the killing of cattle and stealing of horses in Scull, Rush and Toveli valleys, the late killing and robbing on Bannock Creek, the threatened Indian foray from Uinta valley, and the current rumor that the army have offered the Indians \$150 for every Mormon they will bring into Col. Johnston's camp can be proved in court to be a part of the "civilized mode of warfare" to be pursued by government officers against the Mormons is uncertain; for witnesses may absent themselves, keep back the truth or be excused from testifying on the plea that they would criminate themselves.

But it is certain that no trouble had heretofore occurred at Fort Limhi, and that a certain J. H. Powell was most actively engaged with the Indians in the massacre and robbery perpetrated at that fort, and it is reported that soldiers from Col. Johnston's camp wintered at Beaver Head, a short distance east of Fort Limhi. It is certain that the Indians in and among Scull, Rush and Toveli valleys had mostly been friendly until quite recently, and that they openly avowed it to be their design to take the stolen animals to the United States army. How came they to think of that? It is also certain that until the United States troops entered this Territory government had never advanced a single dollar to the Utah superintendency to be expended in making presents to the Indians. Many of the Superintendent's accounts for presents made by him have been allowed.

But now that an agency is established that is as yet unacquainted with the interests of the settlers of this Territory, government can furnish thousands upon thousands of dollars for presents to the wild men of the mountains; and it will soon be known whether this is not designed for the express purpose of introducing their humane Christian and civilized mode of warfare, through inciting Indian depredations against American citizens.

It is quite authentically reported that the runaway Indian Agent, Hurt, has passed most of last winter in Uinta Valley, and has been busily engaged in inciting the Indians against the Mormons, and of late the rumor is rife that our enemies have offered the Indians \$150 for every Mormon they will deliver to them.

It must be conceded that the above facts, circumstances and reports, transpiring at this particular juncture of affairs, strongly impel the conclusion that some person or persons connected with Colonel Johnston's command are in collusion with the Indians. Such conclusion is more particularly forced upon the mind when it is known to be in perfect keeping with the policy of several of the "powers that be" toward the Mormons, and that the mildest term in use in the army, when speaking of us, is "the damned Mormons." But when has one of Colonel Johnston's command been killed, or their animals run off by the Indians, incited thereto by the citizens of this Territory? Never! For Governor Young and the Mormons have ever counselled the Indians to remain strictly neutral, as all truth telling red and white men, cognizant of the facts, will substantiate. It is not a difficult matter for a good arithmetician to count the toes on a naked foot when it is put out.

Under date of 7th of April, speaking of the arrival of their mail from California, they mention: —

That no news of importance came in, except that the United States, with the President at the head, seem determined to rend the Union, through violating the constitution, trampling upon rights, and substituting federal bayonets and gunpowder for candid investigation and just rewards.

Again, same date: —

Suppose that in a time of peace, and against a portion of American citizens who have committed no crime in law, the United States mail on the main route should be stopped, what would and should be done with the offender by the "powers that be." Oh, that depends altogether upon whether a Col. Johnston stops it or a Mormon. Should a Mormon commit such a crime, all hell in the United States, England and Ireland would boil for its extermination, without hearing or investigation, after the mode adopted by President Buchanan. Democratic, very — "over the left."

From the facts as set forth in the above extracts, what are the references to be drawn? If these complaints and accusations are ever for a moment entertained by anyone who, from philanthropic motives, might desire that the necks of these Mormon leaders

should remain intact, I ask, in God's name why attempt to screen them, any more than other infamous persons, from a just retribution for their great crimes? Who, I ask, are the persons responsible for this crisis, and by whom was it brought about? When this little army left Leavenworth, nearly one year ago, not an officer of the expedition had the suspicion that opposition would develop itself in the character of covert resistance. When it reached the borders of the Territory it was met by a proclamation from Brigham Young warning them, under penalty of utter extermination, not to enter it — stigmatizing it as an armed rabble, a mob. And in what faith have they kept their promises? Did they not stampede our animals, burn the grass within our very camp, drive off our cattle, destroy our supplies by burning our trains? The very fact that the army wintered in the Rocky Mountains, deprived of the means of transportation and the necessary supplies for an onward movement, fully attests the industry and success of those to whom he had committed the duty of carrying out his diabolical threats and rebellious mandates. The Mormons now endeavor to disguise their treachery to the government and their rebellion against the laws of their country, by attributing to Col. Johnston the hostility of the Indians by collusion, when it is a well known fact, and susceptible of the clearest proof, that Col. Johnston has taken but one course with the Indian bands in this Territory, and that was to remain neutral. He did not need their services; did not want them to war against any class of men, contending that it was a difficulty between white men, and to them was committed the settlement, without any participation or assistance from the red men. The attack at Bannock Creek on the 31st of March by some Indians is easily solved. Capt. Ficklin found on Snake River, on his return from the Flat Head country March 31 — the day of the alleged attack on Bannock Creek — a note, a copy of which I have been permitted to make, and I append it hereto, as follows: —

March 29—4 P.M.

All well. We have just taken three of the brethren's horses from Booc-wat, to wit — Brothers Moore's and Margittse's and one supposed to belong to Mr. Taylor. We caught them on the way from Carmash Creek to Snake River. We tried to get him to pay for the cattle he has killed, but he refused and got very angry, and as we did not feel authorized to resort to force we left them.

B. F. CUMMING.

Col. Cunningham and Company.

Col. Cunningham was in charge of the company leaving Salmon River, and was behind Cumming. This note was set up by the side of the road — the usual way of communication in this country. Booe-wat is a Snake chief, and has a small band in that vicinity, and Ficklin describes the country as being an open plain for about two days' march; and hence Booe-wat proceeded down the Snake River to Bannock Creek, where he found cover to effect the ambush, as the trail crosses the creek at a point favorable to such an enterprise. Moreover it is well known in that country that the hostility of the Indians to the Mormons grows out of the fact that they furnished the Nes Perces arms and ammunition to make war upon the neighboring tribes. That the Mormons have been tampering with the Indians is a notorious fact, and being unsuccessful now seek to throw the responsibility on the army. To set the whole matter at rest I have been favored with the privilege of copying Dr. Forney's letter to Governor Cumming, relative to these gross charges as contained in the *News*: —

Camp Scott, at Fort Bridger, U. T., April 21, 1858.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY A. CUMMING, UTAH TERRITORY: —

Dear Sir — My attention was to-day called to an editorial in the *Deseret News* of the 12th of this month. The article in question does injustice to those Indians with whom I have had intercourse, and very great injustice to those who are intrusted with the management of Indian affairs in this Territory. The policy adopted and strictly adhered to in all my intercourse with Indians thus far has been to avoid inciting them against the Mormons.

It is the manifest design of the person or persons who have fabricated these reports in question to impress upon the public that presents have been lavished upon the Indians to incite them against the Mormons. I am speaking confidently for the tribes inhabiting this portion of the Territory, that no such bribes were necessary to secure their loyalty to the government. So far as the Indian department in the Territory is concerned, and the legitimate representatives of the government, the article is false and slanderous. Your Excellency knows better than anyone else my action among the Indians.

Yours, &c.

J. FORNEY,
Superintendent Indian Affairs, U. T.

Without entering further in detail into the groundless charges made by the Mormons against the army and those connected with it, in reference to the Indians, I dismiss that subject.

It is, however, a singular coincidence that while the Mormons bitterly complain that the mail by this route has been stopped, the government allows them to have uninterrupted intercourse and

mail communication from the California side, and all this while Col. Johnston's defensive and hostile position here in the mountains is approved of by the government and the American people.

But the matter does not rest here. What does this apparent submission to the civil authorities indicate? Truly no good will to the government, for in the same breath that they announce the arrival of Governor Cumming in Salt Lake City they pour forth the most bitter denunciations against the President, the army, and the American people; speak of "times of peace" as though a state of rebellion at least existed. Governor Cumming was twelve days going in, when three days' time is ample — in passing through the cañons he feasted his eyes upon "misty night," for the day found some excuse for delay; and on the 19th, seven days after the "fandango" on the occasion of the Governor's arrival, large parties of armed troops were assembled in the cañons. What will be the end of these difficulties the future alone can decide.

Camp Scott, April 29, 1858.

By the express which leaves this morning I send you a few items of importance, which go to swell the accumulating tide that must, ere long, find its outlet in some decisive action upon the increasing difficulties surrounding the Mormon question. A few days ago two expresses came in to Col. Johnston — one from Capt. Marcy, about one hundred miles south of Laramie, where he was halted to await reinforcements of four companies of mounted rifles, in addition to the three companies of the 3d Infantry now with him; the other from Gen. Garland, commanding the Department of New Mexico, by which Col. Johnston is informed of the reinforcement of Capt. Marcy's command, and also the readiness of the General to co-operate, as far as lies in his power, to bring to a successful termination the vexed question whether Americanism or Mormonism shall rule in this Territory.

P. T. Dodson, United States Marshal for the Territory, with a small posse, returned to camp the day before yesterday, the 27th, having gone out a few days ago in the direction of Echo Cañon for the purpose of purchasing beef for the civic authorities left here by His Excellency the Governor when starting on his crusade to the Holy City. The expedition terminated as might have been expected. Instead of a United States civil officer being permitted

to exercise the rights and privileges attached to his position, to go and come whenever and wherever he pleases in the discharge of a legitimate duty, an Indian express from Ben Simons came riding into his camp on the evening of the 26th instant, and informed him that some three or four hundred Mormons, under command of the rebel Lott Smith, were within a few hours' ride of them, with the intention of capturing his whole party, fourteen in number, and advised the Marshal to make his escape without delay; whereupon the horses were saddled and a retreat ordered. They rode all night, crossing Bear River at twelve o'clock, arriving in camp about eleven o'clock the next day. While out, a man came into his camp, having made his escape from Salt Lake City, and reported that the Governor was in good health, but was under the strictest surveillance; that men were posted in every direction around the Governor's quarters, with orders to allow no one to have any intercourse with him unless he had a permit from the proper authority; that he himself had twice sought an interview with the Governor, but was prevented by these detectives. Whether these men are the body guard of the new Governor, or are furnished gratis on the requisition of the old Governor, is a question not definitely settled in the minds of any in Salt Lake City except the knowing ones. Be this as it may, it appears wonderfully strange to every intelligent man in this command that while the civil officers of the Territory have been invited to partake of the hospitalities of the city, the United States Marshal is chased into camp by three or four hundred Mormons, and the Governor exercising the functions of his office under the surveillance of a guard. It is certainly a new military principle that an officer in "durance vile" can exercise authority under such circumstances. The Governor may discover too late, perhaps, that such is the mode of governing Latter Day Saints in Utah.

It is known that several hundred of those loyal subjects, whom the Governor in his proclamation last winter ordered to lay down their arms or be considered "traitors," are now in arms and absent from the city; and the inquiry naturally arises, "where are they, and for what purpose do they still continue in arms — is it by Governor Cumming's order or the ukase of Brigham Young?"

Gen. Garland learns from undoubted authority that the Mormons have been among the Navychee and Apache Indians, endeavoring to incite them to rapine and murder in the settle-

ments, but, it is confidently believed, without success; all of which strangely coincides with the accusations brought against Col. Johnston and the men of his command by the Mormons. And it is still more to be wondered at that these charges should be entertained by Gov. Cumming, or at least giving them sufficient credence to forward them in form to higher authority, when it is susceptible of indubitable proof that, while on the one hand no inducements have been held out to the Indians to war upon the Mormons, but counselled to remain neutral in all respects, on the other every exertion has been made by their scouts to induce the red men to war upon the army, with a view to maintain their rebellious supremacy in this valley.

In view of all these facts it is to be regretted that the government still persists in blindness to its own interests and the interests of the army; that it hesitates for a moment what course ought to be pursued in relation to the affairs of this Territory, is a point upon which there is no room for doubt. That an unconditional submission to the laws of the government by the masses, and surrender for trial, or capture by force, if necessary, those who have been the master spirits in bringing about this rebellion is also a question upon which there is no difference of opinion among all intelligent men in this army, both in civil and military positions. Is any one so blind to reason as to suppose for a moment that any one, unless he be Mormon, can exercise the functions of civil magistrate among such a people — banded together by solemn church obligations, conceived in treachery to their government and its laws, nurtured in the cradle of polygamous immorality, cloaked beneath the garb of fanaticism and tempered by the lust of the harem? No, never! Governor Cumming may exercise the functions of his office, may be styled Governor of Utah; but if the people do not obey him, nor pass such laws as he may recommend, where is the remedy? The answer is plain — there is no remedy. The Mormon faith is predominant; their legislative assembly will be Mormon; their laws will be for the Mormons and the perpetuity of their creed and personal interests; their juries will be Mormon, also their petty officers; and, in God's name, where is Mormonism to cease? Certainly where it begins, for the circle is complete; for they are a unit, and the prerogatives of the government officials can never bring to bear a concentrated weight of power and authority sufficient to break the ring. First

and foremost then, arrest Brigham Young and the leading men of his tribe — bring him and them to trial before a proper tribunal. If they resist the summons to appear, use force to compel their attendance in the language and majesty of the law; and for the enforcement and maintenance of such a mandate ten thousand bayonets will leap from the scabbard with that earnest of loyalty which the government has a right to expect, and which she has never found in her gallant soldiery wanting. Do this and the work of redemption will commence in a proper manner, the rights of citizens be guaranteed, and law and order reign supreme; to do otherwise will probably consign this little army, amid cold and storms, to another winter in the mountain fastnesses. Why does the government hesitate? This army, under Col. Johnston, with supplies and transportation, are ready to a man to enter the valley and no power in Mormondom can stay their triumphal progress. Let Congress declare the Territory in a state of open rebellion to their government, which is all true — and such has been the case for months, even years — institute military authority as the first power, and submission to the laws would be readily enforced and order and quiet once more restored.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 20.

Headquarters, Department of Utah, }
Camp Scott, U. T., April 24, 1858. }

The Colonel commanding announces that he is now able, in consequence of the increasing strength of the draught animals and the renewal of vegetation in this vicinity, to relieve the troops of the duty of hauling by hand fuel for this command, a duty imposed upon them by necessity from the date of arrival in this camp four months since, and which, from the long distance it had to be drawn, through deep snows, during intense cold and severe storms, was of the most arduous kind. He avails himself of this occasion to express the gratification it affords him to bear testimony to the willingness, the cheerfulness and the alacrity with which this and all other arduous duties, unusual in a soldier's experience, have been performed. Trials and hardships were anticipated on this campaign — many which have been encountered were unforeseen, and therefore unexpected by the government; but all such attending the vicissitudes of a winter's campaign in the Rocky Mountains — in the march on the open plains, the en-

campment in the bleak valleys, the bivouac in the gorges — all have been manfully met and endured, alike by regulars and volunteers, with a spirit of patriotism and devotion which sustains and adds to the high reputation for discipline and loyalty which the army has justly earned on many other occasions, and gives assurance to our country that in future, as in the past, she can rely upon no more loyal defenders and supporters of her honor, her integrity and her safety than her soldiers. The Assistant Quartermaster will on Monday next turn over to the commands teams sufficient to relieve the troops of this fatigue duty. Commanders will furnish sufficient men to load and guard the wagons so employed.

By order of Colonel A. S. Johnston

F. J. PORTER, Asst. Adj. General.

[New York Herald, June 21, 1858.]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

En Route for Utah, May 19, 1858.

I sent you letters yesterday from Fort Laramie, giving full particulars of occurrences up to that time. The snow storm, which began yesterday morning, ceased in the forenoon. The Utah Commissioners changed two or three of their mules at Fort Laramie for better ones, left one of the horses, which seemed unable to stand the journey, and took a riding mule in its stead, got those of their animals which required it reshod, exchanged one of their ambulances, and got a supply of corn and twenty days' rations for fifteen men. It occupied until near 3 P. M. to complete these arrangements; then, turning our mules' heads towards the west, we started over the almost barren sand hills which surround Fort Laramie. Hockaday's mule followed in our rear. The road was heavy, constantly ascending and descending bleak, dreary bluffs. There was good grass in the narrow valley of the Platte River and abundance of wild cactus on the hills, with here and there stunted trees on the borders of ravines. Heavy clouds were seen rolling beneath the snow crowned summit of Laramie Peak nearly one hundred miles distant, but the scenery as a whole was rough, bleak, barren, dreary and desolate, presenting little of the sublime and less of the beautiful. We made slow progress and encamped some time before sun-down, ten miles west of Laramie.

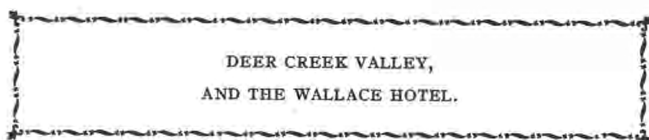
May 19. — This morning was clear, cold and pleasant. We were yoked up and on the road at half past four A. M. The sharp wind blowing fresh from the Rocky Mountains made the ears of those who were riding tingle, while it braced and nerved those who were walking, giving them a keen appetite for breakfast, which latter advantage was not duly appreciated, for one's appetite is always sharp on the plains, and the only difficulty is in sufficiently satisfying it. Laramie Peak presented a magnificent appearance. The crystal snow which covered its broad, irregular summit sparkled and glistened as it reflected the rays of the early sun. Bluff on bluff and hill on hill rose and rolled away between us and the mountains. Along the black hills the scenery was more bold and beautiful than we hitherto had found it; the hills were craggier and loftier, the valley more verdant and inviting. Wild cactus and sage abounded everywhere, while wood along the high land and ravines was more abundant. At 8 A. M. we stopped for breakfast. The Sioux Indians frequent Laramie and its vicinity; they often visited our camp fires in considerable numbers. We gave several of them breakfast this morning. Toward noon the weather became quite warm. Horseshoe Creek, about thirty-eight miles from Laramie, was very high. It was not without some difficulty that the mules succeeded in drawing the ambulances through the stream. The road was heavy, being badly cut up by Colonel Hoffman's expedition. There was no game of any kind, nor any indications that the buffalo had ever visited this range of country; not even could a bear, antelope or wolf be seen. Having made forty miles we encamped for the night.

May 20. — The morning was intensely cold; the men had to relieve each other in driving, so as to give all an opportunity to run and get warm; this, too, when they wore overcoats and had their faces muffled up. By ten o'clock, however, the heat was very oppressive. It was as unpleasant as the cold had been four hours before. All day long it was exceedingly hot and sultry. Commissioner McCulloch rode ahead several hours during the day to get a shot at an antelope, but he did not even see one. Laramie Peak was distinctly observed during the greater part of the day, also the ridge of hills of which it is the highest peak. They are an offshoot of the Rocky Mountains, and are covered along their entire distance with snow. We passed quite near them, but snow was no novelty to us as we had seen it on the hillsides all the way from

the Little Blue River. What at first made it seem singular was that it lay on the south, instead of on the north side of the hills. The reason of this phenomenon is that the wind is so severe that it blows all the snow from the north to the south side of the hills. It was not an unusual thing for us to walk along the sand hills beneath a scorching sun, and pluck a flower with one hand while the other took up snow. All the nights are cold, and we have experienced but very few warm days. The country through which we passed during the day, though rough, rocky, and almost mountainous, was characterized by a dreary monotony. There was no wood upon the high grounds, and but very little along the creeks. Grass was good in many places in the valleys; it was a short, thin blade, grows sparsely or thinly on the ground, and though only up three or four inches, is already going to seed. Acres and acres of land were covered with wild sage, and the air was strongly impregnated with its odor. The roads, besides being very hilly — more so than we had heretofore found them — were badly cut up by the animals and wagons in Colonel Hoffman's command, so it was the worst travelling we had experienced. Having made thirty-three miles we rested for the night. There was an encampment of Sioux Indians near us; some of them visited our camp; they were the finest built and most manly Indians I have seen on the plains. With lordly independence they walked up to the Commissioners, who were sitting on a log by the camp fire, and shaking hands with them said "How! How!" meaning how do you do, I wish you well, &c. If you give an Indian anything he thanks you by saying "How." "How" has become so common a word, and its meaning has been so much extended, that it is used by prairie men to drink each other's health.

May 21. — The morning was pleasant and the day warm, but cooled to an agreeable temperature by a breeze from the snow clad hills that ran along to our left. The creeks were all high — there must have been an unusual amount of rain in this region this season. The roads, though dry and not so hilly as on the previous day, were in a most deplorable state, being all cut up by the heavy wagons in Hoffman's expedition, which passed a day or two before. Our mules worked hard but made poor progress. At 11¼ A. M. we arrived at Deer Creek. There is quite a large trading station there, and a blacksmith shop, several Indians' lodges and a little one-story log cabin plastered with mud, which bore the

following inscription, painted in large letters on a sign over the door:—



There was, of course, but one room in this hotel, and that doubtless had the native earth for a floor. Yet any traveller could get accommodated there at first class New York prices. As a sample of the price of articles in this region we purchased some poor butter at a dollar per pound, and eggs at \$3 per dozen.

The trader, in accordance with the custom of the whites on the plains, had chosen a "better half" from among the daughters of the "native Americans." The system of buying and selling Indian women is carried on all along this route, just as publicly and effectually as is the merchandising of Circassian maids in the marts of Constantinople. Youth and beauty here, as there, command their premium; one, two and even three horses have to be given for a fair, finely moulded, graceful daughter of the red man. Those who cannot afford to gratify their passions by the purchase of so costly a luxury as such a wife (slave) take up with meaner articles. When a white man has purchased a squaw from the Indians she is his abject slave, her person and life being as much at his disposal, so far as the Indians are concerned, as his own horses. Almost every white man who lives along this route has an aboriginal better half. The children of such unions are almost entirely disregarded by the fathers. The savage mothers, less inhuman than the fathers, take care of the children, who grow up as half breed Indians. When a white man gets tired of his slave wife he ships her off and takes another. The morals, so far as personal virtue is concerned, introduced among the Indians by their white civilizers, are such as almost to make one ashamed of his race. In many places the unfortunate natives are being destroyed by loathsome and damning diseases, which a few years ago were entirely unknown among them. At all the forts along this route the young officers, settlers, and all who can afford it keep their squaws. The commanding officers frown upon the practice but are unable to prevent it. The squaws live near the posts, and at night go into them to their lords. Many whites make no attempt

to hide the fact that they live in this way; some, however, endeavor to keep it from being known. For the honor of their sex I would gladly have passed by these Western matrimonial alliances of the lords of creation, had I not from the outset determined to let your readers see all I see, and learn all I learn during my trip to Utah, providing it can in any way be legitimately laid before them. The Governor killed several small birds, all the game we saw during the day.

In the afternoon we came to a little creek called by the guide Muddy; though only ten feet wide it was bridged, and the Commissioners had to pay \$2 for each of their wagons in order to cross it. Two men could easily have built the bridge in half a day, but if all the wagons which travel this road pay the toll asked the \$10 invested in building the bridge will doubtless bring forth before the year is out \$10,000. The creek, though small, has steep banks, and is kept well dug out by the man who owns the bridge so as to render it unfordable by carriages. There were seven Indian lodges at the creek. Although a trading station, all the whites and Indians were *à cheval* when we arrived, just going out on a horse race. We stopped a few minutes to see the race. The coursers were by no means the finest animals in the world. Two horses and several buffalo robes were bet on each side. The Indians, Shyennes, bet against the whites. Both the horses were ridden by Indians, a Sioux being on the American horse. The race was short, and we could not tell from our position which party beat.

May 22d. — The night was warm and pleasant, quite an unusual thing. The day was very agreeable, the heat of the day being reduced to an enjoyable temperature by a gentle breeze from the snow clad Block Hills which run along parallel to our course, and but three or four miles to our left. The Block Hills rise along the south bank of the north fork of Platte River; they are low at first, but gradually rising higher and higher, roll away south in an irregular chain to the Rocky Mountains. Notwithstanding our constant change of position the scenery wears an oppressive monotony. Everything day after day is just the same — barren, sandy bluffs, valleys destitute of all things save a little thin grass and wild sage. There is none of the bold, grand, sublime scenery which characterize mountainous countries; there is nothing luxurious or attractive in the valley nor along the rivers, no blossoming trees, no groves filled with singing birds, no rolling fields of

waving grass give a charm to eternal nature, and make the traveller love to linger by the way. Early in the morning we crossed the North Platte River, 123 miles from Fort Laramie. The toll was \$5 for each of the wagons. Such a bridge may be considered a fortune. The owner of it will doubtless make \$35,000 this year. Above this bridge, which is situated a short distance below Red Buttes, the north fork of Platte River becomes very narrow, and consequently much deeper. Below there it is a tedious stream, like the Missouri, of which it is a branch, as wide as a farm, and neither fordable nor navigable, not even bridgeable, both because of quicksand in its bed and want of timber to put there. We took the bottom road instead of following along the bluffs, thinking we would find a better road, but by so doing missed meeting Col. Kane and his band of Mormons who are going east post haste. What Kane's object is in going on to Washington now you will be better able to judge than I am with the uncertain data now before me. But it is certain that his gang of Mormons can render diligent service to the apostle Brigham in the capacity of spies and express messengers. Kane can at any time despatch one of these Saints to inform the successor of the Prophet Joe Smith of the exact condition of things in the Gentile world, the position of our troops — their embarrassments, advance or retreat — so that Brigham may decide upon good data whether he will whip the United States into submission, or submit for a time to them.

COLONEL HOFFMAN'S COMMAND.

Notwithstanding the roads were very heavy and badly cut up by Col. Hoffman's expedition, we made a drive of about forty miles in order to pass that expedition and get into better roads. An hour before sundown we reached Col. Hoffman's encampment, two or three miles to the east of Willow Springs. Having drawn a few necessary articles from the trains, we encamped a mile to the west of them. Colonel Hoffman left Fort Leavenworth on the 18th of March, with two companies of infantry and two of cavalry; they enjoyed good weather all the way to Fort Kearney, which they made on the 1st of April. They left Kearney on the 3d of April, went on to O'Fallon's Bluffs and took the corn and flour from the train which wintered at that place. They did not find as much corn there as they expected. After this they experienced some

very severe weather. They were stayed at the crossing of the South Fork of Platte River for some time by a heavy snow storm.

On the 21st of April they made Fort Laramie, took four companies of infantry from that post, four ox trains, or one hundred ox wagons, containing provisions enough to last Gen. Johnston's army about two months, and started on the 24th ultimo for Fort Bridger. Since that time they have experienced some unusually severe weather. They have had the snow at times two feet deep, so it was almost impossible to get food for their animals, fifty or sixty of which died. The creeks were all high, they were compelled to remain at Le Bonté's Creek twelve days before they could cross. They had a heavy snow storm on the last of April and the first of May, also quite a fall of snow on the 17th and 18th of May.

Captain Hawes, who came from Camp Scott to take back the train Colonel Hoffman is conducting, not knowing the latter was despatched for that purpose, left the command at Lapresle on the 16th of May for Camp Scott, with a squadron of the Second Dragoons and 150 beef cattle for the army. The beeves were not in very good order. Captain Hawes expected to make General Johnston's army before the end of May.

Captain Lovell of the Sixth Infantry was despatched this morning with thirty mule wagons loaded with provisions for Camp Scott, with directions to reach there as soon as possible. He is expected to make it about the first of June.

Col. Hoffman divided his ox teams to-day, taking the best cattle and two trains, with 120 mule wagons; he will advance as fast as possible to Camp Scott, to take supplies to the army there. It is his party which is at present encamped near Willow Springs. He expects to make Fort Bridger by the 6th of June, but will hardly be able to do it.

Capt. Hendrickson, with six mule wagons, brings up the two ox trains in the rear. The troops are divided so as to form a guard to each expedition; the major part of them, however, are with Col. Hoffman. No danger is apprehended of an attack upon any of these expeditions by the Mormons.

Commissioner McCulloch shot an antelope, which gave us a supply of the best of fresh meat.

May 23, Sunday — There is no Sabbath on the plains. The

men work right on, not knowing whether it is Saturday, Sunday or Monday. The day of the month is inquired about, but not the day of the week. We drove on as usual. At noon we made the Sweetwater; it is a narrow little stream about thirty feet wide. There is a trading station where we first strike the river. At 4 P. M. we passed through the Devil's Gate. Captain Lovell's expedition lay encamped there. It is 215 miles from Camp Scott, which distance Capt. Lovell expects to make by the 2d or 3d of June.

The Devil's Gate is a narrow, perpendicular cut through a lofty ridge of solid rock, through which rolls the meandering Sweetwater. It is a place of note to the traveller, who, if he can only ascend the rock and look down from its perpendicular ledge into the dark chasm of rolling waters beneath, will experience one of the most thrillingly impressive scenes in the world.

The country was about the same as we had found on the preceding days — bleak, barren, dreary and desolate, repulsive to habitation, cultivation or civilization. The valleys were beds of sand, here and there sparsely covered with grass, wild sage and greasewood. The highlands had ceased to be masses of baked or petrified sand, and became bold precipitous ledges of solid rock, entirely devoid of all vegetation. Some of the highest ranges of the Rattlesnake Mountains observed in the distance were covered toward their summit by trees, probably caused by the snow remaining upon the top of the mountains the greatest part of the year, thus giving the necessary moisture for the growth of timber.

May 24. — We made an easy drive along the Sweetwater, sometimes crossing the stream, then driving along its banks, but the most of the way the road ran a few miles from the river in a straighter course than that of its ever changing, winding, curling current. The face of the country and soil were the same as yesterday.

May 25. — We only drove twenty-nine miles to-day, and encamped at the foot of the hills which ascend to the South Pass, forming a dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Pacific waters of the American continent. Our course was along the Sweetwater, which, unlike the Platte and Missouri Rivers, is a clear limpid stream of water fit for the use of man. The soil, though as good or perhaps better than we had recently found it, was nevertheless beggarly poor and sterile.

May 26. — We ascended gradually over rolling hills to the

South Pass, which is over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The ascent was so easy that one would never have noticed that he was climbing the rock-reared vertebra of North America unless he had previously known the geographical fact. The hills and mountains to our right and left rolled away far above us to the distant horizon, while our road ran along a narrow, gently undulating plain, from which we could not distinguish when we stood upon the loftiest ledge of the Rocky Mountains, nor when we passed the South Pass, nor where the Atlantic and Pacific waters rolled from the different sides of the same elevation in opposite directions towards the far distant oceans.

Last night was intensely cold. The wind roared and howled around our curtained ambulances with a harsh, dreary voice, penetrating our blankets and robes till it benumbed our limbs. Thick ice froze on the swift running brooks. The air this morning was biting sharp; snow lay all along the hills; in some places it was six feet deep; Fremont's Peak and the Wind River Mountains could occasionally be seen far to our right. In a clear day this range of mountains is said to present a magnificent spectacle, as enrolled in spotless snow it rolls away glistening high into the arch of heaven, but to-day it was cloudy, damp, humid, then rainy, so our *coup d'œil* was circumscribed to a narrow region. We encamped on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains. The air was chilly cold. The harsh wind galloped and gamboled along the shrieking mountains, while dark, heavy clouds rolled through the threatening sky. Still there was a grandeur in the gloom — the cold, the tempest fury of that desolate night far up among the clouds, with snow to our right, snow to our left, snow along the course whence we came and snow upon the hilltops, whither we were going.

May 27. — Cold, biting, benumbing cold greeted our early rise this morning. Before four o'clock our mules were harnessed and our ambulances moving westward. The surcharged clouds discharged part of their contents upon us in the shape of snow and hail. The permeating wind seemed to penetrate everything and make our bones rattle and teeth tingle. All day long its snow cold blast was poured upon us. We descended from the Rocky Mountains into Utah so gradually along a gentle undulating plain that an inattentive *voyageur* would not have noticed the descent at all. Indeed the face of the country seemed more level than we had

found it at any other place west of Laramie; our course lay through the centre of a broad plain, from the extremes of which, far to the right and left, snow-capped mountains could be descried rising among the clouds. Though in a level region we seemed far above the ordinary height of the land, close among the wintry clouds, which occasionally poured down hail and snow upon us. The roads were excellent — dry and hard. But little grass, thin and short, could be found for our animals. There was no wood; wild sage bushes, which in some places grow several feet high, made us good fires. The occasional patches of poor grass and the sage bushes are all the vegetation that this sandy desert region brings forth. We passed the Little Sandy and encamped at night just beyond the Big Sandy. The wind ceased after sunset; the night was pleasant but cool. About midnight my chum woke up, and while taking a drink of water from his canteen, felt a sharp pronged substance in his throat. The canteens are filled by placing them under the water in the creeks, and as the water is muddy we cannot see what goes into them; one need never be surprised to find any kind of a horned animal in them that can inhabit water. Chum felt of the exterior of his throat and, finding it not cut open, commenced imbibing again, when he got a similar substance in his mouth; this time he felt it soon enough to give it a chewing before it got into his throat, in doing which he found it was ice. Ice had made in the canteen, though covered with cloth and hanging at the leeward of our ambulance.

May 28. — It was a cool, windy morning; the clouds rolled between us and the mountains so that we could not see the latter. About sixty miles from Camp Scott we met a dozen men, who said they were going to the mountains to hunt, as they could obtain nothing to eat at Camp Scott. They were not soldiers. About the same place we passed a little gully or ravine, where the Mormons burned one of the government trains last fall; nothing but a part of the iron in the wagons marked the spot.

The storms were all laying around loose in the heavens. Now the wind would blow a snow storm upon us, then a rain storm, and next a hail storm. After giving them to us in their individual capacity they would all be hurled pell mell together upon us with such force that it was difficult to keep the mules from turning from the road to get their heads away from the storm. Perhaps ten minutes after this severe blast the sun would be shining fully

upon us. Undulating, poverty-stricken prairie constitutes the description of the face of the country, soil and terrestrial scenery to-day. At noon we made Green River. Captain Hawes's command had just crossed it. Captain Hawes divided his expedition at Deer Creek into two commands, and sent one, containing the oxen best able to travel fast, in advance to Camp Scott under Lieut. Armstrong, while he followed with the others as fast as possible. Lieut. Armstrong's command has certainly arrived in Camp Scott before this time. Capt. Hawes will doubtless be there on the 30th. There is a ferry over Green River by which we crossed it. The stream, though narrow, is deep and has a rapid current.

On the west of Green River we observed the remains of the other two government trains burned by the Saints last fall. The magnitude of that catastrophe is now fully appreciated. It imperilled the very existence of Gen. Johnston's army, for the relief or salvation of which the most strenuous exertions have been and are now being made by Col. Hoffman's command, at present divided into many small expeditions in order to make even a day in the arrival of provisions at Camp Scott. Flour at Green River is a dollar per pound, nor can any material which is "meat food for man" be commanded at a lesser price. Gold is almost as common as the commonest substance capable of sustaining human existence, because it does not bring much more than its own weight of them in a legitimate mercantile exchange. We encamped at night about thirty-five miles from Camp Scott.

May 29. — Hockaday's mail expedition encamped at Green River on the night of the 27th, so it must have reached Camp Scott yesterday. The conductor intended immediately after his arrival there to start out upon his return trip, so we will probably meet him early to-day. I will, therefore, close this letter in order to send it on to you by this mail, if we meet it to-day. The Utah Commissioners have stood their trip across this inhospitable region admirably; they will make Camp Scott early to-day. Though General Johnston's command has suffered some from privation it may be relied upon that it is relieved.

I have heard numerous reports about the Mormons sending all their women out of Salt Lake City to Provo and other places in the mountains, saying to the army: "There is the city — go into it if you wish;" also about their fighting and not fighting; but I am unable at the present time to give you anything about Mor-

mondrom from certain data, therefore will not attempt it. Captain Marcy's command has not arrived at Camp Scott. Within a week I expect to date my letters from Great Salt Lake City.

[New York Herald, June 30, 1858.]

OUR SPECIAL UTAH CORRESPONDENCE.

En Route to Salt Lake, June 16, 1858.

After a march of over one hundred miles in six days the column finds itself halted for ten days to await the slow progress of Russell's ox trains, which, as an incidental duty, it is directed to escort. Russell's contract is so large, necessitating so many subcontractors and so many elements to be fulfilled, that it is not surprising that the whole system acts as a locked wheel upon the army, retarding some plans, throwing others into confusion, and making, as a general thing, horse, foot and dragoon simple guards for ox trains. This will be the chief, if not the only object of the summer's campaign, and the only glory to be reaped.

The latest intelligence from Salt Lake will probably reach you through speedier channels than those within my reach. Still I may state the latest, which reached our camp by one of Hockaday's coaches, which left Camp Scott with the mail on the 30th day of May, and which, by the new system of relays, came through thus far in the short time of fourteen days. On the next day, that is May 31st, Colonel Hoffman's supply train reached General Johnston, who, with mules attached to his artillery, was all ready to start for the city the moment the junction took place, which he would doubtless enter without the slightest opposition. Governor Cumming was quietly reposing in the city, and sent word to Johnston to come in with what troops he had; but he declined doing so until he entered with his whole command, referring doubtless to Marcy, who, with supplies and four companies of the mounted rifles, was at that time within two hundred miles of Bridger. The Commissioners had been at Camp Scott for three weeks waiting Johnston's movements. The civil attachés of the Governor were dissatisfied because he was reserved enough to keep his business to himself. The Mormon families were emigrating—some of them, I mean—to a little town about forty miles southwest of the city; the principal object being to put the dear ladies in a place of safety, not dreaming perhaps that a hungry

trooper would ride that distance between sunset and morn. The mail rider, who is an old resident of that country, says fighting is not the question; and indeed any common judgment can see at a glance how affairs stand. Diplomacy has now taken the stand, with sufficient of the military to back any demand it may be empowered to make. Laramie was very short of provisions, while but few of Russell's wagons had passed Kearney as late as the 8th of June. Col. Sumner, with five companies of his regiment, was met near the Little Blue, pushing for Kearney, where he would await the other wing, which, under Major Emory, is probably still at Fort Leavenworth.

In this trip "to the wars" the opportunity is afforded me to glance at the topography of "Bleeding Kansas" back of the Missouri; and certainly a more magnificent country I never saw. It is undulating, like the sea after a storm; the soil very rich, and improvements of new settlers everywhere apparent. So pliable is the soil that I saw one farmer actually harrowing with a sapling—the inequalities of the branches answering every purpose. The main drawback to the rapid development of the Territory in the agricultural way lies in the scarcity of timber, which is only found in abundance in the valleys or water courses. Leavenworth, Atchison and "Saint Joe" are the points from which the settlers draw their supplies. In politics these settlers are mainly Free State, but otherwise of all shades of opinion. To assume that the terms "Free State" and "Republican" are synonymous, or in other words, that a Free State man in Kansas was necessarily a Republican, which Mr. Greeley endeavored to lull or indoctrinate into the minds of the people by sundry artifices so well known to politicians, is an error of fact as well as principle. I find cities laid out, a flag flying, where the quail still pipes unmolested, and probably will pipe for a long time to come; but the founders are sanguine and resolute. The sawmill is steaming away with its monotonous puff, and the smith hammers without a roof to his bellows.

I was a little surprised today to find among the recruits with us going to the Tenth Infantry a boy from a certain little city on the Hudson, where some of the heart's sweetest recollections are clustered. He is still young but intelligent, highly contented with his new nomadic mode of life, and confesses that the hard necessities of the past winter made him accept service in Uncle Sam's

service for which he had some desire all his life. He is a compositor by trade, worked some in the Gazette office, some on the Catskill Democrat, and latterly in the Herald office, New York, for about a year up to March last. His name is Hopkins. He has a long jog of eleven hundred miles before him yet, but seems confident and in good spirits. Can any book-worm show me a military march of twelve hundred miles save in our own country? I think not, and if Hopkins goes through it will be a feat of which he may be proud in after years, and be the admiration, if not envy, of all the printers he ever knew.

The Otoes have a village not far from here. Some of them rode into camp a few days ago. Being afraid of the Cheyennes they keep close at home, ragged and half starved. Like the Indian race generally they are indomitable beggars.

A soldier was shot through the breast on the 13th by a swaggering wagon-master of one of Russell's trains named White, without just cause. Had it not been for military discipline Mr. White would have met a speedy reward, and in the absence of civil justice the act would have been as justifiable a case of retribution as any that has happened in the most palmy days of Judge Lynch. Five shots were fired, one of which was mortal. Despotism in some cases is a mighty good thing.

As the rainy season still continues the grazing for animals is most luxuriant, but the hot sun will soon parch it up. The second crop of grass usually appears in October, but is not as good as the present; and hence it is the policy of those interested — government, sutlers, emigrants and country traders — to do as much work in June and July as possible. The prairie grass is thin and wiry, without anything like the strength of our clover and timothy, but it seems healthy, and will do very well for the want of a better. Moreover it is very cheap, which is quite an item when it is considered that the contractor's corn at Laramie is worth from ten to twenty dollars a sack.

We expect to reach Kearney soon after the first of July.

[New York Herald, July 1, 1858.]

THE LATEST NEWS FROM UTAH.

Camp Scott, June 5, 1858.

The eastern mail closes at seven o'clock this morning. I said in my letter from Laramie that that much talked of express which

left Fort Leavenworth in such hot haste on the 15th of April did not bring instructions staying any of Gen. Johnston's military operations, nor has he ever received any such. The army has never thought of turning back, nor has it ever supposed the Mormons or their cañons could stay it if the weather, provisions, and arrivals would permit it to advance.

The "Peace" Commissioners and the head of the army agree perfectly. The former have said to the latter "Do not delay a single hour on our account." That suits the army. Colonel Hoffman and Captain Marcy are expected to arrive today or tomorrow with their commands. Then, just so soon as the trains can be received, the provisions taken in charge by the quartermaster, and the animals divided and put in their proper places we expect to start for Mormondom. If it is a question of time it may be the shortest to take a new road; everybody, almost, expects, though, that we will go via Echo Cañon. It is said there are no Mormon forces now along that route.

We expect no armed opposition in going into the holy city of the Saints; we may, however, meet considerable. The Saints feel very anxious to gather their crops, which will be ripe by the 1st of July. Before that time the army must be among them, and may yet have an important word to say as to whether they shall either gather or destroy them. At any rate the army ought to reach Salt Lake valley before grain is dry enough to burn. As for their burning the city we doubt it, but cannot tell what so strange a people may be led to do. That Brigham will accept the pardon I think is very doubtful. It is doubtful whether he will be able to go down to Sonora this season even if left alone. The body of the Mormons are very poor and lack transportation. If they remain to secure their crops they must intend to winter, at least, in some valley in the south of the Territory, perhaps near Fillmore. Some say Provo is the boundary line for Brigham's plans, which is to be the dividing line between Saints and sinners. I think, however, he proposes to dispose of his church further from Salt Lake City. The "mountain robbers" say there is a beautiful valley in the White Mountains in which they can pass the winter far from the possibility of man.

One great difficulty Brigham faces is in getting out of this scrape in such a way as not to decrease his apostolic authority and influence. He will have to pursue a course consistent with his

past declarations or be in danger of destroying his church militant. That he will attempt to delay matters to keep the question open another season is probable. He has declared that he will not fight, but, nevertheless, will whip the United States troops. How? By running away. If, however, the troops press him too hard in his flight the lion may show his teeth. That he don't want to fight is evident; that he wants to save this season's crops is certain; that he then desires to get out of our possessions safely, with as many of his deluded followers as possible, is apparent. His game will be played to that end, and unless he is strongly opposed he will succeed in it. We will see what we shall see, and shortly, too, I hope.

[New York Herald, July 2, 1858.]

OUR UTAH CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Scott, U. T., May 22, 1858.

Much of interest to us has transpired since my last, but not of sufficient development to speak definitely. Gov. Cumming returned from Salt Lake City on the 16th inst., and represents that the Mormons are leaving as fast as they can, and are concentrating near Provo, about sixty miles south. What they contemplate doing is unknown to us. If the Governor is advised of their intentions he keeps it wonderfully secret. He represents that they acknowledged him as the legitimate Governor of the Territory, but insist that the army shall not come in; and in this view it is feared that the Governor himself concedes, from a mistaken notion he has, that the army is to go and come at his bidding.

The grand jury of this county has found indictments against seventy-seven of the principal men, from Brigham Young down; and unless called on to assist the marshal in the execution of the duties of his office the army will move into Salt Lake Valley at the earliest practicable moment. Col. Hoffman's command, with clothing and subsistence stores, is now near the South Pass. As soon as he arrives I think we shall move. Our provisions are nearly exhausted. The flour ration is cut down to ten ounces per day; the beef is also below the regulation allowance. If anything should befall the supply trains coming to our relief it would be deplorable indeed. Their safe arrival is our only reliance. A resort to mules would be inevitable.

An express leaves the first of next month, by which I shall be able to give you something definite. A storm has long been gathering, and must fall ere long. It is a singular feature in the history of warfare that while the government approves of the defensive position of Gen. Johnston on a war footing, the Governor is granting permits to all who desire to leave the Territory, and guarantees them protection through our camp. Judge Eckles is determined to arrest any one against whom a true bill has been found, whether he has the Governor's permission or not, whenever or wherever he can be found. A collision seems inevitable, and Gen. Johnston will not sacrifice any military principle to cater to the whim or caprice of any man. From the Governor's own admissions his authority is but a myth, and it is well authenticated that a party of poor people, whom he gave permission to leave the Territory unmolested, have been stopped at the cañons and their stock taken from them. Three families came into camp a few days ago, the most destitute and pitiable looking objects one would wish to see, who state undeniably that they were turned back twice, and, meeting the Governor returning to camp, implored him to save them and pass them beyond their enemies. They assert that, had it not been for this providential meeting they would all have been killed or left to perish on the mountains.

Gen. Johnston's brevet meets the hearty approval of every one, not because he has performed any signal exploit to merit it, but that he is the fittest man in all the army for such a distinction. In his whole character as a military man he combines so many of the requisite qualities for a commanding officer that every one asserts that it is an appointment "fit to be made."

The new uniform in most instances is universally condemned. The hat is well enough, perhaps; but this campaign has developed the advantages of plaits for both coat and trousers as a support in carrying the belts, as well as freedom about the hips, so much desired in marching. The dark blue is also a mistaken notion. The uniform at present is sombre enough, but it will look like a procession of monks if the new pattern is adopted. The Tenth Infantry band serenaded Gen. Johnston on the night of the 18th inst. in honor of his preferment, and many officers called on him to offer their congratulations.

Camp Scott, U. T., June 4, 1858.

PRESENT ROUTE TO UTAH.

I closed my last letter to the Herald on the 29th ult., fifteen miles to the east of this post, at which place the mail bound to the States passed the expedition of the Utah Commissioners. Leaving all their ambulances but one ten miles from this post, where there was good grazing and water, the Commissioners drove in a little before sunset to see the authorities, civil and military, at this place. The other ambulances entered next day. It will be remembered that the Commissioners left Fort Leavenworth on the 25th of April. They arrived here on the 29th of May, having remained a day and a half at Fort Kearney, a day at Fort Laramie, and being delayed by high water five days at the crossing of the South Fork of Platte or Nebraska River, thus making the 1,130 miles between this post and Fort Leavenworth in twenty-six and a half travelling days; this, too, at a season of the year when the grass was not good, when the roads were heavy, with five wagons and one set of mules; true, a few of the mules were changed at Kearney and Laramie, but the major part of them came through all the way from Fort Leavenworth, and arrived here in good condition, ready, after a few days rest, to commence another just such a trip.

Under the circumstances this must be considered one of the most, if not the most, successful journey ever made across the plains.

The barrenness and destitution of the land along the route I have already noticed. Permanent habitation and cultivation of the lands this side of the Big Blue is almost, if not quite, impracticable. Save a few acres here and there along the valley of some stream, as the Little Blue, there is no timber. The only burning material that can be obtained the major part of the way is buffalo chips. Within the last two or three hundred miles wild sage stumps or bushes furnish fuel. A large part of the way there is no grass; a larger part of the way it is found thin and short; in no place is it thick, tall and luxuriant, either at this, or, as I am informed, any other season of the year. I should, however, add that herders represent what grass there is as being peculiarly nutritious and substantial for cattle. Cattle, say they, can work better and fatten quicker on this than any other grass in the

world, also subsist longer on a given amount of it. Mayhap this may to some extent be owing to the salubrity of the air, since men on the plains, whatever they may live upon, or whatever may be their habits of physical exercise or non-exercise, almost invariably grow fat and strong. What grass there is, however, along the route is rapidly dying out; it does not seed well, and close feeding kills it. A new route must be found or large numbers of animals coming hither must suffer from the want of it, if not be entirely deprived of grass in a year or two.

The scenery from Big Blue to Fort Kearney is monotonous prairie plains, from Kearney to Laramie it is the same, adding only a supply of hard clay lands, characterized by an eternal barrenness; from Fort Laramie hither add more poverty to the soil, more sand to the plains, more rocks to the elevations, and more elevations to the rocks, with occasionally a scene mountainous and grand. There are a few solitary spots of some interest to the *voyageur*, but as a whole it would be difficult to find any other region of country, not absolutely a desert, where one could travel so many miles and find so little beauty and charm in the face of external nature. None who have passed over the route once ever desire to repass it, save perhaps some expressmen who, from the habit of travelling and living in the open air on the prairie become attached to it. I have developed the character of this route fully because many supposed all this western range of country to be a garden of boundless fertility, like parts of Kansas and Missouri.

All the way from Fort Leavenworth the bones of dead animals are frequently observed along the route; but within the last thirty miles along Green River, Ham's Fork and Black Fork the road is literally strewn with them. This is the road over which our army and the trains ran the gauntlet last fall. The skin and a good portion of the animals have decayed but little owing to the coldness of the climate; still the state of decomposition is kept up, so the air all along that region is charged with the most putrid, nauseous and pestilential effluvia. Such a hideous, disgusting stench is almost unbearable by human olfactories.

A NEW ROUTE TO UTAH.

Several attempts have been made to obtain a better route to Utah than the present one. Gen. Bryan and Col. Fremont have both, by direction of the Secretary of War, made extensive

surveys to further that object. Gen. Johnston last winter sent some men to explore the route by Bridger's Pass, but they got off the track designated, and their mission failed. A company of men under Col. Andrews of the Sixth Infantry are now on their way from Fort Leavenworth to open the same route and join the army. Gen. Johnston sends three guides in the morning to meet them and conduct them hither. The route by which they come will be found laid down on Stansbury's maps. It is two or three degrees south of the present route, runs along Bitter Creek, thence almost due east to Bridger's Pass on the north fork of Platte River; it then crosses the upper waters of Medicine Bow Creek, crosses the Black Hill and goes down Lodge Pole Creek to the South Fork of Platte River. From that point it may follow the old route, or before reaching it go south to the Republican Fork, thence via Fort Riley and Hard River to Missouri River. The advantages of the new route are that it is much shorter, lies through a better region of country, has more wood and better grass, and it is expected will be much less obstructed by snow during the winter. The route that will probably be finally adopted is via the Republican Fork, since that region of country for a long distance west is capacitated for habitation and cultivation.

CAMP SCOTT

Is situated on a broad plain or table land in the Rocky Mountains 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. Ridges and bluffs run along the east and west of it, while the lofty range of Uinta Mountains, covered three or four feet deep with snow, are seen stretching along the southern horizon. The plain upon which the army is encamped is several miles wide, of great length, and almost perfectly level. Two small streams of water, pure and cold, from the melting snow of the mountains, run through the camp grounds. The numerous canvas tents, pitched in regular rows around a central parade ground, present a fine and agreeable appearance to the eye. The numerous wagons pertaining to the army are placed two deep, so as to form a circle or corral in which animals may be herded. The soil along the plains is very fair, the scenery mountainous and grand, the air thin and cold. When it was found the army would have to winter in these inhospitable

mountains great difficulty was experienced in obtaining suitable camp ground; in the plain, the present site of the camp, the winds almost daily rush furiously down from the mountains, chilling through man and beast with their snow-cold breath. If a camp was selected under the lee of some bluff or mountain the army would be almost buried in snow, also much more exposed to a sudden attack by the Mormons. During the winter the camp was situated two miles south of this point, under the shelter of a mountain — snow and a possible attack by the Mormons being preferable to freezing to death. Since the weather became warmer the camp has been moved to this spot, which is a fine military position. One hundred and ten men are daily on guard; a watch is kept on the bluffs which surround the post, and the strictest discipline prevails throughout the camp.

FORT BRIDGER.

The army stores are all lodged in Fort Bridger, or more properly Bridger's Fort, which consists of an enclosure one hundred feet square, with walls eighteen feet high, four feet thick at the base and two feet at the top. They are composed of cobble stone and mortar; were built in 1846 to protect the white settlers from Indian hostilities. Three smaller forts had been previously built by Mr. Bridger, but were abandoned. Connected with the fort there is an enclosure for cattle, with walls of the same materials but of less dimensions. The fort had good houses in it formerly, but they were all burned by the Mormons on the advance of the army last fall. They have been replaced by tents, containing all the munitions of war appertaining to this command. Bridger's Fort is situated in the valley, within the limits of the present camp.

Mr. James Bridger came to this region in 1823, has had more experience with the Utah Indians than any other man, knows this country better than any other person, and is the best guide living for the regions hereabouts. He opened the road to California and Oregon for emigrants, and also rendered them very important information.

Mr. Bridger obtained a claim to some 2,800 acres of land, or a plat ten miles square, from the Mexican government. Our government has not acknowledged nor denied that claim.

FIRST ARRIVAL OF THE MORMONS AT FORT BRIDGER.

When the Mormons first arrived here in 1847 they went to Mr. Bridger and told him they were Mormons; he had never before heard of the sect, and did not know who they were. They told him they were a poor, persecuted, religious people, driven from their homes by armed mobs because they had dared to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. They were travelling to find a home in the wilderness, where they could live an honest, quiet, secluded life, and without fear of violence celebrate the rites of their religion. They told such a piteous tale of their persecutions, were so poor and so desirous of living a meritorious life, that Mr. Bridger's strongest sympathies were enlisted in their behalf. He furnished them with provisions, clothes and cattle — they promising to pay him if they ever became able. They asked him if he knew any place where they could camp and remain during the ensuing winter. He named Salt Valley to them, described its position and said there was good pasturage — that the land would grow good wheat, but feared that corn would not ripen well because of the proximity of the region of eternal snows. After receiving this advice and assistance the Mormons, under their Prophet Brigham, went west, took possession of Salt Lake Valley on the 24th of July, planted corn and sowed wheat. The wheat did well, the corn made good forage for their animals — nevertheless, the ensuing winter they got out of provisions, had to dig into the earth to obtain roots with which to sustain their existence, and would doubtless all, or nearly all, have died of starvation had not Mr. Bridger answered their passionate prayers for succor, and sent them train after train of cattle. Their existence during that winter is mainly due to his generosity and compassion. They had no ammunition of any kind. The California gold mines were soon after discovered. The Mormons were the first to profit by the discovery; they obtained great quantities of the metal, and with it Brigham paid Mr. Bridger for his cattle.

Mr. Bridger owned an important post; he was familiarly acquainted with this country, its passes, rivers, ravines, valleys and mountains — where the soil and grass were good, where they were poor; he could also speak nearly all the Indian languages, and exercised an extraordinary control over them. Such a man could be of too much importance to the Mormons to be readily

passed by. For years they made the most strenuous efforts to proselyte him, summer after summer. One of the twelve apostles was sent to him, with presents of luscious vegetables, to preach the gospel of the Latter Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ to him in its most seductive forms. Every inducement was offered to him — position, wealth, beauty, the gratification of every passion; but the hardy old mountaineer negatived their proposals, saying that he was not prejudiced for or against any religious sect; he could never adopt any faith or become one with any people who reflected on the honor and integrity of his country or his countrymen. Thus things passed on till 1849 or 1850, when Capt. Stansbury visited this country to make surveys for the general government. Being urgently solicited, Mr. Bridger left his business and acted as Mr. Stansbury's guide, entered Salt Lake City with him, and conducted him through all the region round about. This drew upon the mountaineer the vengeance of the Saints; they soon showed him if they could not charm they could sting. He shortly after established a ferry across Green River. Their Legislature decreed that he should establish, sustain and conduct the ferry, but give them one-half of the money that should be received at it, and one-tenth of the other half he should make over to the church. In two years \$24,060 were taken in at the bridge, of which he received only \$3,000. In several other other enterprises in which he was engaged they treated him as bad or worse.

In August, 1854, they politely informed him that he must leave this region of country. They offered him \$8,000 for all his possessions — cattle (several hundred), merchandise (\$1,500 worth), fort, buildings and land. Four thousand dollars were paid down, with an agreement that if the other \$4,000 were not paid by the end of fifteen months that which had been paid should be forfeited. Mr. Bridger fled with his family east, settled on a farm in Jackson county, Mo., where his family now reside. The Saints never paid the other \$4,000, so they have forfeited the place. The bargain, however, was never legal, since one of the contracting parties was in durance when it was made.

When the ambulance containing the Commissioners arrived at the camp grounds they were about being challenged, when an officer, supposing who they were, advanced from his tent, spoke to and then directed them toward the tent of the commanding

officer. On passing a second post we were again challenged. An orderly sergeant, on learning that the United States Commissioners for Utah were in the carriage, conducted it to the headquarters of

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHNSTON

who received them with dignity and courtesy. General Johnston is a gentleman, easy and affable in his manners, manly in his bearing, straightforward in his actions, firm in his designs, and persevering in his undertakings. Though quiet and modest he is, nevertheless, a very entertaining conversationalist. Physically he is a tall, muscular, well proportioned man, with a broad chest and protruding forehead. His hair and whiskers partake of a lighter tinge than that which appertains to youth — gray mixing modestly with the dark brown. He is evidently a man of strong passions, but they are held in such abject discipline that it is commonly reported that he has no temper, since men never see him angry. Those who know him best, however, say they can always tell when he is in a passion, because he is then most imperturbably cool. Since I merely wish to speak of General Johnston as he appeared to me in the capacity of a gentleman I will say nothing of him militarily. I must add, however, that the officers and men at this post are passionately devoted to him. Though a strict disciplinarian the men are unusually attached to him and will go all lengths to serve him.

DINING WITH THE COMMANDING OFFICER.

We had heard such stories about "mule steaks" and the life at Camp Scott that we placed some provisions in a box when we entered the post, so as not to have to go without food ourselves nor to exhaust the decreased rations of any of the officers. But General Johnston is a hospitable gentleman, so we were all invited to a seat at his table. The Commissioners plead that they had a very fine cook, but that would not do — the General insisted that they should be his guests. I was a little moved to know what would be the bill of fare at this dinner given by the commanding officer of the United States troops in Utah. It would not certainly be any part of a dead mule, because Lieutenant Armstrong had arrived the previous day (28th) with 100 beeves; but that it would be beef to begin on, beef to continue on, and beef to end

on I somewhat expected, though the appearance, if not the taste, of the one dish might be somewhat variegated by the art of the cuisinier. Before dinner, however, let us look at the General's tent. Major Fitzjohn Porter, Assistant Adjutant-General, and General Johnston occupy one tent, which is usually termed a wall tent. It is about eight feet wide and sixteen feet long; the canvas rises from the ground perpendicularly four feet, then it slants up from the two sides to a peak like the roof of a house, so there is much less room in a tent of this kind than the dimensions would imply because a good part of the tent on the inside is only a little over four feet in height. The central line of the tent has an altitude of ten feet. Well, in this small canvas habitation live, eat, and sleep the commanding officer of the Utah army and his Adjutant-General. Their trunks are piled up perpendicularly upon each other at the further end of the tent; near them and close under the lowest parts of the tent, on the opposite sides of it, are their beds, there being a passageway between them to the trunks. They sleep on small, low, iron bedsteads. Thus one half of the tent is occupied; the other, into which the door opens, contains a small sheet-iron stove, a small desk or table covered with books and papers, a mess table capable of seating eight persons, with wooden stools and benches for seats. The floor is the virgin earth, covered with a piece of condemned canvas. Light is admitted through the canvas or by opening the door, which consists of a very light frame covered with canvas. Such is the primitive and rather incommodious accommodations of the general commanding an American army.

Gen. Johnston has the following gentlemen in his mess:— Major Fitzjohn Porter, Assistant Adjutant-General; Capt. John Newton of the Topographical Engineers; Lieut. L. L. Rich, Acting Assistant Quartermaster, and Mr. Bridger, a guide, owner of the fort, &c. A little before sundown supper was announced; the table sat near the centre of the first half or section of the tent, eight of us succeeding in locating ourselves on benches and chairs around the table — Gen. Johnston sat at the end of the table that was towards the door, Major Porter sat opposite him and waited upon the table. The three who sat at the side of the table to the General's right could not raise their heads erect without striking them against the canvass. The plates were of platina, a sort of tin; so were the major part of the cups. The

table was well furnished with the substantial sustenance of life. The bill of fare may be summed up thus:—



Hungry men will never starve upon such fare as that. Everything tasted well, and the guests, at least, did full justice to the repast. Salt, like pepper, was shook from a tin box, perforated at one end with holes. The scarcity of salt during the winter begot this change which is, *per se*, something of an improvement upon the old *régime*. The dinner was socially a most agreeable entertainment, enlivened by the wit, stories and talent of practical workingmen. The "Saints" were not unfrequently the subject of remark. During the four days the Commissioners remained at Camp Scott they were kindly and hospitably entertained by General Johnston; but, as his tent was not large enough to furnish them with accommodations by night, Lieut. L. L. Rich cordially resigned his tent to their and my use.

On the night of our arrival the cold wind was high and oppressive. After supper we stepped out of the tent, and were shown four gaps in the surrounding mountains, through which the wind rushed furiously down across the camp plain. It seemed to be impelled from those four nearly opposite points through the valley in which we were, as through a tunnel. Old Mr. Bridger was questioned considerably about the surrounding country. He is quite a modest, retiring man, but will sometimes, like all Western mountaineers, tell a story. So he very early informed us, after some one had remarked how inhospitable the region was, that nothing could be told of the weather by the usual indications, &c.; that even the sun here disobeyed all known laws by diverging from his course towards the north, "till now," said he, "he sets at least a thousand yards further north, behind yonder bluff, than he did when I first came into this country."

At another time Mr. Bridger informed a group of officers that he had discovered a great crystal rock on the plains, which rose thousands of feet perpendicularly above the level desert sand. The crystal was so pure and beautiful that he could see through the whole vast rock just as he could through a window. He was interrogated —

“You know where the rock is?”

“Yes.”

“Who other than yourself has seen it?”

“Nobody.”

“Why has no one ever seen it but yourself?”

“Why, how could any one else see it when it is fifteen days from wood, water and grass?”

FOOD AT CAMP SCOTT, PAST AND PRESENT.

The official reports concerning the subsistence of the army, and in most instances the statements sent east by the members of the army itself, have been correct, but the reports carried to the States by teamsters, deserters and others, expelled the camp on just grounds, have been generally incorrect or exaggerated. The army has not had too great an abundance of provisions, nor has its sufferings for want of them been very great; it has suffered more from the cold and snow than from a want of food. The army encamped here in November last. General Johnston immediately looked over the means for subsisting his command, and found that, owing to the burning of the three trains by the Mormons, there was a serious insufficiency in the supplies of the commissary department. Measures were instantly taken to subsist and maintain the army in the best possible condition under the embarrassing circumstances. The ration of flour was reduced from 18 to 13 ounces per diem. The decrease of this ration was not so great to the soldiers as these figures imply for the following reason:— a soldier's regular ration of flour, 18 ounces, is turned into the bakery and he receives 18 ounces of bread in its place; but, since a pound of flour makes more than its weight of bread, there is a saving in the bakery of from 25 to 33 per cent of all the flour taken into it, which saving constitutes the company fund. So 13 or 14 ounces of flour is about equal to 18 ounces of bread, from which it will be seen that the soldiers, especially after the establishment of a good bakery in the camp, did not suffer much loss

from the decreased ration of flour, but that the company fund did. The beeves were exceedingly poor, so the ordinary ration of $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. per diem was increased to 2 lbs.; but, owing to the comparatively predominating amount of bone in the beeves, that was less than 1 lb. of ordinary meat. In February the weather became warm; the cattle which had been killed for food, as well as to prevent them from dying, were either ill sheltered or ill cured, perhaps both, owing to the season of the year and the scarcity of salt, so the meat began to spoil. Here was a new difficulty, an unexpected danger; the command had, however, to be subsisted on what should remain after all losses, so the meat rations were decreased from 2 lbs. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Shortly after the officers of the Fifth regiment called upon General Johnston and made the representation that $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of such meat as they had was not sufficient for the soldiers, whereupon the General increased the allowance to $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

The 13 ounces of flour continued to be given to the soldiers until the 1st of April, when it was increased to 14 ounces, it being believed that there was sufficient to last the command at that rate of distribution until supplies could be advanced to them in the spring. Colonel Hoffman's expedition was delayed longer on the road, by storms and the depth of the streams, than was expected, so it was found necessary on the 21st of May to reduce the allowance of flour from 14 to 10 ounces per day. Capt. H. F. Clarke, the Commissary of Subsistence, endeavored to make up an equivalent of 13 ounces of flour by giving an extra amount of rice and beans. On the 31st of May the proximity of relief or supplies was considered sufficient to justify the increase of the flour ration to 14 ounces a day, at which it is at present, and will remain until Col. Hoffman arrives and the commanding officer learns what supplies he brings with him. On arriving here on the 29th of May we found there was enough flour in the commissary to subsist the army, at 10 ounces a day per man, until the 10th June. The ration of beef continued at 2 lbs. until the 1st of April, when it was reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., at which it has since and will still remain, because the meat is better, there being more food now in $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. than there was in 2 lbs. of a poorer article. The only articles of food which I have noticed are flour and meat, because the rations in all other things, save salt, have been the ordinary allowances.

On the 8th of May the Commissary obtained 100 head of cattle

from Mr. Richard; they arrived on the 12th ult. at this camp from Green River. Shortly after twenty head of fine fat cattle were brought in by Ben Simons, a Delaware Indian, who lives forty miles from here on Bear River, with the Snake Indians, over whom he exercises a great influence. He said he wintered the cattle at that place.

On the 27th of May Lieut. Armstrong arrived with seventy-two cattle in poor condition. On the 31st of the same month Capt. Hawes got in with 173 beeves in tolerable condition. Lieut. W. D. Smith of the Second Dragoons arrived on the same day with 300 sacks of flour, 33 of beans and 15 of rice, also 2,500 lbs. of salt, being sufficient to last the command, on present rations, till at least the 22d of June. Lieut. Smith was despatched with 150 mules to meet Capt. Lovell, with his light mule train, and bring it in with his (the former's) fresh animals. The train was met about fifteen miles from here. Capt. Lovell's company of infantry were foot-sore and weary, so he gladly turned over the train to Lieut. Smith, and is bringing in his men at their leisure.

The system which was adopted in regard to their supplies immediately on the encampment of the army here, and the entire management of their subsistence should be noticed and considered. To maintain an army in perfect health and discipline for more than six months in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, buried in snow, constantly oppressed by fierce, biting winds, with a fearful scarcity of provisions, and surrounded by a watchful, hostile people, is certainly a military achievement of which any general, any army, any government, any people, any nation should feel proud.

APPEARANCE OF THE SOLDIERS.

On entering Camp Scott on the 27th of May we were particular to notice the appearance of the men; we had heard such tales about mule steaks and starvation that we wished to read the story on each soldier's face before we had time to make the inquiry. Passing through the camp to the tent of the commanding officer we noticed several groups of soldiers, but as Major McCulloch said:—"These men don't look as though they were suffering from hunger." There was something very striking, however, in their appearance; they regarded us with a long, steadfast, profound look; they seemed to feel deeply; each man watched as

though something of vital importance to him was connected with that at which he was looking. Some one remarked, "They look as though they would fight like the d—l." — "And wanted to do it too," added another; all of which was true. There was something else in their manner which greatly puzzled me, and to ascertain which I afterwards talked with several of them. What it was will be developed under the next sub-head. The men all seemed strong, hardy, healthful and in good condition. Next morning, at guard mounting, I regarded the guard; there was the same appearance — stern, strong, devoted soldiers. The men were not all in good uniforms — Kossuth hats were interspersed with military ones — still they were well and warmly dressed for outpost duty. A blanket tightly rolled up was bound round their chests, passing over their right shoulder and round their left arm, to be used for protection from the wind and cold; a tin plate was tied to the blanket, while their haversacks contained provisions for twenty-four hours, the time which they remain on guard. There are 110 men on the grand or outpost guard every day; besides this there is the police guard, which does the police duty of the camp.

On Sunday, the 29th of May, the troops at the post were reviewed by the commanding officer: they were all then in good uniforms; their arms and trappings were bright and glistening; the men were clean, neat, healthy, vigorous, quick and attentive. It was surprising to see what a fine appearance they made, considering the campaign across the plains and wintering in these mountains. The Seventh regiment of New York never paraded with whiter gloves nor more burnished arms.

SPIRIT OF THE SOLDIERY.

The soldiers hold a bitter feeling of hostility against the Mormons; everything which has transpired since the starting of this expedition from Fort Leavenworth up to the present time has tended to excite the rancor of the former against the latter. The Mormons compelled the soldiers to undertake this arduous campaign across the sand plains, destroyed so much of their supplies as to force them to live more than six months on short rations, caused them to winter in the bleak, desolate Rocky Mountains, insulted them in act, when from want of instructions they dare not punish it; belied them, defamed them, and prostituted their honor publicly through the mouth of the great high priest, saint,

prophet, lawgiver and commander — Brigham Young. Who that is human, like them, would not feel the sting of pride taunted and honor assailed? Who that has suffered and endured, like them, would not burn to hurl back the indignities heaped upon them, and return blow for blow? If there is any one thing that would please this little army more than another it is to meet the Mormons in battle array. For six long months they have been lying in these mountains of snow, subsisting on the flesh of cattle so poor that they could not live, hauling the wood they burned with their own hands through pathless snows, suffering all, enduring all, without a murmur or word of complaint, hoping only for spring and the time for revenge. The soldiers have already expressed their willingness to their officers, if there was not animals enough here to draw the batteries, to harness themselves to the guns, thus advance and fight the Mormons. Each man feels that he has been made to suffer, been wronged, been insulted, been dishonorably assailed, and longs to vindicate himself and pay back the account with interest. They wish to fight the Mormons, not because the government sent them here, but from personal reasons the contest with them is individual. This will explain that peculiar look with which I noticed they regarded the arrival of the Commissioners. They thought that the "Peace" Commissioners sent on to treat with the Mormons might have power to bring instructions to stay them (the soldiers) in this dreary place while negotiations with Brigham were pending, or until the Mormons might fly, obtain advantages by making new defences in the cañons, or until so late in the season that they would again have to winter in some inhospitable region like this. That is what they feared; that is what they felt anxious about; they did not want to be delayed in their advance on Salt Lake City. Some may suppose that I give too high a tone to the thoughts and feelings of "a mercenary soldiery." Such is not the case. I may add further the army worship their General with an almost absolute adoration, and will do anything that men can do to serve him, or at his command. There may be a few men who are not so devoted, but the character of the army is as above given.

The discipline of the troops is said by persons better capable of judging of it than I am to be very perfect. Major McCulloch declared that he never saw troops better disciplined, better disposed, or better prepared for the field. I give these particulars in

order that the American people may form a correct opinion of this army. I may add that the men have good physical development — are young and active. The *esprit de corps* of the regiments is marked. There has been all winter a daily battalion drill; there is now a daily brigade drill and a dress parade just before sunset. The Tenth regiment, which claims to be the crack regiment in the United States army, is exercised daily in the *chasseur à pied* drill. The evolutions, to the eye at least, are very fine — every movement is in double quick time — the men forming all kinds of combinations on the run. The rapidity of the evolutions make them unusually interesting to spectators. The "boys" call the regiment the "Shanghai" or "horsemen on foot." As the name of the drill implies it is of French extraction. It was translated from that language in 1855 by Colonel Hardee of the Second Dragoons, subsequent to the passage of the bill authorizing the formation of the Ninth and Tenth regiments to be drilled in these tactics.

THE COMMISSIONERS — THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SALT LAKE CITY.

On the 31st of May the United States Commissioners for Utah, per the instructions of the President, held a consultation with General Johnston and Governor Cumming. The councils, designs and desires of the Commissioners and General Johnston are, I believe, exactly similar; they harmonize perfectly. Judge Eckles is with them. Governor Cumming will probably agree with them in nothing. In the first consultation they sacrificed personal desires to his whims, but the smallest particle of principle they never will. The Commissioners intended to leave for Salt Lake City on the 1st of June, but were unable to because of Major McCulloch being laid up with the "mountain fever."

The Major had sufficiently recovered by the 2d to be able to ride, so about 2 P. M. that day the Commissioners again started their ambulances westward. Governor Cumming wished the Commissioners to leave their escort here; they refused, but gave any of their men who might desire it permission to remain. None would do so.

MR. A. CUMMING, GOVERNOR OF UTAH TERRITORY — REFUSAL TO ALLOW OUR CORRESPONDENT TO ENTER SALT LAKE CITY.

I do not, in this letter, propose to comment upon any one, but merely to state facts and let them bear their own interpretation.

Governor Cumming has published and declared that he is the Governor *de facto* as well as *de jure* of this Territory; that he is the commander and has the control of all its armed inhabitants, particularly of those in the cañons between Salt Lake City and this post; that he is acknowledged Governor by the Mormons; that he commands and controls their armed men; that General Daniel H. Wells is only his Lieutenant-General, and that the road from this place to Salt Lake City is open to the free, safe and unmolested travel and transit of all citizens. Nevertheless, in this very first meeting with the Commissioners he took strong and decided grounds against my entering Salt Lake City. This was not because he had any personal antipathy to your humble correspondent, for he had never seen him at that time. He protested against my entrance, declaring that the Saints would say a Gentile viper had entered their holy city under the authority and protection of a United States embassy, to traduce and malign them. I would not, of course, be the cause of the slightest difference between gentlemen, and one between whom there must necessarily hereafter be every difference upon principle. Governor Cumming intended to go into Salt Lake City with the Commissioners, but did not start with them.

Two teams carrying the mail, which has been detained here some time per order of General Johnston, accompanied the Commissioners toward Salt Lake City.

Mr. H. F. Morrell, the postmaster at Salt Lake City, accompanied the mail thither. Jesse A. Jones, on behalf of his brother, carried the mail. This is under the old contract.

On the 3d, about 11 A. M., Governor Cumming started for the city of the Saints. He took his wife and *res familias* along with him. Mrs. Cumming was so sick she could not sit up without great difficulty. Dr. Jacob Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory, accompanied the Governor, also Mr. Burr, son of the late Surveyor-General of Utah.

CHIEF JUSTICE D. R. ECKELS.

Judge Eckels is a Gentile of the Gentiles. His grand jury has found bills of indictment against seventy-seven Mormons, the highest in their church and state, for capital offences, most of which are treason. The Judge declares that he will never enter Salt Lake City until his country's flag can wave there; he thinks it

is a burning shame that his own countrymen should be held there in subjection and slavery by a despot and traitor, and that this nation has not the power, or will not use it, to relieve them. Once, says he, in a barbaric age, for a person to declare himself the citizen of a republic brought protection, safety and respect throughout the world, but now, in the civilization of the nineteenth century, for a person to declare himself a citizen of the American republic jeopardizes his life and property, even within the limits of the republic. Judge Eckels considers polygamy illegal under the existing laws of the Territory.

His associate judges, Mr. E. Potter of Ohio and Mr. Sinclair of Virginia, have not yet come to the Territory, nor has the Secretary, John Hartnett, of St. Louis, Mo. John Hockaday, the District Attorney, who has recently taken the contract to run a weekly mail from St. Joseph, K. T., to Salt Lake City, has not arrived. I know of no Surveyor-General having been appointed since the declination of Mr. Burr.

POLYGAMOUS LUXURIES.

The Mormons who have succeeded in leaving Salt Lake City via Echo Cañon or Kanyon (per Mormon orthography) have brought along with them considerable supplies of such articles as eggs, butter, cheese, salt and flour. Finding a good market here for such luxuries, they very willingly disposed of them, saving only enough substantials to take them to the end of their journey. The market price of eggs has been and is \$1.50 per dozen; butter sells at \$1 per pound; flour has brought from twenty-five to seventy-five cents per pound. Ben Simons, the Indian before mentioned, has made a number of trips to Salt Lake City, and brought out loads of eggs, cheese, butter and the like, all of which find a ready market at the prices above given. As these articles are obtained at extremely low prices, the trafficker makes from six to twelve hundred per cent. Money is said to have almost ceased to be the medium of exchange in Mormondom, owing to some back speculation or rather collection of specie and enforced circulation of worthless paper by Brigham Young last winter. All the money among the Mormons is in the hands of their leading impostor. When the people have an opportunity of trafficking their things for cash the other side of Echo Cañon the purchaser can obtain their merchandise at almost any price he wishes to.

Everything at this post commands an exorbitant price; one dollar in the States is worth as much as five here, for one will bring as much there in a legitimate commercial exchange as five will here.

CONDITION OF THE MORMONS ARRIVING FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

Some of the deceived followers of the latest false prophet arrive at this post in a most deplorable condition. If their happiness hereafter should be in an inverse ratio to their sufferings here they certainly could have a well-grounded hope of an immortality of abundant bliss. Departing from the habitation of the Saints, in contradistinction to the anathemas hurled upon them by Brigham, they suffered fearfully from the cold.

On the 19th ultimo there arrived here a party of twenty-nine persons, of whom six were women, five men, and eighteen children. One *mater familias* had crossed the mountains during very severe weather in almost a state of nudity. Her dress consisted of part of a single, solitary skirt, part of a man's shirt, and a portion of a jacket. Thus habited, without a shoe or a thread more than is above catalogued, she had walked 157 miles in snow, the greater part of the way up to her knees, and carried in her arms a sucking babe less than six weeks old. The soldiers, it will be readily conceived, have not too great an abundance of clothes, but when they saw such a piteous picture they pulled off their clothes and gave them to the unfortunate woman, who, gratefully accepting, dressed herself warmly in them. As an instance of the kindness of the soldiery to such ill-fortune-favored beings, I will mention an act of one of the soldiers of the Tenth Infantry. He went to Judge Eckels and said: "Here are these people naked — take this \$10 and give it to them." The Judge asked the soldier if he had any more money. He said he had not, but that those poor people needed it more than he did, and persisted in giving it to them. None of this party of twenty-nine had any shoes; they were all clothed in a day after their arrival; at least \$200 in clothes and money were given them. Such is the generous treatment of these unfortunates by the soldiers; but such scenes only make them (the soldiers) more anxious to revenge these sufferings upon the criminals who have caused them, and to relieve those who may desire it from abiding bondage and poverty. About 150 Mor-

mons arrived several days later in much better condition; they came with teams, with good supplies of eggs and the like.

REPORTED STATE OF AFFAIRS IN MORMONDOM.

The absconding Saints who arrive here tell a great many stories about the condition and feeling of their brethren who still remain in the "Land of Promise." Brigham, say they, is forcing the people from the north southward; the women have all been driven from Salt Lake City and are now near Provo. Sonora, Mexico, is considered to be their final destination. The Mormons desire to secure their harvests and leave the Territory; men are therefore left at Salt Lake to gather them. The emigrants say the Mormons will fight rather than lose their crops. As for the President's pardon, they do not seem to have any idea as to how it will be received. They think the Commissioners will be well treated. Thousands and thousands of persons, both men and women, are represented to be exceedingly desirous of not going south with the church, but are compelled to by fear of death or otherwise. Women are forced from their husbands and driven from the city at the point of the bayonet.

A Mr. Yancy, formerly of Tennessee, states that his wife was taken from him against his will and marched off south while Governor Cumming was in Salt Lake City. He went to see the Governor, who told the poor man he could do nothing for him; that it would be necessary for him to go to Judge Eckels's court for satisfaction. Mr. Yancy is now in camp, praying ten times a day for the army to move forward so that he can get his wife.

Joseph Conois tried to get away with his family while the Governor was in the Mormon capital, but his wife was driven south and he had to leave without her.

Samuel Ramsden has sworn before Judge Eckels that Milo Andres killed his third wife last month, while the Governor was in there, in this wise: — Mrs. Andres was a woman of a superior character, much beloved and regarded by her neighbors; having doubts as to the righteousness of polygamy she communicated them to one of her sisters in the church, and expressed a desire to go to the States. She intended to do so. That sister told her husband, who immediately went and told Andres. Andres laid the matter before their high priest impostor, who said that according to the righteousness of God "the only way to save

the sister's soul was to cut her throat." Andres returned to his third wife and told her what Brigham had said. She fell upon her knees and begged her life, if not finally, at least for a time. The saintly husband seized his spouse by her hair, and while she was thus on her knees cut her throat from ear to ear, and held her with that grasp until her body ceased quivering. This was not in the City of Salt Lake, but within an hour's ride of it, and the fact was notorious to every one. The facts of this case, as before mentioned, have been sworn to before Judge Eckels.

When Governor Cumming entered Salt Lake City there were two American prisoners in the dungeons of the city. Shortly after one of them was missing; a body, said to be his, was found floating down the Jordan, with the throat cut and stabbed in two places. The Mormons say the prisoner escaped.

This late arrival of Mormons also gives an account of the loss of a party of six men who left here last fall for California. At Salt Lake City they obtained an escort; it went along with them until they were below Fillmore City; there it fell upon and killed five of the men; the sixth escaped to the mountains. He lay hid in the bushes and saw the Mormons kill his five companions, rob them, take off their clothes, and dress themselves in them. He fled from the spot to the mountains, got among the Indians, and finally reached this place. The major part of the Mormons are reported as being too poor to find means of transportation from Salt Lake City to Sonora.

STATEMENT OF THOMAS COVERDALE, A GENTILE WHO PASSED
THE WINTER AMONG THE MORMONS.

I will not notice the major part of the conflicting statements that are made by ex-Saints, because they are not reliable, but will recount the experience of an intelligent Gentile who wintered among the mountain robbers, and has recently arrived at this post. Mr. Coverdale testifies as follows:—

I was born in London; am a citizen of Hannibal, Missouri; left Hannibal on the first of April, 1857, for California, via Salt Lake; I took my wife and child with me; we went up to Florence, N. T., and there obtained permission from the Mormons to travel with them to Salt Lake City; Wm. Walker was at the head of the expedition; I have his written permit now; after a very fair passage we arrived in Salt Lake City in September; I remained there

quietly until martial law was declared then, finding myself in a difficult position, I went to Brigham Young and asked him if there should be war between the United States and the Mormons whether he would require me to fight against the United States troops or not; he said he would not unless I was a member of their church; I had been told a day before, however, by a bishop that if I went to Brigham and told him I would not fight against the United States I would have my throat cut; they all called the army a mob, and said any man who would not fight against it ought to die the death; I told them I wanted to leave the Territory if there was to be trouble; they informed me I could remain safely; two days after seeing Brigham I was going through the streets, when some men whom I did not know cried out, "There goes that d——d hound who went and told Brigham he would not fight; he deserves to have his —— throat cut;" for safety I moved into the nineteenth ward, but my house was soon marked and they threatened to burn it; I went to McCray, the bishop of the ward, and told him some persons threatened to burn my house; he said if there was any burning to be done he could do it, and that the men who made the threats should mind their own business; I desired to leave for California with Mr. Bell, who was connected with the firm of Livingston, Kincaid & Co.; after much difficulty I obtained a pass from Brigham Young; I went down to Fillmore, and, making my preparations, started from there with Mr. Bell's company; thirty-five miles from Fillmore my horses balked, and could not by any means be compelled to take the wagon up the hill; I had obtained them from the Mormons, who represented them as the best of animals, but they betrayed me; I had purchased permission of the Indians in that region, who are hostile to all Americans (and all are Americans except Mormons), to travel across their lands to California, but, as they and the Mormons were hostile to me, I knew they would kill me if they found me separated from the company; it was intensely cold; there was no wood nor could we get water or cook our provisions; there was a young man, John Hudson of South Carolina, with me; he was sick with the mountain fever and could do nothing; finding it impossible to advance I started to return to Fillmore; I knew it was death anyway if the Indians should find us; after driving several hours our horses balked going up a hill and we could get them no further; to remain was certain death;

young Hudson could not walk, nor could my child; trusting that the Indians would not kill an infant, even if they found it, I left it, and I started with my wife and walked into Fillmore, a distance of nearly twenty miles, where we arrived about twelve o'clock at night; Mr. Bridges, a Mormon, at whose house I stayed, used his influence and got my team, child, and Mr. Hudson brought into Fillmore; he would not take charge of my horses, however, saying if he did, I being a Gentile, it would subject him to suspicion and danger, but advised me to turn them out in the town to graze; I did so, and have never obtained them since; the Saints seized them and still retain them.

After passing through hazards, dangers, privations and cheatings of various kinds Mr. Coverdale arrived in Salt Lake City. He had, while crossing the plains, undertaken to defend the life of Erastus Snow. Mr. Snow is one of the Twelve Apostles, and upon application gave him a letter to L. Brunson, Bishop of Fillmore, for the purpose of obtaining Coverdale's things for him. I took the letter, says Mr. Coverdale, down to Fillmore; the Mormons declared it was a forgery, and said they knew nothing of my things. The Bishop intimated to me that if I would join the church I might get them back. I told him I would not do so. They seemed determined to kill me, and would have done it fifty times before now had it not been for Mr. Snow. They tried to get me to go out of the Territory and leave my wife, so they could subject her to their blasphemous religion. They raised the report that I was connected with the murder of Joe Smith in Missouri; but a friend proved I was not in that State at the time, thus stopping a lie which, believed, was enough to effect the death of any man. Some of the faithful told me if I would go to Brigham Young I could get my horses. I did so. His private secretary refused to let me see the Prophet, and swore at the Gentiles fearfully, saying if Gentiles lost a cow in the Territory they must go to Brigham about it, and keep continually troubling him with their nasty affairs; then, if Brigham worked and succeeded in restoring the lost animal, they would, when they got in California, call him an infamous wretch and hound. I asked him if I should send Brigham a letter whether he would hand it to him. The clerk said he would not if he could help it, but from duty he would have to do it. I wrote Brigham a short note. He returned an answer that he knew nothing of my affairs and could not help me.

I immediately gave up all hopes of recovering my horses; still determined, however, to leave, I made a hand cart, and decided to haul it to California. We took the northern road, knowing we could not pass by the southern one; I had no pass from Brigham. The cart contained about 350 pounds. When we got as far as Farmington I was taken sick. While there I heard that Governor Cumming was on his way to the valley, and decided to wait for his arrival, to see if I could not get out through his agency. In Farmington I was treated harshly; the threat of death was always hanging over my head. Alluding to me Col. Warrel said in meeting one Sunday that there were men there who were sending or carrying news to the troops; that if he could catch such an one he would cut his — throat in the night; he would not do it in the day-time lest it might cause some weak brother to fall away; but the time would come when they would grow strong in the faith; then they would say "well done, brother," to the performer of such a deed. There was quite a time at Farmington when Gov. Cumming arrived; the band turned out to salute him; the agent or expressman from Salt Lake City rode up to the bandmaster and said, "Be sure, now, you do not play 'Doodah'; play 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle.'" He was very particular and decided in giving these instructions, and seemed fearful that they would play "Doodah" anyway. Doodah is the national hymn or song of the Saints; it was first sung on the 24th of July, 1857, when the Mormons declared their independence. It would hardly be possible to get off a more contemptible effusion; nevertheless the "chosen people" say, and doubtless believe, that it was given by inspiration. The band played while the Governor passed, and he returned the salute. After his passing the most gross and abusive language was used against him. Even the boys seemed anxious to kill him. The Governor was no sooner out of sight than "Doodah" was played, and pronounced the "best of tunes." I immediately started for Salt Lake City to see Governor Cumming. He was stopping at the house of a Mr. Strains, who was said to be a spy upon him. I was not permitted to see the Governor; it was several days before I could see him. The next Sunday I went to church, thinking the Governor might, perhaps, be there. Brigham Young got up to preach on polygamy, and tried to show that it was not against the constitution or laws of the United States. After talking awhile, he said he believed he would take a

text and talk from it as the preachers in the States do. It had been a long time, he said, since he had read the Bible, but his text was from it, and in these words: — "They shall come against the Saints of God until they are wasted away." "Brethren," added he, "whether we shall be wasted away or not is yet to be seen; but whatever we do, whether we go to the north or to the south, or wherever we go, if we believe we shall come out right." There was instantly quite a commotion in the audience, particularly among the Twelve Apostles, who sat together in the front pew. Brigham turned round and said: — "Brother Wells, preach a little." Gen. Wells declined. Brigham then passed out into an ante-room and returned with two gentlemen, whom he introduced to the audience as Gov. Cumming and Col. Kane. Kane never said a word.

Gov. Cumming said to the people he had come there as Governor of Utah, to do them good — not harm.

The people cried out "Speak louder."

The Governor repeated what he had said and added, "I am your friend."

Voices — "I don't believe it" — "It is a lie."

Gov. Cumming — "I have come out here to see that justice is done you — to see that you are protected from the Indians. I have come on my own responsibility, without an escort or guard, or any arms — not even a penknife."

Audience — "It is not true; it is false. You have come supported by 2,000 bayonets." This was hallooed out with great noise and rage. It was then added, "We won't believe you are our friend until you send these soldiers back." It was a perfect Bedlam, the people hallooed out any and everything, and gross personal remarks were made. The audience became so violent that Brigham frequently had to interfere to quiet them.

One man said "You are nothing but an office seeker." The Governor replied that he obtained his appointment honorably and had not solicited it. The people then cried out "We will not have a Missourian to rule over us." The Governor replied that he was not a Missourian, that he was a Georgian.

John Taylor got up and apologized, saying Mr. Cumming must excuse them — they had thought he was a Missourian; then he went on to recount what they had suffered from the hands of the Missourians, when Brigham stopped him by saying there was no

necessity of narrating that. The hallooing, talking and screaming lasted over two hours.

John Taylor made a speech, saying, "We are free from the Gentile yoke, and we never will be under it again; we are free, and will remain free forever." The whole assembly clapped their hands at this sentiment. "Brigham," continued Taylor, "has slipped out of the yoke, and old Buchanan is nearly crazy because he has to carry it alone. We never intend to be yoked up with Gentiles again; no, never, world without end, for their dominion is sealed."

Governor Cumming had a paper read which sounded like a proclamation. The Governor said in it that he governed the Territory — that all its armed citizens were under his command — that all the roads in the Territory were open and free for travel.

An Irishman named Clemmens, who is not a citizen of the United States, spoke two hours. He called all persons who desired to leave rascals and scoundrels.

Brigham Young then got up and said — "If there is any man or woman here who really wants to go away, and feel that they have been deprived of their rights, I want them to hold up their right hands." I looked around to see if any hands were held up, expecting a good many would be, but there was not one. I then raised my hand, and the people cried, "Here is a hand." Right after, other hands were held up.

Brigham Young then asked me if I had been treated right while in the Territory. I said, as regards that, some two or three of the bishops have treated me very kindly, but I must say there are a great many people in here who are not as honest as they should be.

Brigham said, "That is so." The people applauded that. Brigham said "Let every man and woman who wants to go away give his name to Governor Cumming, and they can go and welcome."

I heard this same Prophet, in a sermon not a month before, declare that he would not let anyone go away, especially anyone belonging to the church.

At that time at least half the people desired to leave; so Brigham had put his foot down upon it with all his power to prevent them. In the afternoon Brigham explained away his calling Mr. Cumming Governor. There were about one hundred and fifty of us

who banded together to come out with the Governor. The following are their names: —

- | | |
|---|---|
| Job Salter, wife and child. | Winthrop Graves. |
| John Sallis. | H. A. Smoat. |
| William Hughes and wife. | James Wiltshire, wife and four children. |
| Charles Zarnier and wife. | Robert Taylor, wife and child. |
| James Chandler. | Thomas Mousley, wife and two children. |
| George Smith. | Phillip Thomas. |
| Henry Johnston. | J. T. Davis, wife and three children. |
| William White, wife and four children. | William Sanders, wife and three children. |
| Henry Gardiner, wife and two children. | Sam Ramsden and wife. |
| Paul Wilson and wife. | —— Sutherland. |
| William Ewins. | John Everett, wife and child. |
| Wm. Payne and mother. | George Smith and wife. |
| Thos. Hookey and wife. | William Kelsey. |
| George Pill and wife. | George Howarth. |
| John Rowley, wife and seven children. | Wm. Turner, wife and three children. |
| Margaret Lawson. | Geo. B. Ridenor. |
| Simson Pearcy. | Wm. H. Wilson. |
| Hannah Landen and two children. | Wm. Harmon. |
| Wm. Taite and wife. | Jos. Harrod. |
| Samuel G. Smith. | Jos. Brown, wife and four children. |
| Andrew M. Smith, wife and child. | Daniel Munns, wife and four children. |
| Thos. Coverdale, wife and child. | Richard Newness and wife. |
| Daniel Stewart, wife and four children. | Geo. Herrick. |
| M. G. Wallace. | Jas. Miller. |
| Stephen Taylor. | Jos. Parker. |
| Miles Rostrom, wife and two children. | John Brownslow. |
| Thos. French, wife and child. | Wm. Evans. |
| Wm. Draper, wife and child. | J. D. Lyon. |
| Chas. Whitehouse, wife and child. | Jos. Stevenson. |
| Samuel Jackson and wife. | Newton Merrick. |
| Aen Liversidge. | Wm. Sharp. |
| Emile Brailar. | John Wm. Ward. |
| Benjamin Phillips | Henry Megarvy. |
| John Molyneaux, wife and four children. | Eph. Thornton. |
| John Stout, wife and child. | Geo. Davieson. |
| James Mitchell. | Chas. Wm. Thomas, wife and two sons. |
| Joseph Franks. | Geo. Greenwood, wife and two children. |
| Sarah Beer. | John Melling, wife and three children. |
| Jeremiah Wilson, wife and three children. | |
| Sarah Phillips and child. | |

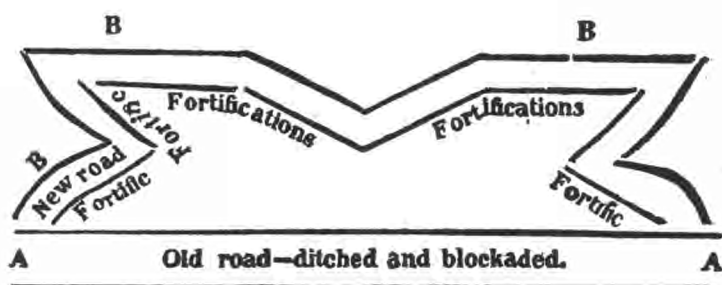
John Knowles, wife and two children.	David Walker.
Augustus Peters, wife and child.	Wm. Brice.
John Peterson.	Geo. Bellamy and wife.
Wm. Crowshaw.	John G. Wilson, wife and child.
Ann Jane Thomas.	Rebecca Smart.
John Panhaw.	Thos. Jas. Bryson, wife and child.
Lewellyn Hurley, wife and child.	D. W. C. Smith.
Johnson Powell.	Wm. Green.
Geo. Watts and wife.	Elisha Grenard.

We intended to start the next day after the Governor, but were detained for a week paying true and false debts, and to answer other charges. No man was allowed to come away if he owed anybody a cent. The word of any Mormon there was unquestioned proof that any person who desired to leave was in debt. So we were harassed a long time in that way before we got off, which was a week after the Governor left. I was advised by Mormon friends to keep aloof from the apostate Saints if I wished to reach Fort Bridger in safety, for it was generally supposed among them that the renegades would all be killed before they reached this post. I sincerely believed that that was the design of the head men among the Mormons, and that it was only prevented by some accident. We were two weeks in making this place after we left Salt Lake City.

FORTIFICATIONS IN ECHO CAÑON, ETC.

I was particular to notice the fortifications along our route, so as to see if the army would be able to force them. The first fortifications we perceived in coming out from Salt Lake were at the foot of the Big Mountain, 22 miles this side of the Mormon capital. The Big Mountain has a gradual ascent on this side for four miles; at the foot of it there are on each side of the road rough breastworks of rocks thrown up; a ditch is dug behind the stones so persons could stand in it and fire over the breastwork on any person or persons who might be advancing in the road. Sage bushes have been set up against the breastwork, so that it would not be noticed by persons going along in the road. A small creek runs close by this fortification, and it has been so diverged that it would be easy to flood the road in the vicinity. It is, or was intended to fire upon the soldiers from behind the stone works, while they were wading through the water in the road. The so-called fortifications,

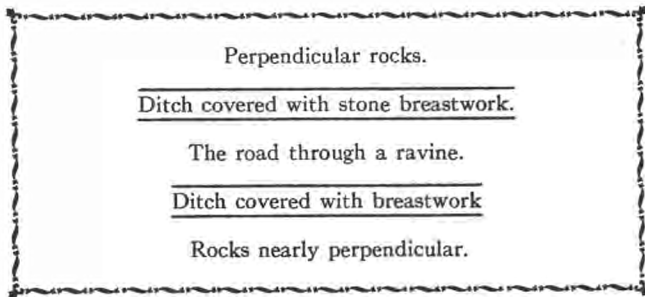
however, are of little or no use; the road is wide, they can be readily taken possession of, when the retiring party will find themselves unable to retreat. I passed right through the Mormon camp. It is situated forty-seven miles from Salt Lake City. There were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men in the camp and along the road. They were all from Provo. The men from Salt Lake City had been sent south. There are no Mormons in the cañons now, I believe. They claim to have built strong fortifications. I examined them particularly while drawing my handcart through them. The wagons went another way. The nature of these fortifications can be seen by the following diagram:—



The old road (A) has three ditches dug across it, and is defaced and blockaded so that it cannot be followed. The new road (B) turns off to the left, and runs in zigzags, as shown in the diagram. On the inside of the new road, and along its entire zigzag course, there are fortifications, so called, which consist of a breastwork of stone and mud, behind which there is a ditch. There is no artillery, so the Mormons propose to stand in the ditches and fire over the breastworks on the troops as they pass along the road. That would be very fine if the army would only quietly walk into and through it like a herd of sheep; but as things are, though these "fortifications" might delay an army some little time by causing it to have to level and prepare a new road for the long, heavy wagon trains, they would not keep soldiers back an hour, for the simple reason that the stone works could be turned either to the right or left. The country is rough, nevertheless the fortifications, were they even of a serious nature, could readily be turned and taken.

The most serious of the Mormon defences is in a defile some

distance this side of the above fortification. The following diagram will give a correct idea of it:—



The ravine through which the road passes is only forty or fifty feet wide. On each side of the road there is a stone breastwork, with a ditch behind it. The Mormons propose to stand in the ditch and fire over the stone work. Along the entire ravine they think they will be able to pour a murderous flank fire, and then retreat along the ditch, out of the reach of pursuit. The rocks on the right side of the ravine, as they go west, are perpendicular and very lofty. When this pass was fortified last year the Saints for a time considered it almost impregnable, since men standing on the perpendicular rocks at the right of the road could not be reached by rifles fired at them from any part of the road. One day some men were practising shooting from the road up at those who were on the top of the ledge of rock. The place where the balls struck could be seen, and it was always thirty or forty yards below the mark. While this sport was going on one of their men came up with a United States rifle, popularly denominated a Mississippi yager, and, addressing one of his companions above who was cursing his "good for nothing American rifle," said "If you will stand your ground like a man I will take a pop at you." "Fire and be ——" was the reply. The man fired, hit the other in the head and killed him. Since that time the Mormons have had a wholesome regard for American (Gentile) rifles. There are large stones piled up on the top of this ledge of rocks, which are intended to be hurled down on sinners' heads. The solid rocks are said to have been bored into, so that when the Saints have retreated from the ravine below those above may explode said rocks, and thus hurl them with fearful violence upon the heads of those in the ravine below, and literally as well as scripturally grind them to

powder. The ledge of rocks to the right of the road is very steep, and will also be used to defend the ravine. This terrible pass, however, could be taken by a flock of sheep, because there is an easy ascent to the top of the ridge at the left of it. That occupied and the ravine becomes a place of security for the army.

I believe the Mormons have no cannons, though I have heard them claim to possess two. I saw none in Echo Cañon. The above are all the defences of any note between here and Salt Lake City.

The Saints could doubtless, however, delay an army a long time by destroying and blockading the road, as well as by defending such places as those I have just noticed until driven from them.

Mr. Coverdale is still in camp. He intends to remain and enter Salt Lake City with the army.

CAPT. MARCY'S COMMAND.

An express arrived at camp on the morning of the 3d from Capt. Marcy, saying that the command was encamped, on the night of the 28th ult., on Green River, 180 miles from this post. The animals were all in fine condition and the men in good health. The command has had two men frozen to death since it left Santa Fe. They were Mexicans. Capt. Marcy makes about twenty miles a day, so he will doubtless reach this post to-morrow or the day after. Col. Hoffman will get in with his trains about the same time. He was with Capt. Marcy when last heard from. The new route through Bridger's Pass may now be considered an established fact. Capt. Marcy has opened it; his entire expedition has been a success, though he has had to contend against almost super-human difficulties. He certainly has displayed more than ordinary perseverance and talent; his meritorious achievement should be remembered.

The weekly mail, which was due here six days ago, arrived last night. There will not be much complaint, however, if it always makes as good time as that. We have news from New York up to the 28th of April.

The weather is more pleasant than it has been heretofore. The mornings and evenings are very agreeable. During the midday we have heavy winds, thunder storms, hail storms, snow storms, and rain storms — nothing very serious, but the old Rocky Mountains maintain their acquired fame by furnishing us with a

storm of some kind almost every day, though it may be a very short one.

A large cache of polygamous potatoes, in good condition, has been found near here to-day.

On the 2d inst. the Tenth Infantry felicitated itself upon a grand dress parade, and rejoiced exceedingly because of its being the first time since their constitution in 1855 that the whole regiment had ever been together. Heretofore some one or more of the companies have always been on detached service, so this is the first time that the companies have ever been together.

The Second Dragoons are encamped about four miles from Camp Scott. They change their camp every few days so as to obtain good forage for their animals. They have been some distance from the infantry camp all winter. The dragoons number about 350 strong. There are about 1,750 troops here now. When Colonel Hoffman and Captain Marcy arrive with their commands the army will be about 2,400 strong. At least 400 men will have to be left here to hold Fort Bridger, so that General Johnston will have about 2,000 men with whom to advance. Since encamping here the General has built lunettes about the fort, so as to enable a small body of men to hold it securely. The mules which wintered here are now in good condition, the horses in passable order. Everything is ready for the arrival of supplies and animals. Then we will raise our camp and move towards the setting sun.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF AN OFFICER ON OUTPOST DUTY AT
CAMP SCOTT.

The city was evacuated many days ago. Even while Gov. Cumming was in the city they were moving to Provo, about 40 miles from the city. Thousands have been required to follow in the church train contrary to their wishes, although Gov. Cumming granted protection and a safe passport to all who desired to leave. Not over two hundred were able, among that great population, to leave unincumbered by church obligations.

They arrived in camp a few days ago on their way to the States. They are in a pitiable condition as regards comforts for travelling. Men, women and children walk 30 miles a day in snow and wind, and when night comes sleep steals over them unprotected from the weather save by a fragment of a blanket, perhaps. Many of them are without anything except barely clothing enough

to cover their nakedness. They are organized into a company, and some, having more than they required, shared it with those of their companions in misery who had not wherewithal to buy.

They tell but one story of the inhumanity of the Mormon leaders and absolute slavery of the masses, confirming fully what has been continually ringing in our ears of the power of the church, its exactions and extortions, their crimes and iniquities.

Brigham Young and his followers are not going to listen for a moment to any concession of the government. Though they may be pardoned for their acts of rebellion, these are the least of their outrages on humanity. Their garments are spotted with the blood of innocent victims, and crimsoned with the blood of apostatized women and innocent and unoffending children. Such is the testimony of their own people, confirming reports that have come before them. The cardinal doctrines of the church are at war with the very rudiments of our government. It is impossible for them to exist side by side. Brigham Young knows too well that to comply with the laws of the country is to crush the prestige of the church. The church is the power by which all else is brought into subjection — its strength lies in unity, and that is Brigham Young — he is the church, the church is he. Without this absolutism the church falls. When asked of these people why the lower orders do not rise in rebellion, they say "We cannot — we have no animals — no powder, no lead; we have nothing — it all belongs to the church — to Brigham Young. Our stock, everything, is subject to the mandate of the church, and a non-compliance is death. Brigham Young has men in every nook and corner, and if suspicion of apostacy is whispered the knife of the assassin is stained for the justification of the Saints." When your enemy seeks by every possible way to take your life without cause, and failing in their design, do you pardon them because they have not succeeded? Is it thus that you reward crime? Had the Mormons succeeded in their first attempts to stampede our animals at Pacific Springs the army would have been crippled, yet the animals were saved by the merest incident. Were the orders from Lieutenant-General Wells to Major Taylor to destroy fords, burn the grass in advance of the army, and stampede the animals pardonable offences for citizens of the United States? And how faithfully they executed these orders, is it not well known to the country? Failing in staying the progress of the army by a faithful

execution of these rebellious orders, did they not burn our trains and rejoice that we would then starve in the mountains to the glory of their God? But it was decreed otherwise, and by the wisdom and foresight of Gen. Johnston we have survived the perils of a winter in the mountains, and the Mormons are forgiven for their failure — a tribute to treason for which the army has paid a high price; and while it has borne its long sufferings with fortitude and honor, maintained its position before the gates of the Great Valley with honor to their country, it humbly apologizes to their countrymen for having served them so faithfully and so well. Bernhisel is among you, cognizant of the treason of his people, dispensing liberally from the church fund to crush and put down what is true, but which he would have unknown. Brigham Young's minions are everywhere among you, yet you see them not.

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THE MORMON SETTLEMENTS IN UTAH. THEIR GEOGRAPHY, POPULATION, RESOURCES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

BOUNDARIES OF THE TERRITORY.

Utah Territory is bounded on the north by Oregon, east by the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, south by New Mexico, and west by California. It lies between 37 deg. and 42 deg. north lat., and 105 deg. 30 min. or 106 deg. west lon., being about 650 miles long from east to west, and 350 broad from north to south. Area 225,000 square miles. Population variously estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000 souls.

COUNTIES.

The Territory was originally divided into twelve counties — Weber, Davies, Deseret, Green River, Great Salt Lake, Utah, Tooele, Juab, Millard, San Pete, Iron and Washington. Since then Carson and Summit have been added, and from the original twelve counties, since the expedition camped at Fort Bridger, Green River has been disorganized.

CITIES AND PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS.

The principal cities and settlements, beginning at the north and proceeding south to a distance of about 364 miles, are Box Elder, Ogden, Farmington, Great Salt Lake, Drapersville, David, Lehi,

Lake, Pleasant Grove, Provo, Springville, Palmyra, Payson, Nephi, Man, Fillmore (the capital), Parowan, Cedar and Harmony. Tooele City stands out of this direct line of north and south about 32 miles west of Great Salt Lake City. Besides those named there are numerous small settlements intervening, east and west.

The principal city and settlement in the Territory is Great Salt Lake City, a description of which we reserve for another article, to confine ourselves to the outside settlements. As a guide, however, to those who read of the distances of the settlements from the principal city, it is proper to add that the Temple Block, in the centre of that city, is 40 degrees, 45 minutes and 44 seconds north latitude, the longitude about 112 degrees west, and the altitude about 4,300 feet above the level of the sea.

FARMINGTON.

About 16 miles almost directly north is the town of Farmington, the county seat of Davies County. It is situated near the mouth of North Cottonwood Canyon. A stream furnishes water for irrigation and mill privileges, and waters a large tract of very choice land. The Wahsatch Mountains rise on the east to nearly a mile in height. There is one circular saw-mill, a water power threshing machine, an extensive tannery and a good sprinkling of mechanics' shops. There is a grist-mill just above the town. They have built a court-house, thirty-five feet by forty-five feet, at a cost of \$5,500, the first that was erected in the Territory. They have a well finished school-house, which has generally had from eighty to one hundred scholars; population exceeding 1,000 persons. According to a letter received by last mail from this place, and already published in the HERALD, the inhabitants had got orders to vacate and prepare for burning their improvements. The writer at that date — April 4 — said it was "to be a regular breaking up and going to be rather hard withal."

OGDEN CITY — OGDEN HOLE — BOX ELDER.

At the foot of the same chain of mountains, about 22 miles further north in Weber Valley, is Ogden City, laid out on both sides of the Ogden and some four or five miles above the mouth of that river, where it meets the Bear and Weber Rivers. The soil here is rich and fertile. The harvest of the year before the destruction by

crickets and grasshoppers they raised there 10,000 bushels of wheat. The city was incorporated in February, 1851, by the General Assembly of Deseret, and is now the county seat of Weber County. It has two school-houses. Not far from Ogden are Bingham's Fort, Ogden Hole and Willow Creek. The fort contains about eight hundred inhabitants, and is surrounded by an abundance of good farming land. Ogden Hole is a sort of broken canyon, in the mountains north of Weber Canyon. This settlement contains about five hundred population, and is, considering its population, one of the most flourishing in the Territory. The same year as above referred to the inhabitants there raised, when they were smaller in proportion, 16,000 bushels of wheat. At Willow Creek, where there are probably forty families, they raised 12,000 bushels of wheat. Box Elder, about twenty-five miles north of Ogden, is the last northern settlement of the Territory. There are sixty families residing there under the presidency of the Apostle Lorenzo Snow. The city of Box Elder is very finely situated. It is built upon a plain, about two hundred feet above the level of Bear River, and about eight miles to the south of it. It is inhabited principally by Danes and Welsh. That Apostle having, some few years back, introduced Mormonism into Italy and Switzerland, he has drawn into his settlement converts from both countries.

MALADE AND CACHE VALLEYS.

The crossing of the Bear River is about fifteen or twenty miles north of Box Elder, where the road turns northwest across the river to ford the Malade, and thence a trifle south of west to California. Lying between Bear River and its tributary, the Malade, is a valley named after the latter river, five or six miles wide. Passing eastward through a passage made in the Wahsatch Mountains by the Bear River, we enter Cache Valley in Green River County, which is both beautiful and picturesque, and is diversified by numerous clumps of willow. The soil is principally a rich alluvian, with much vegetable mould. Facilities for irrigation are very great, and water could be obtained to a large extent for farming purposes. In these valleys the stock belonging to the church has generally been kept. To the south of this valley, from the Wahsatch Mountains on the west to the eastern boundary of the Territory, very little exploration has been made, but it is considered to be a sterile region.

THE GREAT BASIN SETTLEMENTS.

We re-enter the Great Basin, and 17 miles west of Great Salt Lake City the road that crosses the Great Western Desert nears the lake at Black Rock. Here are some springs of fresh cold water on the shores of the lake, oozing out of its bed, and sometimes washed by its waters. Doubling a point of low mountains at Benson's mill, about seven miles further on, and travelling six miles in a south-southwest course, we find Tooele City in Tooele County and valley. Tooele County forms an excellent pasturage for numerous herds of cattle which, until the severe winter of 1855, were wintered there under charge of keepers. The grass is very abundant, and numerous springs are found on both sides of the valley; there are also many salt springs in various parts of it. Tooele City is the principal settlement, and was incorporated in 1863. The Indians inhabiting this region of country have recently shown great disposition to plunder the Mormons, though in previous years they have lived on good terms. In March last the redskins stole about 150 head of cattle, sixty horses, and fired upon the guards. Among the settlements is Grantsville, 12 miles west of Tooele and Richville. Excellent crops of wheat and abundance of vegetables have been raised there. From Tooele City the road turns north, to round a low mountain that juts towards Great Salt Lake, and then crosses over a plain about 15 miles wide, called Spring Valley by Captain Stansbury, and Lone Rock Valley by the inhabitants of the Territory, from a large rock, almost equal to Independence Rock, standing alone in the centre of the plain, and once, many moons ago, no doubt a small island of the lake. This valley extends northward to the southern shore of the Great Salt Lake, and is shut in toward the south by a range of comparatively low hills, which connect two mountain ranges that form its eastern and western boundaries. In some places, owing to salt springs, it is marshy and wholly impassable. The cities and farming improvements in the valleys named are said to be destined to the same fate as Farmington, and may by this time have been wrapped in flames — a blazing testimony of the determination of the inhabitants to be Mormons at the sacrifice of everything.

Commencing again in Great Salt Lake Valley we find the settlements of Big Cottonwood, on the creek of that name. This place will ever be memorable in the annals of Mormonism. It was here, last 24th of July, that Brigham learned of the stoppage of the

eastern mail and of the troops already on the march across the plains, and here where the first intimation of opposing their entrance to their valleys was named. Union Settlement is on Little Cottonwood Creek, and Drapersville on South Willow Creek, at the respective distances of about 8, 12 and 21 miles nearly south of Great Salt Lake City, and all good farming districts. Twenty-five miles south of the city the southern state road rounds a point of the mountain that separates Great Salt Lake Valley from Utah Valley, and where the Jordan passes and opens into the latter.

UTAH VALLEY SETTLEMENTS.

Utah Valley is about forty miles long from north to south, and 12 miles broad from east to west. Capt. Stansbury, in describing that valley, says:—"On the Timpanogas bottom wheat grows most luxuriantly, and root crops are seldom excelled. A continuous field can be made thence to the Wa-ke-te-ka Creek, and the lovely Utah Valley be made to sustain a population of more than a hundred thousand souls. The west of the lake is grazing land." This valley is in Utah County, and the principal settlements are David City on Dry Creek, 28 miles; Lehi City on Dry Creek (west of David), 39 miles; Lake City on American Fork, $34\frac{3}{4}$ miles; Pleasant Grove on Battle Creek, 41 miles; Provo City on the south side of Provo or Timpanogas River, $46\frac{1}{4}$ miles; Springville on Hobble Creek, $53\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Palmyra on the north side of Spanish Fork, $59\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and Payson on both sides of Peteetneet Creek, $64\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from Great Salt Lake City. Of these Provo, the capital of Utah County, is by far the most populous and important — its population being about 4,000 souls. It was incorporated in February, 1852, and the municipality divided into four wards. The excellent facilities which the Provo affords for manufacturing purposes have been taken advantage of, and there are already flouring and other mills, driven by water power. A woolen factory, a machine shop, a pottery, and various other manufactures have been established. They have there a public library, a music hall, quite a smart dramatic association, a town hall, meeting hall, seminary, tithing office, and one or two hotels. Bridges have been erected over the Provo, the first rather primitive, which was carried away by an unusually rapid current in '54. That across the main stream is 120 feet long, and over which the new military road through the Territory passes; the contract for build-

ing it was \$6,500. Two companies were chartered in the city by the legislature. One the "Provo Manufacturing Company," shares \$50 each, capital not to exceed \$1,000,000; the other "The Provo Canal and Irrigation Company," shares \$200 each, capital not to exceed \$200,000. The other settlements have been industrious and prosperous, but withal considerably behind Provo. The last heard of Brigham he was at this city, and had called a grand council or conference, at which it is expected the future designs of the leaders would be put before the people or their representatives from the various settlements, and some action taken thereon. Up to the last news the watchword had only been "going south," such as when they went to Utah they knew nothing more than "going west."

JUAB VALLEY.

Contiguous to Utah Valley is Juab Valley and County, separated from Utah by a ridge of mountains, on which runs Summit Creek where a settlement has been attempted, but not with much success. Juab is a long, moderately wide and well grassed valley; it is regular in form, has several springs in it; amongst them one named by the Indians "Punjun Spring," which their traditions regard as bottomless, and in the evening they report that the slight wailing of a child is often heard to proceed from it. The west side of the valley is nearly destitute of timber; on the east old Mount Nebo raises his hoary head, covered with snow, and in the ravines of the mountains large timber is seen, but not very comeatable. Salt Creek runs through pretty near the centre of the valley. Its banks are steep, the stream is rapid and muddy. On its sides are willows and many cedars interspersed to beautify the landscape. A mountain of salt exists in Salt Creek Canyon a little to the left of the road leading to Manti, and about four miles is a spring yielding pure salt. The valley also contains gypsum. Nephi City, the principal settlement of the valley and capital of the county, is situated on Salt Creek, which is 25 miles south of the Peteetneet. It was commenced in September, 1851, and incorporated the following spring. Here the San Pete road turns into the kanyon, whence issues Salt Creek. Taking a meandering course about southeast by south we enter San Pete Valley and County, and by traveling 35 miles reach Manti City. This valley is generally level and filled with sage and rabbit weed,

except a strip on the immediate banks of the creek and a few marshy places. The hills are low and well studded with cedar, pine and other timber, which can be procured with but little trouble in comparison to that experienced in Great Salt Lake Valley. It contains plenty of limestone, and good salt is obtained from springs on the San Pete Creek and from beds and springs about 35 miles south of Manti. Coal was discovered in 1855, west of the crossing of San Pete Creek on the road to Manti. It is clean, bituminous, and very similar to the best Cumberland coals of Maryland. There is an immense quantity of it, and one vein has been found five feet in thickness. In addition to the mineral wealth of San Pete County it is highly productive in wheat, corn and vegetables. Melons, squashes, pumpkins and tomatoes also grow luxuriantly. Manti City is the capital of the county and principal settlement of the valley. The city is beautifully located on the banks of the San Pete, which runs through it and waters its farms. It is, by the road, 78 miles from Fillmore City and 130 miles from Great Salt Lake City. It is in latitude 39° 16 m. 32 s., and has an altitude of 4,848 feet. It was commenced in 1849 and incorporated in 1851. There is an abundance of stone admirably adapted for building purposes. Various branches of manufacture are carried on in the city, and its saw and grist-mills are said to be as good as any in the Territory. Another settlement of this county is Fort Ephraim, seven miles north of Manti, containing upwards of thirty families. In this vicinity is a delightful country both for agricultural and grazing purposes; it is likewise well timbered. A coach with the United States mail runs weekly between Great Salt Lake City and Manti, calling at the intermediate settlements. The inhabitants of the northern settlements, who are under orders to vacate and burn, have, it is reported, got instructions to rendezvous in this valley. From the foregoing description of its natural productions and capacity for agricultural purposes — drawn from the most reliable sources of information — it is very evident that the Mormons will, if they remain a few years, soon have a good home and many household comforts unknown in the northern settlements.

PAUVAN VALLEY.

From Nephi City, travelling south about 25 miles brings you to the Nicollet or Sevier River, noted for the lamented massacre of

Captain Gunnison and party. An excellent bridge, 162 feet long, having four abutments well filled with stone, was erected over the river in 1852. Crossing the river and passing through a depression in the mountain range which lies between the Sevier and Lake Valley, we have an extended view of the latter valley — about 15 miles long and from one to four miles wide. Leaving this valley we pass through a kanyon about five miles long, on a gradual ascent, and then descend some miles to Cedar Springs in Pauan Valley, Millard County, one of the most delightful in the Territory. This valley has considerable attractions for the emigrants, but up to the present has not been much improved. It contains an extensive supply of red and white pine timber and an inexhaustible supply of sandstone and limestone for building purposes. There are seven or eight fine streams of water, and the hills are covered with bunch grass. At 37 miles from the Sevier is Fillmore City, the capital of the Territory — so named in honor of ex-President Fillmore, who by that people is regarded as an honor to the American nation for his impartial administrative dealing with Jew and Gentile. Fillmore City is in lat. 38 deg. 58 m. 40 sec. N., and is 151½ miles from Great Salt Lake city, about 600 miles east by north of San Francisco, and 1,200 miles west of St. Louis. The city site was determined upon October 29, 1851, by commissions appointed by the legislature for that purpose. It is divided into blocks of 10 acres each, sub-divided into 8 lots of 1¼ acres each, with streets eight rods wide, crossing at right angles, north and south and east and west. Saw and grist-mills have been erected, also a city hall and school-house. The state-house, in course of erection, was to be a very handsome building equal to any in the Union. One wing of the building is completed at the estimated cost of something near upon \$40,000. Ten miles south of Fillmore is Corn Creek, the headquarters of Kanoshe, the Pahvante chief. Kanoshe lives in a respectable house, and with his men cultivates a farm and lives *à la* white man.

IRON COUNTY.

Travelling from 30 to 40 miles south we enter Iron County, and at about 10 miles further meet the Bear River, which is the only stream of much importance until you come to the settlements. It is the largest county of the Territory, and has an estimated area of 7,000 square miles. It extends entirely across the Territory, hav-

ing California on the west and the Rocky Mountains on the east. It is watered by the Green and Grand Rivers, which unite near its southern borders to form the Rio Colorado. The surface on the eastern and central parts is mountainous, and contains rich iron ore and stone coal. The kanyons contain plenty of limestone, with plaster of Paris and flintstone, and several kinds of clay; salt and alum have been found. Timber, the finest in the Territory, is abundant, covering the mountains and filling the kanyons. While the country is rich in minerals its soil is equally fertile in producing wheat, corn, potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, turnips, beets, &c. Wheat averages forty bushels to the acre, and sixty-five have been produced. The climate is very salubrious, and during a part of the winter, which is short, resembles an Indian summer in the States. The spring is early. At Parowan, it is reported, Brigham intends to pitch his tent for the present.

LITTLE SALT LAKE VALLEY.

This valley contains the principal settlements. It is about 60 miles east of the meadows of Santa Clara, between 37 deg. and 38 deg. of north latitude, and 113 deg. and 114 deg. west longitude, and is about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has a rich soil, luxuriant pasturage, abundance of timber, short and mild winters, mountains of iron ore, extensive strata of stone coal, a healthy and pure atmosphere. The valley is encircled with a broken chain of beautiful mountains. On the east they are lofty, romantic and grand, presenting on their sloping sides up to their towering summits a variety of vivid colors — the scarlet, the orange and the green. To the west they recede in the distance as they approximate to the extremity of the great California basin. There are kanyons in the eastern mountains well filled with timber, and numerous springs flow from them in rapid torrents on the plains below.

PAROWAN CITY

Is handsomely laid out on a beautiful stream called Centre Creek, at the mouth of its kanyon, on the east of the valley about 96 miles south of Fillmore, and 247 of Great Salt Lake City, and was the first settlement in this valley. It was commenced in 1851 as a farming district, to provide for the wants of the persons who might be employed in the iron works some 20 miles distant. The

colony commenced with one hundred and twenty men and thirty families, under the presidency of the apostle G. A. Smith. The settlers had a great deal to contend with the first winter, being so far from the parent settlement, and a vast amount of labor to perform. There is now a thriving population, with school-houses, a tithing store, a council house 38 feet by 46 feet, in the form of a Greek cross. It has an iron foundry, a tannery, machine and cut nail shops, a cabinet and sash factory. Parowan has its dramatic association. Much of the work in the colony is done by the Indians, who are learning fast the arts of civilized society and overcoming their roving habits.

In the fall of the same year that Parowan was founded thirty-five men were detailed to go to Cedar, on Coal Creek, to build the iron works. A kanyon was opened, a fort built, 500 acres of land enclosed, canals and water ditches cut and crops sown and harvested, and the foundation of the iron works laid in an incredibly short space of time. Two of the Twelve Apostles then in Europe organized the Deseret Iron Company, with a subscription amounting to \$40,000 in shares of \$2,000 each. A great deal of attention and labor have been bestowed on the iron works, which have been pretty successful, but they have met with much discouragement. They now think, however, that they can accomplish what they want. The iron ore, in qualities varying from 25 to 75 per cent of pure iron, is found in a chain of mountains which commence about eight miles west of the city, and excellent coal mines are opened seven miles to the east. In addition to the habitations for the workmen there are school-houses, a tithing store and a public hall.

Harmony Settlement, Washington County, is about 25 miles south by west from Cedar City. It is situated on Ash Creek, 20 miles north of the Rio Virgen. The settlers here have had considerable intercourse with the Indians, and built many houses for them, and many of the redskins have embraced the faith.

Small settlements were established in Carson Valley on the extreme west of the Territory, but have within a few months been vacated. At the White River Mountains, west of Fillmore, a settlement was attempted, but an Indian, through a trifling business transaction, got dissatisfied, which finally led to shooting, a fight, and the departure of the settlers. Fort Supply and the Green River settlements near Bridger have likewise been abandoned since the expedition got there.

Leaving the northern settlements, as reported, if the Mormons remain in the territory of the United States they will probably fill up the southern settlements, and go into the White River and Elk Mountains. Of that country they possess considerable information.

[New York Herald, July 7, 1858.]

OUR UTAH CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Scott, June 12, 1858.

* * * * *

The day opened yesterday by a driving snow storm, which continued perseveringly for three or four hours, after which it rained and snowed and hailed and blowed and sunshined until sunset, when it cleared off pleasant. What would the citizens of Gotham think of a heavy snow storm on the tenth of June? A depot for the army has been established at Fort Bridger; Gen. Johnston has ordered three companies to remain, under the command of Col. Hoffman, to take charge of it. These companies are Company K of the First Cavalry, under Capt. Stuart, and two companies of the Sixth Infantry commanded by Capt. Hendrickson and Lieut. A. C. Smith.

On the 5th inst. the following general order was given, directing the army to prepare for marching into Salt Lake Valley as soon as possible:—

Headquarters, Department of Utah, }
Camp Scott, U. T., June 5, 1858. }

1. Means of transportation and renewed supplies being near at hand this army will, in the execution of the orders of government, at an early day resume its march to Salt Lake Valley.

2. In the meantime the transportation present will be held in readiness, and each chief of staff and each commander will complete the preparation for the march in his own department or command. Transportation will be furnished at the rates established in General Orders No. 25, Headquarters Troops serving in Kansas 1857.

3. Commanders will without delay make requisition for such clothing now on hand as is needed for immediate issue and for the march, and have prepared by the arrival of the trains requisitions for shoes and stockings. These requisitions will be made only on a personal inspection and examination by company commanders into the wants of their men in order that no articles may be drawn except those needed for the march. A small supply of clothing, for issue according to necessity to the respective commands after arriving in the valley, will be turned over to the Regimental and Acting Assistant Quartermasters for transportation.

A command of at least three companies, to be designated in Special Orders, will constitute the guard at this depot. The Medical Director, on or before the arrival of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman, will designate a medical officer to remain with the command. The sick who are not able to march will be left at this depot. Supplies, to be taken from those in charge of the medical purveyor, will be liberally furnished to the hospitals attached to each regiment and to this depot. The remaining hospital supplies will be prepared as required in paragraph 997 Army Regulations, and turned over to the Deputy Quartermaster, to be designated for transportation at a future date to Salt Lake Valley.

By order of Brevet Brigadier-General

A. S. JOHNSTON.

F. J. Porter, A. A. G.

The army was delighted on receiving this order, though it had always expected to start at the earliest practical moment.

Late on the evening of the 5th the eastern mail, the only one we receive, arrived; it brought us papers from New York up to the 6th ultimo.

General Johnston has issued the following orders for the march of the troops: —

Headquarters, Department of Utah, }
Camp Scott, U. T., June 11, 1858. }

The troops will march from this camp in three divisions, on as many consecutive days, commencing with the first division, and moving in the order of their numbers.

Special instructions with regard to advanced, flank and rear guards will be given immediately after the execution of the preliminary movements herein directed.

The following will be the order of march, subject to an additional change on leaving Muddy Creek.

First division, composed of the Second Dragoons, Phelps's battery, and the Volunteer battalion to advance to the Muddy and await the arrival of the Second division.

Second division, composed of the 5th Infantry, Reno's battery, and Company B, 7th Infantry.

Third division, composed of the 10th Infantry and Colonel Loring's battalion.

The morning after the arrival on the Muddy of the Second division, the First and Second divisions (Reno's battery and B Company, 7th Infantry excepted), forming one division, will continue the march.

Reno's battery, Company B, 7th Infantry, and the Third division, now constituting the Second, will continue the march on the second day.

The headquarters will be with the Second division as far as the Muddy, beyond that with the advance. By order of

Brevet Brigadier-General, A. S. JOHNSTON.

F. J. Porter, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The time for moving is not named in the order, but it is understood that the First division will start on the 13th inst., the Second on the 14th, and the Third on the 15th. The army will not much more than get fairly stretched out on the road by the 15th. The Tenth Infantry is put in the rear on starting, probably to help the long trains up; but it is expected they will be placed in the van when we get into rough cañon country, since it is the best light troop in the army.

[New York Herald, July 8, 1858.]

OUR UTAH CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Scott, June 8, 1858.

The "Latter Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ throughout all the world" felicitate themselves upon the application of the term mob to our little army. I do not suppose that the stern disciples of Mars feel seriously aggrieved at being thus denominated by the saintly followers of Joe Smith, but it is nevertheless worthy of remark that there is no one thing which seems more characteristic to a civilian, on taking up his abode in this camp, than the perfect order and quiet that obtains here. There is no noise, no disturbance, no confusion of any kind. The only sounds that are ever heard are the creaking of the wagon wheels as men go for or return with wood; the commands of the officers in drilling, parading, inspecting or reviewing the troops; the rumbling of the winds and the babbling of the brooks which flow through the camp. Doubtless there is not in the United States any other assemblage of persons so large as this in which there is so little noise. Still, every function that pertains to the discipline, subsistence and protection of the army is in full and unremitting operation. The machine, being well regulated, moves quietly on, discharging all the duties devolving upon it without any one seeing the propelling power. Every one seems quiet, cheerful, happy; the men are reverential to their superiors, the officers are kind to, and considerate of those who are under their command.

The programme of exercises during the day is about as follows:—

At five o'clock in the morning the *reveillé* is sounded, the soldiers form into their companies immediately and answer to their names

as called by the company commanders. If any one is absent his absence must be accounted for.

At 6 A. M. there is the call for breakfast.

At 6½ A. M. the "fatigue call" is sounded, the working day then commences, the prisoners are turned out to labor, the men go for wood, get their provisions, attend to cleaning arms, get their clothing in order, clean up the camp ground, carry off the offal, &c.

At 7 A. M. the "surgeon's call" brings the "roll call" for all who are sick or in hospital.

7½ A. M. — First call for guard mounting.

7:45 A. M. — Guard mounting. The brigade or outpost guard, consisting of 110 men, is then reviewed in front of the commanding officer's tent and marched off to its posts. The major part of the officers attend this guard mounting, pay their respects to the commanding officer and cultivate social courtesies among themselves. It is their morning meeting.

During the twenty-four hours that the outpost guard is on duty neither the officers nor soldiers detached upon it are permitted to go to sleep. As the name implies, this guard surrounds the camp, and even extends to the adjoining bluffs.

11½ A. M. — Recall from fatigue.

12 M. — Dinner call.

12½ P. M. — Orderly call; the orderlies go to the commanding officers to receive orders.

1 P. M. — Fatigue call; the men return to work.

2½ P. M. — Drill call; sometimes it is company, sometimes regimental and sometimes brigade drill. Company drill does not, on an average, continue more than an hour; brigade drill occupies at least two hours.

5 P. M. — Recall from drill.

5 P. M. — Recall from fatigue.

First call for dress parade twenty-five minutes, second call fifteen minutes before sunset.

Sunset. — Retreat. The day is ended.

8½ P. M. — Tattoo is sounded, the men prepare for bed, the guard begin to challenge all who pass them.

8¾ P. M. — Soldiers to be in bed and to have all their lights extinguished.

Every Sunday morning at half past eight there is an inspection of the entire command.

Each regiment has a police guard which is mounted immediately after the outpost guard is. Its duty is to keep order in camp, to be ready and armed at all hours to act in the case of an emergency, and to obey the commands of the officer of the day.

Sunday, the 6th, was quite a warm day; summer seemed to have reached us at length on top of the Rocky Mountains. It was really disagreeably warm, though one quarter of the horizon displayed only a winding chain of mountains buried deep in snow. The increase of caloric in the air had the immediate effect of raising the small streams which run through the camp ground.

June 7. — The weather continued warm; the wind, as usual, was high during the middle of the day. The brooks which usually run so modestly through the camp, fed by the melting snow from the mountains, came rolling and tumbling down with great violence. Several of the foot bridges were carried away, and it was necessary to build embankments in many places along the creeks to keep them from overflowing the camp grounds.

June 8. — There arrived in the morning a band of eight or ten Mormons from Salt Lake City, who called themselves Mormons — Mormons true in the past, faithful in the present and devoted for the future. Such a thing was never known before; the Saints uniformly forswear their religion when they are so famous or infamous as to be known; they acknowledge that they were Mormons but are so no longer. This band brought in a wagon loaded with butter, eggs, &c., also some fifty mules, which they said were for sale. None of them were sold, however — not so much because they were not wanted as for the reason that they were designed by their owners for other purposes. The eggs, butter and the like were disposed of at exorbitant prices. The leader of the band may be known by the name Big Nose. Last summer he was conducting a train of twelve wagons loaded with powder, rifles and other merchandise into Mormondom in rear of the army. At Laramie he asked General (then Colonel) Johnston for a pass. The Colonel replied "You are a citizen of the United States, and therefore have a right to go into Salt Lake City; you would have, even if you were not a citizen, providing there is no rebellion; but if there is I don't intend that you or any one else shall go in with supplies for our enemies." After the

trains were burned by the Mormons Big Nose began to think that his train would not be permitted to pass the army, and that it was not safe from being seized even when behind it. So, arriving at Platte Bridge he left his wagons, packed some things on the backs of mules, and started through the mountains for Salt Lake City, avoiding the army. The Saints glorified themselves greatly over this achievement. They gave out that Big Nose took everything that was in the train with him on the backs of mules into Salt Lake Valley. The same thing was reported at Platte Bridge. Richard, an Indian trader at Platte Bridge, said he had bought their wagons and some other things from the Mormons, but his word was not believed.

During the winter Gen. Johnston sent down to Platte Bridge and had Richard's things examined, with the order that if more guns and ammunition were found there than legitimately pertained to Mr. Richard's business to take possession of them and bring them to this post. Thirty rifles and a limited quantity of ammunition were brought up here. Richard came up this spring, declared the rifles were his private property, and wished to be paid for them. He demanded the moderate sum of \$3,000 for thirty rifles; but instead of his demand being complied with he was informed that as the necessity for the seizure of the rifles had passed he might have them again. No, that would not do — he must have damages for being deprived of them — so he started off determined to apply to Congress for indemnity for the seizure of his property. But after cooling down he concluded that Congress was such a slow mill it might never grind out his bill of indemnity, so he returned and accepted the rifles, which all the time belonged to the Mormons, and had only been left, like the rest of the things in Big Nose's train, in his keeping. The powder belonging to the Mormons was cached on the Sweetwater. Well, the Saints seem to think that affairs are in such a condition that they can now safely go down and bring up the train of twelve wagons which they left below here last fall, including the powder cached on the Sweetwater and the merchandise stored with Richard on the Platte Bridge. Hence the arrival this morning of Big Nose with some fifty mules and several men to conduct the train in.

One of the volunteers, in looking at these Saints shortly after their arrival, exclaimed "That looks like the —— who stole

Grover's pistol after they burned the trains last fall." "Yes," added a companion, "and I can swear to the number of the pistol — it is ——— number." They went up to the Saint, examined his shooting iron, and found it to be stamped that very number. The facts were laid before Justice Carter, and Mr. Saint was lodged in a Gentile guard-house to await trial. It is not understood that the President's pardon extends to anything more than political crimes or treason; individual crimes, such as murder and robbery, punishable by local law, are not held to be included in that pardon. But as it is not absolutely certain how far the President desires his pardon to extend, the court released the prisoner upon his pleading that pardon on the ensuing day, being anxious at the present critical stage of affairs to err, if he err at all, on the safe side of the fence.

Big Nose says he left Salt Lake Valley on the 5th, met the United States Commissioners on the 6th by the Big Mountain, thirty-five miles from Salt Lake City, at which place he supposed they would arrive on the 7th. The Commissioners' expedition he reports as being all right, while Governor Cumming was several miles behind them, with some of his animals lost. He said the Commissioners would be well received, be treated well, have no difficulty in seeing Brigham; didn't know about the pardon being accepted. All the people north of Salt Lake City have been sent south; all the women, and the major part of the men have left the city and are on their way south; he didn't know where they were going; didn't think they would come back. There is not a Mormon, at least not an armed Mormon, in the cañons between here and Salt Lake Valley. Such are the statements of this, said to be, very sinful Saint.

ARRIVAL OF COLONEL HOFFMAN AND CAPTAIN MARCY — CAPTAIN MARCY'S RETURN TRIP — A TERRIFIC SNOW STORM, ETC., ETC.

Camp Scott, June 9, 1858.

The commands of Colonel Hoffman and Captain Marcy, which have been so long and anxiously waited for by this army, arrived to-day. Had they been here a month ago the army would have, ere this time, been in Salt Lake Valley; for be it understood that, though small in number, this army has never at any time considered it possible for the Saints to stop its advance, providing it had

means of subsistence and transportation. The army does now, and ever has, considered itself capacitated to wipe out entire Mormondom.

Colonel Hoffman brought with him sufficient provisions to subsist the army two months, a limited supply of clothing, tents and other munitions of war. Shoes especially were gratefully received by the troops, many of whom have been without them for months, Indian moccasins in most instances supplying their place. The army will now receive full rations. The contents of the four trains brought up by Colonel Hoffman have to be specifically examined and taken charge of by the commissary department, distributed throughout the army per requisition, and then re-loaded into government wagons to be transported to Salt Lake Valley. This, as may readily be apprehended, is no small task, and will require a vast amount of labor and some time to accomplish it.

Russell & Waddell deliver the trains to the United States army authorities at this place. The contents of the trains have to be catalogued, examined, numbered, weighed or measured, so that if anything is missing to have it accounted for, then given out, &c. Just as soon as this can be done we will start for the Canaan of the Saints, and every possible despatch will be made in the doing of it. General Johnston is not letting anything sleep, but urges forward everything pertaining to our advance persistently.

Captain Marcy brought in with him 1,100 mules, 200 horses and 100 oxen. He left Rayado, New Mexico, on the 15th of March with 250 men, 140 of whom were soldiers, the others were chiefly Mexican herdsmen. A Mexican named Tim Goodale accompanied Captain Marcy with 1,700 sheep. On the 21st of March the expedition reached the Raton Mountains, and on the 29th the Arkansas River. The weather was all the way very fine, grass excellent, roads good, wood and water plenty. He crossed the Arkansas at Old Puebla, where there was formerly a Mexican trading station, thence passed up the Fontaine Qui Boille, a branch of the Arkansas, where he remained thirty days waiting for reinforcements from New Mexico. On the 28th day of April he was reinforced by Col. Loring with 250 men, ordered forward from where they were stationed in New Mexico by the Secretary of War to aid Capt. Marcy in protecting his expedition from expected attacks of the Mormons. On the 29th of April the united

expeditions started forward; they made the summit of the dividing ridge between the waters of the Platte and Arkansas. On the evening of that day a thick snow storm set in, accompanied by a terrific tempest of wind, which lasted for sixty consecutive hours, covering the ground with snow to a depth of three feet, so that the animals were unable to obtain any subsistence from the grass. Capt. Marcy had some corn with which he fed them, and thus kept them alive. During the storm 300 mules stampeded and ran fifty miles with the wind, clear back to the Arkansas River. Some of the Mexican herders started with them; of the two who kept on, one was found this side of the Arkansas dead, the other was found near the mules, crawling around in the snow on his hands and knees in a state of temporary insanity, nearly starved to death, and would probably have died in a few hours if he had not been found and taken into camp and well treated. He has entirely recovered. Another man perished within two hundred yards of camp; the storm was so thick he could not find his way in, and so he died within a few steps of his companions' lodges. The bones of another man, supposed to be a discharged teamster, were found where there had been a fire, with all the flesh burned off of them. The poor man, doubtless suffering from the cold, had fallen into the fire and been burned up, all save his bones. Captain Marcy and all who were in this expedition declare that this was the most terrible storm they ever knew. So violent was the wind and so thick fell the snow that if a man got a few paces from his tent he could not see it. The only way to save himself then was to call out at the top of his voice; his companions within the tent hearing his cry would answer it; he would then follow the direction of the sound and reach them. As soon as the storm abated men were despatched south for the stampeded animals, all of which with the exception of five were obtained and taken back to camp. Not one animal perished during the storm so far as could be ascertained, though several antelopes, one of the hardiest of animals, were found dead on the prairie near the camp. The expedition was detained seven days by the storm, in getting the stampeded animals back, and in waiting for the melting of the snow.

On the 15th of May the expedition reached the South Platte; they built a flatboat and crossed the river in it. The flatboat was transported on wagons two hundred miles to the North Platte,

but that stream was found fordable; the South Platte was the only river that could not be forded on the route. There was abundance of grass, wood and water all the way along from New Mexico to the South Platte. Grass is green during the entire winter along under the mountains. Captain Marcy followed the Cherokee emigrant trail from Arkansas, skirting along the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Platte, thence proceeded to Green River. Ten miles east of Medicine Bow Butte he struck Bryan's, or the new Utah route, and followed it until near the North Fork of Platte River, then turned south and crossed the river about two and a half miles above Bridger's crossing; thence he took what is called the Evans route, and followed it about thirty two miles, when he bore to the north and made a new road for thirty miles, thus saving, as he supposes, sixty or seventy miles on the bend; from thence he made the Bitter Creek and followed it up to Green River, thence by the old road to Camp Scott. It will be seen that from beyond Bridger's Pass to Bitter Creek Capt. Marcy has opened a new road, which it is considered will be much dryer and better during a wet season than the regular Bridger's Pass road; they do not run many miles apart, however, so either can be taken at pleasure. This new Utah route by Bridger's Pass and Bryan's survey is at least one hundred miles shorter to the States and one thousand per cent better in every way — in grass, wood, water, richness of soil, &c.; it avoids all such places as Ash Hollow and Scott's Bluffs.

Where Capt. Marcy crossed the Rocky Mountains it was impossible to tell there were any mountains — it was a perfect plain; for at least 100 miles across the very summit of the Rocky Mountains it was impossible to tell where the highest point was, or where the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Pacific waters was. Nor was the ascent or descent from the mountains hardly observable. At no place between here and New Mexico, says Capt. Marcy, need loaded wagons camp a single night without good grass and water in any season of the year. On and in the vicinity of Bitter Creek he found extensive deposits of bituminous coal. Capt. Marcy says if he had not been compelled to wait for reinforcements he would have arrived forty days earlier, because the streams would not have been so high, and he would have avoided that heavy snow storm on the mountains.

The captain found on the very highest summits of the Rocky

Mountains a bird which was not before known to exist in the United States. It was a species of ptarmigan, being about the size of the New England pheasants, and as perfectly white as the driven snow. Three or four of the birds go together like prairie hens. Two of them were killed and sent to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. Prof. Baird of that institute considered them a very great acquisition, and said they have been known to exist in the British possessions north of us, in high latitudes and on lofty mountains, but this is the first time they were ever known to exist in the United States. Capt. Marcy killed great quantities of game, such as grizzly bear, mountain sheep, elk, antelope and deer on his return trip.

There are 6,000 sheep in transitu from New Mexico to this place. An old Mexican named Ortero, brother to the delegate in Congress, is conducting them hither. They will probably arrive in two weeks. The drove of 1,700 sheep that started with Capt. Marcy's expedition, owing to the high water in the streams, were turned off at Cache à Poudre towards Laramie; thence they will be brought hither.

JUDGE ECKLES — DIFFICULTIES OF HIS POSITION —
WHERE ARE HIS ASSOCIATE JUDGES?

Camp Scott, June 10, 1858.

The judicial department of our Territorial government has labored under serious difficulties ever since it was taken from the hands of the Saints and placed in those of the Gentiles. These difficulties have now become such as to render the holding of the Supreme or even of a District Court almost, if not quite, impracticable. The chief judicial functions of the Territory are exercised by a Chief Justice and two Associate Judges; together they hold the Supreme Courts, and separately District Courts, the Territory being divided into three judicial districts, one of which is presided over by each judge.

Mr. D. R. Eckles, the Chief Justice, received his appointment later than either of his compeers; nevertheless he is the only one now in or who has ever been in the Territory. It was after night on the 21st of July, 1857, that he received notice of his appointment; the next day he took the oath of office; five days later he had closed his business at Greencastle, Ind., made the necessary arrangements for his journey and travelled to St. Louis. He waited

at Leavenworth until the 10th of August for the other civil officers; none arriving he started westward, thinking they would overtake him. At Fort Kearney he awaited again two weeks for the civil officers, particularly his associate judges; still none arriving he recommenced his journey. Government did not even furnish him with transportation; he had to find his own teams. Before getting into Kearney he broke down a wagon, so he advanced from that post to Chimney Rock with an ox train; thence he travelled on with Col. Smith's command, furnishing, however, his own transportation. At the South Pass he was overtaken by General Johnston, who, though he considered it rather a stretch of his powers, tendered to him the services of three government mules from Ham's Fork to this place. The Judge arrived here on the 17th November, dug a hole in the ground, fixed up some logs around it and deposited himself in it as the judicial head of the Territory. The first Monday in September he opened his court without a single territorial officer in the Territory to aid him: there was no sheriff, no constable, no magistrate, no clerks, no seals, no library, no court-house, nor even a table or chair to put in one. He considered it very doubtful whether he had the power to appoint any of the officers above named save his clerks, but as it was necessary to have a civil government in order to control and punish teamsters and camp followers who violated the law, he considered a government *de facto* better than none, and forthwith appointed said officers to aid him in carrying on one. The funds he supplied out of his own pocket; he has never received a cent from the Territory to aid in carrying on the civil government. Moneys accruing to the court from fines or otherwise have defrayed the major part of his expenses.

During the past winter the Judge suffered many privations. The difficulty of getting wood was very serious; he paid as high as \$40 a cord for it, and finally could not obtain it for that. The animals, being with difficulty kept alive, could do no work, so the men had to harness themselves to wagons and draw wood through the snow for the command. If wood was obtained in this way for the troops it will be understood how difficult it was for civilians outside of the army to obtain it. In February Gen. Johnston ordered the Judge to be supplied with wood as though he pertained to the army. When the army moved from its upper camp down here Mr. Eckles was unable to follow it for want of a tent.

Finally the command was able to furnish him with tents for himself and attachés, whereupon he took up his quarters with the army, and continued to make war on the gamblers, who seriously disturbed the good order, peace and quietude of the camp. The only aid he has received in carrying on a civil government has been from the army, with the exception of the appointment of one magistrate by Gov. Cumming. Already upon the army arriving here serious difficulties had commenced between the teamsters and the soldiers, and if there had not been a judicial authority to restrain the one and a judicious power to govern the other lamentable consequences might have ensued.

The army is now about moving into Salt Lake Valley. Judge Eckles will accompany it, but what can he do there? He cannot hold Supreme Court, for neither of his associates are here; he cannot hold District Court there, because it is not his district.

The first district, over which he presides, lies north of Salt Lake City; the Mormons have all left that region of country, so he can do nothing there. The second judicial district, containing about all the Mormons at the present time, pertains to Mr. Sinclair of Virginia. The Governor might remove Judge Eckles from the first to the second district, but such a removal would not be exactly legal. Nevertheless, in order to get a civil government in that district it may be well that a government *de facto*, not in compliance with all the forms of law, is better than none at all. Judge Eckles wrote to the President a long time since that he could not carry on a civil government here longer than the 15th of May unless associate judges were sent him, but the letter was seized in transit by the Mormons. The Judge's animals having been lost during the winter, he finds himself without means of transportation to Salt Lake Valley. Usually generals in the American army take any number of the public animals and carriages they choose for the transportation of themselves, their effects and their friends. Gen. Johnston, however, holds that though he has the control of everything for public purposes he has the disposal of nothing for private or personal purposes; so he is unable to extend to Judge Eckles the use of public animals, but has cordially placed his own private carriage at the Judge's disposal, remarking that his place was on a horse at the head of the army. Gov. Cumming, more favored than the Chief Justice of the Territory, received from the general government an order for

transportation and provisions at contract prices. Considering the critical position of affairs in this Territory every public officer ought to be at his post doing his duty. Ought judges who are salaried for administering justice in this Territory to live in the States and never enter it? The President directly appealed, in his late proclamation to the Saints, to all Territorial officers, enjoining upon them "to be diligent and faithful to the full extent of their power in the execution of the laws." Can they do this and reside outside of the Territory? Where are Judges Potter and Sinclair?

TOPOGRAPHY OF THIS WESTERN WILDERNESS — JUDICIOUS POLICY
OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.

Great difficulty has been felt during the so called Mormon war for want of more accurate, minute and extended maps of the regions hereabout. General Johnston early sought to remedy this evil, so far as the future is concerned, by issuing an order on the 11th of September, 1857, directing every commander of a company or detachment belonging to the army of Utah, or hereafter serving in the department of Utah, to keep an itinerary of his march, or a daily map of the route and face of the country over which he should pass, these itineraries to be forwarded to department headquarters, and a copy retained at the post or station other than Salt Lake City. The map of the route must contain the road and country illustrated, if practicable; the direction of the road, all remarkable features, as hills, streams, fords, springs, houses, villages, forests, marshes and the like, where practicable, are to be sketched in their relative positions. Remarks are to be added delineating everything of interest on the march — the nature of the country, whether hilly, rolling, marshes, the soil, produce, timber, grass, water, nature of the fords, roads, &c., &c. — the object being to produce an itinerary which shall be a guide for other columns, and furnish all the information needed on the route for future reference and the preparation of a map. An expedition from Fort Leavenworth to Salt Lake Valley by the old road, and another via the new road, will furnish numerous minute maps and an abundance of information in regard to both routes, so that by taking the entire collection of maps and facts a general map of the routes can be compiled which would be as minute and perfect as such instruments can be made. Maps, itineraries of the

road, country, &c., were thus taken by Captain Marcy, both in going to and returning from New Mexico, which it will be remembered were by different routes.

Mr. Ficklin, who made a very successful and hazardous expedition to the head of the Missouri River last winter by the direction of General Johnston, took similar itineraries of his route there and back. When a network of such maps are thrown over our Territories there can be compiled from them a most minute and correct map of the whole. General Johnston is thus giving the nation a more certain and fixed knowledge of the nature of this country than it could otherwise have obtained in many years.

The maps that will be made within two weeks of the country and road between here and Salt Lake Valley will be very numerous and exact. We are not now so ignorant of the region which lies between here and the City of Saints (via Echo Cañon) as many have supposed, in proof of which I herewith send you a very exact and minute map of the country, roads, rivers, mountains, passes, cañons, &c., in the region above denoted, and also of the country adjacent to Salt Lake City. It is a copy of a map just completed by Capt. John Newton of the Corps of Engineers by order of Gen. Johnston.

We had a fine hail storm this morning: the hailstones were the size of pistol balls and fell so fast that half an hour served to cover the earth with a white bed of ice. Pretty well for the 9th of June, but then it is nothing for the Rocky Mountains.

[New York Herald, July 15, 1858.]

LETTER FROM THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS TO THE
SECRETARY OF WAR.

Great Salt Lake City,
Utah Territory, June 12, 1858 }

Dear Sir — We have the honor to report that we reached this city on the 7th inst. We lost no time in placing ourselves in communication with the chief men of the Mormon people. After the fullest and freest conference with them we are pleased to state that we have settled the unfortunate difficulties existing between the government of the United States and the people of Utah. We

are informed by the people and chief men of the Territory that they will cheerfully yield obedience to the constitution and laws of the United States. They cheerfully consent that the civil officers of the Territory shall enter upon the discharge of their respective duties. They will make no resistance to the army of the United States in its march to the valley of Salt Lake or elsewhere. We have their assurance that no resistance will be made to the officers, civil or military, of the United States in the exercise of their various functions in the Territory of Utah.

The people have abandoned all the settlements north of this, and all the families have left the city, only about fifteen hundred persons remaining here to take charge of the property, and to burn it if the difficulties had not been settled. The people from this city and north of it have gone south to Provo, fifty miles south of this, and to points beyond. We will visit Provo and the settlements south in a day or two, and see and confer with the people, and inform them that the difficulties have been settled, and thus induce them to return to their homes.

We have written Gen. Johnston by the messenger that will bear this, informing him of what had been done, and that he could march his army to the valley whenever he desired to do so. We intend to remain and visit the people and converse with them until Gen. Johnston's army arrives. We think it important that we remain until the army is located in the valley. We have but a moment to write, as the express will start in a few moments. We will in a few days forward a detailed report.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

L. W. POWELL, }
 BEN McCULLOCH, } Commissioners to Utah.

Hon. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

DISPATCH OF GEN. JOHNSTON TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Headquarters, Department of Utah, }
 Camp on Bear River, U. T., June 16, 1858. }

Major — I have the honor to report that the march of the army of Utah commenced on the 13th inst. The advance, composed of the Second Dragoons, commanded by Col. Cooke, the Volunteer Battalion, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Bee, and

Phelps's light battery arrived here on the 14th inst.; the Fifth Infantry, Col. Waite commanding, and Reno's battery, on the 15th, accompanied by a part of the supply train. To-day the Tenth Infantry, commanded by Col. Alexander, and a battalion composed of one company of cavalry, one company of mounted rifles, three companies of the Third, two companies of the Sixth, and one company of the Seventh Infantry, commanded by Col. Loring, will arrive with the remainder of the supply train.

The river rises during the night, but can be forded in the afternoon. The crossing, therefore, of the dragoons, volunteers and train was not effected till yesterday evening. An old bridge above the ford was sufficiently repaired to enable Captain Phelps to pass his pieces and caissons over by hand. This evening Captain Reno's battery will be crossed in the same way. The Fifth Infantry and trains will cross this evening, and if there is time afterwards the Tenth Infantry, Colonel Loring's battalion and trains will also cross, and the march will be resumed to-morrow in the order directed by my order of this date herewith. The march to the valley will be made in five days.

On the day of my arrival at this place I received a communication from the United States Commissioners, the Hon. L. W. Powell and Major Ben McCulloch, of which the enclosed is a copy. I have the honor to transmit a copy of my reply, and also a copy of a few remarks which it was thought I should address to the people to allay an unfounded apprehension prevailing among them.

Captain Newton of the Engineer Corps was detached yesterday, with an escort of an officer and thirty men and the most experienced guide of the mountains, James Bridger, to examine thoroughly the country from this post to the head of Muddy Creek, which flows into Bear River. I believe the elevated table land between this and the western end of the Cache Valley can be ascended by easy gradations, and that the opposite side can be descended into Cache Valley without difficulty. If a good road should be found practicable, as I expect, I would respectfully suggest that the commander of the forces here may be authorized to order its construction immediately. The only communication between important districts should not long be allowed to continue through long and difficult cañons easily obstructed.

The health of the troops continues excellent.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

A. S. JOHNSTON,

Colonel Second Cavalry and Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army Commanding.

To Major Irvin McDowell, Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters of the Army, West Point, New York.

LETTER FROM THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS TO GEN. JOHNSTON.

Great Salt Lake City, }
Utah Territory, June 12, 1858. }

Dear Sir — We have the pleasure of informing you that, after a full and free conference with the chief men of the Territory, we are informed by them that they will yield obedience to the constitution and laws of the United States; that they will not resist the execution of the laws in the Territory of Utah; that they cheerfully consent that the civil officers of the Territory shall enter upon the discharge of their respective duties; and that they will make no resistance to the army of the United States in its march to the valley of Salt Lake or elsewhere. We have their assurance that no resistance will be made to the officers, civil or military, of the United States, in the exercise of their various functions in the Territory of Utah.

The houses, fields and gardens of the people of this Territory, particularly in and about Salt Lake City, are very insecure. The animals of your army would cause great destruction of property if the greatest care should not be observed in the march and in the selection of camps. The people of the Territory are somewhat uneasy for fear the army, when it shall reach the valley, would not properly respect their persons and property. We have assured them that neither their persons nor property would be injured or molested by the army under your command.

We would respectfully suggest, in consequence of this feeling of uneasiness, that you issue a proclamation to the people of Utah, stating that the army under your command would not trespass upon the rights or property of peaceable citizens during the sojourn in or the march of your army through the Territory. Such a proclamation would greatly allay the existing anxiety and fear of

the people, and cause those who have abandoned their homes to return to their houses and farms.

We have made inquiry about grass, wood, &c., necessary for the subsistence and convenience of your army. We have conversed with Mr. Ficklin fully on this subject, and given him all the information we have, which he will impart to you.

We respectfully suggest that you march to the valley as soon as it is convenient for you to do so.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

L. W. POWELL,
BEN. McCULLOCH, } Commissioners to Utah.

Gen. A. S. Johnston, commanding Army of Utah, Camp Scott, Utah Territory.

GEN. JOHNSTON'S REPLY TO THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

Headquarters, Department of Utah, }
Camp on Bear River, June 14, 1858. }

Gentlemen — Your communication from Salt Lake City was received to-day. The accomplishment of the object of your mission entirely in accordance with the instructions of the President, the wisdom and forbearance of which you have so ably displayed to the people of the Territory will, I hope, lead to a more just appreciation of their relations to the general government, and the establishment of the supremacy of the laws. I learn with surprise that uneasiness is felt by the people as to the treatment that they may receive from the army. Acting under the twofold obligations of citizens and soldiers we may be supposed to comprehend the rights of the people, and to be sufficiently mindful of the obligations of our oaths not to disregard the laws which govern us as a military body. A reference to them will show with what jealous care the general government has guarded the rights of citizens against any encroachment. The army has duties to perform here in execution of the Department of War, which, from the nature of them, cannot lead to interference with the people in their various pursuits, and if no obstruction is presented to the discharge of those duties there need not be the slightest apprehension that any person whatever will have cause of complaint against it.

The army will continue its march from this position on Thurs-

day, 17th inst., and reach the valley in five days. I desire to encamp beyond the Jordan on the day of arrival in the valley.

With great respect, your obedient servant.

A. S. JOHNSTON,
Colonel Second Cavalry and brevet Brigadier-General United States army, commanding.

To the Hon. L. W. Powell and Major Ben. McCulloch, United States Commissioners to Utah.

GENERAL JOHNSTON'S PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF UTAH.

The Commissioners of the United States, deputed by the President to urge upon the people of this Territory the necessity of obedience to the constitution and laws, as enjoined by his proclamation, have this day informed me that there will be no obstruction to the administration and execution of the laws of the federal government, nor any opposition on the part of the people of this Territory to the military force of the government in the execution of their orders. I therefore feel it incumbent on me, and have great satisfaction in doing so, to assure those citizens of the Territory who, I learn, apprehend from the army ill treatment, that no person whatever will be in anywise interfered with or molested in his person or rights, or in the peaceful pursuit of his avocation; and, should protection be needed, that they will find the army always faithful to the obligations of duty, as ready now to assist and protect them as it was to oppose them while it was believed they were resisting the laws of their government.

A. S. JOHNSTON,
Colonel Second Cavalry and Brev. Brig.-Gen. Com.

ORDER OF MARCH OF THE ARMY.

Headquarters, Department of Utah, }
Camp on Bear River, U. T., June 16, 1858. }

The army will continue the march to-morrow, and daily hereafter till arrival in Salt Lake Valley, in the following order, each command being followed immediately by its train and a proportion of the supply train:—

Brevet Col. P. F. Smith's battalion, constituting the advanced guard, at 5 A. M.; Tenth Infantry and Phelps's battery at 5:15 A. M.; Fifth Infantry and Reno's battery at 5:45 A. M.; Col. Loring's battalion of mounted riflemen, First Cavalry, Third, Sixth and

Seventh Infantry, at 6:15 A. M.; Volunteers at 6:30 A. M.; Second Dragoons, constituting the rear guard, at 7 A. M. Commanders of regiments and battalions will order the guards of their respective trains. The headquarters will be with the advance.

By order of Brevet Brigadier-General A. S. Johnston.

F. J. PORTER, Assistant Adjutant-General.

[New York Herald, July 19, 1858.]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW
YORK HERALD.

Great Salt Lake City, June 16, 1858.

The events of commanding interest that have transpired since my last letter can be best developed in the chronological order in which they occurred or came to my knowledge.

THE ARMY STARTING FOR SALT LAKE VALLEY.

On Sunday, the 13th, the first division of the army, under Col. Cook of the Second Dragoons, left Fort Bridger for Salt Lake Valley. The division consisted of the Second Dragoons, 250 in number; Fourth Artillery, under Captain Phelps, containing six pieces served by 70 men; the Volunteers, under Col. Bee, numbering 350. A large number of beef cattle were driven along with this division. It was about ten o'clock A. M. when the division left Camp Scott. The operation of razing their tents, loading their wagons and starting out their long line of wagons and men were watched with great interest by the rest of the army, who felt with Tasso's "Godfrey:" —

The period has arrived that we should raise
Our flag aloft; less fortunate will flow
The tide the longer we delay.

The first division advanced as far as Muddy Creek, (thirteen miles) and encamped upon its banks. The day was intensely hot and the march very oppressive.

At 6 A. M. Monday morning, the 14th instant, General Johnston, his staff officers, the mail and several civilians, including your correspondent, left Camp Scott, where the elements, want of animals and subsistence had detained the army just seven months, and started for the city of the Saints. At 9½ o'clock A. M. of the same day the second division of the army started; it

was under Colonel Waite, but he being sick Colonel Chapman commanded it. As before noticed this division consisted of the Fifth Infantry, Seventh Infantry, and Reno's battery, numbering in all about 420 men. On the 15th the third division, under Colonel Alexander, started; it consisted of the Tenth Infantry, numbering 600 men. The rear guard, commanded by Colonel Loring, and consisting of 700 men, started the same day. The advancing army, it will be thus observed, consists of about 2,400 men, which, with the employees, will make the number of persons now *en route* for Salt Lake Valley at least 3,000. There are some five hundred wagons, carrying provisions, quartermaster stores, bridges, boats, and all the munitions of war requisite for an army in the field, sufficient to last this command full two months. The number of horses and mules connected with the army is about 3,000.

Capt. Marcy has recently been appointed Inspector General of the army. The position is a very fine one, and is, I suppose, intended as a compliment to him for having so successfully completed his severe and trying expedition to and from New Mexico during the past winter. Gen. Johnston expressed the feeling of the army toward Capt. Marcy in his General Orders No. 17, which are as follows:—

GENERAL ORDERS No. 17.

Headquarters Army of Utah,
Camp Scott, U. T., March 14, 1858. }

The Colonel commanding announces with pleasure the arrival in New Mexico of the expedition under Captain Randolph B. Marcy, Fifth Infantry, organized in Special Orders No. 50, Army of Utah, 1857.

After a laborious march across the mountains, through snow from two to five feet deep, for 200 miles, the men breaking the track for their wearied animals through the deep and hard packed snow, the command reached Teos, New Mexico, on the 22d June, 1858.

Without food other than their dying animals, enduring almost unparalleled suffering, struggling for its existence, the members of this energetic band maintained, amid numerous perils and toils, their good conduct and subordination, displaying an example in their country's cause worthy of imitation, and of which their country, as the army, is justly proud.

With deep regret is announced the death of one member of the expedition, Sergeant Wm. H. Norton of Company E, Tenth Infantry, from exposure to cold after over exertion in the discharge of his duty. By order of Col. A. S. Johnston.

F. J. PORTER, Asst. Adjt.-Gen.

But to return to General Johnston, his staff, &c., which left Camp Scott early on the morning of the 14th. We advanced

westward four or five miles, and then began to ascend the bluffs which surround Camp Scott. The ascent was easy and gradual. Until we reached the Muddy the scenery was characterized by the same dreary monotony that oppresses the traveler all the way west of the Big Blue. Sterility and poverty were as marked as elsewhere along the route — indeed, the region of country was so poor that it beggars description. There was nothing to describe save rough, ill looking hills or bluffs and valleys — the hills not being high enough to be grand and the valleys not deep enough or vast enough to render the scenery impressive. Nearly all the vegetation that could be seen were a few stunted cedars and some wild sage. This, it must be remembered, was on the plateau at the top of the Rocky Mountains; indeed, the entire country from the South Pass to Great Salt Lake City — an area some 237 miles broad — is on the top of the Rocky Mountains, and should be considered as an irregular plateau, descending here and there a few thousand feet, and forming the beds of streams, then ascending into lofty ridges between them. Some of the ridges rise far above others, and have particular names. Thus, as we traveled along all day, we could see the lofty Uinta Mountains far to our left (south) covered with snow till they were as perfectly white as the brightest cloud in heaven.

The Muddy, in contradistinction to its name, is a pleasant little stream of clear good water, about eight feet wide and about one foot deep. After crossing the Muddy we began to enter upon a far different country, better in every respect, though it was much higher; and seemingly, on account of being higher, we ascended for two or three hours up a gently inclined plain. The higher we got up the better the grass looked. Along the high ridges it was thick and high, forming superior grazing. The beauty of the scenery likewise increased with our ascent. About four miles west of Muddy Creek we came to Copperas or Soda Springs. The water was cold and strongly impregnated with soda — not so strongly, however, as is the water at Saratoga Springs. We continued our ascent nearly two miles further, when we reached the summit of the dividing ridge between the Muddy and Bear River. We were then 7,315 feet above the level of the sea, and for the first time during our trip to Utah did we find a scene that could truly be called grand or sublime. Away to the south, as far as the eye could see, lay the Uinta Mountains, mingling their white summits with

the clouds of heaven. Between us and them mountain on mountain rose and rolled away in the distance. The circling ridge of some of them could be traced for miles running along behind each other, each further ridge seeming to be but a few feet behind its inner one, though it must have been many miles. West, or in front of us, rose a lofty mountain peak, seeming to cut off our advance to, as it did our view of the regions beyond. Close to the road, immediately on our right (north) was a precipitous ravine or narrow valley, which seemed to extend far down into the bowels of the earth. It ran along parallel with the road, and lured the eye as by a serpent's spell. Far beyond it to the north, ridge on ridge and mountain peak on mountain peak rose and rolled away to the horizon. To the east we could see far back over many ridges and valleys. The scenery was grand and impressive; it would be difficult to find a sublimer prospect, though the visionary ray did not cover so large an extent of space as it does on the White Mountains of New Hampshire. We found upon the highest regions of the table land excellent grass, and even numerous wild flowers. The superior fertility of these regions is probably owing to their being covered deeper by snow, and therefore better irrigated with it. There was no wood on the high ridges. The ascent had been very gradual; the descent was more rapid, but only in two places abrupt. A mile from the summit of this ridge we came to a second soda spring, of better water even than the former. A little further on we passed down a steep and narrow ravine. Two of the ambulances were broken during the day in descending such precipitous steeps. We ran along a narrow valley for some distance, where we could not see beyond the mountain peaks a few hundred yards to our right and left, and noticed several strong military posts which, properly fortified and defended by a few men, even, would arrest the advance of ever so great an army for a limited space of time. The prospect from what is called the Rim of the Great Basin was very beautiful. We enjoyed an elevation at that place of 7,700 feet. Without descending very much we struck Willow Creek, a very small stream, which hardly merits the name of creek, and followed along it a mile or two—the Medicine Butte, a lofty circular summit, being observable to our right. Soon after we crossed Sulphur Creek, a little rivulet twelve feet wide and from one to two feet deep. About six P. M. we encamped on Bear River, nearly two miles west of Sulphur Creek,

having made thirty-two miles during the day. We found the first division of the army already encamped there. Green River was very high, nearly up to the back of a horse, and was about forty feet wide; it ran as swift as a mill race. This stream is at an elevation of nearly 7,000 feet. There was good wood (two or three hundred trees), and very fine grazing along its valley. I observed clover and strawberry vines among the grass — the first that I had seen west of the Big Blue. The scenery along the river — its valley and the adjacent mountains — could not be denominated less than grand. General Johnston gave orders to have the bridge across the stream and the road connected therewith immediately repaired, for the water was so high heavy loaded wagons could not ford it.

About three p. m., on the 14th inst. Mr. Ficklin, an express rider, also Mr. Morrell, postmaster at Salt Lake City (Gentile) met us. They were just from Salt Lake City; they went in with the United States Commissioners, and this was the first reliable intelligence that we received in regard to them. First there was a letter from the Commissioners to General Johnston, which stated that the Mormons had accepted the President's pardon, that peace had been made, and all difficulties with the mountain robbers amicably adjusted. They represented that the body of the Mormon people were very fearful that the army would destroy their property, &c. They also made some suggestions as to the proximity of the encampment of the army to Salt Lake City, and advised General Johnston to issue a proclamation, saying to the dear Saints that his army of sinners should not touch any of their (the Saints') property.

Judge Eckels received a letter from Dr. Forney, the Indian Agent, saying that he was present at the councils between the Commissioners, Brigham and his chief men; that the Mormons tried to delay everything; that they would not say they would accept the President's pardon, but threatened to burn everything and retreat south to the mountains; that they sought to bring the Commissioners over to their desires and designs; but failing in that and learning by an express rider that General Johnston had issued his order of march, which they did on the 12th inst., (it was only known in Camp Scott on the evening of the 11th) they hastened to make terms — the only ones that could be accepted from them, namely, unconditional submission to the laws and constitution of

the United States. On the 11th there was a council, in which the Mormons held harsh and strong language. On the evening of the 12th "conciliatory speeches were made." The change seems to have been somewhat connected with Gen. Johnston's order of march.

On the 15th inst. the second division of the army arrived at Bear River; both divisions crossed that stream and encamped on this side. The third division and rear guard would arrive on the following day. Then all would move forward rapidly to this city.

Gen. Johnston, per request of the Commissioners, issued the following proclamation to the people of Utah.

(The proclamation was published in the Herald of Thursday last, 15th inst.)

About four o'clock on the morning of the 16th inst. I left the camp on Bear River and started *à cheval*, with blankets and saddlebags, for Salt Lake City. For fourteen miles west of Bear River grazing was excellent; the plateau was undulating, with here and there a lofty ridge of hills or bluffs. Fifteen miles west of Bear River and forty-seven miles west of Camp Scott I came to the head of

ECHO CAÑON.

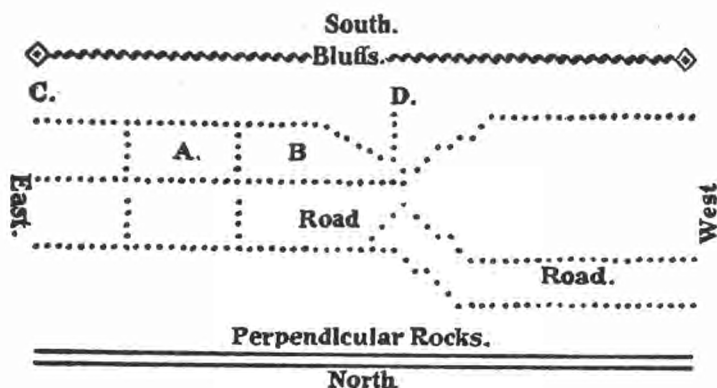
This cañon is twenty-two miles long, and has an average breadth of about a quarter of a mile. The right bank of the cañon, along its entire length, is a precipitous ridge of porous rocks. At its entrance numerous swallows have built their nests in the holes in the rocks, which are of all sizes, from that of an egg to that of a house. The height of this bank is from three hundred feet to one thousand feet, or rather at some places the former, at others the latter — the bottom of the cañon being almost perfectly level, forming a beautiful narrow plain, protected on either side by mountains. Like most of the cañons a small creek runs through its entire length. The left bank of the cañon shows few or no rocks, and is much less steep than the right. In most places a person can climb it, and grass grows upon the major part of it. Grass throughout the cañon is excellent, water good and abundant. Wood is scarce; there are a few cedars along the rocks on the right bank, and plenty of willows towards its lower end along the creek. I have seen no other place for a thousand miles so well adapted for grazing animals as Echo Cañon. In traveling through

it the ridges of mountain on either side shut out one's view from all things beyond.

FORTIFICATIONS IN ECHO CAÑON — DEFENCE OF THE PLACE, ETC.

There is no position in Echo Cañon which can be defended without artillery against the attack of an enemy having possession of it, all other things being equal. Nor is there any position in it which a people armed as the Mormons are could long defend to advantage against our army. But the cañon along its entire course presents extraordinary advantages to a bold, active, determined people for the successful prosecution of guerrilla warfare. There is no position in the cañon which cannot be turned, taken in rear, or forced by artillery in the front. The ridge of rocks to the right of the canon is too high and too far from the road to render rifle shooting from it effective. Firing from the left bank, most of the way through the cañon, is still less effective. The Mormons have only erected military works in the west end of Echo Cañon. For some miles I observed rocks and stones piled up on the ridge at the north side of the cañon, or to our right as we came in. These stones were intended, in some places, to serve as a breastwork, from behind which the Saints could discharge their powder and lead at the advancing troops. In others they were placed there to be hurled down upon the army. I need say nothing concerning the destruction which the followers of Joe Smith proposed to hurl down upon our soldiery from this ledge of rocks, because every one knows that no army would ever think of advancing into such a cañon without first having, with its light troops, examined the bordering ledges and driven the enemy from them, if any were there. Indeed, the only "fortifications" between Camp Scott and this place that merit any notice whatever are those three miles from this, or the west end of Echo Cañon. They can be easily comprehended by the aid of the following diagram.

The distance between the ridge of bluffs on the left and the ridge of perpendicular rocks on the right is about thirty yards. The road runs close along under the rocks at the right, which rocks, though perpendicular, are not so high but that rifle shooting from them would be effective. A breastwork of stones, with loopholes in it, has been erected on the top of said rocks. C represents the creek which, running along under the bluffs at the left,



turns at D and crosses to the right of the road just where the road turns to the left. A represents a breastwork embankment of earth. It is about five feet high and two feet wide on the top. Before it there is a ditch eight feet wide, and I don't know how deep. The creek is dammed so as to fill the ditch to the top with water. The ditch is at present bridged where it crosses the road. It does not extend sufficiently close to the perpendicular rocks to prevent a passage there both by foot and horsemen. Between A and B there is the commencement of a second ditch and embankment, but they are not half completed. B represents another breastwork embankment, with an exterior ditch, and is in all respects similar to A, only that it extends clear up to the perpendicular rocks. D represents a dam across the creek C, where it crosses the road; it is intended to flood the road, and is also constructed so as to answer as a breastwork, from behind which men could load and fire their arms. Along the lower part of the bluffs, to the left, another breastwork has been thrown up, from which rifles could command the road from A to D. It will also be remembered that there is a stone loopholed breastwork on the top of the perpendicular rocks to the right, from which riflemen could command this part of the road.

Such is the chief of the Mormon fortifications, and probably a more ridiculous example of military folly has not of late years been exhibited. It is worse than that of the French officer who, having received instructions to await ulterior orders, (*des ordres ulterieurs*;) spent a whole week in looking on the maps for the village Ulterieur. If the army, like a flock of sheep, would march along the road till it was stopped by the ditch and embankment at

A, and then remain there while the Mormons behind the embankment and the breastworks on the ledges at either side of the road raked it with rifle balls, then these works might be considered effective; but, as things are, the folly of constructing them is almost beyond credence. If the Saints proposed to defend this position by a larger number of men than we could bring against them, all Gen. Johnston, or whatsoever officer might be commanding our troops, would have to do would be to place a battery on the road to the east or in front of these works, and in a very few minutes the light dirt embankment would be torn down; and the Saints who were protected by them would stand a fair chance (if they did not run) of being sent whither they would be able to judge of the truth or falsity of their religion. The locality is particularly favorable to the playing of offensive artillery, while the breastworks are not substantially constructed, but are merely like earth heaped up. This position, however, is doubtless intended to be defended or held for a time by a smaller party than would be brought against it. In that case, before a single gun could be fired the Mormons might find themselves so positioned that every man of them would have to die or be taken prisoner.

The bluffs to the south are not so steep but that a body of light troops, like the Tenth Infantry, could readily descend them, particularly by D; so, detaching a strong body of light troops, they could readily ascend the bluffs a few miles to the east of the fortifications; circling around them till they came to D, they could there approach the road till within a few hundred yards without being seen, then rushing down at the ordinary time of the *chasseur à pied*, they would take the Mormons to the rear and flank of all their embankments. The latter could not escape to the north, for there the rocks are perpendicular; they could not escape to the west (their rear), nor to the south (by the bluffs), for in both places they would be cut off by their enemy), nor could they advance to the front (east), for their own ditches, the enemy's battery and troops not elsewhere detached would stay them; they would therefore either have to die with arms in their hands or be taken prisoners. The escape or capture of the Saints on the perpendicular rocks at the north would depend upon the nature of the ground and the comparative numbers of the contending parties, also upon attendant circumstances. If it was deemed advisable the offensive party could out flank the defensive one along the top

or behind the bluffs, from A to D, while another detachment could take the defenders in rear from one to three miles to the west of the position; the nature of the ground admits of this. It is useless here to notice the strategetic measures which should be taken by the offensive commanding officers, such as occupying the enemy's attention in front or outflanking them at the right, to secure the result above denoted. A much better position to have been chosen for fortification by the Mormons would have been the west end of Echo Cañon by Weber River. The cañon is narrower there, the creek larger for ditches or flooding the road. It would be very difficult to turn the position, while it would be impossible to cut off the retreat of the defensive party, provided always its commanding officer had some little regard to or knowledge of military principles. While Echo Cañon furnishes few or no positions which cannot be turned, it is a region most favorably adapted to guerilla warfare. The army with its trains would be extended several miles in length, every point of which would be subject to an attack by an enemy which could not be seen till close upon the party attacked. True, a strong body of scouts and light troops could be placed upon the ridges on either side of the road, but they would have to cover such an extent in length, both by night and by day, that a small, determined body of men, say five hundred, could harrass the army fearfully. Their attacks, particularly those made at night, would not be so destructive to our troops as it would be annoying and demoralizing.

I rode direct west from Bear River to Weber River, then turned north and followed down the latter stream five miles to the crossing. There is considerable wood along this stream; the mountains lower their sides to its narrow valley, which is well filled with grass. While passing through Echo Cañon I was felicitating myself upon a bright, cloudless sky, but fifteen minutes thereafter the rain was descending in torrents and the thunder was reverberating through the mountains. Such is the suddenness of storms upon the Rocky Mountains. And when Jupiter thunders in that region he makes a noise; civilized thunder will not compare with it. In the afternoon I enjoyed for two or three hours a drenching rain. At one time it fell so fast and was driven with such force in the face of my horse that I could not compel him to advance against it, but had to seek shelter under some bushes.

After proceeding north along the Weber several miles the road

turns to the west again, and follows along up East Cañon. There is some fine scenery along this cañon, but it is not grand, as viewed from the road, because the mountains, rising immediately to the right and left of the road, obstruct the view of all things beyond. Towards the foot of the Big Mountain East Cañon Creek is thickly bordered with willows; the road runs along through them; in many places they close over the head of the traveller and form a perfect canopy. In very warm or in stormy weather they constitute an excellent shelter. After riding some sixty miles I overtook, before sunset, at the foot of the Big Mountain, the mail which left Bear River the day before for Salt Lake City, and encamped with it for the night. The scenery at the camp grounds was very beautiful. We were on a small circular verdant plain, with the mountains in every direction rising from it; they all seemed independent, and reared their vast bulks, round and circular like a pyramid or cone, high into the clouds. Taking my saddle bags for a pillow I wrapped myself in my blankets and lay down on the wet ground to enjoy the charms of Somnus, but as the rain poured down a good part of the night, and the water coursed in small streams along the ground under me, penetrating through the blankets, repose was not so delicious as it otherwise might have been. However, one cares but little out in this region for a storm, or sleeping wet, even if he has little or none of his ordinary protection from the inclemency of the weather. Some eight or ten of us slept out in the rain in that way, some under carriages, some better and some worse prepared for the occasion.

Early this morning I started, in company with two others, for the Holy City of the Saints. We wound our way up along a little brook; the ascent, until near the summit, was very gradual, then it became abrupt. I should observe that at the east foot of the Big Mountain there was a dam across the creek, which could very readily flood the road. The point was also more defensible than any I saw in Echo Cañon. All along up the Big Mountain there were places which were quite defensible. The advance of an army could be greatly obstructed by destroying the road, falling trees across it, &c., &c. When we got on the top of the Big Mountain, which is more than 8,000 feet high, we seemed right up among the clouds. A dense mist added to this impression; it surrounded us in such thick and waving folds that we could not see thirty feet beyond us. A storm of rain seemed to be forming on the top of the

mountain to pour itself down upon the plains, which it afterwards did in good earnest. The descent from the mountain was very steep and abrupt; we had to get off our horses and lead them down. As we descended at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, and we could see nothing ahead of us, it seemed as though we were going at each step into a dark, unknown abyss. The rain had rendered the topmost inch of the soil very soft, so our animals slipped very badly in ascending and descending the mountain. We had great difficulty in leading them up the last hill or mountain; a loaded wagon certainly could not ascend the hill when it was in such a condition. As the thick mist on the Big Mountain and the heavy, driving rain after descending from it prevented me from seeing much except the road over which I was guiding my pony, I will let another, who possessed better facilities for doing so, describe the region and scenery under its more favorable aspects:—

We are now standing on an eminence of the Wahsatch Mountains (Big Mountain), over 8,000 feet above the level of the ocean, surrounded by peaks that rise majestically above our heads, and in the deep nooks of which continually glitters the eternal snow, beneath this, fringed and shaded by dark masses of balsam, fir and pine. Behind us are receding ranges of hills, streams sparkling like silver threads, the trembling foliage of the quaking aspen, and narrow gorges looming like abysses in the distance. Before us mountains growing lower, till a strip of valley relieves the sight in the southwest. This is the first glimpse of the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Mormons fall on their knees and pray; some shout hosannas and hallelujahs; many weep; husbands kiss their wives, and parents their children, in their paroxysm of joy, and the very faithful declare they feel the spirit of God pervading the atmosphere, and they enthusiastically declare that all their toils are repaid, for they have at length come home where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Poor people — poor deluded people!

We are not so overcome, and propose to descend the Big Mountain, glad to remember only eighteen miles now separate us from rest and society. We neither break our necks nor our wagon axles, and wind up a very pretty cañon — a mountain defile. We are met by many a team and wagon crawling up towards the Big Mountain for firewood. We cross another mountain ridge and

are in a most delightfully picturesque gorge — Emigration Cañon. Admiring the beauties of its rocky heights, the slopes covered with shrubbery, and painted by the sun in all sorts of rich colors as though a rainbow had been wrecked on the hillside and had left its beautiful shades on the grass and ferns; forgetting everything but the scene around us, we suddenly turn an abrupt point and the valley is stretched before us. To our right and left is the continuous range of hills from which we have just emerged. We are on the rolling brow of a slight decline, and observe that for several hundred feet above our heads there are long, level lines of ridges, which are deeply and evenly indented on the mountains as far as our sight can reach. We notice, also, there are other such before us, till they form a narrow, flat surface through which a river flows, and that the ground rises similarly up the mountains before us, three miles away. These are called benches; they extend throughout the entire range of valleys, are plainly visible, exactly level, and are the ancient shores of the Great Salt Lake. Like a blue tinted mirror reflecting the sunshine, we remarked the lake about thirty-five miles to the northwest. It is now about seventy miles long from north to south, and thirty miles wide from east to west. It once filled, and most probably formed the entire "great basin," as it is termed, extending 500 miles from north to south, and 350 miles from east to west, hemmed in by the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the east and the Goose Creek and Humboldt ranges on the west. Mountains were then jagged islands, ravines the straits, sweeping hollows the gulfs and shores of this vast and silent sea. It has shrunk away to its present dimensions, and is the immense reservoir into which all the streams and rivers of the "basin" pour their melted sorrows.

It has no apparent outlet, although gradually diminishing, apparently more rapidly than can be accounted for by mere evaporation.

Many flats, blackened with an incrustation of dazzling salt crystals, were covered with water when the Mormons first went there, and their flat boat was pushed easily over long stretches of now baking and cracked soil. Its bottom is very flat, however, and a very slight increase of water would again submerge miles of now exposed surface. The density of the water varies necessarily in different seasons from the quantities of fresh water pouring down into it. It averages from 1.16 to 1.18 of specific gravity. It

is the strongest natural brine in the world, holding in solution over 22 per cent of different salts.

Its dark, sluggish waves forcibly recall the Dead Sea to the mind of the gazer, and were it not that this is 4,200 feet above, and that lies 1,000 feet below, the level of the ocean, and that this is completely locked in by abrupt and surrounding mountains, while that rolls over the "Cities of the Plain," it would be easy to fancy oneself away in Palestine, and in that scene of human corruption and Divine vengeance. The water is extremely buoyant, and it occasions a singular feeling to be unable to sink in it, and very difficult to swim through it. Its water produces immediate strangulation, excessive smarting in the eyes, nostrils and ears, and, on coming out, converts even negroes into crystalized white men.

Numerous salt boileries are erected on the shores; from four gallons of water they obtain nearly one gallon of pure dry salt. Nature in her great laboratory, however, produces thousands of bushels of coarse crystals, and deposits them on the shore. Teams and wagons come from the cities and shovel it up, and it sells often as low as fifty cents per 100 lbs. From an analysis of the water, made by Dr. Gale, it was determined to contain by weight 22.422 per cent of solid substances, in the proportions of 20.198 chloride of sodium (common salt), 1.834 of sulphate of soda, 0.252 of chloride of magnesium, and a trace of chloride of calcium.

We turn our eyes from the Salt Lake back to the city, which is just peeping from under the hill. We are stopped by a mud wall 12 feet high, 6 feet wide at the base, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet on top; in front of it is a wide, deep ditch, and it is defended by seven bastions at half musket range. These are pierced with loopholes to afford a front and flank fire in case of attack. It was pretendedly built to keep out Indians, but as it encompasses the city, which covers an area of six square miles, all its male population could not thoroughly defend it. The hills rise abruptly around it, and there are abundance of eminences where a rifleman could kill persons in the city, and the wall be but as a wall of paper beneath him. It was built in 1854; its design was to give the people something to do, as to keep the mind and hands occupied is the best means to prevent impertinent inquiry and leave no time for rebellion.

The wall above described does not extend more than half around the city. On entering it from the east one is not stopped

by the wall; he sees nothing but the bank of a ditch which seems to have been dug for irrigating purposes. To the north of the city the wall, however, is perfect, and of the dimensions above given. To the south and west it is also perfect in places, but then at least half of the city has no wall around it, and for that reason the wall that does exist can answer no military purpose, since twelve miles on the sides of the city are unprotected.

Emigration Cañon is by far the most defensible region between the Gentile world and Mormondom. There are high mountains on either side; the cañon or ravine between them is very narrow; a road and creek runs through it; the creek can be cut in any place so as to flood the road. There are positions where offensive artillery could do little or no injury; positions which could not be turned without extraordinary difficulty if they could be turned at all; positions which a people aroused as the Mormons are could fortify and defend for some time against a regular army. There are places where the cañon turns abruptly, and the mountain on one side runs like a wedge into the mountains on the other side. It would be a fearful place for an army, with its long trains of provisions and munitions of war, to have to force itself. Yet I did not observe the least sign of any fortifications or preparation for the defence of this cañon in passing through it. There are one or two places in the cañon which merit particular description, but time will not permit me to do it by this mail. Though the Mormons have made such loud sounding boasts about their defensive works, their fortifications, &c., they don't seem to have done more in that line than a small army could have effected in half a day. Does this indicate that they really intended to make a stand, arms in hand, or that they merely boasted and bragged for effect?

SALT LAKE CITY — BRIGHAM'S LION HOUSE — THE TEMPLE —
 APPEARANCE OF THE CITY — HOW GENTILES LIVE
 HERE, ETC., ETC.

Salt Lake City June 18, 1858.

Imagine a perfectly level plain, apparently twenty miles wide and one hundred miles long, almost surrounded by mountains. Near to the mountains, on the east of the plain, conceive a section of land six miles square laid out as a city, the streets, all of which are much wider than Broadway, regularly laid out and running exactly at right angles to each other, either due north and south or

due east and west; they are 130 feet wide; the sidewalks are twenty feet wide; the blocks are very large, often containing ten acres of land. The city has fifteen streets in one direction and eighteen in the other; they are unpaved, and if much trampled during wet weather must be very muddy. The site of the city gradually slopes from the north to the south; at the present time there is a fresh stream of water running down the sides of every street laying north and south; water from these streams is conveyed into almost every garden in the city for irrigating purposes, Cottonwood and other trees have been set out along every street; their bright green verdure and shade give a peculiar charm to the smooth and regular thoroughfares. Small foot bridges have been built over the streams where they intersect the sidewalks. The town is very sparsely covered with houses; in the major part of it there are only two or three little habitations on a square block, and it will be remembered that the blocks are very large. The houses are built close to the sides of the blocks, the rest of the ten acres being tilled as gardens and fields; thus the city at present contains numerous small fields of wheat and some very fine gardens. The houses are all built of adobe sun-dried brick; they are about five inches wide, ten inches long and four inches thick; they are made of a superior quality of clay for building purposes, and seem to form very substantial structures. The color of the buildings is a sort of slate white, and though with an individual house it is not very agreeable, yet it gives to the *tout ensemble* of the city a very lively and pleasant appearance. The buildings look neat and comfortable; they are generally small, modest structures, laying no claim to architectural beauty; their style is variegated but not remarkably so. Probably no other city in the world of this size presents to the eye of the approaching *voyageur* so magnificent a prospect; the exact space it occupies, the streets set as it were in a jewel of rippling brooks which glisten bright as silver in the sunlight, their breadth and regularity, the rows of young verdant trees that border upon them, the lively color of the houses, the beautiful gardens and orchards, with the small fields thick covered with flowing wheat, give to it an aspect singularly attractive, especially when it is contrasted with the bordering bleak and barren mountains. This city, so beautiful, so isolated from the rest of the world, at present so full of interest to the world, with its pleasant orchards and gardens, is the work of but

ten years, and that too in a barren valley, without spontaneous vegetation higher than a willow bush. There were about 15,000 inhabitants in this city before it was depopulated by order of Brigham.

In coming into the city yesterday morning we were particularly struck by its quietness. There was none of the hum and stir of business that characterize Gentile towns. The streets were deserted, the houses were deserted, the city was deserted. Though surrounded by houses we were nevertheless in a place of desert loneliness. The quietness of the grave prevailed where it seemed that thronging thousands and rushing commerce ought to pour their tides along. The windows had been taken out of the major part of the houses; the doors were locked; everything had been made ready for burning, as the Mormons tell us, if peace had not been achieved before the arrival of the troops. So much for the city in general; now for its great and marvelous buildings. First there are

BRIGHAM'S LION HOUSE AND HIS MANSION.

They are the first prominent specific objects that attract the traveller's eye on descending from the mountains; they are near the centre of the city, on the square adjoining the Temple, and with it occupy the best sites in the town. Brigham's home in the most densely populated part of the city occupies a square containing ten acres of land. The entire square is surrounded by a stone wall ten feet high, two feet wide at the top, and four or five feet broad at the bottom. At either side of all the gates, and at short distances along the wall, columns are built up. They are rounded and extend one foot beyond the wall. They are also built two feet higher than the wall.

The wall is very substantial. It is built of cut and cobble stones, with mortar and sand. It must have been constructed at an immense expenditure of time and labor. One in looking at it could not help asking for what on earth was such a great wall erected. An answer suggests itself; Brigham did not know but that at some time there might be a movement of the people against him, so he determined to strongly fortify himself against such an emergency. He might also consider the wall a good safeguard against the escape of an outraged, indignant or revolting wife. It keeps secret the dark or secret things that transpire within. None can see

through or over it; none can enter and none can escape but whom, when and how the Prophet wills. I asked one of the faithful why the wall was built. He replied jestingly "There are many women in there; it is to prevent such Gentiles as you from getting at them." He may have told more truth than he intended to, for his remark, fairly translated, means it is to keep Brigham's women from escaping, for Gentiles would not dream of entering the lion's den to seduce them.

Passing east from Temple block we came, by crossing the street, to the southwest corner of Brigham's block. A tithing house stands there, in which every man pays the tenth part of his possessions and income to the church, and is in that and other ways annually robbed of one fifth of what pertains to him. Continuing east to the centre of the same block we come to Brigham's Lion House. It is two stories high, about twenty-five feet in front and one hundred feet deep; is built in the Gothic style, with peaked gable, and narrow pointed windows projecting from the steep roof. The high stone wall in front of it completely obstructed my view of the lower part of the house. The first story is built, I believe, of stone, on the ridge of which, in front, is a well sculptured lion, "resting but watchful." This is understood to indicate the character of Brigham, for he is known among the Saints as "the Lion of the Lord." The house is said to have cost over \$30,000, and would have cost much more but for Brigham's peculiar method of completing it, which is thus described by an apostate —

"It (the house) was completed and ready for shingling in 1845; the shingles were ready and waiting. At a Sunday meeting of the Tabernacle Brigham announced that he had a mission for all the carpenters, and demanded if they would accept of it. They raised their hands, and were then coolly commanded to 'shingle the Lion House in the name of the Lord, and by the authority of the holy priesthood.' So Brigham's Lion House was shingled, for although the carpenters grumbled, still they obeyed."

Close by the east side of the Lion House there is a small structure which contains Brigham's office and his clerks' rooms. The building resembles a gentleman's summer house, only it is smaller. It makes pretensions to considerable architectural beauty, and justifiably, too. Close to the east side of the office stands Brigham's mansion. The three buildings — Brigham's Lion House, office and mansion — probably are connected at the side or rear,

Handwritten notes:
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though they seem independent from the front. Brigham's mansion is said to be the finest building in the Territory. It is a large, handsome, adobe building, three stories high, and balconied from ground to roof. It was erected at a cost of \$65,000. It has been plastered on the outside, and the work done remarkably well, for the sides of the house are smooth as ice and dazzlingly white. On the top of the house there is an observatory surmounted by a bee-hive, which is the Mormon emblem on the Territorial seal, and which Gentiles would say is particularly inappropriate because there are no bees in the Territory; but the Saints are ready to overcome incongruities which would master other people. Thus their Prophet Brigham has received a revelation direct from God, instructing him where there is a mountain in the Territory full of honey, where millions of bees have been for millions of years (in eternal snow) depositing the sweet fruit of their sweaty labor in the exhumed belly of the mountain. Before leaving Brigham's houses I should remark that the most of his wives live, or rather have lived, in the Lion House. His senior wife and family live in the mansion. He has some eighteen better halves.

THE TEMPLE.

I have already mentioned Temple block. It is situated near the centre of the city, a little to the north of it. Noticing that the entire block was surrounded by a wall more imposing and grand than that which protects Brigham's block, I returned from inspecting the houses of the Prophet to see what all that work meant. It will be remembered that Temple block is directly west of Brigham's. It is a perfect square and contains ten acres. The wall that surrounds it is so vast no one can see anything within it. I walked along to the centre of the block, where a wide gap has been left in the wall, doubtless for an entrance by large gates. Rough cut stones are temporarily piled up in this place six or seven feet high. I climbed up on them and looked within. My disappointment was great, when instead of beholding a magnificent temple I beheld nothing. True there was the tabernacle on the southwest corner of the block, but it has no architectural pretensions. There was also a demoralized saw-mill, with piles of lumber and stone, in the inclosure; but there was no Temple nor any sign of one save that in the centre of the block. The earth seemed to have been recently stirred and levelled.

The Mormons have as much veneration for their Temple (which is yet to be) as the Jews do — or rather did — for Solomon's Temple. They have made great exertions and great sacrifices already for the construction of this one. Nevertheless, I was much surprised to learn that over \$1,000,000 had been expended upon the works there — hid in the ground and upon the surrounding wall. The foundation of the temple is nearly completed; the wall is sixteen feet wide at the bottom. I am able to present the following account of the temple upon good Mormon authority: —

It is in shape a parallelogram, 193 feet long from east to west and 105 feet wide, having an octagonal tower 40 feet in diameter on each corner. The main building is to be nearly 100 feet high to the ridge of the roof. It is intended to build it of cut stone, and the Mormons for the last four years have been unsuccessfully digging at a canal along the "benches" to boat instead of carting the stone. Its architecture is symbolical and original. On some buttresses will be representations of globes in all positions; on others the sun in its various phases; on others Saturn, with its rings and satellites; and in pompous Mormon style every stone has its moral lesson, and all point to the celestial world. Its entrance will be on the east side, and will consist of another tower. Surmounted by pinnacles it will "point upward continually." It was intended to build it of adobe from the first story upward, but they have since determined on erecting it entirely of cut stone. It is going to be the *chef d'œuvre* of all human architecture, and is expected to survive the conflagration that will some day enwrap the world. Its designer, Mr. Wm. Ward, who was also the sculptor of the lion on Brigham's house, has seceded from the Mormon faith and left Utah. This will doubtless delay the Saints in erecting the temple, if neither removal nor war should do so.

The tabernacle which now stands in one corner of Temple block is an adobe building, 126 feet by 64 feet. It is capable of seating 2,000 people, and is the chief preaching house of Brigham and his apostles.

The scenery at this city is very beautiful. The mountains, raising up gradually from the plains, roll away in every direction till they reach the clouds. Snow lays along all the upper regions of the mountains. The valley, from irrigation and cultivation, appears very fertile, and contrasts strongly with the vast bleak and grand mountains which hem it in.

The Gentiles who are in this city — some thirty or forty in number — all take their meals at the Globe saloon, sleep in carriages, on the ground, or in the porch of the saloon, except Governor Cumming and one or two others who have succeeded in obtaining habitations. Surely if the Mormons have become good citizens they ought not to compel us wicked Gentiles to sleep on the ground, when all or nearly all the houses in the city are unoccupied. Nothing can be purchased here except a few vegetables.

Mr. Candland has to send to Provo for his butter and all such things. He keeps a very good eating saloon. We feast on green peas and strawberries with snow all the time in sight. Everything commands high prices and no money will secure personal comfort for some time to come. Most of the Gentiles will have to sleep as best they can till the Saints return, which will not be until after the army has passed through the place and taken up its permanent camp. There is little or no doubt but that the most, if not all, of the Saints will return here, at least for a season. Men are beginning to move north already to secure the harvest. Brigham declares he is not going to leave the Territory. I have not seen a woman since I have been in the place, and the Mormons say there is not one here.

HOW PEACE WAS MADE — THE UTAH COMMISSIONERS — CONDITION OF THE MORMONS AT PROVO — THE ARMY, ETC.

Salt Lake City, June 19, 1858.

The United States Commissioners left Camp Scott on the 2d of June, and arrived here in Salt Lake City on the 7th. Governor Cumming got in the next day. On entering the city the Commissioners found it deserted, and the houses were all locked up. A few men were hovering round, ready to put a firebrand to every house and mow down all the grain, as it was too wet to burn, should no arrangement or peace have been made and the army have attempted to enter. One of these men informed the Commissioners that the Globe saloon, kept by Mr. Candland, was open. They drove up there and placed their carriages in the yard connected with the saloon. The fences around the gardens and fields of wheat were very poor, being occasionally of mud, but principally consisting of poles, so the mules pertaining to the Commissioners were sent some miles from the city, grazed during the day, brought up and corralled at night. The men connected

with the expedition lived in the centre of the city just as they did out on the plains — that is, made a fire in the open air, cooked and washed for themselves, and slept in or under their carriages. The Commissioners obtained very good board at Mr. Candland's saloon but could get no rooms — no house in which to sleep and live — so they slept and stayed in their carriages.

On arriving here they found that Brigham and his leading men were south. They informed the "biggest guns" who were here — viz., young Mr. Kimball and General Ferguson — concerning their mission, and proposed to go down to Provo the next day to see Young. Word was instantly sent down to Brigham informing him of the fact. Soon after a committee of the people who still remained here, and had learned the mission of the Commissioners, called upon them and expressed a desire to confer with them through "Governor Young." The Commissioners declared their willingness to confer with the people through "Governor Young" or any one else. It was then decided that they would not go down to Provo until some intelligence was received from there.

On the 10th Brigham, Heber C. Kimball and General Wells (the First Presidency), and other of the chief men and elders of the Mormon people arrived. On the evening of that day a private interview was held between the Commissioners and the Mormon dignitaries. After some little conversation it was determined to hold a general conference (private) the next morning, at nine o'clock, in the Council House.

The conference or council opened on the morning of the 11th by Governor Powell, on behalf of the Commissioners, stating the objects and intentions of their government in sending them to the people of Utah. He told the Mormons that they would have to yield implicit obedience to the laws and constitution of the United States, receive all the civil officers, submit to them in all things lawful, and receive the army, for the constitution gave the President the right to send it here, in what numbers he liked, and to locate it where he liked.

Some of the Mormons made speeches. They expressed their willingness to obey the constitution and laws of the United States, but unconditionally denounced the federal officers, particularly those who have been in the Territory or in any way connected with it. Even Mr. Buchanan, President of us wicked Gentiles, was sent to the place where naughty people are said to go. They

talked of their wrongs and outrages and persecutions and proscription, and all that sort of thing, making a great deal of noise, talking both loud and big.

On the evening of the same day there was another long conference. The Commissioners were explicit in demanding implicit obedience from the Saints to our Gentile constitution and laws (national). The Saints again began their rantings about their wrongs, grievances, &c.

The Commissioners stopped them short in that, saying they had not, in their mission, anything to do with that subject; what pertained to them was to present the Mormons with the President's pardon, see if they would accept it, and become *bona fide* good citizens.

The Saints then took up the President's proclamation to them, denied everything in it charged against them except the burning of the trains. They then went on to review some of the charges specifically, and urged upon the Commissioners to investigate them. They very earnestly urged the Commissioners to go into an investigation of all the charges against them, which it would have taken months to accomplish.

The Commissioners again blocked their game and brought them down to the plain, simple and single question of whether they would accept the conditions of the President's pardon or not—whether they would submit unconditionally to the laws and constitution of the United States, or defy her powers.

They expressed entire willingness to submit to the constitution and laws, but continued to rant against Gentile officials.

The Commissioners said they (the Mormons) would have to yield not only implicit submission to the constitution and laws of the United States, but also full obedience to the legitimately constituted executors and interpreters of said constitution and laws.

The Saints again swung out from the traces and shot off into their customary religious ranting, but returned gracefully to make a point. They wanted to know if they submitted to the laws and constitution of the United States, received and yielded cheerful obedience to her officials—in short, became in good faith good citizens—if the army could not be stopped from coming in among them, if it could not be sent around in some other direction and not be brought into contact with their people, &c.

They were again informed by the Commissioners that such a thing could not be done — that the submission must be unconditional — that the army must be permitted to go where, when and how it liked or was ordered.

The conference, or, perhaps better, the confabulation, continued for some time, the Latter Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ seeking by a thousand questions upon as many hypotheses to gain some point, some advantage, or something that bore the semblance of one. At the close it was very easy to see how things were tending and to judge of the final result; indeed the thing was to all intents and purposes settled. On the 12th the amicable arrangement was formally concluded by the Mormons accepting the President's pardon and promising to become good citizens. *Est il possible?* That day the Mormon Prophet, Brigham, per his promise, addressed the people; told them that peace had been made and concluded; that they must receive the civil authorities, yield legal obedience to them, also to the constitution and laws of the United States; receive the army; permit it to go whithersoever it would; accept the President's pardon, though they were not guilty of the charges therein made against them; become good citizens, and all that sort of thing, as is said.

On the evening of the 12th Gov. Powell made a speech to the people, which was favorably received by them, and made a favorable impression upon them. Thus was peace made — thus was ended the "Mormon war," which, *mirable dictu*, was much less sanguinary and direful than the "Kansas war," and may thus be summarily historized: — killed, none; wounded, none; fooled, everybody.

On the morning of the 13th an express was despatched to Gen. Johnson, informing him that peace was made. Where he received it has already been noticed.

On the 14th the Commissioners went down to Provo. They found a great mass of people crowded together there, living in a very disagreeable style. Most of them had no houses; they existed in their wagons and in holes shaded or imperfectly covered with brush. They seemed to be very destitute of clothing; many of the women had not clothes sufficient to dress themselves decently. The major part of the people seemed to be sincere fanatics; a few complained to the Commissioners, and said there were great numbers of them who wanted to get away. They were

especially dissatisfied at having to lose their houses in the north and live down there in that way. Provo is a town about half as large as this; has about seven thousand inhabitants. It is not a military position; it is on an open, well watered plain, having a better soil than there is here. The Commissioners liked the place better than they do this. Commissioner Powell made a speech to some 5,000 persons there, which was well received. The women attended as well as the men, every person went taking his seat, stool or bench along with him. The Commissioners did not consider the female portion of Mormondom as particularly happy; they look melancholy, downcast and morbid. There were no laughing eyes, no blushing cheeks, as among our women, to storm the hearts of the sterner sex. The Commissioners returned here yesterday. Gov. Powell spoke to about 2,500 people at the little town of Delhi on his way up. That the Mormons intended burning this city and destroying everything behind them, fleeing to the south or to the mountains under certain contingencies, is very evident. They now pretend to accept everything the government or the army ever asked them to. By their rebellion they have brought nothing but trial and tribulation upon themselves.

It was very evident from the outset of the conferences between the Commissioners and the Mormons that Brigham felt himself in a tight place, and wanted to get out of it as easily as possible. He wanted to get out of it without contradicting himself — without injuring his power and position as prophet and head of the church. Rather than to lose his influence by agreeing to what he had sworn never to agree to he would have burned everything here and fled south somewhere, hoping to keep the people with him and maintain his power over them. But that he desired to remain here a little longer, and was willing to pretend to submit to the authority of the United States is beyond a doubt. All he wanted was to get some plea — some excuse — for doing so; hence he struggled to obtain even the form of an advantage by accepting the troops and civil authorities now, which he would not have had had he received them last fall, but he failed. Hardly one of the Gentiles in this territory conceives this peace to be anything more than an armistice. The Mormons are a queer people. Those who know them best say that they know nothing about them; that they cannot be judged of as other mortals are; that it can never be foretold in a given case how they will act,

though they had never in their lives before acted but one way under similar circumstances. The church exercises full and secret power over everything. The Commissioners are somewhat of this opinion; they say the Mormons have accepted the President's pardon, and formally promised to yield obedience to the constitution and laws of the United States; also to submit to the federal officers. In securing this they have fulfilled their mission, and will return to the east (probably in ten or twelve days). But how long the Saints will even in word pretend to yield this obedience they have no well grounded opinion.

As the making of this peace is a matter of great importance, both now and prospectively, I have given you as full particulars of the proceedings connected therewith as I could obtain. They have been given me from memory by one of the parties prominently engaged in the conferences, and are substantially correct. The Mormons had shorthand writers present at the private conference and public meetings who reported all that was said and done, so by the next mail I hope to be able to send you full reports of all those proceedings.

The army expected, when I left it on the banks of Bear River, to enter this town tomorrow with banners flying and drums beating. Whether it will be able to do so or not is doubtful. Probably the heavy rain that we have recently had will detain it some days, since they have made the roads bad, the ascent and descent of the mountains exceedingly difficult, and have caused the Weber River to rise, but it will be in at least within a few days. It will not encamp in the city, but intends to cross the Jordan and hold a temporary camp there until a permanent one is selected.

Col. Loring, with his command, will proceed immediately to New Mexico. I believe he goes directly south via Provo and Fillmore.

POSITION OF GENERAL JOHNSTON'S ARMY — SALT LAKE CITY
DESERTED — BRIGHAM YOUNG GONE SOUTH.

Fort Kearney, Nebraska, July 3, 1858.

The mail from Salt Lake has just arrived here.

Johnston is in Echo Cañon, forty miles from the city, and has not met the least resistance, nor does he anticipate any, having ordered back to New Mexico the rifle escort that escorted Capt. Marcy.

There are but forty persons left in Salt Lake City — all the Mormons having left, and Brigham Young with them. All this is authentic.

Fort Kearney, Nebraska, July 3, 1858.

As a government express is about leaving for Leavenworth I improve the opportunity.

The weekly mail from Salt Lake arrived here yesterday evening, with dates to the 19th June. Independently of the verbal intelligence of the carrier a letter from an officer of the army, with Johnston, states that he (Johnston) was, at the time of writing, within three days march of the city — that no resistance whatever was met with, and none anticipated. That the company of mounted rifles and three companies of the 3d Infantry, comprising the escort of Captain Marcy from New Mexico, had been ordered back to the latter point, which is significant of the fact that their services were not considered necessary for any offensive or defensive operations.

The Mormons at first tried to impose terms, but, finding this out of the question, finally yielded unequivocally, with Brigham at their head, and claimed the protection of the troops. Upon this Johnston replied that he was then as willing to protect them as he was before to attack them.

The federal troops have now complete possession of the country. They intend encamping beyond the city. But very few Mormons were left in the city, having mainly abandoned it under the apprehension that the army intended to sack it. They were concentrating at a little town called Provo, about sixty miles south. It was supposed that the fugitives, as soon as they were enlightened as to the true character of their invaders, would return to their homes, not one of which would be touched by a ruthless hand.

Gen. Harney is encamped nine miles up the Platte. Col. May's column resumes the advance to-morrow morning. Munroe's column is near Laramie. The First Cavalry is still in camp here. The engineers, under Capt. Simpson, are instructed to lay off a military reserve around Fort Bridger.

Two hundred mechanics are to be set at work at this post preparing it for quartering four companies of cavalry.

[New York Herald, July 24, 1858.]

ONE WEEK LATER FROM UTAH.

THE ENTRANCE OF GENERAL JOHNSTON INTO SALT LAKE CITY —
PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR CUMMING, &c.

Washington, June 23, 1858.

The War Department has received the general order of General Johnston to the army on entering Great Salt Lake City, dated June 25. The army was to enter the day after. General Johnston orders that no one shall leave the ranks, that the herds should be prevented from trespassing on the fields, and that everything be conducted in good order.

[Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.]

Great Salt Lake City, June 26, 1858.

The Mormons remain at Provo yet, not wishing to bring their females near the soldier boys. They are living there, the majority at least, in tents, whilst their comfortable houses in this city remain vacant, with all the doors and windows boarded up. None of the Gentiles can obtain house room either for dwellings or for store purposes. This is particularly hard on the merchants, who have brought out large stocks of goods. No reason is assigned by the Mormons for this dog-in-the-manger policy except, as they say, they want first to see what the army will do and where it will locate. As yet none have been able to procure sleeping apartments except the Governor, Secretary, Marshal and Commissioners, and even most of them had for a while to sleep in their wagons. Many of the merchants arrived in the city to day.

Some of their statements which appear in the papers are not strictly correct; for instance, it is reported that Governor Cumming represented on leaving for his first trip to this city that he would not take an escort, and had not had an understanding with Brigham Young whereby he should not be molested, and that he did have both an understanding and an escort. This last assertion is untrue. The Governor had neither an invitation nor an understanding with Young. Colonel Kane used his utmost endeavors to dissuade him from so hazardous an undertaking, yet go he would, saying that he had been directed by the President to go, and that he would try it; and only after this expression did Colonel Kane

make up his mind to return to Salt Lake City. The first meeting of the Mormons thereafter indicated anything but a quiet reception to Governor Cumming, but he persevered and really made peace, if such has been made, with just such conditions as was agreed upon by the Commissioners. Another account of about fifty Mormons having been killed by Indians is incorrect, though about four weeks ago three white persons were killed by them.

Governor Cumming has issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants of Utah:—

A. Cumming, Governor of Utah Territory, to the inhabitants of Utah and others whom it may concern:—

Whereas James Buchanan, President of the United States, at the city of Washington the sixth day of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, did by his proclamation offer to the inhabitants of Utah who submit to the laws "a free and full pardon" for all treason and sedition heretofore committed; and

Whereas the proffered pardon was accepted with the prescribed terms of the proclamation by the citizens of Utah—

Now, therefore, I, Alfred Cumming, Governor of Utah Territory, in the name of James Buchanan, President of the United States, do proclaim that all persons who submit themselves to the laws and to the federal government are by him "freely and fully pardoned" for all treason and sedition heretofore committed; and all criminal offences associated with or growing out of the overt acts of sedition and treason are merged in them, and are embraced in the "free and full pardon" of the President.

And I exhort all persons to persevere in a faithful submission to the laws and patriotic devotion to the constitution and government of our common country. Peace is restored to our Territory.

All civil officers, both federal and territorial, will resume the performance of the duties of their respective offices without delay, and be diligent and faithful in the execution of the laws.

All citizens of the United States in this Territory will aid and assist the officers in the performance of their duties.

Fellow Citizens— I offer to you my congratulations for the peaceful and honorable adjustment of recent difficulties.

Those citizens who have left their homes I invite to return, as soon as they can do so with propriety and convenience.

To all I announce my determination to enforce obedience to all the laws, both federal and territorial.

Trespasses on property, whether real or personal, must be scrupulously avoided.

Gaming and other vices are punished by territorial statutes with peculiar severity. I commend the perusal of those statutes to those persons who may not have had an opportunity of doing so previously.

Hereunto I set my hand, and cause the seal of the Territory to be affixed, at Great Salt Lake City in the Territory of Utah, this fourteenth day of June, one

thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-second.

A. CUMMING.

By the Governor — John Hartnett, Secretary.

[New York Herald, July 30, 1858.]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Provo, U. T., June 28, 1858.

After the departure of the last eastern mail at eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th your correspondent found himself in an awkward situation. He had been for some time in the Territory — yea, in the Holy City itself — but had not seen Mormondom, had not beheld the greatly abused Latter Day Saints, had not looked upon the “charming creatures” of their harems, had never heard a Mormon sermon, and, above all, had not gazed upon the refulgent face of the Prophet of the Lord, Mr. Brigham Young. To do all this the ensuing day — yesterday, it being the Sabbath — was determined, but there was one difficulty to be encountered, namely, obtaining means of transit hither. My horse a few days before had disappeared — run away or stolen; to obtain one from the Saints was impracticable. I had offered two days prior five times the value of an animal's hire for one, but in vain. Nevertheless another vain effort was made in that direction. After exhausting all visible means of attaining my object it was about being given up in despair, when a Gentilish Mormon — or, as an elder of this saintly people would express it, if it had been his case — the power of the Lord came to my relief. This gentlemanly Mormon was Capt. Hooper, who, by the way, looks more like a Gentile than any other Saint I have seen in the Territory. He is a tall, rather slender built man, with a fine countenance, heavy black beard and a good eye; he dresses very well, though plainly. Well, this Saint courteously extended a seat in his carriage to a member of the “Satanic press,” saying he would send it down to Provo to convey Mr. H. M. McElreth, agent of the house of Robertson, Hudson & Pullin, of New York, who had arrived in the Territory a day or two before, and myself there; that we could retain it as long as we liked, and return with it when we chose. The offer was gladly accepted. A letter of introduction was given us to Mr. Bullock, the keeper of the hotel in Provo, at which we were to put up.

General Ferguson, a young, rather good looking, neatly dressed

gentleman, who is the adjutant-general of General Wells, gave me the following letter of introduction to ex-Governor Brigham Young: —

Great Salt Lake City, June 26, 1858.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG: — *Dear Sir* — To the bearer of this, Mr. — permit me to introduce you. I am convinced that he is disposed, through the columns of the HERALD, of which he is the acknowledged correspondent, to give us a fair and honorable representation. I have the honor to remain, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES FERGUSON.

We drove up to Brigham's house and there received this formidable instrument. Capt. Hooper and Gen. Ferguson, indeed all the principal Mormons with whom I have met, have treated me with the utmost courtesy, been very social, good natured, full of jest and fun. After giving the requisite thanks to Gen. Ferguson for his introduction to a real live Prophet, he made this reply: — "Now, gentlemen, if you should hear anything in church tomorrow that you don't quite understand, don't comment too severely upon it." A diplomatic answer was returned. We travelled directly south from Zion's capital. For some distance along our left there were fine fields of wheat. The grain has to be irrigated. On our right there was the parched plain, bearing here and there sufficient grass for good grazing. Parallel to the road, and two or three miles to the east of it, the Wasach Mountains reared their lofty, craggy, irregular pinnacles to the clouds. The day was intensely hot; the sun poured down as it were a flame of fire upon us, while on the mountains to our left loomed up belts of eternal snow, seemingly but a few hundred yards distant. The white capped, glistening mountains shone resplendent in the blaze of the sun; but that sight, so beautiful to the eye, was rather irritating than soothing to bodies surcharged with caloric, when it was remembered that the refreshing element was far, far beyond our reach. To the west, over the green intervening plain, which the grass seeding has just began to hue with white, ranged along parallel to our course a rugged, lofty ridge of mountains, with their peaks gapping the horizon like the teeth of a saw.

Eight miles south from Salt Lake City we crossed Big Cottonwood Creek. It was about four feet deep and twelve feet wide, and flows down from Cottonwood Cañon, where there is said to be a large quantity of timber. There are four saw-mills in the cañon on

this stream. The Saints generally go up into this cañon for their great annual celebration on the 24th of July, the day, it will be remembered, on which they arrived in the valley in 1847. Twenty-five miles from the Holy City the road wound around the side of a high and steep mountain. The gravel and stone had been cut away and laid out so as to form a nice wide road. On one hand there was a precipitous mountain rising far above our heads; on the other was a deep cañon, the descent to which was almost perpendicular; a few yards down the cañon ran the rapid torrent of the Jordan. To stand on the edge of the rocks overhanging the cañon and look down, look up, look north and look south, encompassed a view most beautiful, grand and thrilling. Descending a gradual slope we soon arrived at Lehi, thirty-two miles south of Salt Lake City. As it was already night we laid over in that little town till the ensuing morning.

Lehi is a little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, built of sun-dried adobe bricks, and, like all the other towns in the valley, having its streets laid at right angles to each other. The buildings are small, sparsely located, having large gardens between them. The town is surrounded by a mud wall eight or ten feet high and four or five feet thick, so access to and exit from it can only be obtained through a gate on one principal street at each side of the wall. The wall was built to protect the inhabitants from Indian depredations.

Bishop Evans was our host; he is the highest church dignitary in the place and keeps a sort of hotel. The bishop is a corpulent and quite sociable old man. A multitude of children were running about the house; they were very well behaved, made no noise, kept out of the way and bore a very retiring disposition; they took care of each other, the elder ones acting as matrons to their younger relatives, whose exact consanguinity it would doubtless have been very difficult for the little creatures or even elder ones to trace. We did not ask the corpulent bishop the number of his spirituals, nor did he instruct us upon that point, so we were left in unhappy ignorance. Several women were moving round the house. It was very easy to distinguish the one old lady who claimed priority as *mater familias*. There were three quite young women who worked about the house more quiet than tongue-tied servant girls. Whether they were daughters of our pury host, or whether they were some of his "better halves," we were unable to

decipher even after comparing notes. The saintly bishop must, however, have a harem of no small dimensions to generate such a vast juvenile population. The children all looked well, fat and hardy. The three young women before alluded to had a sort of iron bound countenance which is almost indescribable, but more of that anon. At night we lit upon a feather bed, being the first bed I had laid on for sixty consecutive nights.

Starting by daylight yesterday morning we drove down over a beautiful rolling country, with mountains on either hand, to Provo. Provo is a town laid out a mile square, containing, before the recent movement of the people southward, three or four thousand inhabitants. About twice that number now reside in and about the city. The houses are built of sun-dried or adobe bricks. They are small and very scattered, only one or two being on a large block, the rest of the ground being occupied by gardens, fields and outbuildings. There are no blocks of houses built up together as in eastern towns. The streets are very wide, regularly laid out, and run at exact right angles to each other. Along the sides of some of them run small, rapid streams, in which great mountain trout, weighing ten or twelve pounds, can frequently be seen coursing along. The children have fine sport throwing stones at these beautiful fish, and trying to kill them. Provo River and Utah Lake are filled with these fish, whose weight ranges from five to twenty-five pounds, and average about ten pounds. They are most delicious eating. There are few if any fish in the world that are more palatable. The scenery at this place is beautiful and grand; indeed the scenery along this entire valley is infinitely more attractive than can be found anywhere between the Muddy and the central part of Kansas. The horizon in every direction from this town is notched and gapped with mountain ranges or mountain peaks. To the east they rear their pinnacles into the peerless sky, but three or four miles distant, to the south and west, their dim outline is traced in the blue distance perhaps a hundred miles away. Four miles west of Provo, and partially circling around it, lies the Utah Lake, ten miles wide and thirty miles long. Running along the north of the city from a cañon in the mountains is the Provo River, a cold, rapid mountainous stream, about forty feet wide and four feet deep. It flows into the east side of Utah Lake, while from the south of it runs the Jordan, pouring about an equal volume of water southward sixty or seventy miles to Great

Salt Lake. This chain of water communication is a very interesting feature of the country, especially when the proximity of large bodies of perfectly fresh and pungent salt water — tied together by a rolling flood of the former — is considered.

Squatted through the town of Provo, and for miles along its northern and western borders, are families from the north, in every conceivable quality, form and material of habitations. Many live in the bodies of the heavy covered wagons so frequently used in this country, by merely taking them off the wheels and placing them upon the ground. A cooking stove, deposited in the open air, prepares the food of the family. A few families have canvas tents; many more live in tents built *à la* Indian but thatched with straw; others live in a hole dug in the ground, with brush piled up on either side slantingly till it connects at the top and forms a sort of roof; other brush is placed at either end to suit the necessities of the weather. Some families have erected board shanties. All the temporary habitations of emigrants are very open and much exposed to the weather. This does not matter much at this season of the year, but if the weather was cold the people would suffer severely. In the wretched little cabins, tents and sheds I have noticed the women busily engaged in carrying on all the duties that ordinarily pertain to country matrons, such as making butter, cheese, raising stock, poultry, spinning, &c. Brigham has a square block near the centre of the city upon which he keeps his harem. A high, close board fence has been built all around the block. What for? A temporary wooden shed two or three hundred feet long, about twelve wide and eight feet high to the eaves, with an ordinary inclined roof has been built bordering upon the street on this square. There is not a window in this building on either the ends or side toward the street. Why not? Some of the "sisters" tell me that the rooms inside of this mansion are only lathed up some six feet, so every word that is spoken in one room can be heard in the adjoining one. They also represent that the interior of this shed at evening is worse than a lunatic asylum, yea, that it equals Bedlam in commotion. The building is exceedingly crowded; it contains not only Brigham's wives and children but also the families of many of his sons and sons-in-law. So when the multitude of children has to be "tied up" for the night their squalling rolls from end to end of the building like the deafening roar of a harsh trumpet. The prophet must then have a

good opportunity of enjoying the sweet and holy calm of divine inspiration.

It was about seven o'clock yester morning when we drove up to the only hotel in the place. The following sign, elevated conspicuously on a pole, drew our attention:—



The name upon the sign immediately called to my mind the image of the "beautiful Miss Francis" and the "charming Miss Cleroy." But, alas for Mormon hopes, we entered the hotel to find it "bottom side upwards," as country folks say. Old Redfield had departed, taking with him his young and beautifully bewitching wives. He could no longer endure that gallant, manly Gentiles should look upon the fair creatures. He sold out and retired to bury them in some obscure habitation. Well, the present landlord of the house had just moved into it the night before, and consequently had not got things fixed up; but he was courteous, and soon evinced an ability requisite for his position by presenting to us a very palatable breakfast. That over, Mr. McElreth took a letter of introduction and went up to see Brigham Young, Esq. He entered the Prophet's square and soon found himself entangled in a multitude of said Prophet's wives and children. They were all mixed up together in admirable confusion. The children looked hardy and robust. At length Mr. McElreth was directed to the President's office. Brigham is now always denominated President by the faithful; they have given over calling him Governor. In church they frequently say Brother Brigham. Well, after waiting some time in the office the Prophet entered. He was very courteous, gentlemanly and interesting in conversation. He was honorable in regard to the business upon which Mr. McElreth called upon him. Finally the President invited the gentleman from New York to walk up to meeting with

him. When there the latter gave the former a seat upon the preacher's stand. This brings us up to the first service yesterday.

The hour for meeting was ten o'clock. By nine o'clock A. M. I saw persons, particularly old women, gathering to the Bowery gate, opposite our hotel, where service was to be held. This early movement was in order to obtain good seats. The Bowery is not a building, but a shade. It consists of beams raised twelve feet high on posts, and covered with brush so as to keep out the sun. This roof or shade of brush covers a square space capacitated to seat three thousand persons. The speakers' stand is near the south end of the Bowery. There being no shade on any side the audience receive the full advantage of every breath of air. There are but few benches in the Bowery, so the major part of the people went to church carrying chairs on their backs. At ten o'clock your correspondent crossed the street for church, and deposited his chair by the corner of the stand among a crowd of women. Well, how did the audience look? The question is more easily asked than answered. Indeed it is very difficult to convey an exact and correct impression of the appearance of the people, almost as difficult as it was for the boy who had seen an elephant for the first time in his life to describe it to his mother. They were a strange, harsh, hardy, severe looking people. In some respects they resembled an old Puritanical audience. The men were tanned, hard, muscular mountaineers; they looked sombre, though as happy and content as ordinary people. The old women were the only persons who looked really happy; they smiled benignantly, seemed to enjoy their religion and to be perfectly satisfied of their own perfect righteousness. The young girls, less than fifteen years old, did not seem much more morose, or rather unanimated, than retiring backwoods children ordinarily do. There was a marked want of that most interesting portion of all audiences — viz., ladies who form society — ladies from fifteen to thirty years of age. The number of women between those two ages was few indeed, and they were the saddest part of the audience; during the entire service hardly a smile flitted across the face of any of them. They seemed sad, troubled, perplexed, uncertain, unhappy. They paid but little attention to the religious services; most of them seemed perfectly indifferent to said exercises, yea, to all surroundings. Some internal thought appeared to be working upon them. The unmistakable evidences of suffering marked some of their coun-

tenances, such as sunken eyes, eyes red and feverish, eyes circled with black, pallid cheeks, and an expression of depression. The sermons during the day seemed to take it for granted that many of the persons present were apostates, at least in heart, and were directed to counteract their desertion. Arguments were made to prove the truth of Mormonism, of Joe Smith's prophecies, and of Brigham's. While some of these points were being touched I saw some of these women, who appeared to be struggling and uncertain in their minds, give breathless attention for a few minutes, and then again, as it were, fall back into reverie. Others, however, from the beginning to the end of the service, evinced no expression of countenance save stern sadness — deep, permeating, desolating, hopeless sadness. These doubtless have renounced Mormonism in heart, despise and hate it, but have no hope in the future. It looks upon them dark, doleful, damning. They cannot live polygamous, heretical Mormonism without living unutterable woe. If they apostatize they are deserted, dishonored, despised, forsaken and hated by their present friends and acquaintances. They believe the Gentile world will look upon them as prostitutes; that they cannot obtain eligible marriages, and would be doomed to become dishonored servants. Hence their hopeless seeming. There was nothing gay, nothing enticing, nothing charming in any part of the audience. There was none of the laughing eyes, quiet smiles and modest coquetry that give so bewitching an air to the sex in other places. There were but very few really beautiful women present; the audience was far below par when compared to similar gatherings in the east. This, to some extent, is owing to the dark tan that covered the faces of almost all the women; their countenances also showed that they were accustomed to hard, sweating labor. This is indeed a working people — men, women and children work, work always; even the church dignitaries have rough hands and hardy faces. The great majority of the audience were foreigners. The people were dressed very cleanly but in simple stuffs. The women were habited rather curiously, and a white muslin sunbonnet was the most popular covering for the head, but straw hats, silk hats, hoods and every other sort of head covering were brought into requisition. Crinoline is unknown in the valleys of the mountains, and thin and few skirts of the ladies drooped down close to their limbs. Their dresses, at least, do no violence to the laws of physiology. They are made very like a

sack, bag or nightgown, and fall from the shoulders straight to the feet, with little or no ingathering at the waist. The women and children whom I have seen, however, as a whole are dressed better — applying the word neither to style nor material, but to the cleanliness and entirety of their raiments — than I expected to find them. The people complain of want of clothing, but I think their dressing will compare favorably with other people so far removed from a market and manufactories.

A large number of missionaries recently arrived were expected to occupy the greater portion of the time during the meeting. These missionaries are sent out literally without purse or scrip, so they sometimes experience considerable difficulty in obtaining food and raiment. To be sent off on a mission is considered the severest punishment that can be awarded to a Mormon.

The church service was commenced by a square, red, wrinkled faced, pussy little man, who gave notice of the time when the California mail would leave, and then read off a list of letters remaining on hand.

Then a black whiskered man got up and spoke as follows: — “ I will now call the attention of the congregation to this: all the old police who may be here in this audience from Salt Lake City are requested to repair to Salt Lake City as soon as possible, for their services are required there immediately, and all here who know of any of said police who are not present will inform them of this as soon as they can.”

The choir, which consisted of eight women and twelve men, with a clarionet, bass viol and three violins, then performed the sixty-first hymn. The music was very fair.

Prayer was then offered.

Harvey Whitlock was then called upon the stand by Brigham Young to speak. Mr. Whitlock is not a missionary; he was a Mormon with Smith, but left the church during the difficulties in Missouri, but returned to it on the present difficulties being raised. He recently arrived from California. The sermon was doctrinal, and intended only to convince persons inclined to apostatize that Mormonism is true. His discourse merits a brief sketch.

He thought it strange that persons who had been professing Mormonism for five, ten, fifteen or twenty years should be able, just at this particular time, to discover that Mormonism is a hoax. People began by finding fault with some of their teachers, then

with the bishop, then with the presidency; finally they discovered that Joseph Smith was not a prophet and that the Book of Mormon is a fiction. They would not think to apostatize if the testimonies of their religion were as fresh in their minds as it was when they joined the church. For the sake of argument he took the position that some had already apostatized in their minds and that Joseph Smith was not a prophet, or other than a false prophet, then began to prove that he, Smith, was a prophet. First, Smith was visited when a young man by an angel, who told him that his name should be heard through all nations for good and for evil. Joseph was surprised that the name of one so poor, unlearned and uninfluential should be known through all nations, but had not the prophecy been fulfilled? Again, while he was in Jackson County Joseph sent up a revelation to the Saints requiring them to purchase all the lands thereabout — if they did so they should be blessed, but if not their enemies should be upon them and they should be driven from city to city. They did not purchase the land, and had not the prophecy been fulfilled against them?

The world knew nothing, comparatively, of the priesthood until the time of Smith. The first personage who visited Joseph was John the Baptist, who ordained the prophet with power to the lesser priesthood. That was not astonishing. (Should rather think it was.) The Saviour received the same priesthood from John the Baptist; he, being the last who held it, alone could ordain Jesus Christ to it. He maintained that John was not dead, but had been resurrected for this special purpose. Peter, James and John came down and ordained Joe Smith to the Melchisedek priesthood under the direction of Peter. Moses had formerly held the Melchisedek priesthood, but owing to the sins of his generation was taken up into heaven with it. Well, Christ had to receive this priesthood before he could go forth with power into the world, so with Peter, James and John he went up into the mountain and was transfigured. Moses there appeared unto him from heaven and ordained him in that Melchisedek priesthood. Well, Joseph received the Melchisedek priesthood from Peter, James and John; he ordained the Prophet Brigham Young in it, and he has ordained others in it. So they had this priesthood only three or four degrees removed from Jesus Christ. First, there was Jesus; second, John; third, Smith and fourth, Brigham. The speaker then, after showing the near relation of Smith and Brigham to John and Jesus,

returned to Smith's prophecies, one of which was, "Many shall accept my testimony, and many shall be slain for bearing witness to it." Had not that prophecy been fulfilled? Again Joseph prophesied that this great nation should be divided. None believed it then, but already it has been divided, religiously and politically. All that is wanted to be added is commercially, then the Union will not last one day. So that prophecy will shortly be fulfilled. Putting these things together they established absolutely, beyond all peradventure, doubt or cavil the claim that Joe Smith was a prophet of the Lord, and that Mormonism is the true and only true religion in the world.

The next speaker who took the stand was the Prophet Brigham Young. He is a fat, rather corpulent man, five feet ten inches high, has a full, red, cleanly shaved face, double chin, prominent nose, and a mild, bluish gray eye. His countenance on the whole is agreeable. He wore a black coat, white vest, with a small leaf figure in it, black silk necktie, with his shirt collar rather awkwardly turned down over it.

He spoke in a cool, deliberate manner, and very slowly. His articulation was very distinct; every syllable could be heard. His gesticulations were not elaborate or constant, but strong and impressive. His style of elocution was not so winning as commanding, though he by no means lacks suavity. In many respects his speaking resembles that of Henry Ward Beecher; he uses whatever word comes first to express his idea, so his language is quite original and his expressions frequently very telling. His language does not flow along like a torrent nor mould itself into gracefully rounded periods, but is strong, harsh and commanding. Nevertheless there is something in his style of discoursing very like Beecher. He could not minister to a graceful and accomplished society, but he is a man pre-eminently qualified to rule a mountain people with a rod of iron and a gloved hand. When he spoke the audience gave more attention than they did to the other speakers. The following is the language which he held:—

* * * * *

Brother JOHN L. SMITH, a missionary recently arrived from England, next took the stand. He had been on a mission but fourteen months—seemed thoroughly disgusted with it. He described the feeling of the people in England and the United

States as exceedingly hostile to Mormonism, acknowledged that his mission, so far as making proselytes, had been a perfect failure, thought the Gentiles had had the gospel preached to them long enough now, and if they were not a mind to accept it they might go and be damned. He did not think it advisable to send out any more missionaries.

At the end of Smith's speech there was a song sung by a man on the platform; I believe his name was Dunbar. The performance was remarkably fine and the audience joined in the chorus. There was no other time during the day when they evinced so much emotion, interest and attention as during the singing of this song; this was more particularly noticeable among the younger women.

The next missionary who took the stand was a squeaking voiced young fellow, who, according to his own story, had been very wild before going on his mission. He, too, was thoroughly disgusted with missionary life, and in favor of having the Gentiles damned for not accepting Mormonism. He described the hardships of missionary life as being infinitely worse than any of them had ever experienced in this valley. He had managed to get one meal a day; boasted of the faithful and energetic performance of his duty in England, though he did not say that he had made a single convert.

A dark bearded, thick set man next took the stand. He had been a missionary to Switzerland and Italy; was perfectly disgusted with that sort of life, and gladder to receive his call home than he had ever been before in his life. He was great on Brigham's prophecies and miracles. Brigham had prophesied that he would begin to recover from the rheumatism with which he had long been suffering from the very day of his departure. This prophecy was miraculously fulfilled by the carriage turning over upon him on the second day out and miraculously curing him. "A'nt Brigham some of a prophet, then?" Several ordinary incidents were sublimed into miracles for his special protection. He had made no converts, and was in favor of sending the Gentiles right to hell for not accepting Mormonism; did not think it worth while to preach any more to us sinners, but let us "hoe our own row" hereafter. How the poor Gentile world ought to lament! The missionaries all seemed inclined to let us go and bed—d; they all, however, strongly advocated sending means to their brethren in Europe so as to enable them to come here. This policy was

urged upon the congregation. The meeting was adjourned by singing and prayer, after it had continued between three and four hours.

The afternoon service was much shorter than that of the forenoon. Brigham was not at church. The missionaries did all the talking. There seemed to be a perfect unanimity among them in these facts — that they had made no more converts, that the Gentile world should be damned, that the gospel of truth should no longer be preached unto us. Then each speaker had a supply of miracles and prophecies that had been fulfilled in his own case, which were generally supremely ridiculous, and all boasted of the manner in which they had performed their missionary duties, though they were thoroughly disgusted with missionary life.

This afternoon I called upon President Brigham, presenting my letter of introduction. The President is a very courteous gentleman, talks freely on all subjects, and whether informed or not upon them considers himself so. In making some remarks upon reporting he said no man in the world could write as fast as a man can speak, "for," continued he, "men speak three and four hundred words in a minute." This was spoken in such an absolute and positive manner that your correspondent, supposing the Prophet had derived his information from a divine source, merely replied that he never knew of any reporter ever writing that fast. During the conversation I used the words Gentiles and Mormons, whereupon the Prophet thus addressed me: — "There is one thing I want you to report — it is this: the first time the names Mormons and Gentiles were given to our people and yours it was not by our people. I know this of my own certain knowledge." Brigham is rather a sharp, cunning man, quick to see his immediate advantages and unscrupulous in the use of them. He has not, however, a very perfect control over his countenance, and frequently lets more be read in it than he desires to. Thus, in conversing with him upon a certain matter he pretended to feel regret in regard to it, while he could not hide the smile of pleasure that played over his face. I knew he was rejoiced at the occurrence, and if I had not known it the pleasure expressed upon his face would have told me the tale.

Almost every Gentile who comes in contact with Brigham believes him sincere and conscientious in his religious opinions; if that be so his future policy may be somewhat different from that

which would otherwise have been supposed. On entering his office, among other persons sitting talking with him was a woman, with large tears rolling down her cheeks. On departing the Prophet earnestly requested a second visit.

The Indians have been making depredations upon the Saints about fifteen miles south from here; they have not attacked persons but have run off numbers of cattle and horses. Gov. Cumming arrived from Salt Lake City to-night, and will proceed south to the settlement whence the animals were taken to-morrow, as will also the Indian Agent, Dr. Forney, who is on his way hither. The troops will probably be called upon to punish the natives. This is one of the advantages already accruing to the Mormons from the presence of the army.

Mr. Bullock, the gentleman who keeps the hotel at which we are staying, has three wives, all young and good looking; they live together like three sisters, and seem perfectly happy. The senior acts as head of the house in entertaining guests, like as would the elder sister in a family. If all Mormon households are as happy as this one appears to be they certainly are the happiest people in the world, but all are not so. These women have been educated in the church since childhood, and therefore know no system other than polygamy, doctrinally and practically. They are very sociable and agreeable to Gentiles as well as to the brethren.

The women as a class here have rather a modest, retiring seeming; they do not appear to hold themselves as equals of men, but humbly and kindly speak or answer when occasions in the least require it. To be addressed properly by a stranger they seem to consider an attention of kindness, of courtesy. Humility is very marked among them.

Salt Lake City, July 2, 1858.

As early as eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th ultimo the army began to move through this city. Entering from Emigration Cañon at the east, the troops passed north to South Temple street — marched by Brigham's houses with banners flying and drums beating, thence past Temple Block square to the west of the city, thence straight west to the bridge across Jordan. A band of sappers and miners were in the van to strengthen the bridge before the army could cross. The order of march has already been given. The Mormons were greatly surprised at the vast number of wagons connected with the army. Each division was followed

by its wagons, so there was a body of troops and then an immense line of wagons, which were driven through the city at full trot. The day was intensely hot, man and beast sweating copiously. Dense clouds of dust were raised by the advance of the wagons, the men perspiring with labor and the heat, and enveloped by the dust; their faces, covered with sweat, were recoated with dust till they looked as black as the earth upon which they trod. The Mormons greatly admired the military bands, particularly the excellent one pertaining to the Tenth Infantry. Not a man left the ranks in passing through the city; not a stick nor stone belonging to Zion was touched; the army passed through it as hastily as possible, and then shook the dust off from their feet by leaping into the Jordan for a bath, which every man of them needed. It was night before the last of the army and its appurtenances got through the city. All encamped beyond Jordan. On the 27th ult. numerous officers entered the city; about 50 of them took dinner at the Globe. No soldiers, however, were permitted to cross the troubled stream of Jordan. Everything passed off quietly in the city. Some of the Saints, however, complained of the freedom with which a few of the officers expressed their opinions. Monday morning, the 28th ult., General Johnston, with his staff officers, Major McCulloch and Dr. Hurt, started in search of a permanent camp. They passed west to Great Salt Lake, wound around the foot of the West Mountains, and then turned south to Rush Valley. They returned to the army last night.

During the trip Major McCulloch, who was gratifying his adventurous backwoods spirit, got up into the mountains and was lost. Experience, however, had taught him never to feel lost, so, regarding the points of the compass, he made up his mind as to the direction of the army, and ceasing the endeavor to return to his immediate companions, struck across the mountains for the army, arriving there early yesterday morning after a very fatiguing journey.

On Tuesday, the 29th ult., the army, under Col. Alexander, the senior officer present, struck their tents and moved up the Jordan (southward) ten miles. On the 30th the march was resumed, but directed west to what are here called the West Mountains — that is the mountains on the west side of this valley. The army is now encamped at the foot of said mountains some twenty miles distant.

In a few days the army will move down to Cedar Valley, about forty miles south and west from this place, and ten miles west of Lehi. It will probably winter there and in the adjacent valleys. Cedar Valley is beyond the Jordan River and lies between the foot of the first and the body of the second mountain west of this valley.

The Mormons have begun to return to their homes; numbers have already arrived in this city, and others are on the way. Brigham and Heber Kimball arrived day before yesterday; their families arrived yesterday. Within a week it is expected that the major part of the population of this city will have returned. Whether we Gentiles will then be able to get rooms and better accommodations than we now have is questionable.

The Mormons informed me that they designed and desired to return to their homes a month ago, but were prevented by a movement of the army, as they considered, contrary to the binding promise of the Commissioners. Said movement destroyed their confidence in the execution of the arrangements that had been completed, so they determined to remain south till the army passed, so as to see what would be done by it.

The eastern mail arrived yesterday, bringing dates from New York up to the 5th ultimo. It made a very quick trip from St. Joseph here, coming in in eighteen days.

On the 4th inst. the California mail will leave here under the new contract. Geo. W. Charpening is the contractor. He engages to carry a semi-monthly mail from Salt Lake City to Placerville, California, in eighteen days time, for \$90,000 per annum. The mail will go by the northern route. The contractor intends to make each trip in twelve days, and will receive \$35,000 extra if he does so. Eighteen days from St. Joseph to Salt Lake City, and twelve days from Salt Lake City to California, in all thirty days, is certainly very quick time in which to cross this continent on wheels.

Mr. H. McElreth, of whom I have before spoken as the agent of a mercantile firm in New York, comes on here to collect a debt of \$37,000 due his firm by Capt. Wm. H. Hooper, one of the Saints of this city. The call was promptly responded to by Capt. Hooper. Last September he informed all his creditors that he would be able to pay one-half of his indebtedness by the ensuing January, and asked to pay the other half in equal instalments in

one, two and three years' time. In January he received the money, and has kept it ever since in his safe, waiting the call of his creditors. The New York firm is the only one which has called upon him. Their agent has received the amount promised in gold. Captain Hooper, although he was allowed one, two and three years' time in which to pay the other half of his indebtedness to the New York firm, I am informed has made arrangements to liquidate the entire debt now. The money, as promised his other creditors, awaits their call in his safe. The Mormons bear a very honorable character commercially; they frequently aid one another to meet their engagements. At all times, whether there was war or no war, Captain Hooper has kept the money in his safe waiting for the call of his creditors.

Brigham has not yet sent the Commissioners a copy or report of the speeches delivered during the late conference as he promised to.

Mr. Carrington, editor of the *Deseret News*, has sent a document to Commissioner Powell which purports to be a report of his remarks at that conference. This pretended report evinces a design on the part of the Mormons to misrepresent and keep from the public the actual proceedings and remarks of that conference. Many of Commissioner Powell's remarks, especially his strong points, have been entirely omitted; language is put in his mouth that he never used. He is made to answer questions put to him by Brigham and others, without the questions or any intimation of them being given. The report as a whole is false, fraudulent, full of omissions and full of additions. Brigham told me this very week that he had two as good reporters as there are in the Union, which, were it not otherwise certain, would be proof positive that the reports are false by design, not unavoidable mistake. This may teach a lesson to Gentiles. The Commissioners had at one time a person in their suite capacitated to give them a correct report of the proceedings of said conferences, but to relieve a paltry objection of Gov. Cumming, based on Mormon pretensions, they acquiesced in his removal. The result is the Mormons will have everything their own way. They will color the conferences as suits their pleasure. Statements made to the contrary they will declare false, as they had good reporters present who took down everything that was said. They have already begun to attempt to undermine the character and truthfulness of the Com-

missioners; how far they will carry it is yet to be seen. But one thing should be remembered — when a positive advantage is held it should not too readily be resigned. The *Deseret News* will publish the proceedings of the conferences, and, of course, in the color most desirable to them. Commissioner Powell's remarks were sent to him to be corrected. He wrote Mr. Carrington in reply that the report was not what it purported to be, that it put language in his mouth he never used, and omitted many of his most important remarks. He refused to correct such a document, but said if a more correct report of his speeches were sent him, also the questions to which he answered, and the speeches of the Mormons to which he replied, that if they were sent in accordance with the promise of Brigham Young he would correct the report and return it to them. Thus the matter stands. Commissioner Powell has received a report of the speech he made at Provo, per invitation, after the affair was settled. It is as follows: —

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Salt Lake City, July 3, 6 A. M.

After mailing the foregoing letters last night a Mormon gentleman came to me and said "The President will soon send you down a copy of the remarks he made last Sabbath." That is strange, thought I, but then remembering the conversation I had with the Prophet a few days ago, it was very easily understood. During my interview with Young he questioned "Do you write short-hand?" "I do" was the reply.

Prophet — Did you take down the remarks I made on Sunday?

Correspondent — I did.

Prophet — When I spoke I did not know any reporters were in the audience, though I learned it before the service was over. Have you written out your report?

Correspondent — I have.

Prophet — Did you write the words just as I spoke them?

Correspondent — I did.

The Prophet paused, then said: — Did you say that I said I had no shirt-collar dignity to sustain, while Buchanan had?

Correspondent — I gave your exact words.

Brigham looked perplexed, but seeing that some of his people and I were regarding him attentively, added that so far as he was

concerned he was perfectly willing it should be printed. He also questioned me about writing his language in regard to the President's age and sense, receiving in each case an affirmative answer. Between ten and eleven o'clock last night I was called upon by three Mormon dignitaries, with the report above referred to and the following novel and surprising note from Brigham Young. Read: —

Great Salt Lake City, July 2, 1858.

Mr. ———: In compliance with your request, and at the earliest opportunity, I take pleasure in herewith transmitting to you the report of remarks made by me in Provo June 27. Mr. J. B. Milner has had but little practice in reporting, hence there are several omissions; and since press of business precludes my attempting to supply them from memory I trust what the reporter has enabled me now to furnish will prove satisfactory. Very respectfully,

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Prophet Brigham, when were you requested to furnish me with a copy of your remarks? Was it at our interview when I told you, in answer to your question, that I had written out your sermon in full, seven persons being present and hearing me say so? Have not had any other communication with you, Mr. Prophet. Such a way of presenting the report of a sermon has a very dubious politeness. Shall I thank you for it? Yes, for it contains your own hand signature, which is worth being retained as a divine memento of a live prophet.

The report, as a whole, is a pretty good one. It, however, puts better language in Brigham's mouth than that which he held; it is made smoother; all the offensive language about the President is omitted. The abrupt, rough style in which the Prophet discourses is greatly modified. I send you Brigham's report, to do what you will with it.

[We prefer giving our own correspondent's report of the Prophet's remarks, as above. — ED. HERALD].

One of the brethren who has always treated me with great kindness, and done that for a Gentile which few or no Gentiles would ever have done for a Mormon, has frequently spoken to me about some misunderstanding in regard to the time of the movement of the army. I told him the HERALD would publish their side of the story if they would give it. Late last night he handed me the following letter upon the subject. Since I have not time to copy it

before the departure of the mail I send you the original, hoping my saintly friend will not consider it a breach of confidence: —

Great Salt Lake City, U. T., July 2, 1858.

Sir — For the correctness of the following statement of facts I hold myself individually responsible. Through the exertions of Colonel Thos. L. Kane, Governor A. Cumming and Governor Brigham Young peace was fully established in the Territory, and submission to the authority of the officers of the federal government rendered, so far as those officers had presented themselves, on the 12th of May last. The despatches of Governor Cumming to Secretary Cass of that date, are official evidence of this fact. About the 24th of May a letter was received by one of our citizens from Governor Cumming stating that Gen. Johnston had promised him not to advance with his army from Camp Scott before the 20th of June. Commissioners Powell and McCulloch arrived in this city on the 7th of June. I was selected as one of a delegation to wait upon the Commissioners and make arrangements for a conference. Inquiries were made by the delegation concerning the movement of the army. Governor Powell replied by saying that there was an understanding between Gen. Johnston and the Commissioners that there should be no advance of the army until General Johnston had an opportunity of hearing from the Commissioners concerning the results of the conference. The conference referred to was held on the 11th and 12th of June. Information being received at the opening of the conference that General Johnston had ordered an advance towards the city for 14th of June, the question was asked the Commissioners if such were the case. Governor Powell replied that it could not possibly be true, repeating the statement previously made to the delegation, and that it would be worth General Johnston's commission to make a movement of the kind without consultation or having an opportunity of hearing from the Commissioners. The army marched on the 11th, and on the 14th of June despatches were dated from Bear River as headquarters of the army. The confidence restored previous to the arrival of the Commissioners was thus interrupted, and a delay of more than two weeks caused in the return of the families to Great Salt Lake City. I do not hesitate to say that amicable relations between the people of Utah and the parent government, if not interrupted, were at least by no means promoted by the presence of the Commissioners in the Territory, their own statements and failure to account for the strange inconsistencies in the movements of the army having entirely nullified the virtue of any pledges they might make to the people. Of course I do not make any reference to the proclamation of President Buchanan brought to the Territory by the Commissioners. That carries with it its own evidence and stands aloof upon its own merits. I remain, very respectfully, &c.

JAMES FERGUSON.

The Commissioners declare they never made such a promise — that the statement is entirely false — indeed that they had no power to delay or hinder the onward march of the army.

I was present and heard Commissioner Powell's last words to

Gen. Johnston on departing for Salt Lake City. It is legitimate now to make them public. They were these: — "Do not delay the advance of your army one hour on our (the Commissioners') account. We want to see you soon in Salt Lake Valley."

The Mormons also complain of the army eating up their grass on the other side of Jordan, and prospectively in Cedar Valley. Their complaints are very bitter on this head. They claim that said grass is all their cattle have to live upon summer and winter. But should the army starve its animals or go where it don't want to, when every foot of this ground belongs to the general government?

Yesterday morning Mr. Carrington, editor of the *Deseret News*, had an engagement to meet Commissioner Powell in the room of the latter at 9 A. M., to counsel about the reports of the proceedings of the late conferences. Commissioner Powell remained in his room until 11 A. M., and no Carrington arrived. His man, however, at that hour presented Commissioner Powell with a note, saying that other engagements would prevent Carrington from coming. Commissioner Powell answered — "Is that the way Mr. Carrington meets a business engagement with a gentleman?"

Commissioner McCulloch received a document six pages long, purporting to be a report of his remarks at a conference. The first sentence in the report is the only one Major McCulloch used. All the rest of the report is false, fraudulent and suppositious; not a word of it was held by Commissioner McCulloch; the language he did use is entirely omitted. I have read the document, and such a jumbled up mess I never saw. The Saints are making a determined effort to traduce the character of the Commissioners — the latter, without receiving the report of the speeches as promised them by Brigham, will start for the East to-day. Such at least is their present intention. Within the last week they have had three of their best mules strayed or stolen.

A Mormon told me last night that he had just carried a letter from President Young to Governor Cumming, which proposed to return, through the Governor, the cattle stolen from the army last fall — about 1,000 in number. The Saints are returning to their homes very rapidly. There are said to be five hundred wagons now on the way from the south to this city.

[New York Herald, August 5, 1858.]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Salt Lake City, June 24, 1858.

Nothing of commanding importance has transpired since the departure of the last mail; a few things, however, merit a chronological presentation. On rising last Sabbath morning we were agreeably surprised to find the American banner attached to the tops of several flagstaves in different parts of the city, though from want of wind the flags drooped gloomily by the side of their supporting staffs. The Mormons desire to appear very patriotic. The language and deeds of the past, however, are not forgotten. Some of the flags had bees upon them instead of stars.

Early in the morning a Mormon band presented itself before the Globe and commenced piping and drumming. Its performance was very indifferent. Whether the salute was intended to be a serenade to some one or more was a question having no apparent answer. There was, of course, no preaching here; the women all being at Provo, the preachers are there also. Some of the Gentiles amused themselves by walking along the more shaded streets and through the beautiful gardens.

The most popular tree along the sidewalks is the locust, the tree most abundant in the gardens is the peach tree. Peach trees are very numerous throughout the entire city; they are burthened with fruit which will not be ripe till September. The crop of pears in this valley this year bids fair to surpass that of any previous year; it is worth a great amount of money. If any one man owned all the peach trees he could dispose of their fruit this year so as to make a fabulous fortune. The wheat, too, and, indeed, all kinds of grain will produce better crops this year than they were ever known to before. All agricultural products have done better this season, so far, than they were ever known to do before. Grass is unusually good. The grain crop will not be ripe for four or five weeks yet. The cause of the extraordinary productiveness of this season is the prevalence of rains. Ordinarily the earth during this month is parched like a desert and baked as in an oven. But now it is surcharged with water; from the 17th to the 21st inst. it rained diurnally; such a rain is unparalleled in such a season of the year in this locality. The Saints humorously accredited it to the Christians; the phenomena, some have gone so

far as to say, was Heaven showering down a blessing upon us in approval of the peace. I cannot well estimate how large a portion of this valley is capacitated for cultivation; none is fit without irrigation. By no means visible to your correspondent can half of the soil be rendered available for agricultural purposes — probably not one third of it is at present.

Brigham intends, if he remains in this place, to take the river Jordan and convey nearly, if not quite, its entire volume of water along canals for irrigating purposes that will greatly increase the arable lands, but still they will not compose one half of the valley. There is a great deal of dried baked salt land, good for nothing. The Jordan flows along a mile or two west of this city and enters Great Salt Lake over twenty miles distant. The stream is about thirty feet wide, and I should judge, from bathing in it, from ten to twelve feet deep.

One of the finest houses in the city has been let to Gov. Cumming. He and his wife reside in it but board at the Globe saloon, as do all the rest of us Gentiles. The Mormons can well afford to let Gov. Cumming have a house, for he is their man; he serves them; on all questions he takes their side; in all disputes he sides with them. He talks of the outrages, wrongs and villainies perpetrated against them, but is deaf to the cries of his countrymen for succor, for help, for protection against imprisonment, peril and threatening death; he has no eyes to see, no ears to hear his countrymen defamed, his country dishonored, and the head of our nation abused worse than is the vilest wretch that ekes out an existence by practising the most loathsome vices. Of the Gentiles here none save one concur in the Governor's course. Of those with the army and of the army none to my knowledge concur with him. Whatever may be the phase of matters here now, conflict and confusion hereafter is unavoidable. Our people, united and directed by judicious and united officials, will have a sufficiently hard task to achieve, and will be sufficiently embarrassed, enthralled and subjected to fraud as well as insolence. How much worse, then, must it be with our officials as they are? Either all but one should be superseded, or that one should be superseded.

The United States Commissioners were not able, till within a few days, to get a room to sleep in; now they have one small room on the ground floor in which they place their blankets and sleep on the floor.

Peter K. Dotson, marshal of the Territory, has obtained, or rather owned when he came here, a small house, which, owing to the generosity of the owner, is densely populated by homeless Gentiles. The majority of us, however, are still without shelter from the storm save that afforded by the halls or entries of the saloon in which we eat, and the carriages of those who possess them. Your correspondent still continues to luxuriate nocturnally upon the back porch of our host, Mr. David Caudland. Money is in vain shaken in the face of the Saints; it will not tempt them to furnish us sinners with a local habitation. It seems to be the policy of the Mormons to make our residence here so uncomfortable that we will not remain. If that will not answer they will make it so hot — if they can — that we cannot remain.

Invidious eyes are turned especially upon those persons who historise the affairs of the Territory. Shadows are not uncommon to them. Dark hints and threats are not unknown. If they fall let it already be considered as upon record by whom and wherefore.

The Globe, I am told, is owned by Brigham. We pay \$2 a day for three meals of ordinary provisions. Our food is by no means luxurious, but it is very good, for the most common articles are so cooked and presented on the table as to be very palatable. The agent of Brigham, Mr. Caudland, put up the price the other day to \$2.50 a day for meals, but he found some of the Gentiles rebelling and deserting, so he had to reduce it to \$2. I should think that at least two-thirds of the money paid into the saloon was cleared, and went directly into the pocket of the head of the church.

Two men arrived here a few days since from the south in a pitiable condition, whose story merits publication. They are Messrs. P. McNeil and W. H. Fabens — the two Gentiles imprisoned here when Governor Cumming entered this spring — the latter of whom had been supposed murdered and his body floated down the Jordan. The following is the statement given by Mr. Fabens: —

I entered Salt Lake City on the 15th of October, 1857, *en route* for California. After proceeding south as far as Fillmore on my road I found the bodies of two Americans who had been murdered the day before, as was said, by Indians. If they were Indians they were painted ones, because I saw the effects of the murdered men in the hands of Mormons, and I heard the latter

specify the exact amount of money they had when they were assassinated. Finding I could not reach California unless I went under Mormon protection, I sold my horses to one of the brethren in consideration of his conveying me and another young man to the golden State. He took my horses but refused to fulfil his engagements. I made some fuss about it, whereupon I was informed by the Saints that if I did not keep still I would have my damned throat cut. Finding I was not safe in the south I started on the 8th of February for Camp Scott. At Salt Lake City I was joined by Messrs. P. McNeil, Chas. Miles and a young Mr. Brown. When we had advanced as far as Yellow Creek, about thirty miles west of Fort Bridger, we were stopped by the Mormon guard and taken prisoners. A body of armed men brought us back to this holy (iniquitous) City of the Saints and here lodged us in jail.

I should have remarked, however, that while on the Weber River Brown was taken sick, and in consequence was not guarded very closely, so one night, while the Mormons were at prayer, he made his escape and eventually reached the camp. McNeil, Miles and I were imprisoned in a stone or adobe house, divided into cells, and having a high board fence around it. We were guarded by eight men, who were changed every day. The guard was ordered not to let us go out of the house; a sentry walked before the house, another before the gate of the wall. It was a lousy, dirty hole in which we were placed, so we got lousy and dirty; we could get nothing; we had poor clothes, our arms and money were taken from us, and thus for months we were confined because of the mere fact of our being American citizens.

While Gov. Cumming was in McNeil obtained some money with which he purchased liquor; with it he got the guard pretty drunk one night and escaped. He went to Gov. Cumming, told him how he and we were situated. The Governor said he could do nothing for any of us for he himself was guarded and watched. I know there was a guard placed round the Governor's house because the men composing it told me so; they said it was to keep men from going to the Governor.

McNeil was again arrested, and two nights after he was taken from prison, to be carried he nor me know not whither. The guard told us they were going to send him to California. Previous to this young Chas. Miles had been taken from us, as they said,

to be sent to California; nothing has been heard of him since. Well, McNeil was taken out to the end of the city and lodged in the penitentiary with a ball and chain on his leg.

On the 8th of May ten armed mounted Mormons came in a wagon and took me from the prison, drove down to the penitentiary and took McNeil from it. I asked Richard Atwood, the leader of the party, if the ball and chain were not to be taken off from McNeil. He said he had no orders to take them off. We were turned over to the charge of another captain, and by the same guard of ten men taken thirty miles south to Lehi. A new guard of ten men there took us in charge, and conducted us twenty-six miles further south to Springville. I got a file from an insincere Mormon, and while being conducted to Salt Creek filed the chain off from McNeil's leg and threw it into the creek.

It is thirty-eight miles from Springville to Salt Creek. On arriving at the latter named place the Mormons made a fuss about the ball and chain being lost, but they could not get another to put on McNeil, so he was left unchained. Going sixty-five miles further south we arrived at Fillmore. I went to the Bishop and asked what we were to do, as we had no food. He told me I might go to work there. I replied I would not work while a prisoner. The Bishop then said we would have to go further south, so we were conducted to Parawan, thirty-five miles, then to Cedar City, eighteen miles, and finally to Painta, twenty-eight miles further south. There the Bishop received us kindly, and his wife gave us to eat. The Bishop advised us to go no further south, as the Indians were bad, but to return north. We went back to Cedar City; the President would not let us stay there, but ordered us south again. We concluded that our only hope was in flight — so on Saturday night, the 5th instant, we fled, took to the mountains and came northward, travelling at night and resting by day.

We went into Springfield, saw Mr. Ornehulit, the person who gave me the file. He gave us food, covered us up in a large stack of straw, where we slept all night, gave us more food, and towards the night of the ensuing day took us out the back of the city and put us on the road northward. We travelled on by night. Twenty miles south of here we had to take to the mountains again to escape the guard placed there to keep the people from coming back from the south. We arrived here on Monday morning, the 21st of June. We intended to go out to the army, but hearing the Com-

missioners were here came here to be protected by them. General Ferguson, who had charge of our guard last winter, saw us on our arrival here, shook hands with us, and said he was glad to see us back. Such is Mormon hypocrisy. We had plenty to eat last winter; the guard generally treated us well. Colonel Rockwood, the commissary, and Lewis Robinson, the quartermaster, treated us very kindly.

These men, though they have arrived here and are among Gentiles, still they are afraid of their lives, and especially afraid that they will be kidnapped by the Mormons, again taken south and imprisoned. They seem to be truthful, honorable men. Poor fellows met in this condition are generously treated by Gentiles, clothed, fed and guarded.

SELLING COLONEL KINNEY'S GRANT IN NICARAGUA TO THE MORMONS.

A few days since a company of men recently from California arrived here from Provo. They have been for some time past engaged in a negotiation with Brigham Young, Esq., endeavoring to sell to him a grant of land made in 1838 to Haley and Shepard by the Nicaraguan government. This grant contains, it is said, 30,000,000 acres, and lies along the Mosquito coast 300 leagues in extent. Col. H. L. Kinney and others now claim to be the legitimate claimants to said grant of land. Their title, however, is very doubtful. They desire to sell the land for ten cents an acre, or \$3,000,000. Mr. John B. Hooper is the agent authorized to effect and conclude the negotiations. He is still at Provo. Several other gentlemen from California, with Colonel H. Clarkston and Major Brookie, are here in connection with Mr. Cooper. These gentlemen think the Saints will make the purchase — very doubtful.

NEW SOUTHERN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

There is a route from here to California which will make, it is said, in connection with the new route to Utah, the best overland junction between California and the eastern states. The route by Pole Creek, Republican Forks and Bridger's Pass should be continued to Henry's Fork, thence down Campbell's Fork, through Provo Cañon to the source of the Jordan at Utah Lake, thence through Cedar Valley to the south end of Rush Valley, crossing the desert at the south end of Granite Rock to Reden Springs,

thence via Ivinpar Valley and Ruba Valley direct to Carson Valley. This route is considered the most direct across the central part of this continent; it is said to be about 200 miles shorter via this route to Carson Valley from this place than it is by either the old southern or northern route. The only difficulty attending travel by this route is a scarcity of water; the largest distance without it is forty miles, but wells can readily be established along the route and thus give an ample supply of that most necessary of articles. The route has been examined by Major S. M. Blair, formerly of the Texas Rangers, by order of Brigham Young, Esq. The distance between Salt Lake City and San Francisco, via this route, has been made in ten days. The nature of the country admits of an excellent road. An effort will be made by some well advised Gentiles to get government to survey this route, and, if it is deemed suitable, to establish an overland road via it.

Mrs. Landon, a Gentile lady who is endeavoring to get across to California to her husband, to whom she is strongly devoted, is at present in the city. On the first night after her arrival the driver of her carriage stole all her provisions and absconded. Other Gentiles have taken care of her. Mr. Gilbert has been very kind to her.

SOCIAL LIFE AT PROVO — GENTILE ATTENTIONS TO THE YOUNG
AND FAIR SISTERS — JEALOUSY OF THE OLD BROKEN
DOWN SAINTS.

As I have before noticed several California gentlemen have recently spent some time at Provo. During their stay there some amusing social incidents occurred between them and the Saints. I am indebted to one "Cato" for the following account of an occurrence there. It is written rather stylish, but substantial and reliable men acknowledge the truthfulness of the narration: —

"The most amusing incident that has transpired during our residence among the pious Saints occurred on the morning of the 3d of June. About two weeks after our arrival in Provo the hotel at which we stopped became densely crowded by the removal of so many people from Salt Lake City and other northern localities. Young and beautiful ladies thronged its hall, and occupied a large portion of the room at table at meal times. My companions, Captain J — and Mr. D —, are proverbial for their gallantry,

so here they paid the strictest attention to their toilets; the demand for mirrors was astonishing, every hair of their fine dark whiskers and moustaches was disciplined to its exact and allotted place. Nothing that renders a man captivating to female eyes was omitted, nor was anything that attracts, interests and engrosses regard in manners or in conversation disregarded. Our two aspiring lords of creation displayed their all conquering attributes to the fullest extent of their power, and it was not in vain they did so. At length they informed Major B — and myself that they had the whole run of the house, and stood A No. 1 with the pretty young loveable girls, particularly with those enchanting creatures Misses Francis and Cleroy, who played the agreeable at table by gracefully filling our plates with the lucious sustenance of life, while they filled our eyes and hearts with their own beautiful images. Our fine gallants were under full headway, and seemed intent in shunning their old friends — Major B. and myself — who had previously determined upon a very modest and retiring policy, voting us two old fogies whom neither beauty the most entrancing, nor attentions, howsoever marked, could move or vitalize. Concluding our cases hopeless they even deemed it unnecessary to give us a formal introduction to their lady friends. Nor did they exhibit much unwillingness to monopolize the attention and regard of the ladies, particularly of Miss Francis and Miss Cleroy. They had ten days the start of us, so if we had desired it would have been useless to have attempted to make headway with them. We stood back and gave our gallant friends full sway. Their course was triumphal. The sweetest smiles and the tenderest glances of the beautiful Miss Francis and the charming Miss Cleroy followed them always, and always seemed waiting but to be tendered to them.

Our landlord was a long, lean, gaunt gilled, rheumatic, dried up old man at least seventy years old. Our gallants supposed that he would never notice what they were about. But alas for their calculations! The green eyed monster had already taken hold of him as with the grasp of death. So one morning at breakfast, shuffling up to them, he in the most modest manner imaginable informed the chivalric sparks that the young bright eyed Miss Francis was one of his wives (he was old enough to be their great grandfather) and that the sweet and gentle Miss Cleroy was also married to one of the elders of the church. He added that as his

first wife was too unwell to be present at the table he had been compelled to let Miss Francis wait upon it.

Our gallant friends, upon this exposure, turned white and blue and red and white again. They absolutely wilted; they felt annihilated; they knew not where to look or how to look, or how to keep from looking just where and how they ought not to. Poor fellows! After they had gathered strength sufficient to leave the room they came to Major B. and me; they desired to return to our company, to bolster themselves up with our presence and steady character, but we determined to punish them for the past, and not to admit them into fellowship for a time at least. Our host, after this, always took the charming creatures who had effected all this trouble with him wherever he went, even if it was out into the fields to water his horse or cows. Our gallants, at length having exhibited the requisite repentance, were, after due admonition, again admitted within the pale of our society."

I may add in this connection that the Gentiles who have been at Provo believe that a large number of the women there would leave if they could.

VISIT TO GREAT SALT LAKE.

A company of six Gentiles left this Holy City yesterday to visit Great Salt Lake, which lies eighteen miles west from here. Beyond Jordan we found the land incapacitated for agricultural purposes. There was good grazing on some parts of it, but the plain will bring forth no food meet for man without irrigation, and there is no means for irrigating it. Mountains on the south rise abruptly from the margin of the lake. Three several mountainous rocky islands also rise abruptly from out of the centre of the lake. Your readers have been so frequently furnished with a description of these islands that I will not trouble them with another. The lake, it will be remembered, is seventy miles long from north to south, and thirty miles wide from east to west. On approaching it a blue sulphurous mist seemed to be hanging over it. A spring of beautiful clear water issues from the rocks within a few yards of the margin of the lake, and flows in a liberal stream down into it. Following a natural isthmus we proceeded three or four hundred yards out into the lake, to a little rocky island that jutted up above the water. We found a man there making salt. The *modus operandi* of his manufactory was very simple. A large wooden

box, with a sheet iron bottom, elevated upon stones, so that a good fire could be made beneath it, constituted all the prerequisites. Water was dipped out of the lake, poured into the box or boiler and boiled down; for every three pails of water put into the boiler there would remain one pail of salt, as brightly white as any snow that ever fell from heaven. It was the most beautiful salt I ever saw. Preparing for a bath on this neck of land, we descended from it into a salt lake four thousand two hundred feet above the salt sea; close to the rocks where we got down the bottom was harsh and stony; a few feet beyond, however, it was sandy and smooth. The border of the lake is very shoal, and, descending into it, at some places one would have to walk several hundred yards before the water would be over his head. The first thing noticed on entering the water is its buoyancy; one floats with perfect ease on it. The sensation of laying and floating on the water without making the slightest motion is very agreeable. One feels as though on a bed of unutterable softness; the waves rock him about delightfully. A bath in this lake would be inexpressibly delicious did not the water occasionally get in your mouth, nose or eyes. When it enters either of those organs it burns like an equal volume of fire — it smarts, it stings, it stuns, it strangles. Many a poor fellow has been nearly killed by one wave sweeping over him, and many a one would have died within a hundred yards of good bottom had he not been rescued by his companions; indeed it is not safe for a man to venture far beyond his depth. The careless splash of a companion's foot or hand will send a stream, as it were, of lava into your face, sometimes absolutely stunning you. We had to be very careful on account of this; but as the wind was high the waves rolled heavily and sometimes broke entirely over us, so most, if not all of us, learned by experience the effect of receiving the brine into mouth and nose and eyes. One could not dive in the lake to save his life — no animal existence can subsist in it; when it is used to cure or pickle flesh or fish it has to be weakened. A person having received the brine in his nose and eyes but once is satisfied to end his bath in the shortest possible time, and to put with might and main for fresh water. Fortunately the spring before alluded to is near at hand. After a thorough washing in it we succeeded in getting the salt off of our bodies. It does not answer to let the brine dry on a person; it would coat him over with salt, which is as harsh as sand,

and would irritate, irrupt the skin and produce other deleterious effects. As it is, Salt Lake, unless in an unusually calm day, is not a very desirable bathing tub. Having heard so much about the coating of white salt which is said to form upon a person after coming out of the lake, and which would "even convert negroes into crystalized white men," we determined to try the experiment, and consequently got a negro boy to accompany us to the lake. We could only induce him to go into the water twice. The result of the two ablutions was that he obtained a brownish white color — a sort of dirty white color — he was more white than black; and had he entered frequently into the lake, he would have been, for a time at least, effectually converted into a white man. West of the lake and north of the Great Deseret we could see a range of mountains, not only on the other side of the lake, but also beyond a wide intervening plain. The scenery around the lake is rough, harsh, grand. In the mountains and rocks adjacent to the lake I noticed large quantities of petrified salt. The lake, as before intimated, once must have covered this entire valley. As it sank gradually away its briny waves, washing continually against the rocks and mountains, coated them with salt, each coating petrifying was re-coated till the salt and rocks grew together and became one. This lake certainly is one of the most marvellous bodies of water in the world.

We had a talk with the red-faced man who was making salt, and his petticoated spouse. We expressed our surprise to find a man there, and much more a woman, as all the people had been ordered south. The man said he saw all his neighbors compelled by Mr. Brigham Young, in the name of the church, to go south; that he received the order with the rest but absolutely refused to obey it. When it was spread abroad that he would not go he was waited upon by a body of armed men, and informed that if he did not obey the order his property and the lives of himself and family would be imperilled. He stoutly refused to go where he did not want to, and stuck to his home. The result is that, notwithstanding the threats, he has lived there so far in perfect peace and quietude. He has, as will readily be conceived, outgrown the Mormon church. What first opened his eyes to the error of his ways was this:— Mr. Phineas Young, son of Mr. Brigham Young's brother, stole some of his cattle. Red-faced man took the matter before the church, the church rebuked him for daring to

prefer a charge against one so nearly related to the Prophet. Our friend of the red face was dissatisfied and still continued the demand for the restitution of his cattle. This displeased the church (Brigham Young), whereupon it summarily anathematized the ex-citizen of Massachusetts. The petticoated lady (she wore only one skirt — no dress) is from Cushing, Maine; she has one child, a little daughter, with a pretty white face, bordered around on the superior and lateral parts with a net of tow, while her toes, feet and ankles were very black and dirty. This interesting family, who live in a six-by-nine, propose to remove to California.

WARM SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Issuing from the foot of a mountain two miles north of the city is a large and very warm sulphur spring. It gives forth a rapid running stream a foot deep and two feet wide, which rushes out of the rocks in the mountains and pours its flood along into the valley. The water is so hot that it is uncomfortable for bathing; it gives off a steam even in mid-day; it is impregnated with salt and very buoyant. Cooled a little it forms a delightful bath. The Mormons have laid pipes to it and thus brought the water into the city, where they formerly had a fine bathing house, but it now has gone to wreck from want of care. Two miles further north there is a spring of hot sulphur water; it is so hot a person cannot bathe in it; it will cook eggs and is large enough almost to drive a mill.

There are numerous springs like unto these along the range of mountains to the east of this valley. There are toward Provo some springs of this nature much more curious and interesting than the ones above referred to. Some of them are reported to be bottomless.

The weather recently has been very hot. The nights, however, are cool and our nocturnal heavens are as placidly and sublimely beautiful as can be found in any other part of the world.

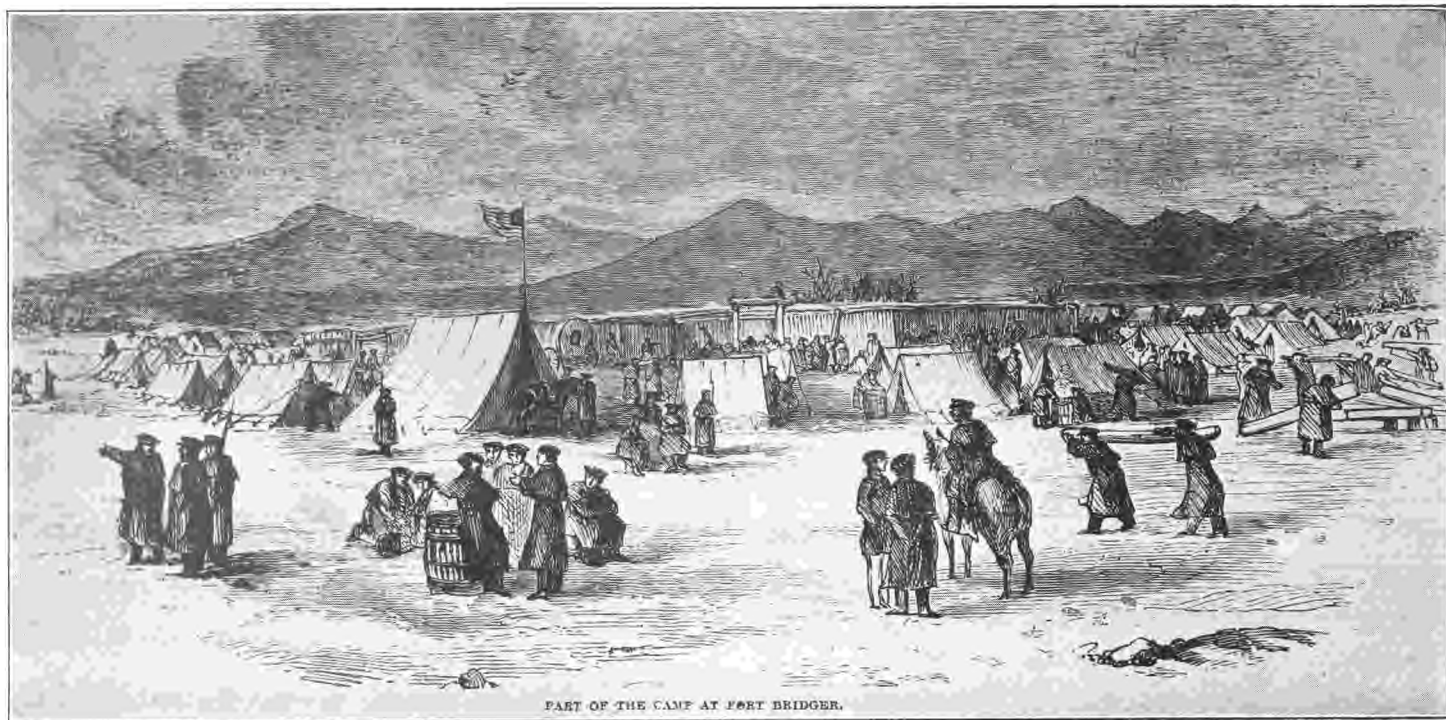
[Harper's Weekly, Jan. 30, 1858.]

FORT BRIDGER, U. T., }
December 1, 1857. }

Our progress thus far has been very dull and uninteresting.

The march from Fort Laramie to Fort Bridger has enabled us to realize the retreat from Moscow by the remains of the Great Army forty-five years ago. The Mormons had destroyed all the grass; we could barely find willows and sage bushes in sufficient quantity to keep our fires going. Cold set in soon after we departed, and with it snow-storms. On the high land the thermometer frequently marked several degrees below zero, and in many places the snow was so deep as to interpose a very serious obstacle to locomotion. The cattle, of course, were the first to feel the inconveniences of the march. For the last four hundred miles of our journey the mortality among horses, mules, and horned cattle was very large. It was quite common of a morning to find a dead ox lying near the door of one's tent. The road to Fort Bridger, like the Isthmus of Panama in the early days of Californian enterprise, will be found next summer fenced in with bones. I am led to believe that the rear guard of the army under Colonel Cook were obliged to leave behind them much valuable property from want of cattle to transport it. Some have estimated the loss of cattle as high as one hundred head per day. Certain it seems that when the spring enables us to undertake active operations we shall have no transport or cavalry.

We were not molested either by Indians or by Mormons on the march. Three trains traveling without proper escort, and at a distance from the main body, have been captured and burned by the Mormons, and a quantity of valuable clothing, together with some provisions and probably our whole store of salt destroyed. We have, however, provisions enough to last us, with ordinary economy, till the time arrives for an assault upon Salt Lake City. The colonel commanding has just issued an order cutting down the daily rations and depriving the officers of their extras. As to salt, of which article we are lamentably deficient, it is understood that a supply is on the way from the East, and Captain Marcy has been sent off toward New Mexico to procure a supply. Brigham Young sent in a wagon load as a present, but Colonel Johnston sent it back with a message that the next Mormon who arrived without a flag of truce would be fired upon. I see no probability of the army suffering seriously either from hunger or cold. The health of the troops thus far has been excellent, and with proper precautions there is no reason why it should not continue to be satisfactory.



[From *Harper's Weekly*, Jan. 30, 1858.]

We are at present encamped on Black's Fork, in the vicinity of and around Fort Bridger. This fort is an old trading post owned by a Major Bridger, who has been in these parts for many years. The commander has leased the fort, and is rebuilding and fortifying it so as to provide a safe retreat in case of disaster. In a very short time it can be rendered impregnable. In many respects the locality is admirable as a basis of operations. There is round the fort plenty of wood for fuel, and the stream contains excellent water. As to distances, we are 113 miles from Salt Lake City, 30 miles from Ham's Fork, and 380 miles from Fort Laramie. Had we cattle we could sweep the whole country between this and the cañons; as it is the Mormons have the advantage of us; their cavalry arm is excellent, their horses strong and well fed, their guerrillas indefatigable. They hover round us trying to pick up stragglers, stampede cattle, and burn trains, and so long as they keep out of gun range they are safe.

There is a strong feeling in the army in favor of an immediate advance on Salt Lake City. I have no doubt — if the thing were proposed — that every man of the expedition would cheerfully agree to encounter Mormons, snow and cold in order to exchange our camp life for comfortable winter quarters in the city. But this is not to be. Our commander has resolved — probably in accordance with orders from headquarters — that we shall remain where we are for the present; the failure of the expedition — for such really seems to be the proper term — will at least have the advantage of giving us something to think about during the long, dreary winter. No doubt, on other and graver grounds, Colonel Johnston's decision is judicious. From the best accounts it seems that the Mormon force encamped between us and the city amounts to full five thousand men of all arms. We have less than one-third this number, for of course the teamsters and army followers can not be relied upon for offensive operations.

We have resigned ourselves, therefore, to make the best of our position, and are trying to make ourselves comfortable. Some of the officers and the civil officials are building houses on the Armenian plan, partly underground, with a wooden roof, which the snow will render air-tight. I have no doubt that these huts will be comfortable, warm, dry and snug. Tents are, however, the order of the day among the army, and with a due amount of blankets and a corresponding supply of fuel for the stove we

calculate to exist through the winter without more suffering than every soldier in active service must expect.

The weather latterly has been very mild, and at times the ground has been bare of snow. At this season I am told, by persons acquainted with the locality, that the snow is usually several feet deep.

Governor Cumming and Chief Justice Eckels are preparing for activity. The former has sent proclamations to Salt Lake City declaring that he will proceed against any individuals found in rebellion according to the law, and the Chief Justice has opened a court for the trial of offenders. This seems an amusing proceeding at the crisis at which affairs have arrived. From all we can learn of Brigham Young's views, and the state of feeling at Salt Lake City, two courses of action are being debated — the first, to leave Utah in the spring and seek a refuge in the British territory in the north; the second, to submit to the entrance of the army and make the best terms possible with the new Governor. As Governor Cumming has declared that he does not propose to interfere with the Mormon matrimonial arrangements it is quite likely that a number of Mormons may prefer submitting to his authority to losing the improvements they have made on their land in Utah. On the other hand Brigham Young's acts have been so glaringly defiant of the authority of the United States — the burning of the supply trains amounts, I suppose, to an actual levying of war — that there is very little hope for him should he fall into the hands of the army. He will, therefore, be quite likely to take an early opportunity of placing himself beyond Colonel Johnston's reach by flying to the British country. Whether he will venture upon a preliminary brush with the army is, of course, a matter of conjecture. It is asserted by persons who pretend to know that the rank and file of the Mormons are more governed by feeling than by reason, and that they will not yield without a struggle. They regard themselves as martyrs to their faith. It is supposed here that Colonel Johnston has made up his mind that there will be no fighting, though the arrangements for the winter are as careful as if we were in a foreign enemy's country. For my own part I can not bring myself to believe that the Mormons will actually shed their blood in the cause.

We have four ladies in camp, all of whom, I am happy to say, are well, and bear cheerfully the privations and discomforts of



COL. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON
[From *Harper's Weekly* Jan. 30, 1858.]

camp life. We propose, when the work of preparing for the cold is over, to get up some amusements for the troops and ourselves. I should not be surprised if we gave balls which were as successful as any in your own Fifth Avenue. There is also some talk of theatricals. Whether we are to fight or not, we have made up our minds to be as merry for the present as the circumstances will admit.

* * * * *

Of Colonel Johnston, the commanding officer of the Utah Expedition, we have the following memoir. The portrait is from a daguerreotype in the possession of an intimate friend, the memoir by that distinguished officer and citizen, Colonel Preston of Kentucky.

Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Mason County, Kentucky, in 1803. His father was a physician of education and high character, from the vicinity of Salisbury in Connecticut, who emigrated to Kentucky before the adoption of the constitution of the United States. His eldest son, Josiah Stoddard Johnston, was a statesman of signal ability, and was returned to the Senate of the United States from Louisiana. He was the confidential friend of Mr. Clay, and his second in his duel with Randolph. Sidney Johnston was sent by his father, at an early age, to the school of Dr. Lewis Marshall, a brother of Chief Justice Marshall, one of the most learned and accomplished scholars of his day. Afterward was placed at Transylvania University, where he had nearly completed a liberal education when his brother, discerning the peculiar bent of his mind, induced him to go to West Point. He graduated at the Military Academy, and received a commission in the 6th Regiment of Infantry. During his academic course he was highly distinguished for his attainments in mathematics and the severer studies of his profession, being almost at the head of his classes, but he displayed little aptitude for languages and the lighter branches of learning. He entered the army and was ordered to the West, where he was selected as Adjutant-General during the Black Hawk war by the commander, General Atkinson, and, though young, earned a high reputation for gallantry, energy and judgment. After the cessation of hostilities he resigned his commission with the intention of residing upon a plantation near St. Louis, but afterward, during the struggle between Mexico and Texas, he left the United States. He arrived

in Texas not long after the battle of San Jacinto, and while the contest was in progress enrolled himself as a private soldier in the army, and rose rapidly to high command. At that time the forces of Texas under the command of General Felix Huston, a Kentuckian of rash and impetuous courage, but of noble and generous impulses, was collected for the defense of the infant republic. Johnston was elected to supersede him in the command. When he arrived Huston chose to consider himself affronted upon an imaginary point of etiquette, and challenged him the day after he assumed the command. Johnston at once accepted the challenge, and a meeting ensued in which he was wounded — as it was feared, mortally — by his antagonist, who was an admirable shot. The friend and second of Johnston, thinking he was dying, muttered that the matter should not rest but would be avenged by him. Johnston turned to him, and said "It is my request, in the event of my death, that you shall yield obedience to my second in command, General Huston, and I trust you will not, by such conduct, promote a spirit of insubordination." Huston afterward became the friend of Johnston, and always spoke of him with the highest consideration and respect.

General Johnston afterward was appointed Secretary of War in Texas, and organized the expedition under Burleson in 1839 against the Cherokees. He was present in person at the decisive engagement on the River Nueces, in which the Cherokees, seven hundred strong, were routed by the Texans. In his department he manifested not only skill as a soldier in every emergency, but ability and discretion as a civilian. He became an ardent advocate for the annexation of Texas to the United States, and used all the influence he possessed to secure its consummation. Subsequently, when war was declared against Mexico, and he was in private life, residing upon his plantation in Brazoria County, General Taylor wrote to him from Point Isabel, and requested him to join him immediately. Johnston at once volunteered as a private soldier, collected a few friends, appointed a rendezvous at Point Isabel, and, as there were no vessels, mounted his horse and joined General Taylor. Two Texan regiments assembled, and Johnston was elected colonel of one, and the celebrated partisan officer, Jack Hays, was elected colonel of the other. Johnston's regiment was disbanded before the battle of Monterey, but he was unwilling to leave the scene of active operations and went

forward with the army. He was appointed Inspector-General by Taylor, of General William O. Butler's division, and accepted the place. He was present at Monterey, and during a heavy fire upon Mitchell's Ohio regiment, of which the colonel fell wounded, displayed the most conspicuous coolness, gallantry, and skill. His horse was thrice shot but he escaped unwounded. He was thanked in his dispatches by General Butler for his conduct on that memorable occasion, and was urged by General Taylor for the post of brigadier-general, in preference to numbers of brave and skillful officers under his command. The commission was subsequently bestowed upon Caleb Cushing.

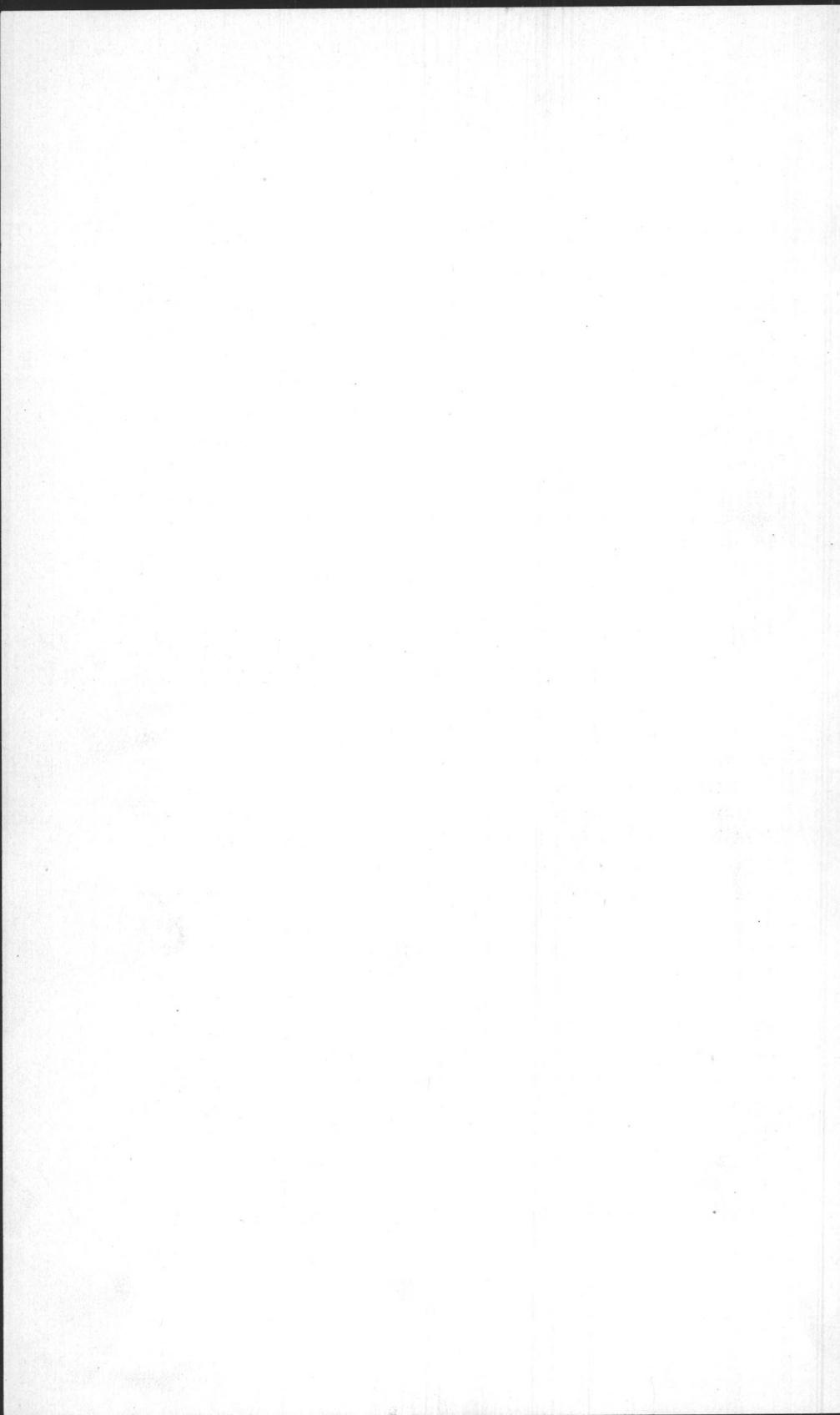
After his service in Mexico Johnston again returned to his plantation. When he went to Texas he possessed a sufficient fortune which, however, had become impaired from the necessary neglect of his private affairs. Naturally independent in character and punctual in the fulfillment of his obligations, he set to work on his place, when General Taylor, then President, tendered him the appointment of paymaster with the rank of major, as it was then the only appropriate place within his gift. Johnston held the commission for several years until the new regiments were levied, when the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who knew his skill as a soldier and his high character for worth and ability, and who had known him at West Point and had seen him in the field, appointed him colonel of the 2d Cavalry. Since that time Johnston has been chiefly employed as commanding officer of the South-western Military Department.

When the recent troubles in Utah occurred Johnston was ordered to Washington, and the general opinion of the army, as well as the judgment of the President, indicated him as the proper officer to be intrusted with the command. Thus far he has pushed forward with extraordinary energy, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year, the snows of the mountains, and the numberless impediments to the march of an army under such circumstances.

Colonel Johnston is now in the matured vigor of manhood. He is above six feet in height, strongly and powerfully formed, with a grave, dignified and commanding presence. His features are strongly marked, showing his Scottish lineage, and denote great resolution and composure of character. His complexion, naturally fair, is, from exposure, a deep brown. His habits are

abstemious and temperate, and no excess has impaired his powerful constitution. His mind is clear, strong, and well cultivated. His manner is courteous, but rather grave and silent. He has many devoted friends, but they have been won and secured rather by the native dignity and nobility of his character than by his powers of address. He is a man of strong will and ardent temper, but his whole bearing testifies the self-control he has acquired. As a soldier he stands very high in the opinion of the army. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that in a large assembly of officers and gentlemen the gallant and impetuous Worth, when asked who was the best soldier he had ever known, replied "I consider Sidney Johnston the best soldier I ever knew."

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY MENTIONED IN
CAPT. GOVE'S LETTERS.



OFFICERS MENTIONED BY CAPT. GOVE.

ALEXANDER, EDMUND B. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Kentucky. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1823. 2d Lieut. 3d Inf. 1 July, 1823. 1st Lieut. 29 Dec., 1827. Capt. 7 July, 1838. Capt. A. Q. M. 7 July, 1838. Vacated staff commission 18 June, 1846. Bvt. Major 18 April, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. Major 8th Inf. 10 Nov., 1851. Col. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 18 Oct., 1865, for meritorious service in the recruiting of the armies of the United States. Retired 22 Feb., 1869. Died 3 Jan., 1888.

ALEXANDER, JAMES B. S. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 1 July, 1856. 2d Lieut. 9th Inf. 10 Sept., 1856. Resigned 9 May, 1861.

ARCHER, SAMUEL. Born in Ohio. Appointed from Army. Corp. and Sergt. Co. H, 5th Inf. 5 May, 1845, to 28 June, 1848. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 28 June, 1848. 2d Lieut. 30 Jan., 1849. 1st Lieut. 3 March, 1855. Capt. 27 March, 1861. Major 3d Inf. 30 March, 1864. Dropped 18 July, 1866. Supposed to have been drowned 9 April, 1866.

ARMISTEAD, FRANK S. Born in Virginia. Appointed at large. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 1 July, 1856. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 20 July, 1856. 1st Lieut. 3 March, 1861. Resigned 14 June, 1861.

ARMSTRONG, FRANCIS C. Born in Arkansas. Appointed from Texas. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 7 June, 1855. 1st Lieut. 9 March, 1859. Capt. 6 June, 1861. 2d Cav. 3 Aug., 1861. Resigned 13 Aug., 1861.

BAILY, ELISHA I. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Pennsylvania. 1st Lieut. Asst. Surg. 16 Feb., 1847. Capt. Asst. Surg. 16 Feb., 1852. Maj. Surg. 15 May, 1861. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Lieut. Col. Surg. 26 June, 1876. Col. Surg. 30 Jan., 1883. Retired 14 Nov., 1888.

BEE, BARNARDE. Born in South Carolina. Appointed at large. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 3d Inf. 1 July, 1845. 2d Lieut. 21 Sept., 1846. 1st Lieut. 5 March, 1851. Reg. Adj. July, 1848, to 3 March,

1855. Capt. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Resigned 3 March, 1861. Bvt. 1st Lieut. 18 April, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo. Bvt. Captain 13 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Chapultepec.

BENNETT, CLARENCE E. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 3d Inf. 1 July, 1855. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 13 Aug., 1855. Reg. Adjt. 1 Oct., 1858, to 30 April, 1860. R. Q. M. 30 April to 16 July, 1860. Resigned 10 Sept., 1860. Major 1st Cal. Cav. 9 Feb., 1863. Lieut. Col. 31 Dec., 1863. Bvt. Col. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service. Mustered out 15 Aug., 1866. 2d Lieut. 6th Cav. 23 Feb., 1866. 1st Lieut. 28 July, 1866. Capt. 17th Inf. 22 Jan., 1867. Major 19th Inf. 28 Nov., 1893. Lieut. Col. 11th Inf. 27 June, 1897. Retired 2 Dec., 1897.

BOWMAN, ANDREW W. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Pennsylvania. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 1 July, 1841. 2d Lieut. 3d Inf. 30 April, 1842. 1st Lieut. 21 Sept., 1846. R. Q. M. 28 March, 1847, to 30 April, 1852. Capt. 6 June, 1852. Major 9th Inf. 7 June, 1862. Lieut. Col. 31st Inf. 6 June, 1867. Died 17 July, 1869. Bvt. Capt. 18 April, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo.

BRENT, THOMAS L. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1835. 2d Lieut. 4th Art. 1 Nov., 1836. 1st Lieut. 1 Aug., 1839. Capt. A. Q. M. 3 March, 1847. Died 11 Jan., 1858. Bvt. Capt. 23 Feb., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Buena Vista.

BRISTOL, HENRY B. Born in Michigan. Appointed from Michigan. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 15 May, 1857. 1st Lieut. 13 May, 1861. Capt. 1 June, 1862. Bvt. Major 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service in New Mexico. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service in New Mexico, and particularly for his untiring zeal and energy in controlling the Navajoe tribe of Indians at the Bosque Redondo, and for his praiseworthy efforts in advancing their condition from that of savages to that of civilized men. Retired 20 March, 1879.

BRYANT, MONTGOMERY. Born in Kansas. Appointed from Missouri. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 21 Feb., 1857. 1st Lieut. 3 May, 1861. 1st Lieut. 16th Inf. 14 May, 1861, declined. Capt. 6th Inf. 10 June, 1861. Bvt. Major 13 Dec., 1862, for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. Major 14th Inf.

7 Oct., 1874. Lieut. Col. 8th Inf. 22 June, 1882. Col. 13th Inf. 16 Dec., 1888. Retired 1 March, 1894.

BUFORD, JOHN, JR. Born in Kentucky. Appointed from Illinois. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Drag. 1 July, 1848. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 17 Feb., 1849. 1st Lieut. 9 July, 1853. R. Q. M. 9 May, 1855, to 4 Aug., 1858. Capt. 9 March, 1859. Major A. I. G. 12 Nov., 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 27 July, 1862. Maj. Gen. Vols. 1 July, 1863. Died 16 Dec., 1863.

BURNS, WILLIAM W. Born in Ohio. Appointed from Ohio. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 3d Inf. 1 July, 1847. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 8 Sept., 1847. 1st Lieut. 12 Aug., 1850. Capt. C. S. 3 Nov., 1858. Vacated commission of 1st Lieut. 5th Inf. 19 Jan., 1859. Major C. S. 3 Aug., 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 28 Sept., 1861. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 29 June, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the Battle of Savage Station, Va. Bvt. Col. 30 June, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Glendale, Va. Resigned commission of Brig. Gen. Vols. 20 March, 1863. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Lieut. Col. A. C. G. S. 23 June, 1874. Col. A. C. G. S. 9 Nov., 1884. Retired 3 Sept., 1889. Died 19 April, 1892.

CANBY, EDWARD R. S. Born in Kentucky. Appointed from Indiana. 2d Lieut. 2d Inf. 1 July, 1839. 1st Lieut. 18 June, 1846. Bvt. Capt. A. A. G. 3 March, 1847. Major 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855, Col. 19th Inf. 14 May, 1861. Brig. Gen. 28 July, 1866. Murdered by Modoc Indians in Oregon 11 April, 1873. Bvt. Major 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 Sept., 1847, for gallant conduct at Belen Gate of the City of Mexico. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Valverde, N. M. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the capture of Fort Blakeley and Mobile, Ala.

CARROLL, SAMUEL S. Born in District of Columbia. Appointed from District of Columbia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 9th Inf. 1 July, 1856. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 1 Oct., 1856. 1st Lieut. 25 April, 1861. 1st Lieut. 19th Inf. 14 May, 1861, declined. Capt. 10th Inf. 1 Nov. 1861. Col. 8th Ohio Vols., 15 Dec., 1861. Bvt. Major 3 May, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 3 July, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. Bvt. Col.

5 May, 1864, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of the Wilderness, Va. Bvt. Brig. Gen. Vols. 12 May, 1864, for gallant and distinguished service in the eight days' battles in the Old Wilderness and at Spottsylvania C. H., Va. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Spottsylvania, Va. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the field during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Mustered out of vol. service 15 Jan., 1866. Lieut. Col. 21st Inf. 22 Jan., 1867. Retired with rank of Maj. Gen. 9 June, 1869. Died 28 Jan., 1893.

CHAPMAN, WILLIAM. Born in Maryland. Appointed from Maryland. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 1 July, 1831. 2d Lieut. 4 March, 1833. 1st Lieut. 31 Dec., 1836. Capt. 8 June, 1845. Bvt. Major 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 8 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey. Major 2d Inf. 25 Feb., 1861. Lieut. Col. 3d Inf. 20 Feb., 1862. Bvt. Col. 30 Aug., 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Bull Run (2d). Retired 26 Aug., 1863. Died 17 Dec., 1887.

CLARKE, HENRY F. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Pennsylvania. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 2d Art. 1 July, 1843. 2d Lieut. 18 June, 1846. 1st Lieut. 8 Sept., 1847. Bvt. Capt. 13 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec. Capt. C. S. 12 Jan., 1857. Vacated commission of 1st Lieut. 2d Art. 3 March, 1857. Major C. S. 3 Aug., 1861. Col. Add. A. de C. 28 Sept., 1861. Bvt. Col. 11 Sept., 1863, for gallant and meritorious service during the Maryland campaign. Lieut. Col. Asst. C. G. S. 29 June, 1864. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service in the Subsistence Dept. during the war. Mustered out as Col. Add. A. de C. 31 May, 1866. Col. and Asst. C. G. S. 20 May, 1882. Retired 9 Nov., 1884. Died 10 May, 1887.

CLINTON, WILLIAM. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Pennsylvania. Priv. Co. D, 1st Penn. Vols. 14 Dec., 1846. 2d Lieut. 16 Dec., 1846. 1st Lieut. 20 July, 1848. Mustered out 8 Aug., 1848. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Capt. 3 March, 1861. Major 13th Inf. 17 Feb., 1864. Unassigned 15 March,

1869. Mustered out 1 Jan., 1871. Bvt. Major 2 July, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg, Penn.

COOKE, PHILIP ST. GEORGE. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1 July, 1827. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1827. 1st Lieut. 1st Drag. 4 March, 1833. Capt. 31 May, 1835. Major 2d Drag. 16 Feb., 1847. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 20 Feb., 1847, for meritorious conduct in California. Lieut. Col. 2d Drag. 15 July, 1853. Col. 14 June, 1858. Brig. Gen. Vols. 12 Nov., 1861. Brig. Gen. U. S. A. 12 Nov., 1861. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Retired 29 Oct., 1873. Died 20 March, 1895.

CUMMING, ALFRED. Born in Georgia. Appointed from Georgia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 8th Inf. 1 July, 1849. 2d Lieut. 7th Inf. 16 July, 1850. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Capt. 20 July, 1856. Resigned 19 Jan., 1861.

CUNNINGHAM, ARTHUR S. Born in Virginia. Appointed at large. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 1 Jan., 1857. 1st Lieut. 1 May, 1861. Resigned 25 June, 1861.

DESHLER, JAMES. Born in Alabama. Appointed from Alabama. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 3d Art. 1 July, 1854. Trans. to 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 17 Sept., 1858. Dropped 15 July, 1861.

DE SAUSSURE, WILLIAM D. Born in South Carolina. Appointed from South Carolina. Capt. Palmetto Regt. S. C. Vols. 15 Dec., 1846. Mustered out 30 June, 1848. Capt. 1st Cav. 3 March, 1855. Resigned 1 March, 1861.

DICKERSON, JOHN H. Born in Ohio. Appointed from Indiana. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Art. 1 July, 1847. 2d Lieut. 1st Art. 19 Aug., 1847. 1st Lieut. 1 April, 1850. R. Q. M. 9 Oct., 1852, to 18 June, 1856. Capt. A. Q. M. 18 June, 1856. Resigned 31 March, 1864. Bvt. Major 13 March, 1865, for efficient and meritorious service in the Department of the Ohio.

DUDLEY, NATHAN A. M. Born in Massachusetts. Appointed from Massachusetts. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Capt. 7 May, 1861. Col. 30th Mass. Vols. 1 March, 1862. Bvt. Maj. 5 Aug., 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Baton Rouge, La. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 14 June, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the siege of Port Hudson, La. Maj. 5th Inf. 13 Sept., 1864. Bvt. Brig. Gen. Vols. 19 Jan., 1865. Mustered out of vol. service 16 Feb., 1865. Bvt. Col. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Trans. to 24th

Inf. 21 Sept., 1866. Unassigned 15 March, 1869. Assigned to 3d Cav. 15 Dec., 1870. Lieut. Col. 9th Cav. 1 July, 1876. Col. 1st Cav. 6 June, 1885. Retired 20 Aug., 1889.

DUNOVANT, JOHN. Born in South Carolina. Appointed from South Carolina. Sergt. Co. B, Palmetto Regt., S. C. Vols., 14 Dec., 1846, to muster out 7 Dec., 1847. Capt. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Resigned 29 Dec., 1860. Killed 1 Oct., 1864, in Confederate service.

ELWOOD, JOHN. Born in Ohio. Appointed from Kentucky. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 14 May, 1857. 1st Lieut. 7 May, 1861. Capt. 20 Feb., 1862. Died 3 Dec., 1862.

FORNEY, JOHN H. Born in North Carolina. Appointed from Alabama. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 7th Inf. 1 July, 1852. 2d Lieut. 24 Oct., 1853. Trans. to 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 25 Aug., 1855. Resigned 23 Jan., 1861.

GARDNER, FRANKLIN. Born in New York. Appointed from Iowa. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 7th Inf. 1 July, 1843. 2d Lieut. 12 Sept., 1845. 1st Lieut. 13 Sept., 1847. Reg. Adjt. 14 July, 1847, to 16 Nov., 1853. Capt. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Dropped 7 May, 1861. Bvt. 1st Lieut. 23 Sept., 1846, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey. Bvt. Capt. 18 April, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo. Died 29 April, 1873.

GETTY, THOMAS M. Born in Maryland. Appointed from Virginia. Asst. Surg. 23 Nov., 1849. Major and Surg. 16 April, 1862. Died 30 Oct., 1867. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war.

GOVE, JESSE A. 2nd Lieut. of Inf., 8 March, 1847; 9th Inf., 9 April, 1847. 1st Lieut. 4 Dec., 1847. Disbanded 26 Aug., 1848. Capt. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Col. 22d Mass. Vols. 9 Nov., 1861. Killed at the battle of Gaines's Mill, Va., 27 June, 1862.

GRATTAN, JOHN L. Born in Vermont. Appointed from New Hampshire. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1853. Killed 19 Aug., 1854, in action with Indians in Nebraska.

GROVER, CUVIER. Born in Maine. Appointed from Maine. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Art. 1 July, 1850. 2d Lieut. 4th Art. 1 Sept., 1850. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Capt., 17 Sept., 1858. Brig. Gen. Vols. 14 April, 1862. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 5 May, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Williamsburg, Va. Bvt. Col. 31 May, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service

in the battle of Fair Oaks, Va. Major 3d Inf. 31 Aug., 1863. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 19 Oct., 1864, for gallant and meritorious service in the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill, Va. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Cedar Creek and in the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley, Va. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant meritorious service in the field during the war. Mustered out of vol. service 24 Aug., 1865. Lieut. Col. 38th Inf. 28 July, 1866. Trans. to 24th Inf. 15 March, 1869. Unassigned 14 April, 1869. Ass'd to 3d Cav. 15 Dec., 1870. Col. 1st Cav. 2 Dec., 1875. Died 6 June, 1885.

HAMMOND, JOHN F. Born in South Carolina. Appointed from South Carolina. 1st Lieut. Asst. Surg. 16 Feb., 1847. Capt. Asst. Surg. 16 Feb., 1852. Maj. Surg. 26 Feb., 1861. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Lieut. Col. Surg. 26 June, 1876. Col. Surg. 14 Dec., 1882. Retired 7 Dec., 1884. Died 29 Sept., 1886.

HARNEY, WILLIAM S. Born in Louisiana. Appointed from Louisiana. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 13 Feb., 1818. 1st Lieut. 7 Jan., 1819. Trans. to 1st Art. 16 Nov., 1821. Trans. to 1st Inf. 21 Dec., 1822. Capt. 14 May, 1825. Major P. M. 1 May, 1833. Lieut. Col. 2d Dragoons 15 Aug. 1836. Bvt. Col. 7 Dec., 1840, for gallant and meritorious conduct in several successive engagements with the hostile Indians in Florida. Col. 2d Drag. 30 June, 1846. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 18 April, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo. Brig. Gen. 14 June, 1858. Retired 1 Aug., 1863. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for long and faithful service. Died 9 May, 1889.

HAWES, JAMES M. Born in Kentucky. Appointed from Kentucky. Bvt. 2d Lieut. Drag. 1 July, 1845. 2d Lieut. 25 April, 1846. 1st Lieut. 13 Jan., 1850. Capt. 13 Dec., 1855. Resigned 9 May, 1861. Bvt. 1st Lieut. 1 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at San Juan de los Llanos. Died 22 Nov., 1889.

HENDRICKSON, THOMAS. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Missouri. Priv. Co. D, 4th Batty., Corps Art., 13 Dec., 1819, to 18 July, 1821. Priv. and Sergt. Co. F and Sergt. Maj. 3d Inf. 20 July, 1823, to 20 July, 1828. Priv. and Sergt. Cos. E and G and Sergt. Maj. 6th Inf. 28 July, 1828, to 25 April, 1833. Ord. Sergt. 25 April, 1833, to 10 June, 1836. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf.

31 July, 1838. 1st Lieut. 3 Dec., 1840. Capt. 27 Jan., 1853. Major 3d Inf. 27 June, 1862. Retired 31 Aug., 1863. Died 24 Oct., 1878. Bvt. Capt. 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 1 July, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Malvern Hill, Va. Bvt. Col. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious conduct during the war.

HETH, HENRY. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 1 July, 1847. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 22 Sept., 1847. 1st Lieut. 9 June, 1853. R. Q. M. 24 Nov., 1854, to 3 March, 1855. Capt. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Resigned 25 April, 1861.

HILL, JAMES H. Born in Maine. Appointed from New York. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 1 July, 1855. 2d Lieut. 8 Aug., 1855. 1st Lieut. 27 Feb., 1861. Reg. Adjt. 16 July, 1860, to 1 May, 1861. Resigned 1 May, 1861.

HOFFMAN, WILLIAM. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1829. 2d Lieut. 1 July, 1829. 1st Lieut. 16 Nov., 1836. Capt. 1 Feb., 1838. Bvt. Maj. 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 8 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey. Major 5th Inf. 15 April, 1851. Trans. to 6th Inf. 20 Feb., 1852. Lieut. Col. 8th Inf. 17 Oct., 1860. Col. 3d Inf. 25 April, 1862. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 7 Oct., 1864, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for faithful, meritorious, and distinguished service as Com. Gen. of Prisoners during the war. Unassigned 15 March, 1869. Retired 1 May, 1870. Died 12 Aug., 1884.

HOWARD, ROBERT V. W. Born in Ireland. Appointed from Army. Priv., Corp., Sergt., and 1st Sergt. Co. A, and Sergt. Maj. 4th Art. 22 April, 1839, to 28 June, 1848. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Art. 28 June, 1848. 2d Lieut. 20 Aug., 1848. 1st Lieut. 20 Sept., 1850. Capt. 14 May, 1861. Major 3d Art. 4 April, 1869. Died 1 Feb., 1875. Bvt. Maj. 22 Oct., 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in action at Blackwater Bridge, near Suffolk, Va. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war.

HUNT, FRANKLIN E. Born in New Jersey. Appointed from New Jersey. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Art. 1 July, 1829. 2d Lieut. 1

July, 1829. 1st Lieut. 15 Aug., 1836. Capt. 18 June, 1846. Maj. P. M. 2 March, 1855. Bvt. Lieut. Col. D. P. M. Gen. 3 March, 1878. Retired 7 June, 1879. Died 2 Feb., 1881.

JOHNSON, EDWARD. Born in Kentucky. Appointed from Kentucky. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1838. 1st Lieut. 9 Oct., 1839. Capt. 15 April, 1851. Resigned 10 June, 1861. Bvt. Capt. 8 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey. Bvt. Major 13 Sept., 1847, for gallant conduct at Chapultepec. Died 22 Feb., 1893.

JOHNSTON, ALBERT S. Born in Kentucky. Appointed from Louisiana. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 2d Inf. 1 July, 1826. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1826. Reg. Adj. 14 Sept., 1828, to 7 Sept., 1832. Resigned 31 May, 1834. Col. 1st Texas Rifles 8 July to 24 Aug., 1846. Major P. M. 31 Oct., 1849. Col. 2d Cav. 3 March, 1855. Resigned 3 May, 1861. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 18 Nov., 1857, for meritorious conduct in the ability, zeal, energy, and prudence displayed by him in command of the Army in Utah.

KEARNY, WILLIAM. Born in New York. Appointed from Missouri. Cadet Mil. Acad. 1 July, 1849, to 19 Jan., 1852. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 23 Jan., 1861. Resigned 1 June, 1861.

KELLY, HENRY B. Born in Alabama. Appointed at large. 1st Lieut. of Inf. 5 March, 1847. 14th Inf. 9 April, 1847. Disbanded 27 July, 1848. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Resigned 27 Feb., 1861.

KENSEL, GEORGE A. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Kentucky. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Art. 1 July, 1857. 2d Lieut. 17 Aug., 1857. 1st Lieut. 1 March, 1861. Trans. to 5th Art. 14 May, 1861. Capt. A. Q. M. 3 Aug., 1861. Capt. 5th Art. 8 Oct., 1862. Bvt. Maj. 20 Sept., 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Chickamauga, Ga. Lieut. Col. A. I. G. 9 Nov., 1863. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for meritorious service while serving as Chief of Art. of the Dept. of the Gulf and of Virginia and North Carolina, and for gallant conduct in action at Drury's Bluff, Va. Bvt. Col. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Relieved as Lieut. Col. A. I. G. 1 Aug., 1865. Died 17 April, 1881.

KETCHUM, WILLIAM S. Born in Connecticut. Appointed from Connecticut. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1834. 2d Lieut. 31 Dec., 1836. 1st Lieut. 25 Dec., 1837. Reg. Adj. 1 Oct., 1838.

to 28 Feb., 1839. Capt. A. Q. M. 28 Feb., 1839, to 2 April, 1846. Capt. 6th Inf. 10 Feb., 1842. Major 4th Inf. 5 June, 1860. Lieut. Col. 10th Inf. 1 Nov., 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 3 Feb., 1862. Mustered out of vol. service 30 April, 1866. Col. 11th Inf. 6 May, 1864. Unassigned 15 March, 1869. Retired 15 Dec., 1870. Died 28 June, 1871. Bvt. Col. 1 Feb., 1863, for meritorious service in Missouri in the line of the army. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for diligent, faithful, and meritorious service in the War Dept.

LIVINGSTON, HENRY B. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 18 June, 1855. 1st Lieut. 28 Jan., 1861. 2d Cav. 3 Aug., 1861. Capt. 8 Aug., 1861. Retired 25 Aug., 1862. Died 1865.

LORING, WILLIAM W. Born in North Carolina. Appointed from Florida. 2d Lieut. Fla. Vols. 16 June to 16 Aug., 1837. Capt. Mounted Rifles 27 May, 1846. Major 16 Feb., 1847. Lieut. Col. 15 March, 1848. Col. 30 Dec., 1856. Resigned 13 May, 1861. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco. Bvt. Col. 13 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Chapultepec. Died 30 Dec., 1886.

LOVELL, CHARLES S. Born in Massachusetts. Appointed from Army. Priv. Co. D, 2d Art. 30 Dec., 1830, to 5 Jan., 1832. Priv. Co. F, and Q. M. Sergt. and Sergt. Maj. 2d Art. 25 April, 1832, to — Oct., 1837. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 13 Oct., 1837. 1st Lieut. 7 July, 1838. Capt. 18 June, 1846. Major 10th Inf. 14 May, 1861. Lieut. Col. 18th Inf. 21 Jan., 1863. Col. 14th Inf. 16 Feb., 1865. Retired 15 Dec., 1870. Died 3 Jan., 1871. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 27 June, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gaines's Mill, Va. Bvt. Col. 1 July, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Malvern Hill, Va. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant service in the battle of Antietam, Md.

MCCLEARY, JOHN. Born in Ohio. Appointed from Ohio. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 3d Inf. 1 July, 1854. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 26 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 5 June, 1860. Capt. 17 May, 1861. Died 25 Feb., 1868. Bvt. Major 2 July, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg.

M McNAB, JOHN. Born in Vermont. Appointed from Army.

Priv., Corp., and Sergt. Co. G, and Sergt. Maj. 2d Inf. 18 April, 1840, to 11 April, 1844. Priv. and Sergt. Maj. 9th Inf. 1 April to 18 Nov., 1847. 2d Lieut. 9th Inf. 3 Aug., 1847. Reg. Adjt. 1 Jan. to 26 Aug., 1848. Disbanded 26 Aug., 1848. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Capt. 25 April, 1861. Dismissed 1 July, 1861.

MANSFIELD, JOSEPH K. F. Born in Connecticut. Appointed from Connecticut. Bvt. 2d Lieut. and 2d Lieut. Eng. 1 July, 1822. 1st Lieut. 5 March, 1832. Capt. 7 July, 1838. Col. I. G. 28 May, 1853. Brig. Gen. 14 May, 1861. Maj. Gen. Vols. 18 July, 1862. Died 18 Sept., 1862, of wounds received at the battle of Antietam, Md. Bvt. Major 9 May, 1846, for gallant and distinguished service in defence of Fort Brown. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 23 Sept., 1846, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey. Bvt. Col. 23 Feb., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Buena Vista. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 6 May, 1861.

MARCY, RANDOLPH B. Born in Massachusetts. Appointed from Massachusetts. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 1 July, 1832. 2d Lieut. 25 Nov., 1835. 1st Lieut. 22 June, 1837. Capt. 18 May, 1846. Major P. M. 22 Aug., 1859. Col. I. G. 9 Aug., 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 23 Sept., 1861. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the field during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Brig. Gen. I. G. 12 Dec., 1878. Retired 2 Jan., 1881. Died 22 Nov., 1887.

MARSHALL, ELISHA G. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Inf. 1 July, 1850. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 15 May, 1851. 1st Lieut. 26 March, 1855. Capt. 14 May, 1861. Col. 13th N. Y. Vols. 20 April, 1862. Bvt. Maj. 27 June, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gaines's Mill, Va. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 Dec., 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. Bvt. Brig. Gen. Vols. 13 Dec., 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. Mustered out of vol. service 23 May, 1863. Col. 14th N. Y. Art. 4 Jan., 1864. Bvt. Col. 30 July, 1864, for gallant and meritorious service in the action which succeeded the explosion of the Petersburg mine. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Major 5th Inf. 12 June,

1865. Mustered out of vol. service 26 Aug., 1865. Retired with rank of Col. 11 Sept., 1867. Died 3 Aug., 1883.

MAYNADIER, HENRY E. Born in Virginia. Appointed at large. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Art. 1 July, 1851. 2d Lieut. 29 Feb., 1852. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. R. Q. M. 7 April to 20 Oct., 1855. Reg. Adjt. 20 Oct., 1855, to 1 Oct., 1858. Capt. 19 Jan., 1861. Major 12th Inf. 4 Nov., 1863. Col. 5th U. S. Vet. Vols. 27 March, 1865. Mustered out Vols. 30 Aug., 1866. Died 3 Dec., 1868. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Bvt. Brig. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war, and particularly while commanding the mortar flotilla under Adm. Foote during operations upon Island No. 10 and other rebel forts on the Mississippi River. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for distinguished service on the frontier while operating against hostile Indians, and accomplishing much toward bringing about peace with late hostile tribes.

MILLS, MADISON. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. Asst. Surg. 1 April, 1834. Maj. Surg. 16 Feb., 1847. Col. Med. I. G. 1 Dec., 1864, to 31 Oct., 1865. Died 28 April, 1873. Bvt. Lieut. Col. and Col. 29 Nov., 1864, for meritorious service during the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, Miss. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war.

MURRY, ALEXANDER. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Pennsylvania. Cadet at Mil. Acad. 1 July, 1847, to 10 Jan., 1848. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 19 Jan., 1861. Trans. to 13th Inf. 14 May, 1861. Capt. 24 Oct., 1861. Retired 30 March, 1864.

NEILL, THOMAS H. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Pennsylvania. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Inf. 1 July, 1847. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 8 Sept., 1847. 1st Lieut. 31 July, 1850. Capt. 1 April, 1857. Col. 23d Penn. Vols. 17 Feb., 1862. Bvt. Major 1 July, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Malvern Hill, Va. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 3 May, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. Brig. Gen. Vols. 29 Nov., 1862. Major 11th Inf. 26 Aug., 1863. Bvt. Col. 12 May, 1864, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Spottsylvania, Va. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the field during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen.

Vols. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Mustered out of vol. service 24 Aug., 1865. Trans. to 20th Inf. 21 Sept., 1866. Lieut. Col. 1st Inf. 22 Feb., 1869. Unassigned 15 March, 1869. Ass'd to 6th Cav. 15 Dec., 1870. Col. 8th Cav. 2 April, 1879. Retired 2 April, 1883. Died 12 March, 1885.

NELSON, ANDERSON D. Born in Kentucky. Appointed from Ohio. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 1 July, 1841. 2d Lieut. 10 Feb., 1842. 1st Lieut. 18 Nov., 1849. Capt. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Major 1st Inf. 13 March, 1863. Lieut. Col. A. I. G. 8 Feb. to 1 Aug., 1865. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and efficient service during the war. Bvt. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Lieut. Col. 5th Inf. 12 Jan., 1868. Unassigned 15 March, 1869. Ass'd to 12th Inf. 15 Dec., 1870. Retired 7 June, 1879. Died 30 Dec., 1885.

NEWTON, JOHN. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. 2d Lieut. Eng. 1 July, 1842. 1st Lieut. 16 Oct., 1852. Capt. 1 July, 1856. Major 6 Aug., 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 23 Sept., 1861. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 17 Sept., 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Antietam, Md. Maj. Gen. Vols. 30 March, 1863. Bvt. Col. 3 July, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg. Commission as Maj. Gen. Vols. 30 March, 1863, revoked 18 April, 1864. Brig. Gen. Vols. 18 April, 1864. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga., and in the campaign against Atlanta, Ga. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the field during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Lieut. Col. Eng. 28 Dec., 1865. Mustered out of vol. service 31 Jan., 1866. Col. Eng. 30 June, 1879. Brig. Gen. Chief of Eng. 6 March, 1884. Retired 27 Aug., 1886. Died 1 May, 1895.

PEGRAM, JOHN. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Drag. 1 July, 1854. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 28 Feb., 1857. Reg. Adj. 8 Sept., 1857, to 8 Aug., 1859. Resigned 10 May, 1861. Killed 6 Feb., 1865, in Confederate service.

PHELPS, JOHN W. Born in Vermont. Appointed from Vermont. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Art. 1 July, 1836. 2d Lieut. 28 July, 1836. 1st Lieut. 7 July, 1838. Capt. 31 March, 1850. Resigned 2 Nov.,

1859. Col. 1st Vt. Vols. 9 May, 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 17 May, 1861. Resigned 21 Aug., 1862. Died 2 Feb., 1885.

PORTER, GILES. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. 2d Lieut. Corps Art. 24 July, 1818. Trans. to 1st Art. 1 June, 1821. 1st Lieut. 1 Feb., 1823. Capt. 30 Sept., 1833. Maj. 4th Art. 16 Feb., 1847. Retired 3 Sept., 1861. Died 31 May, 1878. Bvt. Capt. 1 Feb., 1833, for ten years' faithful service in one grade.

POTTER, JOSEPH H. Born in New Hampshire. Appointed from New Hampshire. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 1 July, 1843. 2d Lieut. 7th Inf. 21 Oct., 1845. Bvt. 1st Lieut. 23 Sept., 1846, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Monterey. 1st Lieut. 7th Inf. 30 Oct., 1847. Reg. Adjt. 16 Nov., 1853, to 9 Jan., 1856. Capt. 9 Jan., 1856. Col. 12th N. H. Vols. 22 Sept., 1862. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 Dec., 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. Bvt. Col. 3 May, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. Major 19th Inf. 4 July, 1863. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the campaign terminating with the surrender of the insurgent army under Gen. R. E. Lee. Brig. Gen. Vols. 1 May, 1865. Mustered out of vol. service 15 Jan., 1866. Lieut. Col. 30th Inf. 28 July, 1866. Trans. to 4th Inf. 15 March, 1869. Col. 24th Inf. 11 Dec., 1873. Brig. Gen. 1 April, 1886. Retired 12 Oct., 1886. Died 1 Dec., 1892.

RADFORD, RICHARD C. W. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Drag. 1 July, 1845. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 18 May, 1846. Trans. to 1st Drag. 9 July, 1846. 1st Lieut. 24 Oct., 1848. Capt. 4 Sept., 1855. Resigned 30 Nov., 1856. Died 2 Nov., 1885.

RENO, JESSE L. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Pennsylvania. Bvt. 2d Lieut. Ord. 1 July, 1836. 2d Lieut. 3 March, 1847. 1st Lieut. 3 March, 1853. Capt. 1 July, 1860. Brig. Gen. Vols. 12 Nov., 1861. Maj. Gen. Vols. 18 July, 1862. Killed in the battle of South Mountain, Md., 14 Sept., 1862. Bvt. 1st Lieut. 18 April, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo. Bvt. Capt. 13 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Chapultepec.

RIDGELY, AQUILA T. Born in Maryland. Appointed from Maryland. Asst. Surg. 30 June, 1851. Resigned 23 June, 1861.

ROBINSON, JOHN C. Born in New York. Appointed from

New York. Cadet Mil. Acad. 1 July, 1835, to 14 March, 1838. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 27 Oct., 1839. 1st Lieut. 18 June, 1846. R. Q.M. 28 March to 1 Sept., 1847, and 27 Jan., 1849, to 12 Aug., 1850. Capt. 12 Aug., 1850. Col. 1st Mich. Vols. 1 Sept., 1861. Major 2d Inf. 20 Feb., 1862. Brig. Gen. Vols. 28 April, 1862. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 1 July, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. Bvt. Col. 5 March, 1864, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of the Wilderness, Va. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 27 June, 1864, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Spottsylvania, Va. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the field during the war. Col. 43d Inf. 28 July, 1866. Mustered out of vol. service 1 Sept., 1866. Retired with rank of Maj. Gen. 6 May, 1869. Died 18 Feb., 1897.

RUSSELL, DAVID A. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 1 July, 1845. 2d Lieut. 4th Inf. 21 Sept., 1846. 1st Lieut. 1 Jan., 1848. Capt. 22 June, 1854. Major 8th Inf. 9 Aug., 1862. Col. 7th Mass. Vols. 18 Feb., 1862. Brig. Gen. Vols. 29 Nov., 1862. Killed in battle of Opequan, Va., 19 Sept., 1864. Bvt. 1st Lieut. 15 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Paso Ovejas, National Bridge, and Cerro Gordo. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 1 July, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the Peninsula campaign. Bvt. Col. 1 July, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 6 May, 1864, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of the Wilderness, Va. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 9 Sept., 1864, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Opequan, Va.

SELDEN, HENRY R. Born in Vermont. Appointed from Vermont. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 1 July, 1843. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 25 March, 1846. 1st Lieut. 8 Sept., 1847. Reg. Adjt. 1 May to 18 Oct., 1855. Capt. 18 Oct., 1855. Major 13th Inf. 1 July, 1863. Col. 1st N. Mex. Vols. 25 April, 1864. Died 2 Feb., 1865.

SHERMAN, THOMAS W. Born in Rhode Island. Appointed from Rhode Island. 2d Lieut. 3d Art. 1 July, 1836. 1st Lieut. 14 March, 1838. Capt. 28 May, 1846. Bvt. Major 23 Feb., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. Major 3d Art. 27 April, 1861. Lieut. Col. 5th Art. 14 May, 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 17 May, 1861. Col. 3d Art. 1 June,

1863. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the capture of Port Hudson, La. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Mustered out of vol. service 30 April, 1866. Retired with rank of Maj. Gen. 31 Dec., 1870. Died 16 March, 1879.

SIBLEY, HENRY H. Born in Louisiana. Appointed from Louisiana. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 1 July, 1838. 1st Lieut. 8 March, 1840. Reg. Adjt. 1 Jan., 1841, to 16 April, 1842, and 17 Sept., 1842, to 1 April, 1846. Capt. 16 Feb., 1847. Major 1st Drag. 13 May, 1861. Resigned 13 May, 1861. Bvt. Major 25 March, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Medelin, near Vera Cruz, N. M. Died 23 Aug., 1886.

SMITH, CHARLES F. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Pennsylvania. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 2d Art. 1 July, 1825. 2d Lieut. 1 July, 1825. 1st Lieut. 30 May, 1832. Capt. 7 July, 1838. Major 1st Art. 25 Nov., 1854. Lieut. Col. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Col. 3d Inf. 9 Sept., 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 31 Aug., 1861. Maj. Gen. Vols. 21 March, 1862. Died 25 April, 1862. Bvt. Major 9 May, 1846, for gallant and distinguished conduct at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 23 Sept. 1846, for gallant conduct at Monterey. Bvt. Col. 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco.

SMITH, WILLIAM D. Born in Georgia. Appointed from Georgia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 1 July, 1846. 2d Lieut. 18 Aug., 1847. 1st Lieut. 8 Aug., 1851. Capt. 4 June, 1858. Resigned 28 Jan., 1861. Died 4 Oct., 1862.

STEUART, GEORGE H. Born in Maryland. Appointed at large. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 1 July, 1848. 2d Lieut. 11 Nov. 1849. 1st Lieut. 1st Cav. 3 March, 1855. Capt. 20 Dec., 1855. Resigned 22 April, 1861.

STUART, JAMES E. B. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. Bvt. 2d Lieut. Mounted Rifles 1 July, 1854. 2d Lieut. 31 Oct., 1854. Trans. to 1st Cav. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 20 Dec., 1855. R. Q. M. 5 July, 1855, to 31 May, 1857. Capt. 22 April, 1861. Resigned 14 May, 1861. Died 12 May, 1864, of wounds received in Confederate service.

SUMMERS, JOHN E. Born in Virginia. Appointed from Virginia. 1st Lieut. Asst. Surg. 13 Dec., 1847. Capt. Asst. Surg. 13 Dec.,

1852. Maj. Surg. 21 May, 1861. Lieut. Col. Med. Insp. 27 Feb., 1863. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war, declined. Mustered out as Lieut. Col. Med. Insp. 31 Oct., 1865. Lieut. Col. Surg. 17 March, 1880. Col. Surg. 9 Jan., 1885. Retired 24 Jan., 1886.

SUMNER, EDWIN V. Born in Massachusetts. Appointed from New York. 2d Lieut. 2d Inf. 3 March, 1819. 1st Lieut. 25 Jan., 1823. Capt. 1st Drag. 4 March, 1833. Major 2d Drag. 30 June, 1846. Lieut. Col. 1st Drag. 13 July, 1848. Col. 1st Cav. 3 March, 1855. Brig. Gen. 16 March, 1861. Maj. Gen. Vols. 4 July, 1862. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 18 April, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo. Bvt. Col. 8 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 31 March, 1862, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Fair Oaks, Va. Died 21 March, 1863.

SWAINE, PETER T. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Inf. 1 July, 1852. 2d Lieut. 31 Dec., 1852. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 8 Aug., 1855. R. Q. M. 7 Dec., 1855, to 30 April, 1860. Capt. 15th Inf. 14 May, 1861. Bvt. Major 7 April, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Shiloh, Tenn. Col. 99th Ohio Vols. 4 Sept., 1862. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 31 Dec., 1862, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. Mustered out of vol. service 31 Dec., 1864. Bvt. Col. 13 March, 1855, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Major 16th Inf. 29 Dec., 1865. Trans. to 25th Inf. 21 Sept., 1866. Trans. to 2d Inf. 15 March, 1869. Lieut. Col. 15th Inf. 24 Oct., 1874. Col. 22d Inf. 18 April, 1884. Retired 21 Jan., 1895.

SWIFT, EBENEZER. Born in Massachusetts. Appointed from Ohio. 1st Lieut. Asst. Surg. 30 Aug., 1847. Capt. Asst. Surg. 30 Aug., 1852. Maj. Surg. 21 May, 1861. Lieut. Col. Med. Director 25 Feb., 1865. Bvt. Lieut. Col. and Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Col. Med. Director (Act 25 Feb, 1865), — to 30 June 1865. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 20 July, 1867, for meritorious service voluntarily rendered during the prevalence of cholera at Fort Harker, Kan. Lieut. Col. Asst. Med. Purveyor 31 Dec., 1876. Retired 8 Oct., 1883. Died 24 Dec., 1885.

TALLMADGE, GRIER. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 1st Art. 1 July, 1848. 2d Lieut. 4th

Art. 20 May, 1849. 1st Lieut. 4 Nov., 1853. Capt. A. Q. M. 17 May, 1861. Died 11 Oct., 1862.

THOMPSON, JAMES L. Born in Michigan. Appointed from Michigan. 2d Lieut. 10th Inf. 27 June, 1856. Resigned 7 Aug., 1859.

TIDBALL, JOSEPH L. Born in Pennsylvania. Appointed from Ohio. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Inf. 1 July, 1849. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 31 March, 1850. 1st Lieut. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Capt. 25 Aug., 1855. Retired 1 Nov., 1861.

TRACY, ALBERT. Born in New York. Appointed from Maine. 1st Lieut. Inf. 24 Feb., 1847. 1st Lieut. 9th Inf. 9 April, 1847. Bvt. Capt. 13 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec. Capt. 9th Inf. 23 Feb., 1848. Disbanded 26 Aug., 1848. Capt. 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. Col. A. A. de C. 31 March, 1862. Major 15th Inf. 1 June, 1863. Discharged as Col. A. A. de C. 25 Nov., 1863. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 13 March, 1865, for meritorious service during the campaign of 1862 under Gen. Fremont in Virginia. Bvt. Col. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Retired 4 Nov., 1865. Died 3 June, 1893.

TREVITT, JOHN. Born in New Hampshire. Appointed from Ohio. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 2d Inf. 1 July, 1844. 2d Lieut. 3d Inf. 18 May, 1846. 1st Lieut. 1 Dec., 1847. Capt. 31 Dec., 1856. Resigned 17 April, 1861.

TYLER, CHARLES H. Born in Virginia. Appointed at large. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 2d Drag. 1 July, 1848. 2d Lieut. 25 April, 1849. 1st Lieut. 6 Sept., 1853. Capt. 28 Jan., 1861. Dismissed 6 June, 1861. Died 17 March, 1882.

VAN VLIET, STEWART. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. 2d Lieut. 3d Art. 1 July, 1840. 1st Lieut. 19 Nov., 1843. R. Q. M. 28 March, 1847, to 4 June, 1847. Capt. A. Q. M. 4 June, 1847. Capt. 3d Art. 24 Dec., 1853. Vacated commission of Capt. 3d Art. 24 Dec., 1853. Maj. Q. M. 3 Aug., 1861. Brig. Gen. Vols. 23 Sept., 1861. Expired by constitutional limitation 17 July, 1862. Bvt. Lieut. Col., Col., and Brig. Gen. 28 Oct., 1864, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Bvt. Maj. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and distinguished service in the Q. M. D. during the war. Brig. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols. 13 March, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Lieut. Col. Dep. Q. M. G. 29 July, 1866.

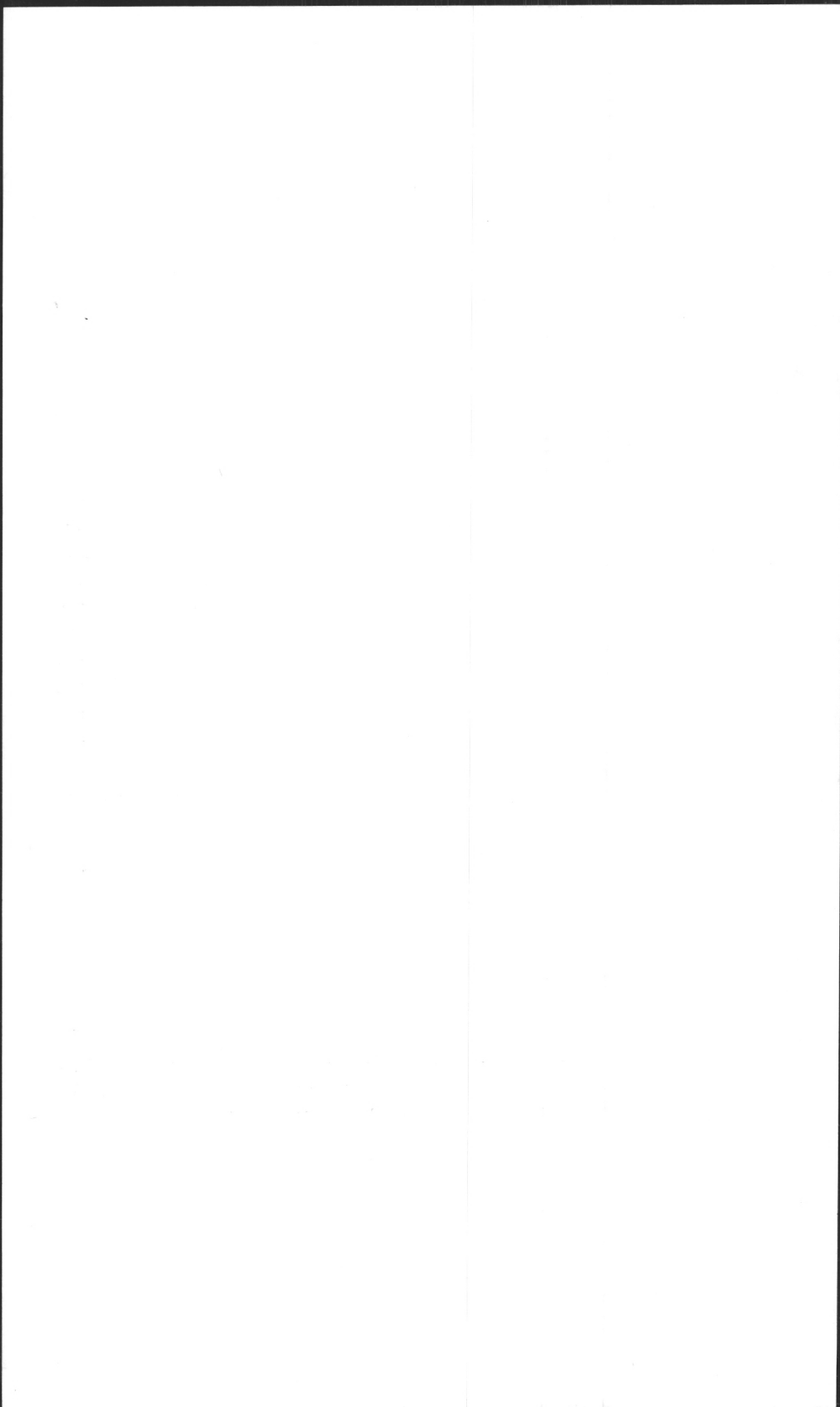
Mustered out of vol. service 1 Sept., 1866. Col. A. Q. M. G. 6 June, 1872. Retired 22 Jan., 1881.

WAITE, CARLOS A. Born in New York. Appointed from New York. 2d Lieut. 2d Inf. 28 Jan., 1820. 1st Lieut. 1 May, 1828. Capt. 3 July, 1836. Capt. A. Q. M. 7 July, 1838, to 8 May, 1845. Major 8th Inf. 16 Feb., 1847. Lieut. Col. 5th Inf. 10 Nov., 1851. Col. 1st Inf. 5 June, 1860. Retired 8 Feb., 1864. Died 7 May, 1866. Bvt. Lieut. Col. 20 Aug., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco. Bvt. Col. 8 Sept., 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey. Bvt. Brig. Gen. 13 March, 1865, for long and faithful service in the army.

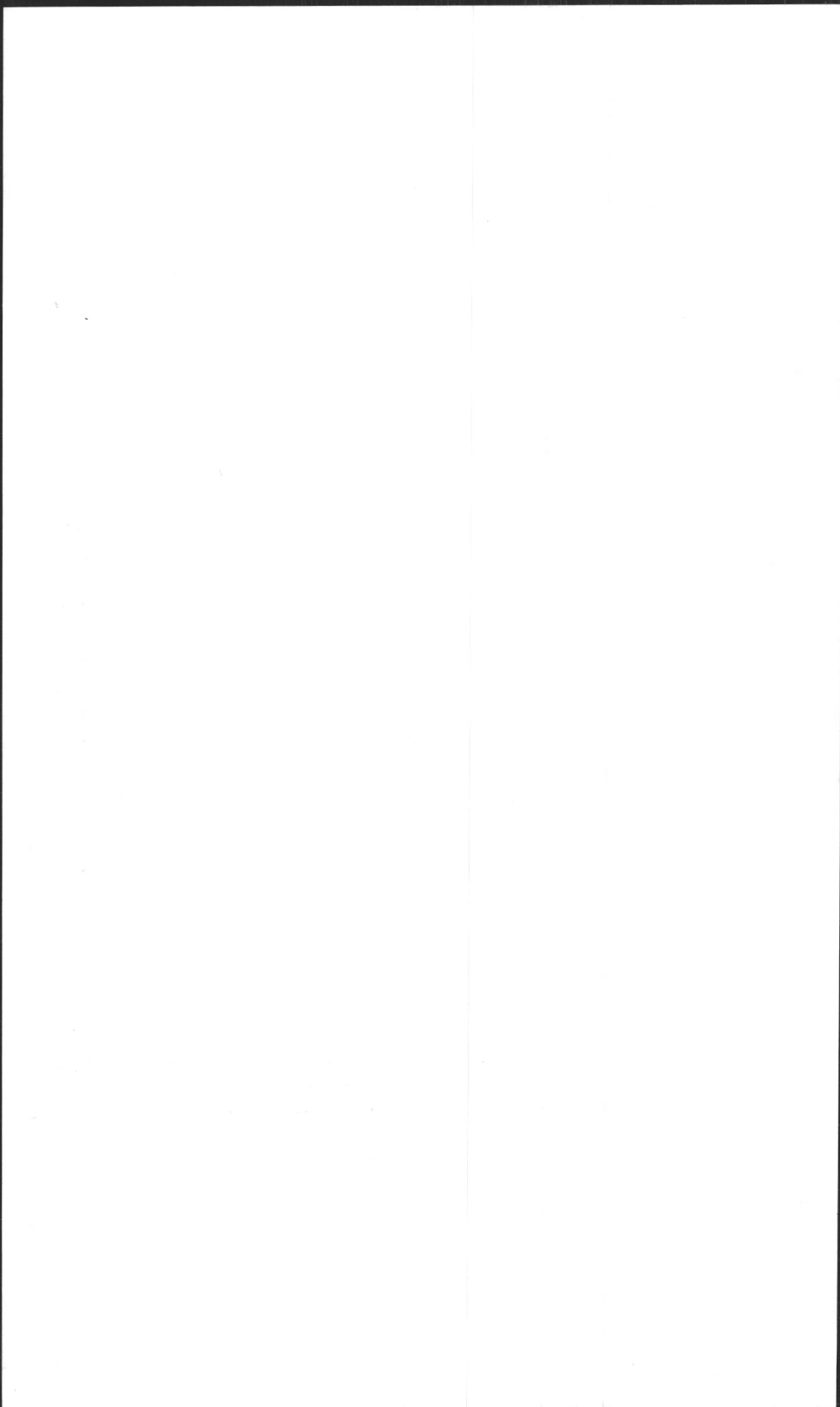
WEBB, WILLIAM A. Born in Maine. Appointed from Maine. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 4th Inf. 1 July, 1853. 2d Lieut. 5th Inf. 31 Dec., 1854. 1st Lieut. 1 April, 1857. Capt. 16th Inf. 14 May, 1861. Col. 42d Ill. Vols. 22 July, 1861. Died 24 Dec., 1861.

WHARTON, HENRY W. Born in District of Columbia. Appointed from Alabama. 2d Lieut. 6th Inf. 31 Oct., 1837. 1st Lieut. 11 Aug., 1838. Capt. 16 Feb., 1847. Major 9th Inf. 9 Sept., 1861. Col. 2d Del. Vols. 13 July, 1861. Resigned from vol. service 6 Oct., 1862. Retired 1 Dec., 1863. Died 23 March, 1868.

WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE A. Born in District of Columbia. Appointed at large. Bvt. 2d Lieut. 7th Inf. 1 July, 1852. 2d Lieut. 4th Inf. 22 June, 1854. Trans. to 10th Inf. 3 March, 1855. 1st Lieut. 20 July, 1856. Capt. 1 July, 1861. Major 6th Cav. 7 Sept., 1861. Dismissed 11 March, 1863. Died 21 June, 1879.



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