Paoli Kansas

January 1st 1865.

Though not connected directly with the army, and by no means expecting to participate in the great and important events of the coming year, yet there may be those that are interested with the personal history of the humble writer of these pages. Therefore, and for my own personal gratification I shall endeavor to keep a faithful record of the transactions and observations of each day and trust that in so doing I will not leave behind me a record of some misfortune and crime I have participated some what in the exciting events of the past three years of war, and now that I am a free man again and employed in the more congenial and less hazardous...
pursuit of life, I am fearful these pages will lack much of the interest that would characterize the journal of the humble soldier, participating in the campaigns against the rebellion. The country promises to open up new fields of adventure in the uninhabited and but partially explored territories of the West. Through the kindness of Major General Curtis commanding the Department of Kansas, I have been employed in the Engineer Corps at $150 per month, and am now on my way to Fort Scott in obedience to instructions from Genl. Geo. J. Robinson, Chief Engineer, to survey and select lands for the creation of fortifications and quarters for a military post, and make a topographical sketch of the battle fields in the recent campaign of Genl. Curtis against the rebel General Sterling Price. In pursuance of these instructions, I have surveyed the battle grounds of Westport and the Big Blue.

Yesterday I arrived here from Shawne Mission after a somewhat cold ride across the prairies. Our conveyance was one of Uncle Samuel's oxen, drawn by four oxen, and as we had a heavy load, we were enabled to make tolerable progress.
The party consists of Private Jacob Miller & his
cousin, and the 'Grandfather' (Hans Bixford) a dutch
farmer and myself. During our stay at Shawnee
Mission Mr Miller sketched the place which make
a fine view. The brick buildings at the Mission are
large and commodious, the architecture, plane as
was common in the days when they were built.
I learned from the proprietor, that they are the oldest
building in Kansas.

It has been a cold raw day. The winter wind
came sweeping down from the North, over the bare
bleak prairies, and I was glad to keep close within
doors at the Union Hotel, a rough, dirty shed,
in which travelers and other poor unfortunates are
obliged to content themselves. Hotels as best in Kansas
are uncommon, but this is unpardonably so. The
manner in which the table is furnished and the victuals cooked is disgraceful to anything but a
half starved human. The looks at this place are
growing en slowly. Lumber is supplied in very
limited quantities and the mechanics for the
most of the time have nothing to do. After dinner
I inspected the ground selected for quarters, but the
cold prevented a thorough examination as intended.
General Blunt invited me to ride with him at evening, and with his four ponies we soon made the circuits of the town, and its environs. General Blunt is in command of the Southern District of Kansas with his head quarters at Parni. Col. Jennison is also in town under arrest and the quarrel between him and the General is rather too fierce to be pleasant. Of half the above this an end of Col. Jennison in town. he is too much of a bastardian to live.
Parni is a place of some importance, has considerable local enemies, and is about halfway between Leavenworth and St. Scott. It is but six miles from Osawatomie and, south of an enterprising and flourishing town, Osawatomie. I am told it is enterprising. There is an abundance of timber and fine prairie land, and Bull Creek, waters the adjacent country. I notice a grist mill, a few mills, several groceries and stores, and hotels a printing office, several blacksmiths shops &c. A small fort with a gun is on a eminence north of the town and commands the whole country. It is a small affair, but may be garrisoned against unexpected foes. The soldiers are encamped in bottom one for a mile distant.
Monday January 2nd 1864

The day has been cold and cloudy. I removed Mr. Wilkinson's horse, and was busy all day riding over the country, making the necessary topographical survey. All the roads, streams, fields, hills, horses and other objects were traced for two miles around. The fatigue incident to the journey, caused even the hard bed to appear comfortable. And though beef was eaten nothing a matter.

The country about Pasti possesses the same general features of other portions of Kansas. The prairies are high and rolling in some places hilly. There is a range of hills some west of the town, that stretch away towards Oceanbottom. I rode to the summit of one of the highest and the view was delightful. To the north and east, Bull creek threaded its way winding among the hills, and hid from view by the trees of timber which skirts its banks. Everywhere else the eye preceded by stretching across the prairie, prairies away in the distance where sky and prairie meet. A few houses dotted the country here and there, the loopy distances intermingling making them appear like attains on the wide expanse.
A party of Assumattamie emptied the town of the gay and fast ones of both sexes. Our landlord asked them. During his absence, the negroes help along the house acted as if broke loose from some lunatic asylum. A "snow flake" and "snow ball" had been married during the day, and a cow bell, tin horn and tin fife. Sand was extemporized and for an hour the negroes and loggers about town made might kibbons with their amusing music.

Tuesday, January 8, 1866

The sun shone bright all day, dispelling some of the cold of the past few days. I surveyed a tract of about fifty acres of land for government purposes and fixed the corners. An appalling and fatal tragedy occurred in the afternoon. Very many of the soldiers stationed here, had been drinking to excess since Christmas, until drunken soldiers could be found both night and day. The result has been, any amount of quarreling, fighting, bruised faces andpie heads. This afternoon a drunken corporal belonging to the 11th Kansas commenced abusing a negro. The negro carried...
no difficulty and tried to avoid the soldiers and get out of his way. At last the soldiers come.

The negro in a stable and drawing his revolver put it to the negro’s head and threatened to shoot him. The negro also had a revolver and in self defence drew it and shot the soldier down. He lived but a few hours and before he died exonerated the negro from blame. An investigation of the case called out the above facts and the negro was set at liberty. Very many seem to get over the idea that negroes were made only to be kicked about. Were it the blackest and most degraded of negroes I think it wise use any one if I should shoot any one who was threatening me.

Wednesday, January 11th 1865

We resumed our journey after breakfast. The

run froze air found its way in the open ambience

and we were obliged at times to get out and run

just to warm ourselves. When riding a trots was told to

forget that it was cold. Miller notwithstanding his

dutch sleepy look, has in store a number of good

ones that can create a laugh any time.
The roads were in good order except a few miles across the bottom on the Big Sugar creek. This is the finest belt of timber I have seen in Kansas. The sugar maple, oak, walnut, elm and cottonwood are large. Hickory is likewise abundant and their nuts covered the ground in many places. The points passed through were Twin Springs, Paris and Mounda all small and of no importance.

We reached Mound City at 8 P.M. too late to go out to the battle field, which was five miles away. Major Long the commanding officer volunteered to go with one in the morning. At the hotel I found two prisoners under guard for murder. Clark a citizen and Dr. Murphy of the 5th Kansas. It appears that on New Year's day every body at and about Mound City were drinking after hard working hacksmiths. After his day work was done, purchased candy and tea as gifts for his children and started for his home four miles away. About dark he was seen to pass through Moundka. The next morning one of his children came into town in search of him, but no one knew anything of him. After a search his body was found about half a mile from Mounda on the prairie and perforated by five bullet holes.
It was then remembered that shortly after the
murdered man passed through town, Clark and
Murphy were seen riding in the same direction.
Both very drunk. Several shots were heard, but as
this was so common an occurrence no one took
any notice of it, until the body was found. Suspicions
immediately fell on Clark and Murphy and they were
arrested and placed under a guard of citizens.
There can be no doubt of the guilt of the parties,
and the people are somewhat disposed not to await a trial,
but keep them to the nearest limit. Clark is a mean
looking fellow and one would think him capable of
any crime.

Liquor was also the cause of another death at
Mound City the same night. Nearly all were drunk
and a promiscuous firing of guns continued both
day and night, during which a soldier was killed
it is supposed by accident. It is not known who
did the act.

Thursday, January 5th, 1863

At 8 A.M. our party, consisting of my own
outfit, Major Craig, a captain and the Adjutant
start of the post started for the battle field
at Jim’s House, which was five miles east of Mounds City. We passed several fine farms.

The burning fences and improvements indicating thrift and enterprise in the owners. We
struck the broad trail of the enemy and passing down it, was soon where the strife of Oct 25
was most severe. A long row of dead horses laying on the prairie indicated where their line
of battle had been formed. The surface of the prairies had been completely trampled up by horses and
men, and several complete roads were formed when their artillery and trains had passed.

Soon we came to the body of a dead rebel laying beside the trail. The body was frozen and
the features were preserved astound as though he had but just died. Wolves or hogs had eaten
some of the flesh from the thighs and body.

In passing across the field I came across the
dead body of a poor man. One a staff officer
of General Marmaduke. I could not learn his
name and rank. He was a fine looking man
with black hair and mustache. I have seen
scarcely one of their dead in this campaign and with
few exceptions they were purely completists and

with red or light hair. Nearly all by their appearance indicated a low ignorant class. But they are now dead and though they were enemies yet I do not approve of their dead bodies being put on the prairies as food for hogs and wild animals. I shall report this to Mr. Curtis and ask that they be buried. We went into the house of Mrs. Clagman which was situated where the conflict raged most fierce. There were many marks of bullet holes in the clapboards and fences were completely caved to the ground. Mrs. Clagman stated that all the men in the neighborhood were in the army and there being more men than women and children at home was the reason the bodies of the dead had not been buried. The great number of dead horses and men in the vicinity must produce sickness when the warm spring weather causes them to decompose.

The places where Marmaduke and Cuttell were captured and where their artillery was taken were pointed out to me and a correct and exact map drawn of the place. Mr. Millers also took a fine sketch in which the whole scene was most faithfully represented.
Mrs Bagain told me many anecdotes of the fight which were new to me. Near the wires of the rebel line was a family, living and the rebels stormed their completely robbed the house of all that was in it. The lady saw Genl Marmaduke and asked that his men might be restrained and that her property be returned. The General in order to draw her attention he pointed a cello and went through with a series of circus performances with his maim and calling the woman's attention to his spirited animal. Told her that she was named Miss Mary Price and asked how she liked this Mary. After the tide of battle had rolled away from this portion of the field the woman went to Mrs Bagains to recount her losses and to see what damages her neighbor had sustained. Then she again saw Genl Marmaduke but this time a prisoner. She immediately ran out to him. "How are ye General? and how is Miss Mary Price sister?" The rebel general confessed he is an hour pillaged to complete the required sketches and then we returned to Momb City about 11 A.M. We immediately planted for Fort Scott and reached the town about luncheon.
Friday January 6th 1866

The big Irish chambermaid was bustling about my room almost before I had completed dressing and informed me that I had occupied a bed used by a bride and groom the night before. I did not observe any particular inconveniences any more than if it had been occupied by a dog instead of a blossoming bride. She told me she slept soundly and sweetly. I sent for the county before noon and ground was selected for fortification and quarters about a mile southwest of town on a height overlooking the town and country and contiguous to several springs which I was informed had never failed in the driest seasons. I also observed coal cropping out in one or two places. An abundance of rock existed all over the tract, in fact it is nowhere covered by more than two feet of soil, but it was loose and easily excavated.

I also had a table made for the purpose of putting maps and sketches, and made arrangements with Mr. Diamond at the hotel for board for myself and family at $1.50 per day a piece.
Saturday January 7th 1865

Was engaged in drafting plans of Battle fields at Big Blue, Westport, and Mine Creek. Both Miller and myself very busy. Received a letter from Mr. Prezor in which he was very apprehensive. I had never done anything towards getting Wilson's body and sending it home for burial. He has no reason to believe this. However I trust the body has arrived before this time and his fears relieved.

Sunday January 8th 1865

Procuring a horse of Mr. Shannon of the Quartermaster Department. Miller and myself started about 9 A.M. for the camp of Co. F 1st Wis Cavalry near Deerfield in Missouri for the purpose of sketching a plan of Charleston Battle field which is near by. We had a pleasant ride over the hills and across a wide level prairie and across the Marmaton to the camp. It was now noon when we arrived and the Lieutenant in command said we'd remain until after
dinner and he would go with us to the battle ground. It was snowing and we were wet and cold and accepted his kind hospitality and had our horses stabled out of the storm and was highly entertained with music from a melodeon which one of the sergeants had purchased. Miller is a good musician and is at home with most any instrument.

After a plain camp dinner, our horses were brought out and we went to the battle ground in a gallop. The snow driving into our faces and in large flakes which made one feel like being pelted with snow balls. This battle ground was on a smooth prairie with no fences to break the line of march or impede the charge. It was the last of a series of conflicts on the 25 of October and like the others resulted disastrous to the rebels. Their line of battle was run from them a mile in length, stretching across the prairie from the Brahmator house, the other of a small stream to the east, their center was partially covered by a depression in the prairie caused by a water course in choking weather but which is any four fifths of the year.
This was not much of a shelter for the rebel troops, and gave a slight impulsion to our victory. The rebels, flushed with their victories before during the day, the rebel army have been greatly demoralized, fatigued, and disheartened with the loss of two or three generals and all but four of their cannon, and their path strewn with dead and wounded men.

The snow just falling prevented any making a good sketch. But the snall amount of topography, assisted by my memory seemed our little sketching. And when we passed the place where the rebels camped after the battle and though more than two months had elapsed, yet hundreds of acres was still strewn with the debris of a defeated army. A hundred or more wagons were left and burned. Guns of ammunition, cannon and guns of all kinds strewn over the fields were old iron. You muss of horses, blankets and clothes. There was half of Price's train and body was here destroyed and abandoned. This was a sad thing wrote for him, four defeats and the loss of men officers and material.
Monday January 9th 1865—

Was all day busy on Plans of Battle fields, scarcely took time to go to dinner Col. Blair gives me room to work in his own office and all with whom I have business in town are very courteous and gentlemanly. Bright day and pleasant weather are we having.

Thursday January 10th 1865—

Completed Plans of Battle fields, and now a Report of my operations to L. Robinson. Miller had returned a horse and will start tomorrow on the next day to Newtonia to make Sketches there while I pack the baggage alone.

At Scott

Wednesday Jan 11th 1865—

Surveyed eighty acres, being the North half of the North West corner of Section 32 Town 26 Range 25-S for government purposes. The day very bright and pleasant. We had no difficulty in finding such government corners as
were standing. It required considerable chain
ing to fix the center of the section and the corners
of the 80 selected, and the orderlies who helped
one were glad when the work was completed
and they allowed it return to town. Then
is a range of heights to the east, south east
south and southwest of the city with here
and then elevations higher than the city
with which they are connected. Such an
elevation exists on the land selected and it
not only command the town but all its
approaches. Water, stone and coal are other
inducements in favor of the selection I have
made.

Thursday January 12th 1865

have proceeded only surveys all day faithfully
on foot and alone. At one time describe the
manner in which a topographical engineer
makes his surveys. Having ascertained
some well defined starting points such as a
section corner, in his field book he notes
all the objects he wishes to be shown on his
map such as hills, fields, houses, streams
roads,籹ors de de and others then distance.
in his field books. He then follows some known line either a pole, a section line, picking the intersection and distance and course of all the objects on his part. One leaf of his field book may include an 80 acre tract of a quarter section and when the surveyor comes an standing, it is but an easy job to pass around the section and through it if necessary, and get an almost mathematical correct map of the tract and when the several 80 acre tracts are put together, the map is completed. A person wants considerable practice and a good knowledge of distances. In this manner a number of miles may be traveled and a wide scope of country surveyed in a day. I traveled on foot, rode a late stack and surveyed over two sections comprising considerable bluff land, a number of small streams as well as other objects.

Miller left for Newtonia 11 day.

Friday, January 13th 1863

A bright and pleasant day. Rosemary fried pancakes for a ride to the cattle on the Dry Wood Creek nine miles north of S P State.
to look after Wilson Groves' horse. Melissa was gone and having no money to pay for her keeping I left her there. She was still very poor about in the same order she was when I bought her from A. Smith. She is now worth ten dollars and will not cover her cow bones with flesh before next summer.

On my return I stopped at a coal bank where some men were digging coal. In this region of country coal exists everywhere, generally near the surface, and is procured by taking off the rock and dirt overlaying it. This vein was thirteen inches thick, I have heard of more as yet more than two feet in thickness but should suppose that thicker veins existed deeper in the earth. The coal is most excellent, burns as readily as pitch and furnishes a large amount of heat. Sometimes while acres of land has been dug up to get at the coal. This must soon bring railroads to St. Scott. The peculiar size of wood in Kansas must bring this coal in great demand, as an article for daily family use.
Saturday January 14th 1865

Somewhat cold, did not prosecute my surveys but commenced a map of the Eminence of Sf. Scott. Received a dispatch from Dr. Robinson to come to Leavenworth.

Sunday January 15th 1865

Having much to do yet before the surveys were completed and being urged by Robinson to proceed to Leavenworth, I went out to-day over the hills to the South and South West of town, and accomplished more than on any other day. The sun came out bright and pleasant and my feelings were buoyant with the hope of seeing my family soon. As soon as Miller returns from Neutonia I shall start for Leavenworth.

Monday January 16th 1865

Surveyed the country north of the Kansas river. I and as street cars but little to do but soon accomplished my task and have but little more traveling to do.
Thursday January 17th 1865

Worked in the office all day. At night the members of the Band was passing about town until after midnight. They took care to go to places where wines and liquors were to be had and was one of being treated. A gang of idlers went with them and of course pitched in and helped themselves. When the教ants press set out the Band made a very good music for our beginners. All of them are musical musicians and music of brass horns comes easy to them.

Wednesday January 18th 1865

Dr. Robinson, Commandant of the Post is my roommate and is a social gentlemanly companion. Received a letter from the Chief Engineer stating that he wished me to go to St. Kearney and attend to engineer matters there. Completed any surveys to day and am now ready to leave as soon as Master returns. He should have been back to day.
Thursday January 19th 1863

Miller returned about noon. He was delighted with his trip. The weather was warm and pleasant and nothing of a disagreeable nature occurred on the way. He took a very good map of the battlefield at Newtown, and several sketches of landscapes there and on the way. There is nothing more to keep us here and to-morrow we return to Leavenworth. Received a letter from Nelson. She does not know whether to stay when she is here and wait for one or come to Ft. Scott. I shall solve the problem for her on my return.

Friday January 20th 1863

It required some time to collect all our troops and get started. Once under way we made good progress over good roads. Ft. Scott though situated in the extreme corner of civilized territory in Kansas is quite a large town, and the stores is astonished at the amount of business that is carried on. Government gives much of the business which is done here.
The army supplies for Fort Gibson and Smith is forwarded. This is also the center of much inland business and merchants are full of business. There is much capital here and many large buildings. The coal in this region forever bring railroads here in a short time. Along the Wastateria River is a belt of fine timber which is rapidly being cut, but as the country becomes filled up this will be wholly insufficient for the wants of the country. A south wind blew strong raising such a dust that it was unpleasant traveling. The roads were traveled with teams, and so thick was the dust that we would almost run upon them before being discovered. We reached Twin Springs before sundown and stopped for the night traveling about 25 miles.

Saturday January 21st 1866

A complete change occurred in the weather during the night. The wind veered around to the north, and we found the morning extremely cold. Soon after daylight the stage arrived.
and the passengers took breakfast when we stopped. Some were almost frozen in riding from Padi. By running a portion of the road we managed to keep warm. At the Marias de Cygnus we found a fire and warmed ourselves by it. Arrived at Padi at noon. Examined the works there and afterward proceeded on our journey being joined by Mr. Ramus the person in charge of construction at Padi.

Soon it began to snow, the flakes were driven into our faces by the strong north wind and we suffered severely from cold. Reached Elatta about seven o'clock and for the remainder of the day huddled the store until the first was driven out of our systems. There had been a number of soldiers there during the day and very many of the “nads” were drunk.

Sunday, January 22nd 1863

A clear morning but very cold. Started from Elatta about 9 a.m. The ground covered with snow. Reached the Kansas river about noon. Found it frozen over, but not solid enough to bear the team in reconoler. Our drinice broke through the ice and got wet. We finally lowered axes and
and piled and cut and broke up the ice for twenty rods to the ferry boat. Then Miller and I mounted our horses and going ahead the mules followed after. The water about two feet deep and covered with cakes of ice. We were about two hours in getting over. After crossing we pushed on for Redwingworth as fast as we could say. The mules and myself considerably from the cold. Arrived at Zorine Clara Buckley at 4 P.M. found supper made and a warm fire burning. Millie and Minnie made in excellent spirits and again my little family was united.

Monday January 23

Reported for duty at the fort and was immediately sent to plantaing up my groves preparing to going to Fort Kearney. Gene sent suggested some alterations in groves of both fields. Cold and cheerless out doors.

Tuesday January 24 1863

Worked at mapping all day. Looked for a boarding place in town but without success.
Wednesday January 25th 1865

It is a long tiresome walk to and from the Fort six miles at least. If on any other account I must leave Mrs Breckeps, I wish Mrs Thompson can get board at $85.00 per month. Rather cold, worked on maps all day, rode home with Cousin Simon in the evening.

Thursday January 26th 1865

On my return from the Fort found Melissa domiciled at Mrs Thompsons, we have a small but warm room with a pleasant prospect and good fire. Shall like all but the high price.

Friday January 27th 1865

So day has been like the others, and I am fatigued from a long walk and close work at the Fort. The weather continues clear but cold, the walking is good, from here to the fort and I do not mind it much. There is a likeness in the weather and in the country that I have not found elsewhere.
Saturday January 30th 1865
A warm pleasant day. At work as usual at the Fort, and walk to town in the evening.

Sunday January 31st 1865

Have been to the Congregational Church, after which took a short walk with Minnie. The snow has melted, the frost and made it snappy in places. Stay home in the evening on account of rain.

Monday January 30th 1865
Rain has been the order of the day and rain is everywhere. Talk of Illinois mud. Kansas institution aways the lot.

Tuesday January 31st
Mind and maps! Am getting my work pretty well along.
Sunday February 12th 1865

Prepared for church expecting that Millie would be down from Illinois early and was bound she should not find me unprepared. Slept down to read, expecting her every minute, but she came not until a late hour, and when she did come she was in the greatest hurry imaginable to get ready in time. So her with a family of two dozen chicks to support never scratched harder to supply their wants. Then she has been to the Methodists "Poor Farm" and was now in for church. At rather a late hour we arrived and found the Presiding Elder expatiating largely on the Missionary cause. He was followed by Bro. Mitchell and then the donations commenced until $490 was raised, and Brothers Cloud and Mitchell were made life members of the parent society. C. E. Cloud was very popular among the pious brethren and sisters. gave largely and was made general cooptation by the United one. Perhaps an insight into his licentious course in Arkansas would have been raised with holy honor by the saints. I learned that in the evening the missionary fund was raised to over $1000.
Went to the theatre at night to hear the Rev. Mr. Kalleck preach. He is a Baptist and as that denomination have no house in Lawrence, the theatre was hired for the occasion. Mr. Kalleck is among the first pulpit orators of America. He preached a splendid sermon to an overflowing and attentive house. He has not entirely removed himself from the world yet and is speculating largely in Kansas Town Plots.

Monday, February 13th, 1865.

Went to the fort expecting to start for Denver, but learned that the expedition would not leave until Tuesday. Did a little work at mapping but most of the time was busy preparing for the trip. It rained in the afternoon, and I got completely wet while endeavoring to make an arrangement with the Signal Corps to proceed to Ft. Kearney with them. But not being able to "consolidate" satisfactorily I was determined to get a team and go with my own conveyance. Rode to town in the rain, and Mollie and I had a hard job for her.
Tuesday, Feb 14th, 1863

It has been a busy day for all concerned. Our whole outfit was to be drawn from the Quartermaster and prepared for the trip. It was a constant succession of storms of rain, snow and sleet, and in this drizzle our work had to be done. Commissary & Quartermaster Supplies to draw teams, harness, forage, blankets &c., but it was all accomplished before night, and I went splashing through the mud to town to pass the last night with my family before setting out on my long trip westward. Mollie bade me fare and asked me just few teas I kissed her and as well as I could and are both planned for the future. May God be with me on this cold winter journey, preserve me from danger and trials, and keep me from the hands of the savages.

Wednesday, Feb 15th, 1863

Three years of campaigning have taught me to acquire but little preparation in undertaking the most difficult and lengthy enterprises.
"few and short were the prayers we said"

as I folded my little family in my arms and kissed them a long good by. The tears would come to

Mullie's eyes in spite of her efforts to repress them. One

more kiss and a grasp of the hand and I was away

to the fort. Then I found that our saw-mills

had ripped our wagon in the mud before setting

out not only causing a delay of a hour but

drilling all our stove into the street, but the

fragments had been picked up and put together

before I arrived and our teams sent out upon

the road. It was terribly muddy, with about

two inches of snow and water covering the ground.
The water was running down the slopes, the kindness

were full and gathering force and column as they

went rushing madly down soon become forming

streams. The mud was universal, and our

horses went plash, plash, all day long. From
down
out the country was rough and broken and

the dry was pressed in slowly, pulling up hill and

then down, and then up and down again all day long. We could move but very slow and

the animals were very much fatigued as camped

about sundown about a mile from Mount
Pleasant a little. One horse found 16 miles from the fort. We thus traveled 15 miles. The 16th Regt was camped about a mile further on. We thus had gone as far in one day as the cavalry had in two. My business was to attend the horses and get the wood. Williams brought the water and go supper, while our “Jinny” took care of the mules. It was long after dark when we had finished our supper and was repose upon the ground.

Thursday Feb 16th 1865

Dear Mr. Pond: All day we have been slowly marching through the mud and nearly as liberal an allowance as yesterday. We halted an hour at the camp of the 16th but finding they were not to march we joined a heavily laden citizens train and marched on, but their movements were too slow for us and we soon left them and pushed ahead alone, and camped about 4 P.M. about four miles west of Atchison. The country passed over was well settled high rolling prairie with scarcely a stick of timber. Our camp was a mile and a
half to the right of the road where a few country hickory trees grew. We chopped one for firewood, cooked and ate our supper and a storm of rain and snow coming on we went early to bed in the wagon. It grew cold and windsly in the night but our warm blankets kept us from the effects of the storm. The cattle came around the wagon and disturbed us some, but there was little for them to get and we let them be about as they pleased. We traveled to day about 12 miles.

Friday February 17th 1865

It was very cold during the night and we froze the mud that for two or three homes it was tolerably decent traveling, but the snow soon thawed and the remainder of the day was but a repetition of our two days waiting through the mud. The country was less broken than that we had passed over and more populous settled. Much of the time we were entirely out of sight of timber. The prairies stretching out as far as we could see. We passed through Lancaster and some a little city of two or three houses.
ten miles from Atchison and when the overland stage 101s has a station. About 3 PM we reached Grasshopper creek where was a narrow bed of brush and spotty timber and being an excellent place to camp are determined to walk until the command come up. Grasshopper is forty miles from Claasenworth we thus traveled 18 miles 15 days. Our driver shot a prairie chicken so we ate fresh meat for our dinner tomorrow.

Saturday February 18th 1865

Remained in camp all day. Passed our time in reading our old papers which by accident came out with me. The cows were disposed to cut into our acquaintance, and was all major promambulating about camp sharing the corn on our hay with our horses and oxens. Umbilbing at our heads and tailing of our nations. It was no use clubbing them away for they would soon return again with reinforcements. I was up about two dozen times during the night and threw billlets of wood after them until the cook said his wood was scattered over an acre of ground.
The citizens train passed about 3 P.M. and will probably encamp five mile hence. We will overtake them tomorrow and possibly they are two slow we will keep together. We are rather Jewish in our customs, resting Saturday and traveling Sunday. John bought in another providence chicken today. Wrote Millie a letter and mailed it. Hope to hear from her at Kearny.

Sunday February 19th 1863

Resume our journey, and found the traveling somewhat improved. I thrive up slowly however, in consequence of the ground being frozen a few inches below the surface, and the moisture on top cannot penetrate, below the ice. When the ground is thick the ground is quite solid and the wheels run in but little. We passed through a little town called Kimbuck near the edge of the Kikapot River. Here we also passed the town which passed our place of encampment last evening. There are but few indians living on the Kikapot Reserve. Some it is said are with the wild indians, making war on the whites. About 3 P.M. we halted at an indians farm...
to wait for the wagon to come up. Notwithstanding
they were comfortable log houses built, yet the indians
were living in a wigwam made of flags and mats
planted together. We lifted an old bear skin which
served as a door and within found four lazy indians
and one repnan stretched out, around a little
fire built on the ground in the center of the wigwam.
Around it was a low platform built and mats made
of rushes spread upon it. This constituted their bed
their floor and seats. Besides the indians and the
repnan was a cat, a pig with a bell on and several
dogs. The indians said not a word as made
any ceremony when we entered. A few stools in
indian to each cotim was all that could be got
out of them. One Indian amused himself by scratch
ing the pig back, but appeared to like it.
The wagon finally came up and, it being some
time before night, we went two miles further
to Big Creek and camped. It looked like rain
and we all slept in the wagon.

Monday February 20th 1865

We rested finely in the wagon—was up early
and disposed of our breakfast and was away
We had scarcely got under way when it began to rain. The roads had not more than half recovered from the recent wetting they had received, and in an unaccountably short time were reduced to the sloppiest and muddiest kind of mud, and the mules had about all they could do to haul the wagon along. A five mile road brought us to another Kansas City called Grenade, and I was nearly disposed to stop. The wagon soon came up and we pushed on two miles further to a small log cabin and a good farm. Few miles and how this time were completely soaked, and we were forced to go no farther through the rain. The roads are in a terrible condition. On no place did I ever see worse. How are we to get through to Kearney I hardly know. This is our sixth day on the road and we are not half way yet. I believe I will take the team and wagon the further they Kearney, and pack our troops from there on.

Distance traveled 8 miles.

Tuesday February 21st 1866

The rain continued to fall in torrents until midnight almost freezing a pair of water and mud.
Had the country been level, the whole prairie would have been inundated. During the night the stage came in the creek near the house, and the bridge being torn up by the water, is stopped at the place we were, and remained until morning.

When we arose the storm had ceased and found the roads firm and in better condition then before the storm. The bridge required mending but an hour or two's work will do it all right. The plank that had floated away was found and replaced and about 9 A.M. we were away. Except in low places the roads were tolerably fair, and we pushed on over the rolling prairies, rapidly. Now up a high slope and then another. Then down occasionally crossing a little stream, full of water from the recent rain. The Big Remaha was very full, but the bridge had not washed away, although threatened. The village of Seneca on the west of the river is a fine little town and has quite a business appearance. Along the Remaha is quite a fine belt of timber which in Kansas is invaluable. We camped three miles west of Seneca on a little stream where none but wood having traveled 18 miles.
Wednesday Feb 22nd 1843

We started shortly after sunrise, determined to push the team to the utmost. The character of the country was like all we had passed over, high rolling prairie, with a stream occasionally from five to ten and fifteen miles apart, and a narrow thread of timber on the banks. A peculiarity of the timber is, that it cannot be seen until the last minute. The timber is generally shot and hit in the carines.

About 2 P.M. we came to where the Oketo and branched from the Marysville road, and as the former was reported. Ten miles the whole way we had gone five miles when we learned that the Big Blue was up so high that it could not be crossed, so we struck across the prairie in the direction of Marysville. We had gone about two miles when night came on, and we were obliged to stop on the naked prairie. It was a lonely and desolate place, and as darkness drew its shroud around, thoughts melodious of other and more pleasant associations trailed the miles.
Thursday Oct 23, 1865

We left our prairie camp and marched on to Marysville, a distant village, 10 miles. Marysville is quite a fine little valley for Kansas and a county seat. One consequence of the stage company changing their old ticket to much of the trade and business on the Maryville has disappeared, and the ticket company have now followed the example of the Blue River and Blue River's name has been applied across the Blue and are more likely to operate with more difficulty. The valley is pleasant and the little town of Blue River has reached down from the hills. The Big Blue would have been much more picturesque name. At this time they were the Big Blue. After crossing the river, for some distance the country was quite hilly, but the roads were generally dry. Our driver pushed his mules along quite lively and we made 28 miles during the day. The prairie grass was tall and I find it towards night. The fire spread rapidly and nearly all except lighted up.
Friday February 24th 1863.

We traveled 27 miles today; over a dry or prairie uninhabited except as stage stations which are established from 9 to 10 miles apart. We left Kansas before noon and tonight are on Nebraska soil. As a ranch occupied by one more. We got about fifty pounds of hay of him and was astonished at a bill of $2.50 for it. We will feed our animals on corn hereafter if this is the part of country in Nebraska. This is one of the most barren countries I ever saw. The soil is rich enough, and the grass grows tall and rank, but there is nothing but interminable prairies to be seen all around. Weather cool and overcast.
Saturday February 25th 1863

As we started across the prairie this morning the wind freshened up to a gale, and a storm of snow set in square in our faces. The ground was frozen, and we walked after the wagon to keep warm. The storm increased at every step and soon the snow filled the air and whirled by, or cutting directly into our faces. By the time we had gone five miles and reached the little sandy creek we could not see ten paces ahead of us. This stream had also been much swollen and the bridge had been carried away, but the water had fallen and the ford shallow and we crossed without difficulty. Five miles further we toiled against the wind and reached the Big Sandy. Here the bridges had been carried away and there had as yet been no crossing by the ford. On arriving the oxen into the water they became entangled in their harness and we had considerable difficulty in crossing. Horses, oxen, and men were once or twice wet and suffered from cold in consequence.
but by running over the prairies we became
winded up. The oxen became shocked with
the cold and it required considerable of an
effort to keep them along. At length I became
winded and discouraged with their slow moves
and galloped ahead to the next stage station
12 miles from the Big Sandy, and succeeded
in getting my horse in a warm stable, and
threw myself out by a warm fire. On about
three hours to mile drivers and Thomas came
up with but one of the oxen, and reported
that the others with the wagon were two miles
back in a freezing condition, and could not
pull the wagon another inch. I saddled my
horse and went back to where the oxen were
and detaching them from the wagon, executed
in driving them to the station, but it required the
free use of the lash to make them move. A
warm stable and a little currying warmed
them up, and we had the satisfaction of
knowing that they would not freeze to death.
The storm continued until in the night and
then the sky cleared up, but the cold was
intense and our blankets were not sufficient
to keep us warm. Our bill here amounted to nearly eight dollars. A man must be the master of a gold mine to live in this country.

Travelled 90 miles.

Sunday, February 26, 1866

The sky was clear to day, but the weather was intensely cold. The sun shone in a sickly, melancholy manner, imparting no warmth to the prairies around. Nine miles travel brought us to the Little Blue, where we watered our animals and then pushed on nine miles further up the east side of the Little Blue. The roads were hard and smooth and had it not been for our late rest in the morning we would have gone 25 miles, as it was we only accomplished 18 miles. There are some settlements along the Blue, and the country looks a little as if made for white folks. There is a very narrow belt of cottonwood timber along the stream, but does not amount to much. The animals suffered from cold during the night, standing out doors.
Monday February 27th 1865

Our road still led us along the Blue over good roads. To day the cold relaxed a little and what little snow was left and had not been blown away. In the road there was none left as the wind had swept it as as clean as mother’s kitchen. Passed many deserted places, the buildings of which had been burned by the Indians last summer. We encamped where had been considerable of a farm, but the buildings had been burned and all was dust and Don’t. We found plenty of dry wood from the remains of an old stable. We built up a cozy fire, the first good camp fire we have had on the trip. Williams cooked a mess of beans. Our pickles, bran, pork and biscuit, coffee &c. furnish a most excellent meal and we shall remember the luxuries and comfort of this camp, which contrasts nicely with all our former experiences in camping out. We traveled 22 miles.
Tuesday February 28th 1865

Our mule drivers pushed his team to the utmost and kept them on the track most of the time. The road led over a level prairie, with no hills to go down or up, by dint of loud hollering, much whipping and considerable swearing he drove his team 34 miles. Making the best time since we started. We camped as a stage station 28 miles from Ft. Kearney. The night was cold, and we had a poor night's rest in the "Pilgrim house" attached to the station. The term "Pilgrim" is new to me, is applied to the overland emigrants to the gold regions. Utah and California. A curtain of wolf pelts was stretched over the walls of our Pilgrim tent, and were taken from the carcasses of some of the varmints that had been poisoned. A well was being dug here and had already reached the depth of 75 feet with no indication of water. The occupants of the Station were the most gentle men of any we had passed, and we were most cordially in the morning with an affectionate bill.
Wednesday March 12 1863

I pushed on ahead of the team and after two hours' ride found myself among the low conical bluffs which skirt the Platt River valley, and from between them I obtained a glimpse of the river traversing in the distance. The Platt is one of the most peculiar streams and the country bordering it is the most peculiar I ever saw. The valley from the low bluffs on each side is from three to ten miles wide and as bare at a horse's feet, with just enough sand to keep the roads always dry. There are no banks to the river, you suddenly come to a thread of water meandering among grassy islands and sand bars, with a sluggish current, and but a few inches in depth. Here and there are cotton wood trees bordering the water and some of the smaller islands are covered with willows. It is a strange country to me. The level plain stretches away until faith and sky meet in the mirage far in the distance. At a little dog town nine miles from Fort Kearny I stopped for a drink.
of water, and finding a Missouri Democrat of recent date, I passed an hour in reading the news. In the 15 days I have been on the road most important events have occurred. Charleston and Wilmington have been captured from the rebels and our armies are everywhere successful and the rebellion must soon disappear. Before the negroes show their intention of being dealt with every hand I reached Kearney about 2 P.M. and home ahead of my team, and made arrangements for quarters for self and party. I had an introduction to Genl. Mitchell and Col. Livingston who were very courteous and gentlemanly. I was a little annoyed with Capt. Killett. I came in his office making arrangements with his adjutant for quarters when the Capt. came in and Justice from my sorely appeared that I was a Yankee and in the way he was on the point of ordering one out of the office when a hint from the adjutant restrained him. When he found who I was he apologized and we both had a hearty laugh at my expense. I expected to look at rough and tumble as the highest price in the nearest rank.
Thursday March 2nd, 1865

Visited the fortifications and works about the place and found them in an unsatisfactory condition, and work entirely suspended in consequence of snow and cold weather as planned by the old German who had them in charge. The intrenchments were to be from 14 to 16 feet high. The bastions at the corners were points, resembling minarets on a Mehemetian mosque, and composed that the recoil of a large gun when fired would have shattered and knocked them down. I discharged the Artilleryman and put Capt. Gillett, commander of the Post in charge of the works. I also cut down the height of the intrenchment to eight feet on the revetment and ordered the bastions to be enlarged. A rear of earth that was designed to extend across the eastern side of the Post is changed to a rifle pit and laid out a lunette South West of the Post so that all the approaches could be covered by cannon...
On the fourth was a crooked ditch called a rifle pit, which the soldiers used as a privy until it was filled with excrement. I had to laugh when this was pointed out as a rifle pit. It could not afford protection to a snow bird.

I was busy all day in drafting any plans and giving instructions for the completion of The Works.

I must not forget to mention that a letter from Millie gave me much pleasure and was as punkhine on the country scene around. I wrote a letter to her and one to father.

Among the institutions of Ft. Kearny are shanks! They live and discourse their families under the buildings of the Post, and I am told that inside every house is a family of them. The family under my room were rather quarrelsome and several times during the day and evening I could listen to their dissections. During the night the quarrel broke out over my store of tobacco and bottles of night.
blooming beens was emptied in liberal quantities the stench at once and we found ourselves nearly suffocated. To put our heads under the bedclothes would do no good, we could not stand it except by holding the nose and breathing through the mouth, and the task was sickening. In this way we spent an hour, alternately puking and then holding the stomach and sweating all kinds of salivation. Dr Moore declared it was thick enough to cut like cheese. I have never been in so close proximity to them without being able to retreat or help myself in some way. The whole place reeked of skunks and at two bits apiece for their pelts a person could make an independent fortune in gathering skunk hair.

Friday, March 8th 1865

I have made all preparations for leaving here tomorrow. Made a report of operations here and written letters to Mellie and Dr
Robinson. There was considerable 
snow fell during the night and it has 
been cold and rainy to day. I shall 
have an unpleasant trip to day, but 
the roads are good and I shall make 
good progress, Williams has taken a 
sketch of the place, and will finish it 
up when he has time. The officers here 
are gentlemanly and courteous, and I 
am very favorably impressed with Gen. 
Livingston and Majr. Gillett.

Saturday, March 4th 1865

I doubt if there are many spots on earth 
calculated to excite emotions less pleasant 
than the region along Platte river, few traces 
of life or civilization is visible for miles 
ungain miles, and many that are left are 
deserted by their owners in consequence of 
the dreaded Indian. The eye stretches over 
a vast extent of level and notorous prairie 
and lights upon many living forms except 
his companions. There are a few scattered
lances, but danger and apprehension have forced the tenants to huddle together at the post, protected by military force, and the country is left to indians and wild beasts. I wander listless up the road, surrounded by homeless bairies, and a clear blue sky above and pinched with cold. Winter still reigns in this wild region and is not disposed to relax his grasp. At night I try to rest in the wagon beside horses and animals and by day I hurry along the well beaten track with no company except those carried within me, and but few companions except my thoughts. But these are enough. They spring up with every mile we travel, and very loneliness affords food for thought.

We did not get a very early start and the long days march before we made no move in a hurry. I forget my blankets and went back two miles and ages later, near Neary City. Two miles east of the fort is the judge's office there most to the eye. In any mind it is a pathetic congregation of adobe hovels and calculated to extinguish all aspirations in a
civilized being to reside in the country. Adobe houses are made of sod, cut with a plow the desired width and thickness, and then with a spade the required length, after which it is put up in rectangular mason work style. The walls of buildings are usually built two thick and eight or ten feet high, and are dark and dingy both without and within. The alkaline soils in this country form a kind of cement and it is said that these adobe or sod houses have been known to stand fifteen and twenty years. I judge them to be the home of a more home life. Some of them are whitewashed within and are neat and clean. In speaking of ranches an adobe or sod house is understood.

After passing Kearney City a few ranches are scattered along the road, mostly unoccupied, and they present a forlorn appearance. A few trees fringe the Platte River, but are of a stunted growth. Otherwise, there is nothing to relieve the monotony of the scene, except the low bluffs on either side of the river and roundly ten miles away. The river...
bottom or valley is from fifteen to twenty five miles wide and as level as a house floor. The roads are hard as a pavement and the traveling delightful. We met a portion of the 11th Ohio volunteers about noon who were on their way to Omaha to be mustered out. They were a healthy looking set of fellows indicating that the elevated regions about Fort Laramie agreed with them. About every man in the expedition injured the distance to Fort Kearney until I was completely tried of constantly ringing out "seventeen miles" and all the way by them, to escape their endless questioning. We reached Plum Creek Post about 4 P.M. having made an excellent ride. Capt. Major the Commander, provided for our wants, provided fuel for the boys and invited me to see his quarters and table. I examined the proofs in pieces of construction and found them adapted for the defense of the place against Indians and made as alterations in the plans but directed the captain to complete them as soon as possible.
The officers quarters are of wood and very convenient and comfortable. The rooms are of adobe, and very warm, in fact too warm, and are hot close and dark. I directed that they be ventilated and more light be provided for. The enclosures were of sod and about half completed. Little can be done until the first is out of the ground. I passed a pleasant evening with the captain and formed the acquaintance of one Williams, the telegraph operator, and formerly a resident of Kendall County.

Sunday March 5th

Resumed our westward pilgrimage early and was furnished an escort of five men. The country was similar in every respect to that passed over yesterday. First was Millaley's Ranch 16 miles distant and occupied by a guard of only ten men from Plum Creek. They occupied a portion of the adobe houses belonging to the Stage station, which was a sufficient protection.
against Indian attack without any addition. The small guard here would be incapable of defending more extensive works.

At Millers Ranch I found a captain and a small company occupying the buildings which were ample for their accommodation. No other works had been erected. This is not of much importance as a military station, still it would be well to construct a parapet wall around the yard and I suggested this to the captain.

Ten miles from Millers is Dan Smith's Ranch and Stage Station. Here was a snug and ten-man quarters in comfortable houses of ceder logs. The stable was large and made of sod. The defences were not good, but ten men could not defend more extensive works and consequently I gave no orders for any to be made.

We had traveled 85 miles since morning and was 70 miles from Lt. Kearney and encamped for the night. The sky was bright and pleasant and nothing occurred to impede our progress. The miles were picked out half a mile from the station to get grass and the horses put in the stable. The hills were higher than those
of the day before, but still from five to ten miles from the road. The distances here are very deceptive; one would imagine a bluff ten miles away, but two, in stretching our eyes ahead, the mirage would cause every object in the distance to assume fanciful shapes and appear as large again as they really were. It is strange how these mirages will deceive one not accustomed to them. What delusions these imaginary lakes and forests existed in the distance and yet after traveling all day, one would be on near these imaginary lakes and forests them in the morning! This is a strange country.

Monday March 6th 1865

Awake at sunrise, and found ourselves and stock safe. No Indians daring to molest or make away. I had dreamed of Indians during the night, and every flash of the campfire wakened me; and I would listen for the stealthy steps of Indians. We were of rather early and reached Gillman's station at 11 A.M.
Captn. Bates of the 7th. Co. with his company occupies the Post. He had built a high adobe wall around his plaza and wagon yard and his command occupied the houses on the plaza which were ample for the command. The road ran uncomfortably near his quarters and I directed that an adobe wall be built across the road and in front of the quarters thus compelling the traveler to go several yards from the houses and also affording a complete defense in front. Williams took a sketch of the place and we went on our way. After going about five miles I discovered objects on the prairie and foot of the bluffs which I could not make out. My imagination, lead me to believe they were Indians and I ordered the team to stop while I reconnoitered. I rode a mile or two towards them and found they were not savages but four four beasts of some kind, and I motioned for the team to come on. Thinking it a herd of buffalo I approached and prepared for a chase, and an onderacht among the animals after going three miles farther I found they
new cattle and I returned to the road and joined the wagon. These cattle belonged to ranch men near Cottonwood and had fled more than six miles away from their owner. Reached Cottonwood at 2 P.M. and was cordially welcomed by Maj. O'Brien commanding the post. I was soon provided for and was invited by the Major to accept of the hospitality of his table and bed. I made an inspection of the post and its surroundings with a view to continue my journey the next day but rumors of Indians along coming in I decided to remain here one day. A man who one of the cowboys five miles from the post was shopping pood when his attention was called to the firing of guns in the distance. Peering about he discovered the cause. He saw a column a mile or more away, coming towards him. His ears were speed to his left and he came in to the post and reported his discovery. The appearance of a fire among the cottonwoods cast his suspicions and we all believe that Indians are prowling in the neighborhood.
and I shall wait here for further developments. It has been a bright day and we have traveled 27 miles making 97 in three days since leaving Ft Kearney.

Tuesday March 7th, 1866

Cold clear and sunny! After confering with Maj. O'Brien I have made several alterations in the post at this place. The fourth line of stockade I find within rifle range of the bluffs and easy of attack. I have directed that the pickets be pulled up and set 200 feet further north and that the ground be extended 400 feet on the other side and 250 on the west. This affording room for hay yards, corral, hospital &c. within the stockade; also two block houses at opposite corners of the enclosure, the whole to be 900 x 950 feet. The defenses here is a stockade of cedars. All the passenger stables be one of cedars, and are very comfortable and convenient. The situation is fine and everything is clean and in good order. Some springs are near at hand and
I don't if there is a finer location on the whole route. The bluffs here are quite high and much nearer the river than anywhere below, being not more than a mile and a half from the river. The stage station is 8 miles above the garrison and I have given written orders for it to be removed to within one half a mile of the post.

Have been very busy all day drafting plans for the works here and in making a report to Dr. Robinson.

I find it necessary to remove the road several hundred feet at the north of where it now runs, or as not to annoy the garrison with the dust which arose from the immense travel in summer. It is also necessary that a bridge be built across the deep ravine here which is difficult for loaded teams to pass. Mr. Gillman will hire it for the privilege of collecting toll for a series of years. Passed the day very briskly, but as the same time very pleasantly with Maj. O'Brien.
Wednesday March 8th 1860

On waking this morning the snow had whitened the ground and was settling in great around the quarters. It was intensely cold and the wind keen and cutting from the northwest. It was evil for men and teams to face the storm and I resolved to lay over another day. I have drafted plans of build, written up my journal and more poetical works written to Cricket and the storm abating after noon I have resolved to push on tomorrow. Williams has taken a view of the post and though it is freezing cold our doors I shall endeavor to push on tomorrow. Capt. Major and Porter arrived from below just at night with about 80 men for guesling. Some of the men were badly frozen. I can't to cold they go on to morning and I will go with them.

Maj. O'Brien has given me considerate information in relation to the existence of gold mines in the Black hills and as Sam to visit that neighborhood it may be well to look after the "gold"
Thursday March 9th 1865

We were rather late upon the road, owing to the escort being behind time, but once under way we made rapid progress. The wind cut into our faces and was very cold, raising clouds of sand and dust that was blinding. The high bluffs in some places almost overhung the road, affording facilities for Indian attack, had they been on the alert in the canons. But sometimes Indians are found on the plains. A story is told of a Dutchman, that was traveling across the plains, and the fear of Indians gradually wearing off, in consequence of the non appearance of Indians, he sometimes would stagger from his escort. One day he discovered a fine buffalo lying upon the prairie. Approaching to secure his prize, he was frightened at the appearance of an Indian in the distance in the attitude of attack. The poor Dutchman cried out in fright, "Some one had better come here quick, or we gone up."
About ten miles above cottonwood I observed a kind of rock exposed upon the sides of the bluff. This is the first rock I had observed on the coast. It was peculiar, being soft and clayey, like marl and is used for walls and for building purposes. Twelve miles from cottonwood we passed Jack Morris ranch, a large two story timbered building the best I have seen on the coast. At several points flocks of wild geese were along the road pecking up the corn dropped from the Wagons. I tried my revolute at them but my success to secure them.

Fifty three miles we passed Fremont's Spring a fine fountain close by the road, and near the stage station. I found the Post at Atalona Bluff, in a bad situation commanded by bluffs and approached by ravines, affording cover for attack. I discussed the Post service with the corps two miles below and drew a plan for their consolidation. The Captain in command here was very courteous and gentlemanly and freely tendered the hospitality of his table and bed. Distance traveled 85 miles.
Friday March 10th 1868

The road from the Post leads over the bluff affording fine views of the surrounding country. The day was more warm and pleasant than yesterday and I enjoyed the ride and the prospect from the bluff. The descent of which into the river valley was somewhat steep and more like hills than any place we had traveled over on this side of the Little Blm. We reached Alkali Station about two o'clock. Capt Murphy 7th Iowa has stationed here and has displayed much industry and energy in establishing quarters and fortifications. I added a little to his plans and hope he will complete his works early.

Capt Murphy is much of a gentleman and I shall long remember the good dinner and breakfast I received. Here the stage station is one mile from the post. I intend to remain nearer to the station. Maj Meigs arrived with his command and shall go in his escort. Traveled 25 miles.
The soil about alkali is filled with alkali matter which accumulates in large quantities in the grass on the surface of the ground and I am told it is a good substitute for saltpeter or baking powders. The waters I understand is death to man and beast.

Saturday March 11th 1863.

I started early with Maj. Major's command. It was a clear beautiful day. The Prairie deep as we passed through their towns the campers were scampering from hole to hole in full enjoyment of the bright sunshine, and genial warmth that was shed around. They are a strange little animal smaller than our Illinois rabbits and live in deep holes they dig in the prairie. The entrance to their habitations being surrounded by a mound of earth. On the approach of any one each scamper to his hole and sits in the position to dart in and back and chatter until approaching nearer. They dart into their hole still pattering and backing under ground.
Watch their houses for antike and fish from one and another and another they stick their noses out to see if the rest is clear, and gathering confidence will venture to a neighbor and will canvas together as to the nature of the monster that has dared to invade their city. Their flesh is said to be excellent food. We pass through many of their towns going up the Platte, some of them occupying many acres.

Away to the right we discover objects in the distance which Dr. Talbot after a peek through the glass pronounced to be buffalo. They were at least ten miles distant, and entirely too far for one to devote a page to the natural history of the buffalo.

In passing near the Platte river we started up several grouse, and Dr. Talbot had the good fortune to shoot one. They were a little smaller and a little different from the prairie chicken. Reached Baca's station about 3 P.M., making 25 miles today.
Sunday March 19th 1863

A company of the 7th Iowa is stationed at Beansburg, commanded by Capt. But little has been done beyond exciting quarters for officers and men. I drew up a plan for forts, and keep promises to carry them out.

It was a fine day, more cold than yesterday and somewhat cloudy. All along the road I was the marks of Indian depredations in the form of deserted and ruined ranches. The prairies were emptying and no human being was left except at one ranch not far from Iulesburg. The bluffs here came near the river, and the sandy beds of dry water courses formed deep canons that were not easily crossed. A view from the hills was romantic indeed. There were considerable fends and clure grove in many places. Discovering mining objects near the cliffs ahead they 'shoved' us galloping forward to reconnoiters our knowing but they were Indians. We found Capt. Albion...
and several officers hunting Jack rabbits but on our arrival they gave up the chase. The burning of the stage station had filled the few adobe houses at the post with officers, soldiers &c. and one could scarcely find standing room. Capt. Murphy is a genial good hearted fellow and are even perfect at home with him. Some of the officers played poker all night.

Saturday 30 Miles

Monday March 13th 1865

I had imagined Julesburg to be a sort of town, and was surprised to find nothing but a few quarters for soldiers and about a mile below the ruins of the stage station around these blackened ruins were the remains of scenes of half burned wagons and a large amount of other property. This is an important point for it is from here the train goes the North Platte and to Laramie less the remainder over also the telegraph has been strung to the north.
I saw Mr. Reynolds the stage agent. He was full of complaints against the soldiers for on account of destructions and frauds more fatal with them than the Indians. And yet if other soldiers were withdrawn complaints would be redoubled.

We were on the road about noon which in many places was hilly and rough. We passed the Wisconsin Ranch where a train had been captured and destroyed by Indians. Thousands of dollars of property was thus scattered about. Hundreds of pounds of轮流 codfish and the broken and charred fragments of every species of property. The ranch was in ashes, and had been swept by fire.

Near here we saw moving objects at a distance up the river. My glasses revealed them to be human beings but whether white or red men I could not tell. While crossing to a high point to get a better view we passed up a stage cabin. The first I had seen. He was born out of sight his long ears circled and longer in proportion than the ears of a mule.
We reached Buffalo Spring about 5 P.M. Here was the B. Dibvers Militia under Capt. Haynes. Who treated me very courteously.

A snow storm set in and at dusk it was several inches in depth. I took the dimensions of the spring and gave such directions as I thought necessary for defense. This place is surrounded and commanded by hills and is not desirable for a Post. Traveled 18 miles.

Tuesday (March 14th)

The snow was about six inches deep and impeded our progress considerably. But the snow coming out soon melted it. The sandy soil absorbed the water as fast as it fell and we were not bothered with mud.

After going about four miles I found that I had forgotten my blankets and went back after them and it was 10 o'clock before I overtook the escort. We passed several ruined ranches, the fragments of broken furniture and utensils were scattered all around.
Reached Gilliam Springs about noon. Her
kaps logens with a company of militi was
stations who gave one an esct to Valley State.
The road lead over some large sand hills and
it was exceedingly difficult for the teams to trea
the wagon along. Added to this one of the omes
was taken sick and wanted to lay down, and
by the vigorous use of the whip (we kept per
knowing) and towards evening she began to
be better. We met a train going to
the states, with a large number of men and
women, who perhaps had come here with
high expectations of sudden wealth and
their hopes had not been realised. Washing
Ranch, three miles from valley station has
not been destroyed. Then had been some fight
ing but the indians had been driven away.
We reached Valley Station about sundown;
Major Tobor received and treated us very cour
tesly. Here I took the dimensions of the
building and gave directions for house to
be erected. There had been considerable
fighting here but 90 men had kept the indians
at bay and saved the station. Traveled 32 miles.
Wednesday March 15th 1865

Started early with a train that was bound for Denver under the charge of Mr. Bixbrington a son of Mr. Bixbrington of the 1st Colorado. But their movements were so slow for us and our pushed ahead. I found that my horse had but little or nothing to eat during the night and stopped at a ranch and fed a mess of corn. The snow which had fallen the day before was all gone, and the road was as dry and hard as at any time during the trip. About noon we reached the American Ranch which had also been visited by Indians and destroyed. At this ranch were 4 men, the wife, 33 children, of the proprietor. The Indians surrounded the ranch by hundreds. The four men within fought them for hours and killed many numbers of the savage foe. But it is supposed that their ammunition gave out and the ranch fell into the hands of the savages. The bodies of four men were afterward found and buried. The family was gone and no trace had been obtained of them. It is supposed the woman and children are persons...
and that her husband has been assumed to be torture. This was a large ranch, the finest one on the whole round, and the Indians obtained much booty and set the place on fire. They always carry off their dead, but two dead Indians were afterwards found left behind. It is supposed their comrades did not see them. One was badly burned, and the other lay upon a prairie. The burned Indian had been set up against the ranch and was still there as we passed. The other had been scalped and mutilated by those passing along until his head was entirely peeled off his body disfigured and eaten by dogs.

Two miles further along, was Godfrey's Ranch. The Indians at the time of the destruction of the American ranch had made demonstrations here but Mr. Godfrey, with four others had kept them at bay and driven them off, killing several. At Godfrey's was several women, who dressed in men's clothes and during the fight was in sight of the Indians who took them to be men and supposed there was a much larger garrison than there really were.
in the hottest of the fight when the prairie was on fire and had nearly reached Godfrey's hay stack, he rallied out and extinguished the flames, while the bullets was falling around him like hail. Had his hay caught on fire the whole ranch would have been destroyed.

Shortly after leaving Godfrey I descended occasionally patches of old snow, and in some places the road was muddy from its melting thus showing that we were in a more elevated region and in the neighborhood of the mountain. On every pick however was a level plain with a range of low bluffs on either side. Sometimes the bluffs came near the river and the road either skirted or passed over them.

Reaching Beaver Creek about 4 P.M. I put up for the night. Here was a company of Colorado miners encamped and I was soon at home. Here met Henry Steffes formerly of Denver, now married and a resident of Denver. At Beaver Creek is a bridge erected by the stage Co. and toll collected labeled 32 miles.
Thursday March 16th 1863.

It was a beautiful morning, the sun was bright and it was delightful to sail in the thin, pure air of the plains. After an hour or two the distant clouds in the next clear away, and for the first time I caught a glimpse of the mountains. The first I was able to distinguish was Pike's Peak, and afterwards Long Peak. They were low in the horizon and difficult to distinguish from clouds.

For a day or two I had been on the lookout for the mountains, and every fragment of cloud that I could discover peering up from the eastern horizon I would watch intently to see if it was not a mountain peak, but it would gradually change its appearance or fade entirely away. Then it was sometime before I could be convinced that it was mountains and not cloud that I saw. When satisfied as to what they were, my feelings were elated and I felt as light as a flying and happy child. We were near the end of our trip and I was soon to see the back bone of the continent, the Rocky mountains.

We reached the station about noon.
Here we were to leave the Platte and strike across the country to Denver, on what is called the Bent off. The river was running from the snow in the mountains and as the base melting and are sometimes stopped to see the floating fields of ice as it moved extremely down stream until reaching an island or some impediment the ice would break into large cakes and then gorge. Pieces of ice would be driven on the land and breaking into fragments would finally be carried down stream. We struck off on to the Bent off after partaking of refreshments with the officer commanding the Platte. For eight or ten miles the roads were smooth and dry, but we soon entered sand hills. It was extremely slow and difficult traveling for about five miles. The wheels of our wagon sinking into the sand sometimes a foot.

We finally reached the Bijoue, a small stream crossing the plains land emptying into the Platte. Here the sand trees, the finest in about 200 miles of travel. They were cottonwood and plum and pecan and resembled an old orchard. The Bijoue, who pretty well up from the melting
snow which here cover the plain. We experienced no difficulty in crossing and soon reached the station and stopped for the night. The station was a miserable dirty hole, full of filth and filth and we chose to sleep in our wagon to laying in this miserable den. Traveled 38 miles.

**Friday March 17th 1863**

From Bighorn the country raises with more of a grade than along the Platte and eventually becomes hilly as we advanced the snow was found in large quantities and covered the whole surface of the ground like a sheet. The roads were muddy and as bad as any we had seen in Kansas. We made very slow progress over the hills. I was nearly sick. My knees ached and I was glad to ride in the wagon. I saw a large drove of antelope bounding over the plains and learned that they run in large numbers in this region. This was the 2nd drove I had seen. We reached Living Springs a stage station 44 miles from Bighorn and stopped for the night. Here was a company of the 2nd Colorado Car
Stationed and the officer in charge, a German
lieutenant, was very gentlemanly and courteous.
Very soon friend Topper and a militiaman
came along and even going to Kiowa creek 11
miles further and stop for the night. I saddled
my horse and joined them; leaving the boy
and team to come after the next day. The trail
was good to the Kiowa and we reached the
station shortly after dark. The Kiowa creek
was up but we found without difficulty I
trode 25 miles by day and the team by

Saturday March 18th 1863

A bank of cloud had hung over the mountain
so that I had caught only occasional glimpses
of a few of the snow-capped peaks. But this
morning not a cloud was to be seen and
stretching to the north and south as far
as the eye could see were the rocky cliffs
in all their grandeur and beauty. The
sun was tipping the highest points with
gold and the scene was brain delightful.
We covered ten miles to Box elder and
took breakfast after which we pushed on again over almost intolerable roads. The snow was near a foot deep and melting fast, and our horses went splashing through the mud not very rapidly. In spots the ground was bare but here the snow was more than the snow.

At the total gate 10 miles from Denver was a well strongly impregnated with salt water. Very much of what the water on the plains are so used to with some mineral substance washed out. We reached Denver City about 10 PM. My first inquiry was for the Post Office, and was gratified by receiving a letter from Millie with cheering news from her. I then made my way to Correia's ranch, three miles up the Platte from Denver, and was glad to meet with friends once more. A reason of refreshment and rest is now before one. Traveled 34 miles.

Sunday March 19th

The team arrived about noon and I soon made arrangements for their keeping and then returned to John's to Correia's
Monday March 20th 1865

Proceed to town and held an interview with Genl. Moonlight in relation to the location of the Post in his District. The following post were fixed upon Living Spring on the east of 42 miles from Denver Junction 40 pole, the latter, American Ranch Valley, Springfield and Julesburg. Returned in the afternoon to John Ployer.

Tuesday March 21st 1865

The Commissary at Denver kindly offered me a place in his office to make draft receiving plans for the Posts, and the Quartermaster furnished me with a table, and I proceeded to my work. Williams also accompanied me on his views of posts on the way. Silvie Boyles came to town with me on horse back and returning asked her before night if she complained angrily of the charger, her gain of her horse, and for an experienced rider made considerable complaints.
of having run the paddle, even then Millie did the first riding she ever did.

Wednesday March 22nd 1865

Completed my plans to day and submitted them to Col. Moonlight who approved them and forwarded them to the different posts with orders for the troops stationed there to proceed at once with their construction. Looked about the city and the business of the town. Cherry creek is quite high with a large stream of water caused by melting snow. A frost last night has considerably arrested it. There scarcely had even been any posts in Cherry creek and these brick buildings had been built in its bed. When the freshet last April carried everything away, destroying much property and carrying Howard away. On this creek were the first gold discoveries made in paying quantities. On the east bank of the Platte I had still seen the old diggings of early miners. Acres of the ground is perfectly honeycombed with the holes dug by miners.
Thursday March 23, 1865

John Cornell and I ate an early breakfast and then set for the mountains determined to see something of Rocky Mountain scenery and gold mining before returning to the Stites. We went by the way of Denver in order to get Williams house for John. His riding animal was away down on the Platte river, crossing the plains we were soon in a rapid pace across the plains which lay at the foot of the mountains. To all appearances it was not more than three miles but after an hour's ride I was surprised to learn that we had gone 12 miles and had only reached the foot of the first hills. All along the mountains is a rocky range from 200 to 300 feet in height called the hogback with occasional breaks where streams have forced their way through from the mountains. This hogback is at one of outer enclosures, confining the more lofty peaks and peaks within. Our road led through an opening into quite an extensive valley lying between the hogback and mountains proper. Resting in this valley on the
banks of Clear creek and surrounded by twin
mountains on every side was Golden City, 15
miles from Denver and now the capital of
Colorado. I was a small dull town, with no
business except that derived from those passing
bound for between Denver and the gold mines.
In this valley it was almost like summer, the
sun shone out brightly, and no wind could reach
the surrounding palm leaves of rock. This town
and its surrounding recalled to mind glorious
sleepy hollow. This must be the sleepy hollow
of Colorado.

A mile or two further on we entered a
narrow defile, and here the greed for speculation
was again shown. By an attempt to build another
city, the few tumble down houses and clusters
of sheds here collected in this narrow pass was
called Golden Gate. The person must be possessed
of unparalleled stupidity who would establish
his home here, or imagine a city would be built
here. We had a good road to travel over, much
work had been required to put it in order but
it was in good condition and with as
very heavy loads. This windings went interm
inate and twists in turbid green mists around the granite crags which ever where cease their cold rocky peaks heavenward. A

dancing, amiable, etching was flowing down the valley, sullen by the melting snows.

Our road threaded the gorges of the grandest mountains of the continent. At last I was at the
"ultima thule" of my school boy dreams, "The Rocky Mountains." High remnants of rock towers
skyward and tumbled over the plate. The strata

are generally in a restless position or slightly tilted. How they come set up on edge, is a theme

for geologic study. Little streams leaped in quaint cascades from ledge to ledge and
tumbled along their rocky channels and finally plunged into the muddily stream in the valley. The

water of the amaler streams expected exceed anything I had ever seem of limpid purity. It

may be pertinent to talk of "liquid crystals," but

no crystal has the perfection and transparency of these mountain streams. But the lazy stream in the valley, swelling by the glenblades

streams leaping down from the snowy tops of the mountains was annihilated by the lover and
fracture of the valley, which was easily passed. The mountain sides rose fortified with tremendous walls of rock, rising in successive masses one above another, with now and then a raggedy pine moaning in the breeze and flout, mantling a foothold in the rocky cliffs. The snowy range could be seen through the gapping chasms cutting the sky with sharp profiles with images of cedars, towers butresses and battlements of the whitest marble, for their distant peaks were yet covered with snow, in many places eternal.

It must be delightful to ramble among these hills in summer time, when the grass and flowers have awoken into life, and breezes cool from the snowy upland peaks is wafted through the defiles, and all around pictures of green and white and gray, is nature's picture, before you.

We dined at the Blake house, a log accommodation for travelers at the foot of the first ridge we came to, called the Grey hill. Our fare was good, the price stiff, but tranced by a full meal, we overcome the hill with ease. Considerable work has been expended on the roads and the hill is not difficult to overcome.
On the summit of this ridge, was presented a distinct view of the plain, stretching away for leagues like the ocean. We passed down the other side of the ridge, and plunged into a valley some more passenger, and red and romantic than the other, but with the same general characteristics except a heavy growth of timber clothing the hill side winding places. The timber consisted of small pines, hemlock and spruce, all evergreens and was somewhat pleasing in the gray rocks around. Passing over another ridge, and down another crooked section we came to North Creek, a considerable stream, on which the principle mining operations were carried on. We soon came to old flumes and abandoned sluices, and broken machinery of the earliest construction, being the debris of early mining operations before the quartz leads were found. Shortly we came to houses some of log and others neatly and truly, portraying the good taste of the operators. Their dwellings in some cases on some containing old flaking ore, formed a romantic and pleasing picture. Clear Creek was merely as a faint streamlet, in fact was
fairly thick with the pulverized rock reaped from the granite mills and denominated tailings. Next was the busy town of Black Hawk, pitched up in a narrow ravine scarcely wide enough for the creek to flow fairly along. The banks were found everywhere peppered upon rocks, slanting into the sides of the hills, crowding into the valleys and stretching along the sides of the gulleys which radiated from the main valley like the limbs of the forest trees. All overarkineses nestled and mind. The clamor of machinery, the puff of steam, the dash of water, the creaking tramp, tramp, tramp of grist mills, gave the narrow valley the appearance of an ever-rolling teeming with life. A tall white church, perched upon a hill, its plain white printing beamwood, and was an object of mirth here in this fountain head of murmure. A mile further on was Central City, but I could not discover a cessation of horses and grist mills and machinery to indicate the line of demarcation between the two towns. What I had observed at Black Hawk existed at Central City only on a somewhat more extensive scale. Central is the larger of the two places. The sun was yet...
an hour above the horizon as we took care of our horses after a 1/2 mile ride and notwithstanding the fatigues of the trip, we climbed one of the mountains, peeled down abandoned shafts, looked up hidden curiosities and ammend ourselves by tumbling rocks down the deep shafts and listened to the dull echoes at it bounded from side to side into the cur

Fridley March 24th 1863—

As soon as we had taken our breakfast we rallied our upon the hills to the gold mines. A few shafts are just being opened some were not runk more than 200 feet others 40, 30 & 100, a vein of quartz is struck, and at once operations commence until it is ascertained if there is gold enough to pay expenses. Scores have been abandoned on accounts of poor pay while others are down 400 feet and still
being pushed downward. The quartz veins are from one to two feet in thickness and perhaps a mile in length and no one knows how deep. These lodes naturally pin out at the depth of from 60 to 100 feet and nothing but the solid granite is left but by forcing pin and patching the shaft from 20 to 100 feet further down the quartz vein is etched again and picks them above. The granite after this last vein is called wall rock.

We came to a shaft in which the mine was sunk by steam and learned that the mine was known as Greyson No. 2. This was sunk about 200 feet, and was reached by ladder from platforms about 20 feet below each other. Lighting a candle each, we proceeded down, down, down! until we began to think the bottom had fallen out, but finally came to the end where the mines were all worked. The quartz is blasted and other placed in buckets and hauled to the top by winders and then taken to the mill. Our candles gave a dim, sickly light, but enough to show bright and glittering gems all around.
and overhead. Most of the gold is contained in pebbles of iron which glister like crystals in the candle light. We gathered a few specimens and then commenced our toilsome ascent. Oh it was hard getting to the top of each again. A week later in the hottest field would just have been more fatiguing. At the height we were, the air was very thin and rain and it was difficult to take in sufficient breath. We at length emerged into daylight, perfectly exhausted, our knees and joints trembling, and unable to proceed on our explorations until after a half hour rest. Some of the shops have tcpnecins of water and are very and disagreeable to work. Drums are kept going night and day to drain them. At the Old Glacier lead enough water is obtained from the shafts for the whole operation of mining the quartz mill. We went to the Old Derby mine, where new and extensive machinery is in operation, and ore being put in operation. The quartz is pulverized as fine as flour by being placed in cases iron boxes and then crushed by iron, and...
These weigh from 100 to 400 pounds and are raised by machinery about two feet and then let fall on the rock. Of course the hardest stone is soon pounded to atoms. Of this mill 20 stamps are in operation and 20 more are being put up. A stream of water is let into the pounding vases, and flows off again carrying the crushed quartz in the form of amalgamated water. This flows over copper plates, galvanized with quicksilver. The particles of gold adhere to these plates and form what is called amalgam, a thin coating of gold and quicksilver. The crushed quartz and iron hematite flows off and is carried away by the current of water. Each day the machinery is stopped, the amalgam is cleaned from the copper plates, and retorted, more quicksilver is put on and the mill set in motion for another 24 hours. Then, the mills run night and day. In this locality are about 300 mills. Some estimate can be found of the work accomplished and the amount of machinery in operation.
At the Star Mills we saw them retorting the gold. This is done by placing the amalgam in an air tight iron vessel and placing it in the fire. The quicksilver when heated escapes through a pipe in the form of a fluid and being precipitated in water becomes liquid and is saved with little loss while the pure gold remains in the retort. At the Star Mills only 12 stamps were in operation and yet the yield for one day was 54 ounces of pure gold. On the territory are 300 miles at 50 ounces per day for each mill, makes an aggregate of 15,000 ounces or about or between 830,000 to 840,000 per day. And as the source of supply is inexhaustible it increasing every day. From approximation can be formed of the mineral wealth of the rocky mountains. We went to the Poatutl lead to the Black hawk and pretty general around the mines and returns to the little as dinner time, exhausted, but loaded with fine quartz streamings. We had been enough to satisfy any curiosity and as our expenses was running up pretty fast we concluded...
In June and stop at some house on the road over night. Our bills for one day amounted to $18.00 which was paid and we mounted our steeds and steamed for Denver. On getting to the Michigan house where we had thought to halt it was so early in the afternoon that we pushed on, reaching Golden City shortly after sun down, and being only 13 miles from home, we concluded after supper to go on again. The night was dark and we wandered over the prairies many miles out of our way and reached home about 11 o'clock, tired and ready for bed. I have seldom passed two more interesting days than these among the mountains in the gold mines.
Saturday March 23rd 1865

Proceeded to Denver on horse back, and turned over one thousand of gold, our horses and wagon to the Quartermaster, and prepared to pack our things on a mule the rest of the trip. The wagon is so big and clumsy. Saw Concord Brant long ago. He went to John Long's, and all day long one had an incessant string of stories to tell. Williams took a sketch of John's house, and as it was cold and stormy, laid over with John. Indeed this has been a very stormy cold day, but the time was well put in in visiting with Brant, and the others.

Sunday March 24th 1865

Another cold day, which was devoted in doors to social chat and good cheer and in writing letters. John Longell is a noble fellow, free hearted and generous In a famine. I wish him well in all his undertakings.
Monday March 24th 1863

The sun after an absence of two days showed his face and looked as smiling and cheerful as a lover. At an early breakfast, bade god by all around and rode off to town. John accompanies me, and assisted in pitching our tent. It was 10 o'clock before we were ready and off. Taking a brew cut and foddering Cherry creek, below the regular crossing, our horses immediately sunk in the quick sand and John was congratulated as enough to get out but floundered around and was soon buried except his head, and tied a rope about his neck and hauled him out. In his struggles he cut one leg, ending quicksand evil in all the streams in the country and sometimes swallows up while领先的.

Damages repaired we proceeded to the regular crossing and was off. We found an excellent road and every few miles a settlement of farmers along the creeks running from the mountains into the plains.
It was a fine day. The snow disappeared and with the mountains close at hand on our left we enjoyed our ride and the scenery. We crossed Clear Creek, Boulder Creek, Dry Creek, Left Hand Creek, and the St Vrain. Just before sundown we stopped at a little town on the St Vrain called Burlington and passed the night under a straw stack. The straw furnished an excellent bed. For the following 85 miles

Tuesday, March 28

In the morning it was snowing and lay to the depth of four inches on our blankets. Of course we slept under the snow sheet as warm as toast. I do not know when a feather bed was once comfortable and warm. We dug our traps from under the snow and gave warm off. The storm continued at intervals until after noon. Our moving faster than it fell and at night when we reached camping-collins no snow was remaining.
Dear [Graded] Commanding (The past eleven
and three quarters hours were to be seen) at this point
entertained me very hospitably. Camp Collins
is on the Yache' da Poudre creek a few
miles from the foot of the mountains. The
stream is very fine and clean and full of
trees. Camp Collins though new is in good
condition and the quarters are excellent.
Travelled 35 miles.

Wednesday, March 29th

Found [Graded] Greco & Lewis at Collins, who
were about to start for Casamay, thus curtailing
the necessity of an escort. Our party consisted of 15
men, well armed, and thought ourselves sufficient
for any number of working days might meet us.
All except Williams & Lewis were on the road
two hours before us and it was 10 o'clock before
we overtook the remainder of the party.
It was a fine bright morning. The mountains
were near and every ravine and elevation could
be seen distinctly. The white top of Joes Peak
reaching to the clouds, appeared through the thin...
air but a few miles distant, when at least fifty
intervened. Our road skirted along the foot of
the mountains, which reared in dark masses to
the clouds and on the other hand the prairies
stretched away like the ocean.

Soon as our road commenced winding among
the hills and up their gradual slopes until
we found ourselves in a cold region with patches
of snow, on the southern slopes of the hill sides.
The wind was keen and cutting, and in passing
up ravines it came sweeping through and
penetrated our thickest clothing. Up and
hollow was some strange natural scenery.
On either side the wall of conglomerate rock
was worn and perforated by the wind, and pre-
vented a varied and pleasing scenery. But it
was too cold to admire the fantastic shapes
of the rocks. A few of us pushed on ahead of
the wagon, over hills and across ravines over
a continuous field of snow which in
many places was drifted several feet. In a
deep hollow 38 miles from camp we found a
sprig and small stream of water, called Toni
Creek, here we built a fire of willow branches.
and waited several hours until after dark for the wagon and remainder of the party to come up. We had bought wood from Camp Collins and hastily cooked our supper and went to bed to keep warm. The wind shrieked down the ravine and no amount of covering could keep us warm.

98 Miles

Thursday March 30th 1865

Our march was resumed over bleak, snow covered hills, and many were the tedious windings to avoid the drifts of snow. The day was clear, not a cloud in the sky, but at the same time freezing cold. We passed the Laramie Pass around noon. This is said to be one of the best passes through the mountains, but always cold, and with a tornado of wind pouncing down through it. Near where our road passed was a fine spring of clear cold water. Lodge Pole creek issues from this pass and runs into the Platte near that last point. Here were the remains of chimney and log huts where Old Camp Waback was situated. The graves of many soldiers still existed on the top of a hill overlooking the
camp. Now all was desolate and silent
and nothing but the chilling wind, or the bounding
antelope disturbed the silence which prevailed
around. From here the road gradually descen
ded and when we had reached Horse creek
the snow had mostly disappeared. The rugged
mountains to the west and the loose, rounded
hills near the road, formed a strange appear
ance and arrested the attention of the most stern
traveler. Scarcely a tree could be found
during the whole day. Sand hills and rocks,
and the naked plain, prevailed the whole
point. We camped near the head of the Shiny
Water creek, or at the point where it issues
from the mountains. Here was plenty of
water and good water, and a blazing fire a
hearty supper and warm blankets lead us
to forget the fatigues of the day.
Travelle 48 miles

Friday March 31st 1865

Our route to day was down the valley of
the Shing, winding among the hills. Thick
rose on either side of the valley sometimes perpendicularly like columns in some old mines. The scenery was truly romantic and interesting. Early in the morning I noticed two parallel rolls of rock which ran parallel in sight of the road for miles forming a natural causeway between the perpendicular walls. Thus it lay over hills and mountains and was lost in the distance. This was undoubtedly caused by some convulsion of nature in which the neighboring strata of rock were tilted into a vertical position.

Shortly after noon we came to a stack of hay which some hearderman had cut, but was undoubtedly forced to leave in consequence of Indian difficulties. A perpendicular column of rock or rather clayey substance which atomized all through the country and by the winds are cut into fantastic shapes rose up from the valley for 200 feet. This was called Chimney Rock of the Chey and I had Williams take a sketch of it. We camped again on the Chey and found an abundance of wood. At Laramie was quite populous and went on to Laramie.
Saturday April 12th 1863

The camp was aroused at 4 o'clock, and the party prepared to move before sunrise. St. Lewis galloped ahead, leaving the mayors and traders to come after. Just as we were leaving the camp and turning easterly over the ridge, we came upon our encampment of Indians boarding their stock of ponies and cattle. They were friendly, anxious, and dependent upon Ft. Laramie. The scenery near the bay springs was as grand as any thing I had yet seen, resembling the dismantled towers, the crumbling walls and battlements of some grand old ruin. We had no time or I should have had a sketch taken.

Twenty five miles was quickly passed and before 11 A.M. we reached Ft. Laramie. I was hospitably entertained by Mayor McKay, the commandant, and found several old acquaintances, among the officers of the Indian expedition, among which were Lt. Ramaier, Capt. Maj. T. Talbot, who all remembered that it was the 12th day of April and many was the
amusing incidents of the day. It was a bright warm day. The Yankees were listlessly ambling about the garrison or dilly squatting in some corner. I was astonished to learn that nearly every officer at the post and many of the men had their Yankees wives and cohabited with them just as married people, notwithstanding many of them had wives and children in the States! One Capt with a family in Ohio and himself a minister of the gospel had a black filthy looking Yankee as his wife. Strange what creatures human beings will become.

Passed the night at the Bullock Post office and was furnished with a fine cleaned bed and the best of fare.

Sunday April 2nd 1865

Passed the day writing letters and bringing up my journal which has been sadly neglected of late. There were indications of rain and the sky was dark and lowering, and a sort of mist was enveloped by the wind over the ground but it did not make out to rain.
In conversation with Mr. Bullock and others I learned of rich gold discoveries in the Black Hills, in the neighborhood where the hostile Indians are congregated. It is said that the first account of a positive nature was that a band of Indians in removing their encampment, had occasion to cross a stream. Their lody poles were fastening to jacobs and the ends dragged on the ground behind. In crossing the stream a lody pole uncovered a glittering object which attracted the attention of a Wyand coming up behind and he picked it up which proved to be about 1/16 th part of gold. Indians in coming to the fort were in the habit of exchanging pieces of gold with the soldiers for tobacco and trinkets but would not tell from whence it came for fear the whites would overrun their country, but it is now pretty generally known that the streams among the Black Hills sparkle with gold and that Indians pick up considerable quantities by hunting along the bed of streams, thus showing the region to be particularly rich in gold.
Mr. Bullock likewise showed me many specimens of fossils and petrification found among the hills at a place known as the "bad lands" among which are petrified snakes, turtles and even eagles which turn to stone. For the rocks are many shells in a fine state of preservation and unlike any fossils I ever before saw, and which are rarely found in lime rocks.

While some examination in relation to the location of Lunettes for covering the place Saranum is in a bad location for defense being surrounded with hills which command it from all sides and contains that arrow cover and approach partly. Added to this the buildings are scattered over much ground and would require 500 men for an efficient defense, unless Lunettes or earthworks of some kind are thrown up.

Called upon Dr. Tegg who has his wife at the Post, and they have had the fortune to find a toy in this one of the way began where one would expect nothing but Shay trees could be produc'd.
Monday April 3, 1864

A party of three men started with an ambulance for Gulesburg with the mail. I attached my party, making six in all. The genial warmth of the rain added beauty to the varied scenery which once our view also we wound among or climbed over the hills which in many places preceded very near the Platte, and at other times needed Wyoming broad level flats bordering the river. But one house was passed and that was a ranch five miles from Laramie. The laggard Indians and half bred children coming from the south showed the mixture of the races that abounded the place.

At times the hills rising almost perpendicularly from the plain, to the height of several hundred feet, presented a magnificent sight. Not a tree or living element of any kind except a thin growth of Cottonwood along the Platte could any where be seen. Camped near the Indian Agency 32 miles from Laramie.
I saw fire to the tall grass on a small island in the river. The flames leaping in the air lighted up the heavens and surrounding hills and flats and presented a wild and romantic scene. The upward sail partly also a sign of the 11th Kansas encamped at the same place. Altogether forming a party too strong of any ordinary band of Indians.

Tuesday, April 4th, 1865

A cold north east wind set in during the night, making it disagreeable travelling before it. We saw a number of wild geese and had a few shots but missed them. At home creek we saw a large number of them, also wolves and coyotes. We met Col. Plum with the 11th Kansas cavalry on their way to join the expedition against the Indians.

We reached Camp Mitchell about noon. This is a fine post about three miles from some bluffs and in admirable condition. It is built after the Mexican fashion with high walls and loopholes and a high look out.
The materials are fine and plentiful, over with alkaline soil and lime. The prongs and mina quarries are clear and airy and kept in as good order as any I ever saw, Capt. Sherman, 11th Ohio cavalry, is in command of the post and has exhibited much skill and labor in the construction of the Post. An amount of Indians can affect anything here.

Scott's Bluff, near by, an singular and attractive formation of a very dry hard clay that at a distance resemble rock. It rises up from the plain in irregular masses several hundred feet and a person at their base is made giddy in looking up the dizzy height. A few hard rocks on the summit impart a little of life to the otherwise rugged and lifeless scene. They resemble some grand old ruin with piles on piles of rugged and irregular masonry thrown together with here and there a lashen column or arched tunnel once fashioned by the hand of man. Long and curiously I gazed at this mass of sun-dried clay, which the winds and storms at some period will reduce to a level with the surrounding plain.
After dinner and resting our staffs we proceeded fifteen miles to Fielding Ranch, a small dirty log house, with no floors and filth and vermin on the walls and Athena over the ground in this unattractive pen we were to pass the night after a ride of 83 miles.

Wednesday April 5th

On awakening the wind was howling about our cabin, and the snow flying in eddying lines and blown gales across the plain. The cold was intense which with the snow prevented our pressing forward all day it snowed and the wind swept down the valley the rivers froze over, and we passed the day in telling yarns, telling stories and reading John the railroad. A morn stormy cold day I have not experienced, I cannot get accustomed to these long wintry of fifteen months in the year.
Thursday, April 6

It was a cold morning but clear, and chimney rock loomed up plainly about fifteen miles distant. This singular formation is well worthy the inspection of the tourist. Our road led us to within four or five miles but the cold prevented my going to it for about 150 feet the rock or clay is conical in shape, and can be climbed with some difficulty, but from the top of the cone a perpendicular shaft shoots up for 150 feet. It is said that within ten years 100 feet of this shaft has crumbled and fallen down. The existence of this isolated column of clay, standing in the middle of a plain, is proof that the depths and purity of the atmosphere, for even then rains of any account this would have been dissolved and leveled with the plain ages ago. There is the most undoubted evidence that this whole region was once a drearless maze of dry clay, but first and main have removed them to the scattered and wind rills me.
see around me. Chimney Rock is worthy an elaborate description.
Passing on about noon we came to
Chimney Rock and another curiosity of the
same nature and material as Chimney Rock
As our road passed out a few hundred yards
away, close to its base, and was surpliqt as
its dizzy height, reaching the clouds. A
remarkable view from
its summit. Never we heard
We made our way through drifts of snow
crossing Lawrence Fork and Pumpkin Creek
occasionally walking to keep up the circulation
until 3 P.M. when we reached New
Springs Station, a poor tumble down log house
a telegraph station. and 15 soldiers from Camp
Mitchell. Into this dungeon we immured
ourselves until morning. The news of the
capture of Richmond was taken from the
newspapers and we all felt happy at the announceement. Here was a lucky battle fought
with the indians during the winter. First
with the little garrison, but afterwards with
Col. Collins and 100 men.
Friday April 7th

The mail party and my own boys were slow to get ready, and I pushed on ahead, over a rough broken country, the ravines being filled with snow drifts exceedingly difficult to get through. From the tops of the hills were magnificent views of the surrounding country. Court House and Chimney Rocks loomed up in the distance, and the peak appearing made the day and the scene somewhat interesting. The day passed without anything of interest occurring, save a wolf now and then scampering over the prairie, or flocks of wild fowl flying about. Many miles of the Telegraph had been torn down by the Indians and was only temporarily put up on poles that were only high enough to keep the wires from the ground, and poles for insulators.

We camped on Pole Creek, a fine stream of clear cold water. We had but little wood barely sufficient to boil our coffee. By getting under the heat of a pound bank we managed to sleep comfortably, but the night was cold and raw.
Saturday, April 8th, 1866.

A cold blustering morning and disagreeable riding. I pushed on ahead of the team and about 1 P.M. reached the South Platte opposite Grenby. Ice covered about two thirds of the river, but not enough to bear any horse and it was extremely difficult crossing. The ford would break through, and the water was extremely cold, with considerable current and in places belly deep. When nearly across, a large floe of ice came rushing down and nearly came upsetting both myself and horse.

On reaching Grenby I was cold, wet and hungry, and about drilled out, and felt as if I was going to bid them anything else. The team did not get in until nearly dark.

Received a telegraph dispatch from C. Robinson ordering me to report to Gen. Gomez, and a dispatch from the latter for me to come to Denver immediately. I am scared I shall not be able to go home as soon as I anticipated.
Sunday April 9th

Passed the day in reading newspapers and writing letters. Weather warm and damp and snow disappearing. In the evening a number of white soldiers and Indians had a regular battle with snow balls. All went in with a whoop and yell, and it was hard to tell who were the masters. News of the surrender of Lee and his army all feeling good.

Monday April 10th

The stage for Denver was crowded, and it was impossible for me to get a seat; and I am obliged to lay over, with nothing on my hands to pass away the time. My plan is to leave Williams and John here until I can go to Denver and confer with Kne Connor, and if required to remain, send for them, but if permitted to go to Leavenworth, telegraph for them to proceed and I follow after.
Tuesday April 11th

I left Salt Lake on the stage about 8 A.M. There being 17 passengers in all. One a lady, Mrs. La Fai, going to meet her husband, Joe Black Hawk in the mountains. Three of the men were on the way for Salt Lake, some said they had wives and families there. All were rather hard cases, told their stories and used considerable profane and vulgar language. I am sorry for the lady passenger.

At Buffalo Springs there were no stage horses fit to go on and Capt. Clark gave us his own horse and fitted us up with a team to proceed to Lillian Springs. At Lillian the men on horses to put in and overtook again chance of laying over 36 hours. I finally found a man with seven yoke of oxen and pressed three of them to lead the stage to Valley Station 18 miles. When we started the bugler at the Post sounded the march and we set out with many a cheer and huzzah.
Wednesday April 19th 1863

We reached Valley Station about 4 A.M. and after considerable effort succeeded in arming the stage drivers and the coach keepers but more would start our until morning and we were obliged to retire to the coach and close the remainder of the night away.

After breakfast we sat out on our journey with a poor lot of stock and made slow time to Godfrey 18 miles. When we again changed horses for a team that was in good order and we soon pushed through in a hurry to Junction Station which we reached at 8 o'clock P.M.

In changing horses the team that was to be attached to the coach ran away and it was not until 11 o'clock that we got started. Bad roads made the trip in the night slow indeed and the 18 miles to the Bailon took no time nearly morning. The coach was our bed room as well as our parlor and kitchen. I felt sorry for our single lady passenger surrounded up between nine and twelve men. She is a good woman and of good principles.
Thursday April 13th 1863

It was a bright warm day, but sand was everywhere. The poor team we had could scarcely pull the empty coach. The passengers forgot it grew their half the time until we reached Gillian Spring. Springs where a fresh team was pressed and we pressed on more rapidly and without walking except at end end place in the road where we reached about midnight. It was dark and I stumbled into the sand nearly three deep. We were all pretty well fatigued and slept notwithstanding the creaking of the coach.

Friday April 14th 1863

Reached Denver about 7 A.M. glad that a long tedious and disagreeable trip was ended. Had just five dollars in my pockets and in need of $100 to get along properly. After breakfast walked...
up the Plato to John L. Gezelle ranch for his house use but the remainder of the family at home, Lizzie lent me 6 dollars, an any return to town I purchased a hat to shield from the rain & sun for $3.00.

Saturday, April 15th 1865
Monday July 30 1865

The Drummer being belled for a long time after we left St. Joseph the progress of the river against a current which in many places was quite rapid. A bend in the river would occasionally bring us to the Bled high cliffs on either side other river valleys which is generally five or seven miles wide. The hills clothed in the Spanish cedar made very beautiful to behold. While passing a small place called Wyoming a mountain range in the immediate rear bloomed with every tree to the deck to see the horses early in the morning and members of both sexes rose as the birds kept up their piping their attention. On the side of the hill above are the boats temporary and men prepared and men being used by men and women promiscuously and ordered about to attempt or concealment from them on the boat and from each other. Reaching Omaha about 30 PM. We waited on land a long time for horses to come down to take us to town; some coming I subdued nearly a mile to town.
Yankee Robinson was performing these
and every body almost has gone to the
show
Saw Dan Heath in whom I rejoice. Mr. Heald
are to meet at Cole Cole on this way to the
planes Not a man or any article could be
presented at Omaha. It branches & I proceed
by stage to overtake the command resting to
reach on being amounted on getting them. The boys
composing the Sauge party and Mr. Miller add it
is to be my assistant and I come on in the morning
and overtake one as soon as they came.
Two very nice and ladies were in the stage on
the way to Eddison to spend the 4th. Mr. Smith
also proceeds to continue our remittance business.
The ladies kept me awake by their pleasant
conversation until midnight when they reached their
destination

This day July 4th 1865

I dozed and tried to sleep in the stage but from
the efforts were fatiguing the keep awake
Many men the coach I received from being
threw against the back of the couch.
Shortly after arriving at the head quarters of our army and reporting myself for duty, a man was sent for me and I was mounted, and went on to Amaden. We marched through a fine country, for Nebraska being along the north bank of the Platte and at level as it well could be. The valley is quite well watered and many fine farms are being cultivated from and grass looks most comically good. Wheat is oats etc., plenty. I marched 18 miles and camped on a clear stream of water called the Shell creek near where it enters the Platte. Wood and grass were plenty. Nearly every soldier stopped and had a good dinner of meat in and had a good night. The day has been extremely hot. An oppressive sultriness has been all day with a breath that nearly suffocates. Great clouds join and sincerely is impossible to keep clean. Find a national salute from the firing of the guns of the expedition in honor of the glory of...
Wednesday July 3rd

It has been a warm wintry day, but little more cool and pleasant than yesterday. We left the Platte river and camped on the sour two miles above its mouth and five miles from Columbus. Me, Mr. Jack an old poacher from the 4th Ark. Car and had him detailed as my orderly. Hearing that Maj. Robinson was in town I rode to Columbus and saw him. He had attempted to come down the Platte from Kearney in April but failed and paid $500 to get to Columbus in a wagon. Purchased a case of shoes, three needles, cups and wash bowl. Returned to camp near two horses and wrote two letters, one to Feelie and one to Thomas Campson.
Thursday July 6th

Started ahead of the column in order to transact business with Maj. R. H. Payne. Marched up the Porter and the Corps over a level plain. The low bluffs which skirt all the streams in this country are about 4 miles from the river. A few patches of cottonwood trees fringe the river. Camped at 3 P.M., seventeen miles from Columbus. Marching 20 miles during the day. Good grass and water at the camp. Col. Reel & Major Sandgrover caught 100 or 201 fish of the kind called Bullheads. We had fish for supper. We crossed a stream called Looking Glass creek. A man is building a grain mill on it. At Mazona. Roads at Columbus are good for his jour. I am expecting Miller with them. Am preparing the route as I go along. Rained very hard during the night. The sound of the rain and thunder and wind...
one and looking out the given a poor espay having seen the three peaks which made it look though my half drowsy eyes like water I thought the whole plain was coverd with water and at ten a cry of alarm. The sentinel was walking his beat and taking the storm as a natural consequece, and all was well, when I laid down and went to sleep again.

Friday July 3rd

Left camp at 6 A.M. The grass was coverd with great drops of water, looking for the Willie like crystal beads. It was long and cool at first but soon cleared up and the middle of the day was warm. Before we enterd the Patience Reserve we passed two small log houses which I was told were the homes of Keno. As I mile further was a large three story
brick academy for the education of the Pawnee Indians. It was a fine building. Several houses were among the house of a small town. I likewise notice a steam grist mill. Beaver creek comes in here from the north west and is a fine stream. Goods quality I com was planted by the Indians and plotted my well. They have finished laying it and have gone out hunting. Then two villages nearly were entirely deserted. I entered one of the houses outside. They look like a box stacked on a mound bank of earth. Inside they are quite neat. A long narrow passage leads into them. The fire is built in the center. The smoke going out of the top when a hole gives it passage and also furnishes light. There are some 3000 Indians that live in the two villages. All were now gone except old Greek who was at the Mission. The morning one fine for marching and enjoyed myself much.
riding occasionally up on the cliffs which now come within from 1/2 a mile to 1 mile from the river and close to this road. The view was grand I could see the Planta and plant at least 15 miles by the South. Near a small stream collector Plum Creek I went back among the hills. The prairie was well wooded with small stunted oaks. The hills—oh! the hills—like the little grass, the trees we & looked like an enchanted land, and I thought of all the roman places I had ever read about. We camped near Conneec Creek on the loop. I was quite tired for an hour or two fixing a bridge of brush and dirt. To cross the river upon--then west down the river a mile or more and had a good bath. The Cte & Maj went on and caught some very fine fish from the cut fish which we fished. The water being high I like this country much better than any other place I have seen.
The Pawnee Indians accompanied us as guides. They are nearly naked with no clothes except a fishy red shirt. So night the women gave them ponchos. The rest of them in camp has been in the rain sitting. NNeppehine Moor. The time and it looks I wonder if the courageous wife thinks of soldiers and soldiers? Marched about 13 miles.

Saturday July 8th

Started about 6 A.M. and after half a mile march left the ridge to the left taking up the valley of Leadore Creek which flows from the 4th Month (West) On and the guides stated that this poor would arrest sand hills and several small creeks which came down from the cliffs and were difficult to cross. Leadore Creek was pretty well timbered for this country and was a large clear stream but full of quick sand.
On the way this is called Solano Creek but the Indians and guides called it Miler Creek. The land was very rich and fine and in time this valley will be well settled. An abundant game has been seen, such as Elk, deer, bird antelope, also prairie chicken and fitch. Shanks in the Sand prairie we had a cones of them to night. About 4 miles from our starting point in the morning we came in a warm misty morning difficult for loaded two oxen. Here I was called upon to make a ladder which occupied about an hour. As Mr. Copas Braman and Mr. Willey has been detailed as panners and performed the work accordedly. We tried to cross the stream where we first struck it but were held over on account of high banks and quicksand. We tried the second time and failed and after camping at 10 PM. The plastering a brush down the steep bank and other it was
feasible crossing. At 7AM ineffectual commands were given in order to have an delay the next morning. Three or four oxen were taken over, but the flints only got cut in the process and the oxen could not pull it. After unloading it I opened the oxen and succeeded in pulling the empty wagon over. Very few of the oxen got any in the quicksets and those in China stopped, and was nearly blown out of sight. A large site of one had detailed to assist. Some of the oxen shifted to the other and pretty undressed, and such a shorting toiling overcome me. The clothes or fully looked around I never before saw. It was very interesting to see the winch in the water. Some mules would fall down and be dragged along by the others. I watched them while low again noise. It was an old man before the train was over.
I longed for an artist to take a sketch of the crossing of the lower river — I have done; but I think no man while marching on the plains has ever done so. — I have a map for the Carol. The scenery has been delightful and entirely new to a white man ever having explored it before us. Marched 13 miles.

I am examining for a crossing & set my horse up and down the air for a stream coming from Ute holy deep in quick sand and water.

Sunday July 9th 1863

The guide who directed us as a leader. One of his horses died and one fines was among the Buffalo impossible for the horse. The Indians advise me to go as the Indians guide; accordingly, we cross the river off the cliffs on the dividing ridge in a south west
The Smokey Bear had to be bridged but the bridge was not ready in doing this. We made a constant line back in two horses and slept on the high banks on each side. Our road was very crooked in the bluff and rocky and looking the whole surrounding country which is very rough and broken. The entire day was spent by covering some thousand miles about as large as Laos behind the river at 6 PM and here ended the town up a bank. Also struck a recent trail falling of the river. Plenty of grass wood and water. The fields all right. Front from and pioneer stage post came up the day. Centred water and struck the Long City rough and broken, and noPrince for us to follow.
Monday July 10th 1865

A messenger came in from Fort Kearny in the morning having traveled 75 miles to find us. This was the import of his despatches

We broke camp about 8 a.m. and pushed on up the left bank of the Platte. The cliffs in some places approach very near the river and deep dry

ravines difficult to cross. Reaching corn down from the mountain but big pines

made the potter practicable. We came at last to a muddy slough which was more difficult

to cross. We continued bridging it over the river and found it a big job. Finally it was reported that a crossing could be effected above which we availed ourselves of and we soon over.

A mile and a half the mud was the most impediment. A bridge was impossible. Finding one difficult

a few jacires of cinnen helped the matter

a little but the mud was cut a deep

but sometimes the mules were completely

entangled and fell down get tangled in
but finding the train was not easy. We made a long and follow a path through branches and camps. Three miles above its mouth, I was employed all the afternoon exploring the area, containing it and fixing a final location. A lot more one is found and we hope to get the train over without difficulty. Among the standing cinders for public farms here is fire. I can endure this, galling fires and dog bites very well, but they are not a circumstance to a bluerfled. Have written home.

Tuesday July 11th

The column commenced moving after six o'clock and crossed the river with some little delay occasioned by the teams being driven aside from the road which I had marked our 40 or 50 men were detailed to assist with planting and soon pushed them all over. The grade appears to know as little about the country as one does and
the first thing they did was to lead the column into the valley. A quarry and immense boulders lay along the river bottom. Capt. Berdan and I distinguished a portion of the command to go more away. About five miles we came to an impossible slope and ascended the cliffs to get around it. Then, over a level plain! At this point deep narrow ravines intersected it and we had an easy advance. We or crossing gullies built a bridge which we soon did. I should this commanding event occurred not to have made a good road for the people to follow. We saw a herd of about 30 elk, which stood off as far as they could, but when we came near we saw none. We also saw many deer, but only got a shot or two. After selecting a place for encamping, I reconnoitered the country for three or four miles ahead and found it good traveling. Our Bridgemen operations are carried on with the common touch all hands and the march must be done. Our last bridge was over a deep ravine. We filled it up six or seven feet.
with legs & breast. The shoveling on deck was at first nearly over the command and town.

One feature in crossing the river this morning was about 75 naked men in the water to assist the train. This got talked when the Doctor's ambulance went over in which was his wife. The men all stood at attention with "arms" presented. It is suggested that the government provide the men with breach coats to tie their cap like Indians, and cause a neat, not ugly but serene, a cloak to the LEDIS mode.

Several deer have been killed this afternoon and we have a nice roast of venison for breakfast which Maj. Sandysoton attains. The Maj. is a fine, genial, honest Dutchman, and we have many hearty laughs at his expense. The Maj. likes whiskey and as it is customary to give a dram to those who have been to work in the water. The major after returning from hunting called for his dram because he had been in the water.
Wednesday July 12th

Left camp at 8 a.m., our route leading over the smooth bottom bordering the river for about five miles when we struck a rain coming down from the hills. Where it entered the river, and one hundred feet from it the beavers had built a dam and raised the water two feet on the river, I, in their dam was an abundance of fish and while we were improving the road across the dam the idle ones of the party caught large numbers of fish. About half a mile further we came to a little stream flowing down from the hills, and beloved in so close by the cliff, that we had to cross by driving into the river and out again on the same side. It proved to be a deep diggin to get a message way down into the river for above three miles from the way was over the dry plain skirting the cliffs. The grass was crisp and dry like hay and choked under our feet. The grass in the country is all drying up, and there being little if any
rain it comes in the sun like hay and remains good feed for buffels and stick all around. We came at length to another ravine and became more difficult to cross than the last. The mining horses being persecuted by the brush and briars about for some time exploring a pass in at length found one near the bluff above the dam, and while the men were improving the crossing I went ahead to explore a mountain which rose up before me. After clambering among rocks and crawling along the side of the hill I found it utterly impossible to go on near the river and went back to Capt. Bardinon to find a way over the hills while I crossed and ascended the river to find a ford for it a way over the hills could not be found, finding the stream was our only resource. Here fell through the quick sand several times wetting the sides and on my return I found that a big herd been found over the hills and signs and latter party on the march. We went into camp and shortly after the command came up reached 10 miles. Found plenty of choke cherries. An Elk was killed by the men and a piece sent to our mess.
Thursday July 13th

A bright warm morning, and camp was broken up at 6 AM, the pioneers as usual in advance. We followed up the river, four or five miles and coming to a stream flowing from the west and being difficult to cross, it was determined to strike across the divide to the Chime Loop. After a mile or two of travel we entered the hills flowing for a short distance an old trail supposed to be that of Dr. Smith of the Scott Explores who made a survey of this region in 1857. Deer, Elk and Antelope were found in great numbers and sometimes would run across our line of march but a short distance from the column. The men would sometimes open fire on them by platoons & companies which sounded much like a going bottle. But rarely killing any game. Of course I took this opportunity of shooting at the antelope but with my usual luck a few antelope were killed. Our quiet echo one through the trees and around another.
Large numbers of our men are customs to hear
the command and start off in search of game
The C.O. had flanked postions to pick up stragglers
and when caught they were dismounted and made
To go on foot under arm, forty or fifty men
This collected and formed along under the boiling
sun sick enough to struggling. About 20 miles
from camp we ascended a high steep hill by
the main divide between Mt. North Bend and Main
top. And then commenced one of the most
crooked giddy round of the whole march winding
over the divides with deep canyons on either side.
I discovered many trails made by wild animals
and in one fresh buffalo tracks. One dead buffalo
was found near the pool. The Indians had fired
the grass and miles of the hills were black and
bare the grass being all burned. Most of the
command neglected to fill their canteens and suffers
much for want of water. The animals were very
exhausted when we reached The Soup at 3 P.M.
and plunged headlong into the stream and it seemed
they would never drink enough. Indians had camped
near our camp and at an distant date Of course
they are hostile Indians as none others are in this
region. We have made 27 miles march. Being the farthest we have ever in one day since the expedition started over a rough basin and pasture up region

Friday July 14th

The march was not resumed until 8 A.M., in order to give the stock as much rest as possible. The route was up the left bank of the Loup in a northwesterly direction. Fortunately we had no cliffs to climb the road leading along the cotton which in some places possessed miles wide. Country dry and sandy. The pioners had but one place to sleep at the corner of a small dry watercourse creek. The route was cut slips and we delay to the column was cured. But little timber along the Long and few wild anemones were seen. The Indians have burned much of the grass in the valley and on the bluffs. We marched but nine miles and camped on the cotton where was excellent grass. In the evening a thundershower came up but very little rain fell. Enough however to put the grass and make it disagreeable getting along.
about nine o'clock a misfire
I had lain down and was just going off into dream
land when a commotion among the stock awakened me
and perking out in it darkness a confused moving mass
of horses and mules was observed in full tilt down along
the lines towards the lower part of the camp. A stampede had
commenced among the stock in the upper part of the camp
and as they pressed along the lines reinforcements were
added until the whole camp was in commotion. There
was even faster to regiments or picked companies and
kicked and many broke loose and joined the panicky
mob. Most of the stock was topped and it was
impossible to see the answered ringing gun sound. The
pickets at the lower end of camp was aroused and
tried in vain to stop the surging column. Some frantically
fired their carbines partially but added to the frights and
speed of the animals. About two thirds of the stock of the
command in this manner took loose and cleared our
Munite men were sent after them and collected a large
number but large numbers escaped and were traced
many miles on the line of march. Some men were
dispatched on while sleeping and received injuries. Two
men were down arm and leg and two down and the tortured
fragments but added to the wild career of the flight.
It was a fierce and wild scene. Their flight over
the ground was heard a long distance and resembled
the deep sound of a tonado. My horse
was missing among the others, and it was no easy
hunting for him in the darkness.

Saturday, July 15

The house question agitated the people this evening
and as soon as it was light enough to discern objects
on the plain pasture, we were out in searching missing
property. Some men found at considerable distance and
small squads were busy bringing in. In the house there
you saw then a smile and like a sensitive leaf
you saw the cheer and bustle springing. Ordin Jacks
gave him lucky unrise. So one knows the cause
of the stampede, probably some snake with more devil
than work in him sent the evil spirits into the head
as we drove to the arena in little deep and away they
allmost devils and all.

Dr. Arnold of the Signal Corps was sent upon a
trip to kill a snake away with a telescope to see if he
could discover traces in the distance. Arriving at his
position and making his observations without discovery
horses he joined with a flight toward the rear of his column, a soldier near the rear and not having known we were came running to the rear and informed him that Indians were on the bluff twenty miles off. Of course the misstatement for the soldiers produced a laugh among those who knew the route.

Parties with horses kept dropping into camp all day until all but about fifty horses were recovered. Some of them were fifty miles before being overtaken. In the evening Little Chief, the chief of the Omaha with two half breeders came into camp with about 20 horses and animals. He had found them 30 miles away and brought them to us. The Omahas were hunting in the north branch and saw the column as it passed but did not reveal themselves and had escaped on notice. When they found the stock they concluded to follow up and see who were coming in sight of camp his inclinations were afraid of being killed and secreted themselves in the brush while they got and the two half breeders came to camp. When accused of being their friends, the remainder of his party was sent for and came in to camp and remained over night.
Little Chie was an old man dressed in a suit
of broadcloth the same as the whites. On each
shoulder he wore an epaulett like the generals
in former times and suspended from his
neck was a large silver medallion worth five
or six dollars with the head of President
Fillmore on one side and an inscription
on the other. Many of his Indians were
dressed in old fashioned grenadine or
tamanchin coats, gaudy, decorated with
gold lace, bell buttons and tinsel. They
were the best looking Indians I ever saw.
Of course a crowd was constantly around
them to gaze and talk with them. It required
an enormous amount of provisions and effort
to do this. They acted as if they had had nothing
to eat in a month. A little whisky toned
their spirits for the rest and they gave many
grants of satisfaction with the Major. Who for
other The Lima.
I have improved this little dog in planting
my own arts and tricks and I still am
somewhat behind our friends but little while
constantly on the meres.
Sunday July 16th

Marched 12 miles in a northward direction. Hit north bank of the South Platte just past 12. All returned who were out in search of missing stock and we encountered for them to come up by night all over in but few animals even though in numbers. And miles framed of the saddle rope is about ten miles but as his load is light he hopes to get along with the two that are left.

Potion of our rear was quite good. We make a road that will never bed obtained. And seeing the best places, through this ever be a thoroughfare I believe the line will be able in snow fields. winter is getting worse and the hop is maturing smaller. Still there is an abundance of wood and want for camping purposes.

God bless all the prisoners with joy and all of this prey in smaller until it is entirely closed and then but little gain and now has been caught today.
Monday July 14th

Commenced the march at 6 A.M. The road at times was more than a mile from the river. Our course was very straight and our good roads. We were able to avoid some hills and bad places and accomplished 20 miles by 10 A.M., and camped on a fine bottom where wood and grass were in abundance. The wood was on the same side the stream that the camp was beside; hence the wood is on the opposite side and the men made after in all kinds of costumes from the simple one given by nature to a chilt, or a pair of stockings. I have learned to see comfortable men before starting into the river, roll up their pants above the knees and when half way across find the water would reach only melting the pants but every garment about them. I observed during the night the coil is so densely that no amount of rain can make it unwind.
Tuesday July 18th 1863

The rain continued in the morning and for a time it was doubtful if a movement could be made. About 9 o'clock it stopped raining but a mist was everywhere in the ground, making it as bad as rain in wetting one's clothes. The tall grass in camp was loaded with water and I got on my fur and clothes completely wet. We marched fourteen miles over tolerable fair roads, for some places they were sandy and heavy for the horses. The sand hills are approaching extremely nearer than heretofore and sometimes rising from the very banks and so loose this a horse can get through those with difficulty.

Near our camp these are fresh signs of Indians. Those accustomed to this said these thin tracks were not more than 24 hours old. They had evidently left in great hurry and showing that they had been aware of our approach and fled, taking every precaution to hide their trail and get off in every direction among the hills.
A party was sent out who found two
other different trails written about some
way and that the trail went north. No clue
could be had of what tribe they belonged to
Our Pawnee guides have given me the
name of Pohote the viller which when
translated into English means the hill
climber. This arises from my frequent
climbing hills to take observations.

Very little wild fruit has been found in
this region. I have found some today entirely
new to one called wind cherrie growing
in a pine pinch like a strawberry pine in
the prairies most sandy and desolate places.
The fruit is nearly as large as tame cherries
black when ripe and has a bitter bitter
taste at first but after all not bad to eat.
They can be gathered in bushels on the sand
hills. Occasionally a patch of choke cherry
is found on low bluffs and are very fine.
Wild grapes are sometimes found but
very sour green and small.

Rain most of the day.
Wednesday July 19th
Commenced off Denver at 5 1/2 A.M. The sun came up clear and crisp and the air was just cool enough for marching and we made good progress on very good roads partly thru sand hills. The valley is getting very narrow and in place. There is but little room for a road between the cliff and pines. Then again the valley widens out and there is a fine basin in amphitheater surrounded with sand hills. Patches of brush mostly on islands are scattered at intervals along the river. We passed the mouth of the Dismal River a large clear coming in the loop from the south. Marched seventeen miles and camped in the bottom near the river bank wood and grass plenty. Then a several species of grass here entire different from any that grows on the prairies in the state. One species is very tall and fine. Raind during the afternoon.
Thursday July 20th

The Soup is getting invoke narrow and crisp. So very crooked and full of islands. Timber is disappearing and the fuel wood is now mostly bed. March 18th and camped in a dry pretty well with plenty of grass but little wood. A few fish were caught, mostly small. We found signs of Indians. At one point were marked in the sand three horn shoes and a stick pointing to the west. Our Parker guides interpreted this as an indication that a war party had been there and been up the two branches of the river but met no enemies. The horse shoes indicated that a few horses had been stolen and the track was taken down northward.

A stampede of horses occurred this afternoon but the men were not and stopped most of them and fell. Those were cut of after them into civilians, didn't bring them all back.
Friday July 21

The parties in pursuit of horses not returning we laid in camp until 2 P.M. and then only marched three miles to a place where there was plenty of grass. Wood I fear has disappeared except a little brush which suffices to cook with.

When ready to start a number of men in front refused to go any further the Colonel went to the men and ordered the men in command to march on and shoot the first man who disobeys. The Colonel then his men and the men then thus the first man of a 6 who refused to march when he saw the order he went ahead. The (thrust) had the desired effect and now feel luck. Amery at camp a Court martial was called and the men tried. What the result is has not been printed I hope it will be severe enough to put a stop to the spirit of insubordination which exists and I am sorry to say any of the officers (Note: unclear, possibly a repetition) for a man of energy and determination. And will
not be code even by officers. The game has been keep for two days.

The Lorp is here a deep narrow stream flowing apically over a fieldly bed. A short distance about the hill that it in at full we will have to travel over the cliffs.

Cort Montgomery came back with all the horses but three. He went fifty miles for some of them. It seems that I go into the horses. I have worked hard all day at my post and still there is work to do.

Saturday July 22nd 1863

A cold damp disagreeable day for marching. The rain continues to dry up all the time we were on the road completely saturating our cloths and wetting to the skin. Three or six miles to leave the river and take over the cliffs for some distance. The hills shitting in the valley until it was impossible to cross. We marched 28 miles and camped at 3 P.M. The wind ceased but the grass was cut and...
disagreeable getting around. The stream is getting smaller and very crooked with pinnacles of stone. I turned for eddy at the corner among the cliffs I found some wild currants that were very large and firm also choke berries and nearly full of cherries. The currants were as large as grapes. Another eddy occurred around it here but few logs except some on the other side of the stream. We had to walk up two ascents to indicate it the parties that were out when on up the river. It was pretty dark. Tuesday 17th.

Sunday July 23rd
Resumed the march at 5 a.m. Overhead leading over the cliffs it is found impossible to cross the really any higher, the cliffs are precipitous and approach very near the river. On that it is an easy one to roll out a cannon. Ascending the woods with out effective force for enemy purposes. The water is cold.
and clear and quite ripe with numerous patches of timber upon the banks. If this continues we shall not lack for wood.

The roads are very crooked and wind around the steep hills and sometimes up and down their steep sides. Of course we make our own roads. Getting on some high point the views were magnificent especially when they overlooked the river. Mostly I had not been very well to stay by the river to even out any pleasure this may get to.

March 15, 1863

About nine the clouds cleared away and the sun shone out bright and clear. 

To-night's is raining again.

Monday, July 24

Reveille was sounded long before daylight and the camp in a bustle of preparat.

for marching. We eat breakfast in a hurry, paddled in a hurry and was off about 10 o'clock.

five. It took some time to get the train up

The hills from the valley when we camped it

being steep and sandy.
We left the river at some distance marching among the imperiled hills which cover the country everywhere. It was cool and pleasant marching. Our route was a repetition of the same elevations winding down to yesterday among the hills. Nothing of note occurred on the way. The grader was steady and energetic. A few horses and mules came out and were left. The stock which gives our aid from which we depend and have been run down and overstocked. One fellow sent a horse off behind pulled the whole stock after him. He lives riding and puts in on the abandoned animal and drives his own horse ahead. This newly acquired stock would not go and he had to foot it a mile or two and carry his paddle on his back until he caught up with his own horse.

I saw several deer and antelope—a few we killed. Camped on the bluff overlooking the spring which here is a small creek not more than ten or twelve feet wide running down to stock for water. Wood plentiful. Good food. Marched 17 miles.
July 25

We were off in good time striking off among the bluffs. The hills are the changed places singular ever so being dotted irregularly over the country. The valleys are all known laws in relation to hills. There are continuous ranges the valleys are of all shapes and sizes are entirely distinct from each other. One would think in the neighborhood of a stream running would lead into it from the surrounding country. Not to mention one is as apt to run away for at times as into this. The soil is less fertile today and the roads worse tolerable then the wagons cutting in little little. The quicker knew no wrote about the country. Then the who had to day lead me off on a corner and he performed at least five miles of additional turn in getting to the river to camp. Reaching the camp at 2 P.M. The plenty of grass but our stock of wood or brush. I then picked up a stick of wood to build. The creek is very small with marsh banks is not more than 8 or 9 foot wide and heads short 5 mile above. The camp was near to day then any time on the march.
Ameltop, and dear men Perry. A crook was caught. The flinty form report a trail of pikes and fine going water. Also fine ponds grass and good grass off from the river.
March 18 Miles

Wednesday July 26th
The Group was forced to head about five miles above camp and six miles up the valley and not more than a mile above where the stream commences there is not the first indication grass. The best sent one out with a party-gone to explore the country to the north towards the Missouri in search of water and grass as well as a fresh wind. Another party under Dr. Andersen was sent further west near the now Providence by Dr. Warren in 1856. I took a course over the hills leaving W 35 W noting the hills and valleys over which the breeze as well as an either flake. About five miles out we came to a small shallow pond and in a large valley covered with fine grass. As water was the grand item of my search I took a note of this.
miserable water hole and pushed on just over the ridge and about a mile and a half was another small water hole in a similar valley. A wet marsh was near the bend with a narrow dry ridge between. Over another ridge and another valley was found but no water. The country is a succession of high ridges and narrow valleys coming nearly level and meet with small ponds and good grass in the valleys. The ridges are so dry and generally impossible. We were lucky enough to find practicable passes over the ridge above noon. The horses were much fatigued and were stopped at a water hole to rest. We began the quick march ahead about two miles and find a good sized lake with brush and one box elder tree on the lake. Satisfied with this important discovery, we took the back trail for camp. I had the men march by file in order to make as distinct a trail as possible. By mixing about among the valleys and hills we found an excellent place for a camp and pitched camp there.
4PM The Col was well pleased with my report but future to decide which route to take until Dr. Amblers return I saw considerable game mostly antelope but no buffalos or signs of Indians At dark Dr. Amblers company crossed in The P.M. Dr. Thom was also missed. One of the cannon was hauled upon the hill overlooking camp and fired every ten minutes in order to attract the attention of the many moose and deer. Their course signal rockets were also sent up making a fine display. About 10 o'clock Dr. Amblers came in. He had traveled about 20 miles finding moniker except near camp and might coming on he had resolved to camp out but the firing of our guns attracted his attention and he came in. Dr. Thom came in about 12 o'clock he had been lost among the hills and made the entire circuit of the camp being traveled 75 miles and when our signals were discovered he was 10 miles south of us. Springs are found near camp with excellent water.
Thursday July 24th
The level decided upon this day exploded by an and at an early hour the camp was aboard, and the March commenced. We left the Loap Valley alone when the last trace of water was found. We have this followed by a course for near 300 miles from its mouth to its very source and alone. At first it was over a half mile in width, gradually it decreases in width and volume, until it becomes a narrow, rapid creek flowing down a deep cleft in a mere river that can be easily stepped over with marshy banks. Never before followed a stream so closely as this.

Our course was a good one to dry the train came all right, keeping near up to the column. A few antelope and deer were killed and we obtained a few little for ourselves. We reached the Lake and finding the grass on the other side we camped there, some one set fire to the dry grass and means bordering the Lake and a big fire was the consequence which again the whole command to put out.
This lake we called Lake Raymond from an island we first discovered it.

After dinner Carl Cole and I took a boat over the cliffs to explore the country and discovered another fine lake than the first which I called Lake Cole from one end. It was a fine sheet of water. Plenty of waterfowl and some wading birds from the cliffs magnificent views over stands of St. Lawrence firs. I found some rare cherries and the enjoyed myself much in galloping over the hills.

In front of camp is a fine cove with more 

A boat Boedeman was sent yesterday to explore the shore of today. As the stock is getting worn down we marched out 8 1/2 miles Friday, wind among the hills and through fine valleys. One day I try basin evidently the basin of a lake was surrounded with a strip of timber which was like an oasis in the desert.

Friday July 28th
Although this is a miserable desolate country there are some magnificent scenery so strange and entirely different from anything I have ever seen. We camped on a small stream running northeast. The water was dark and filthy but was the best we could get. Valleys, hills, lakes, ponds and marshes are the characteristics of the country we have gone from Missouri. 8 or 9 miles.

I noticed around Lake Raymond a parapet of mud formed by the action of the wind and water by the grass and refuse matter in the lake floating to the shore and then remaining forming in the course of ages a high embankment nearly as regular and perfect as if formed by the hand of man. This dike or parapet runs nearly around the lake and is from two to four feet high.

Saturday July 29th

We did not march today but remained in camp on Bearmann Creek. This stream is named after Capt. Bearmann.
Who discovered it yesterday and is ahead of Smoke river. There is no sign of the streams and lakes we have met with on this route—hence we are adding to the geographic knowledge of the region I have worked at my plotters all day and have worked up my notes considerably but am still behind. There is a report of topography to publish here. We have splendid grass and our stopping in camp to dry is on their account. There is hogs on the road and the men are searching the country, one for buffalo chips. Fuel is also obtained from cherry roots. On the sand hills the sand cherries grow and at the points sometimes blow the sand entire away leaving the road to dry up and die. Considerable fuel is provided from this source. The weather to day is bright and warm but our best day. Captn. McMurtry went on a reconnaissance and found a stream of cold pure water about 8 miles above. This is a godsend in a region of sand and drift.
Sunday July 30th

We marched to the McMurry creek a clear cold and beautiful stream of water. The best I have found since the expedition commenced. The ridges and hills are higher and more difficult to cross than heretofore, and the valleys are magnifices with most excellent grass. The Col directed me with a party of men to go to the Matrona and cross the distance county. After riding about 8 miles over high step ridges and fine valleys we entered the camp of the mess. The hills are here yet encountered after traveling amongst them and climbing over them I was surprised to find a large clear river flowing rapidly eastward. It was not large enough for the Matrona and we concluded to cross it to Snake River. The troops placed the mouth 100 miles east and turning but a short distance in the country. Thus we then added another item to the geographical knowledge of the country. Crossing this creek and made our way over the country and ascend a high
ill saw the cliffs of the Mattoon in the distance. We estimated it at five miles but when we came to ride over the country found it to be near ten miles. Antelope and deer were very numerous and the crops looked very healthy. At this time we crossed a fine spring of clear cold water. The river was perhaps 50 yards wide, with a very clear and only clear and fine. I had a good bath and it was some little time before the horse part came up. I observed ledges of calcareous rock and rough rock as pebbles in the bottom of the river. Then is plenty of wood along the river. Principally Cottonwood, Box Elder, Ash and Elm. Pine and cedar grew in the bluffs a mile across the river. The banks are high and steep above them. The country is very level and we still have good roads. It was late we set out to return and as soon as possible we got back to camp before dark. One of the horses broke down and was left behind. The men coming back in meant
It was dark before we reached camp and we got a little off our track & heard the boughs of the Comingcottonwood make a sound like rustling by in another way as further difficulty. I told the men the order to keep up a better signal to direct me. I was very tired and was immediate to be after coffee.—Made 8 miles.

Monday July 31st

Left camp on the Mump Creek at 6 A.M. The column winds over the hills in a crooked course. Owing to the difficulty of getting through the sand hills the column moved 7 or 8 miles more than was necessary. A direct road would have taken us The meal and I set ahead to find a road through the sand hills and while on the column found another pond and went in camp before we returned. My horses came near giving out and I had obliged to ride another. Marched 13 miles.
Tuesday August 1st

Capt. McMurry, Aid de Camp, procured a leaded post and with a jackknife smoothed it and then cut letters giving the date and circumstances of the expedition and set it in an elevated point near the crossing of Smoketree Shores others post through after us. They will here find a record of your trouble.

Commenced the march early on a hilly country but not as rough as what we have previously passed through. By crossing among the hills before a good road and after about six miles traverse clim to a smooth plain. While the column was halted I endeavored to discover the mouth of Antelope Creek with a telescope. I saw a depression in the hills at the point we were aiming at which I judge to be the creek. Our guides threatened difficulty and the column divided from its course to the right and after about 4 miles travel on a road over the level plains struck the Miatown river at a ford where a good ford was found and about
....Miles along Antelope creek. Thus proving that I was correct in the location of the village. A crossing was soon effected and camp formed on the bluffs overlooking the mouth of the river. At Ameden I took a few shots in the clear limpid waters of the river. The country changes here materially from that we had been marching over. The hard hills disappear and a clayey, hard clayey soil affords a good road bed and the hills are mere gentle swells over which a wagon can pass anywhere. The grass is short and the country sterile and dry. The bottom of the valley is very narrow and confined between high rocky bluffs offering but little room for trees except a line of cottonwoods. There is room for a foot into the bluff. I discovered a few pine, cedar and buckbrush. In the bottom was cottonwood, ash, hackberry with a variety of dusty and fine large yellow flowers of wild cherry and wild currants. The currants are very fine and while the horses were feeding the crossing I picked a beautiful white shrub and excellent desert or snow. Then many two minutes
of currants, one yellow and one other black and as large as large goose berries. The weather has been quite warm. A strong north wind has prevailed this afternoon.

We have marched 18 miles.

This is my last day. I am 33 years old.

Wednesday Aug 2nd

We started early this morning. I am for my home after these duties. The captain and the guard took him up and I could not get him. I went perhaps a mile on foot which is not to exceed his orders to try a horse. Wind from the north and quite cold. The road was hard and smooth. The country quite level. Whar hills there were were very gradual to ascend. The flaxers there were immense quantities of open all over the plain. The flaxers would drive them onto the column and the men would fire and drive it back the poor folk.
animals ran backwards and forwards until quite exhausted and it was not uncommon to see an antelope with his mouth open and as tired he could scarcely go. An immense quantity of ammunition was expended and perhaps 500 deer and antelope shot. One antelope in breaking through the column actual ran against a man and through him down. We reached a low piece of ground where one of the springs here for and halted and fired again. The cool meant a bit too far a creek but returned to look for us to reach it clear early but cool. Marched 12 miles.

Thursday Aug 3d

It was a bright pleasant morning and the column was under way shortly after sunrise. Winding over the swelling plain the scene looked like a stretched blanket over the plain.
After nine miles travel we came to a range of hills the dividing ridge between the White and Macassar rivers. The wind suddenly commenced blowing and swept over the hill tops penetrating the thickest clothing. We found ourselves among the hills and ravines at the head of Wohdah creek. The ravines were deep and could not be passed and some time was spent in looking up a road running between the ravines. Three miles of climbing over the hill tops brought us to the creek, it required considerable work by the pickers to construct a road down the cliffs and a bridge over the stream. After crossing we went into camp where plenty of wood and grass could be obtained. While the tents were being put up I rode for some miles in the advance to explore the road for tomorrow and as far as I went four excellent posts. A few miles from camp Indian signs were observed about two or three weeks ago.

Dr. Leary & his party while scouting away
The carriers came upon a deer. The officer found but supposed he had missed him. Dr. Richardson came upon him soon after, and found him badly wounded and killed him. Covered it in camp.

Among the carriars is considerable pie of emmer pigg and poor quality. The timber on the stream is Elm, Box, Elder, Cottonwood, Ash and Willow.

About ten miles ahead of us is a high Butte on the right of the line of march called Borer's Pine Jail Butte. It is a splendid land mark and can be seen all over the country. But little gone seen to day.

Marchd 13" Miles

Friday

Wednesday Aug 14th

Marched at 6 A.M. The morning was foggy, but the wind soon cleared it away and I was able to take the team's without difficulty. For five miles the road was among the road, killed some of
course crooked and rough but not very bad. Striking the creek bottom we had one bad a fine feast. Twenty miles brought us to a high range that shut the valley in so that it was impassable. We were more than an hour in looking up a road over the bluffs. The cold did the principal part of the work of exploration. The guides lay down and went to sleep. For the most part they are a braveny and know as little of the country as we. Some took no pains to explore the ford. We had a hard time getting up and over the hill through a slivery rain. We went into camp a mile from the foot of the hill, in a good location. The bluffs on the opposite were very simple and fine, very green and away from the stream. Above and over the North Platte. This country is rich in peregrinets. I have seen fine species of wood and corn and vegetables. Marched 17 miles. Rained this afternoon come drouth.
Saturday
Thursday Aug 8th 1856

It was very foggy in the morning owing to the rain last evening and I could get compass bearings with difficulty. Capt Brentwood's men's provisions were sent in advance to repair roads. About two miles from camp the road ran upon the side of a steep hill and considerable work was required and even then it was not as good as it should have been above the road the land sloughed off a hundred feet almost perpendicularly while below was another perpendicular cliff at the foot of which ran the creek. The rocks and cliffs and crops were wild and romantic while the pines interlacing in the brush added to the impression of wildness of the region. The rocks were invisible being covered with bones, mostly in fragments and solid as the rock itself. One of the head quarters majors while passing this place was tipped completely over. This was the only accident of the day though we had a hard road most of the day. At one point we dug a road
four feet deep up a steep bank. Among the crevices on the opposite side of the valley there were some with a tall prairie-corn, they growing up about a hundred feet, which we called ‘light house rock’ and another with a form like a dome or cone — public building which I called dome rock. Our road was very crooked and we marched only seven miles. Bright and pleasant day. Clefts on the Wounda knee creek where was plenty of wood and excellent buffalo grass. I noticed several varieties of fine wild flowers entirely new to me. Among them was a sort of milkweed with a white border around the leaves which was very beautiful.

Sunday August 6th

We ascended the Sparagle down Wounda knee creek following the valley which occasionally overhanging our horses. Pleasant groves of pines with the
creek winding from side to side of the valley, and generally fringed with a growth of trees and brush. Occasionally the bluff and creek prevented further progress when a road would be sought out along the side of the hills until a favorable place could be found for descending into the valley and marching over level roads. After an hour or two marching we found the ground wet and in many places muddy from recent rains. The creek too was high and muddy. The rain of the 4th which occasionally reached us here drenched the whole surface and we found rain-soaked areas nearly dry now a flowing stream and the loose fields soil ready to sink our horses as we drew knees obliging us to build a few bridges. As we approached White River the hills sloped more gradually and we found it easy traveling along their sides and over them. About noon we came upon a hill overlooking White river...
valley which was about a mile and a half wide. Reaching the river one
found it thick and muddy and nearly as white as milk occasioned
from the washing of the recent storm. A sediment of grass and had been
deposited on each bank from two to three feet in depth making the horses
and falling the wagons so that it was necessary to build a corduroy
road from the water to the bank above.

The trains all came in in good order
and crossed the river.

At this point we enter the Bad
Lands or "Mazasim Yeres" or in
other words the Devil's Land and judging
from appearances a few miles away
from the river it is the Devil's own
country. The Cole and I mounted
our horses just as night and rode
out two or three miles returning after
night. The moon shone beautifully and
it was a fairy night. March 15
Miles
Monday August 7th

We broke up camp quite early and were marching at 5:30 a.m. For the first four or five miles we had a level or gentle Harveys Feet trail. In places the ground was soft and muddy, requiring us going through the Prairie dog towns when the earth had been dug up and sand has entirely disappeared and the clay which is usually hard as a rock is now soft and muddy. There were many

been an enormous amount of rain fell here. We soon entered the Bad Lands and here the earth was perfectly bare with not a particle of vegetation for a mile or two, and strewed over with fragments of rock generally granite feldspar, lime and iron rocks. I collected many fine specimens of many entire great or one. Occasional

aridity of the plain would be a high mass of baked clay in the form of
a pyramidal column or temple crowd
with tall tapering spires and minarets
and curt by the wind and storm into
a variety of fantastic shapes. One we
called Temple Rock. Another Light
Horse rock. Another Cupola Rock
Dome rock. Hell Gate. Pyramids
Rock and other other names ever
bestowed. Poets may pen of Chemung
Rock andcient explorers dive
with sceptre on it. Then But no
monster or other scenery I ever could
en come up to this is wildness and
the strange beauty. It was grand in its
extent. My horse came near
giving out at 10 am with difficulty
I got him into camp. The day was
quite warm — in fact the thermometer
have had Occasions through spring
in the summer. It could洗脸 pass ever
be obtained of the Black Hills with
spring after Marching 10 miles
Had I time I would write more of this strange region and its geological formation.
I have seen for myself the land and strike them all of them.

This is truly a land of desolation. Its sparse trees here and there I have seen.

Flocks of birds have been seen in the sky, flying off towards the Black hills.

Thursday Aug 8th

The day opened without a cloud and as the sun approached the meridian it became extremely hot. The greater portion of the prairies being bare and destitute of vegetation reflected the rays and added to its intensity. The horses and oxen were so much affected by the heat that many teams gave out entirely and the trains
did not all arrive until late at night.

A mile from camp the road led down a steep bluff, which required much care in descending to prevent accidents. A few of the officers struck off from the road to the right to collect specimens among the bare cliffs near the head of Bear Creek. I went a short distance with them, but my duties on the post prevented my going far from the line of march. I obtained some fine specimens of rock and petrifications and saw the presence of a petrified tree trunk, whose rings were living at least three feet across his shell. Others of the party found one that was at least ten feet across. Displaced there is a place where the fossil lutes are piled on top of each other and one is thirty feet across. They have been washed down from the cliffs and are more or less petrified, but not enough remains to get the outlines and size. Most bones were also found one as large as a man and Dr. Richardson found a woolly mam.
imbedded in the rock and about entire quite a number of enormous teeth were also found. This is really the most singular region imaginable and the French voyageurs were right in thinking it Mawasis Debrae or the Devil's join. At length we ascended a long steep hill and left the valley of death behind and soon a level smooth road to Shyanne river. Game began to appear. The first fine putting the Bad Lands near the Shyanne was a high steep hill down which we descended into the valley. The Shyanne is a large tree now and often swallows and mudflats from recent rains. The water is thick with the foam that has washed from the neighboring hills. I was late when we reached camp and every body was used up. I lay down on my cot and did no thinking or other work but eat my supper. Thank God we are now out of the Bad Lands and for one I have had enough of them. March 15 Miles.
Wednesday August 9th

No movement to day. The teams and horses are to anchors in order of feed and order to push them very far this hot weather.

I have progressed very finely with my job also selected a place for crossing the river. The water is more like mud than any Illin mud hole and generally the bottom of the river is covered with mud from one to four feet deep. It was some time before I could find a hard gravel bottom all the way across. On the opposite side is splendid grass, an abundance of wood and a fine camping ground. Quite a number of elk are present brought in as pile as deer and other game. Elk are in great abundance on this stream and the whole command is feasting on elk near. Nothing of any account has occurred in camp to day aside from preparing a bed for crossing. Weather hot. We are now near 200 miles from Canaka.
Thursday August 10th

The grass being exhausted about our camp and there being any amount of the most excellent quality on the opposite side of the stream. The camp was moved about a mile. The ford proved an excellent one and there was no delay with the train in column in crossing. The bluff-hewn were very steep so that the teams could not ascend them with their loads. Heavy details of men were made and ropes attached to the wagons and with 30 or 30 men to assist each team the train was soon all up the bluff and corralled on the bluff.

Our camp was an excellent one with trees and shade and a fine level expanse the best camp since the expedition commenced.

Made considerable progress with my platts. On expedition sent one to Elk creek reports seeing a buffalo. My horse is too lame and used up to go further and I will be obliged to leave him.
Friday August 11th

The column did not start until six A.M., and after all the regimental trains had been taken up to the bluffs, we then struck off over the plain which was level for some miles then low hills with a gentle slope, that did not impede the teams in the least. We forced pools jacket on the highest prairie but it was some other mixture with alkali. The road was covered with coarse smooth gravel and was as hard and smooth as an unadamized road. We reached Elk creek about noon but found nothing but the dry bed of the stream. To all appearances it was perfectly dry. Cottonwood and other winter grasses grew upon the banks and there was every indication of water. This had once the appearance of being a stream and not being one many I declared. After a thorough pecking water was found in pools in the creek bed sufficient for the stock in a bow caravan and also were dry for the use of the men and good water Mance March 14 miles.
Saturday Aug 12th

We broke up camp shortly after sunrise starting earlier than at any time since being on the march. About three miles from camp we found several good springs furnishing water sufficient for the command. The road was over a gently rolling prairie for ten miles and the traveling was excellent. I observed on the slopes of the hills regular rows of green corn one of the country and looking over like a closely mown meadow when the winds are visible. Reaching the divide separating Elk and Bear creeks the cliffs towards the latter were quite steep but a good road was found to go down them. On these bluffs I collected a number of fine specimens among which were pieces of obsidian, fine specimens of petrified wood also shells and portions of the internal structures of ammonites marine animals. I observed fragments of shell fish that must have been ten or twelve feet across. The whole
any of hills in places are entirely composed of the remains of these monsters. Exposure to the air and storms had pulverized them and others were broken in large fragments yet the outlines of turtles and large shell fish could be distinctly traced. I found portions of the remains of some marine animal beautiful concretes with joints and contours for miles our horses crushed at each step crushed and ground to atoms the remains of a past but once living age. Only think of mountains of fossils that for ages have been mouldering away and becoming portion of the soil until tills points outlined here and there indicate that the earth and rocks we are standing upon was once living and animate matter. This is truly a singular region here are indications of volcanic action and a deep strongly comminuted marine fossils and formations from flat laying side by side we camped on Bear Lake creek a dry stream except puddles of water in trees, but at times this is as large as a river and the & 20; dry
Channel is in many places 100 feet wide and 20 feet deep with a small growth of Box Elder Cottonwood and Ash timber. On an Elm tree was the name of an Indian chief, possibly folded up in Buffalo robes and blankets. The buryers and left the Omaha took it down and examined the contents. That day the sun was shining down upon the dry and dusty earth. Bear Butte is plain in sight. From short days March will bring us there. It is a very prominent land mark.

We are now within 15 or 20 miles of the foot of the Black Hills.

March 14th

Sunday, Aug 13th

It was a bright pleasant morning when we commenced to march. But after an hour or two a high wind arose from the North, nearly blowing us off our feet. I scarcely never saw the wind look so powerful after which it began to abate and we
Our course for ten miles was next up Bear Creek until in ran out and then was no more. We then went north across a divide to a creek that has no name. There was but little water and it in beds in the creek be plenty good but little grass. We called the creek Bear Minnie, Waka on creek or Broken Arter. We traveled 19 miles.

Monday Aug 10th.

We left camp at 6 A.M. taking a line for Bear Butte for four or five miles we had a gradual ascent and a very fine road. When on the table the plain has very level and smooth and on made a bee line for other Butte for three miles when coming to a spring. The course was changed northerly to the North Branch of Bear Butte Creek where we found fruit another grass and wood. The valley was about a mile wide but...
over the whole were drift wood indicating a high stage of water at a very recent date. We camped about the Tonlépom, at the foot of the Butte and after dinner, a party of officers with myself set out for Mt Butte. We galloped over the plain and up the side of the Butte as far as we could go with horses (there being none) and then with ordelius we clambered up the steep rocky bluff until we stood on a pinnacle and were astonished to find a deep valley between us and the main peak. The only other alternative was cleaning down and then up up up the precipices rocky sides until late in the mesmerizing the topmost height of Butte But. I never saw a finer view South as was the Black hills and all around it. A naked plain covered with streams at the foot of the Butte men the two creeks our camp so 4 miles of butte, very fine. The men in camp cooked with their men's sticks, Bear Butte is about ten miles.
from the Black hills and rises only
the level plain 1500 feet. All around
is level. This is holy ground for
Indians and many other presents to
the great spirit in the shape of beads and
other things. So that has been left. The
quests of beads and bells stuck up by the
Indians. On my back I found a very
fine piece of iron. Also I found two
cremated bones of iron and some very fine
glass. Which is in the United States
of America and they are immemorial. In
addition to this a hill on this plain. On
this hill bones and Orthosorin fossils
and some shells and Orthosorin fossils
I find a pile of rotten wood on this hill.
This is a bad offender. At the level around it
is even ground. Also and drift ice could
be seen, but little. This has been an
interesting day for me. Still no trace of
Indians. About 20 miles north of this
But a large draw was observed which was
supposed to be caused by a herd of buffalo.
Marched 14 miles.
Tuesday Aug 15th

Leaving our camp on the South fork of Bear Butte Creek we struck directly across a ridge in a northwesterly direction and into the valley of Butte Creek which we followed for a short distance and then crossed the creek above and entered the low hills leading to the creek on the north and was proceeding steadily over a fine road when one of the guides came back and informed us that the road could be much improved by striking across the hog according to course this evening and we soon were among hills again and saw broken ground over which it was almost impossible to cross and enter it with our horses. The trail was made by the guides who had led him off his course and from that moment we were off the trail. We finally came to Whitewoods Creek and camped there. The Creek was near dry, but there was good grass and an abundance of Oak trees along its course. This is almost the only water I have seen on the March.
of a poor quality. We had an excellent
breakfast and tumbled over high and it was
flagrant, and very dry or my maps
No indication of looking for as yet
been seen. Whence are they is the inquiry
The country is for the most part dry and
sterile, the hills are bare and composed of
dry clay. A cloud of dust rises on the
earth, and hides the column for a few
in the bottoms along White Wood each
the pole is over but too dry for successful
collection. March 12th, Miles

Wednesday May 16th
Our course now changed continued to
dry to get on the other as planned, and
also to avoid some low hills in part for
a few miles the road was rocky but
very dry. We soon came among the tops
of the Black Hills and found a small
ing of timber on the hills. Further on the
peaks were clothed with pine that looked
full and excellent for lumber or timber.
For twelve miles the good was very good and agreeable. When we ascended a long hill of easy grade and suddenly came to a steep ascent precipice on the other side. No place could be found to go down into the valley so the column turned to the right on the north side, over the side, down a ravine and found itself along a clean, clear, pure, water flowing with a swift current from the Black Hills. On the well was excellent for and one stuck up against in the tall grass some very fine fish were caught from the river. This is the most beautiful valley and finest stream I have ever seen from their to the foot of it, and filled with the most beautiful scenery and scenery for ever. There is very little rocks, reyes among the Black Hills. There was much the pulse about this sick some continued their was in the North Chyanne. But its size and the coarse it ran connected with the country.
This beautiful valley seems the Ni-
collins in Missouri and Shows
this begin over to settle here will be
a fine location. A few dear new tales
The trains came in in good time though
suffering from want of order We expected
the dry creek beds I like this country
much do it is far better than the plains
when the earth is parched and dreary.
Marched 18 miles

Wednesday
Thursday August 17th

It was a cool fine morning for marching and
with the romantic scenery around, of mountains
looking protectively about upon us, a swiftly
flowing stream of pure water mammifying over
its rocky bed--and a bees of luminous
vegetation clinging the steeple so inspired
the comment that they were living
joyfully along, commandant of those days.
behind and the scenes of dreary wildness we had passed through. Our course up the valley of the creek nearly met three or four miles from camp. We crossed a large stream coming from the mountains and emptying into the San Juan drainage area. Another small stream crossed our route which stemmed from the base of Iron Peak which arose in solemn grandeur about four or five miles to the south. We called this stream of pure limpid water Peak creek from its rising from that mountain. I observed that the bluffs were composed of red clay stone rock which eroded out all from the hill sides. The soil was of a reddish color of the nature called colluvial soils in the State, viz. This was dry and of a deeper red. The bluffs at times narrowed the valley down to small dimensions, and these again in wide valleys out and to a considerable area. Coming to a stream flowing from among the hills across the prairie desert.
of we searched for a crossing. My attention was attracted by the sound of falling water and hastening to the spot found a splendid cascade where the stream plonged over a series of rocks a height of seven or eight feet. Above the waterfalls was a good crossing over which the command passed. The stream was clear and limpid and falling over the rocks in a succession of cascades. For half a mile streaming into the main river it was a most beautiful stream and I could not admire it too long. This stream had its origin in a lake of pond little more than a mile wide. It entered the river. The lake was about two yards across and in the center was a barely-pierced capsized across one of which the whole column of water came rushing up. This was most a singular place. The lake looked much like the crater of an extinct volcano and the fume where the same river was several hundred feet deep and could not be sounded. We called the stream Cascade Creek. I subsequently learned that in the Black Hills was an almost inaccessible
vally four or five miles long and a mile across and surrounded with a perpendicular wall of rock within are several ponds large Spy and many small streams issuing from the campfire of rocks these ponds into the good at the lower extremity of the valley and after flowing under the surface of the earth spring came out at this place and forms Kaskaskia creek. The valley in the mountains where the waters have their source is called Vagaries hole from one Vagaries an Indian leader and trapper who proceeded in descending into it and caught large numbers of beavers there. Around the margin of the lake are large beds of matter resembling ashes and alkaline deposits in which one would think over his shoes if very dry and light as ashes in the summer and water plants and many of them petrifed and turned to stone I collected some specimens that were very beautiful. Many of the rocks around them of an alkaline formation and many very peculiar in appearance. We camped
here and after dinner I was out with
the quire to explore the country ahead. We found
a practicable route over Mt. Jeddy into the
next valley, where was a small stream
near it. In climbing up the hill I got
a good place to make observations. I find
some of the most singular fossils I ever saw
big sheep at the end and pond like a fish
or serpent and of all eyes from the pica
pie stone to two inches in diameter. Of
cause a number was collected for my
home cabin. Returning to camp I had
to make a line in crossing the
stream and was glad to find that several
fish had been caught and served up for the
mess. They were most excellent and weighed
from two to five pounds a piece.

A negro died this day belonging to the 12th
Cavalry being the first death in the camp.

This is the most romantic country I
have ever seen I learned the main stream
was called Red Rock river. We named the various
becks Rapid creek, Clear Creek, Park creek, Cascade
Creek. Marched 64 miles
Friday August 18th,

We made our way over the ridge one a most excellent day requiring but little work by the Pioneers. Some large beds of gypsum and many ancient fossils descend into the valley we follow it up about five miles also camping. The soil was dry except a occasional puddle standing in the bed. The pines and cluff here are covered with pine bunting which is dead from fires.

While walking through the grass in the bottom in search of my horse which had stayed during a temporary halt I came upon a rotton emaciate I then sprang at me but failed to miss me by a second or two I was fat to 11/2 feet of flesh but right wings and killed my dog.

To any person alone from the 16th Kansas Caflie I have made this way from I Laramie River the Black hills and come as near big pine as anywhere.
from our marching column and took us to camp and prepared for fight. The enemy were uncertain as to where the next one would come to camp. We had a pleasant time. They had seen many Indians among the plains. Two miles to the back of the road were two pricks and a burnt tree, meeting in the centre of the column, in a deep ravine behind ours and for a first deep hill. As we march behind ours and for a few deep little trees follow our trail. They had the large mile for the command but? Many letters for one.

Saturday Aug 19th

Our course in the morning for about three miles was up the valley until the creek ran off. Then we turned north, upon the ridge and followed it several miles until another creek which ran north and empty into the Bynanne. There we noted the creek where an escarpment is but there was a splendid outlook.
the timber being about as thick as it could stand. Our corn was generally a good one. We reached the Cheyenne shortly after ten. It was a small muddy stream at the present time, but then there indication that at times it is a large body of water. At present it is only shallow water. It is deep with high banks, that crash with every storm. Grass was scarce but wood and muddy water was plenty. I passed the afternoon reading up the news from the papers received last night.

Marched 10 miles.

Sunday Aug 20th.

We left camp at 6 1/2 A.M. The trains started earlier and was over the river before the column moved. We were glad to bid goodbye to the Cheyenne and the land of desolation through which we had gone gaining the summit of the hills on
The north side which were at least 11 miles from the river I was struck with the scene of peculiar desolation everywhere presented. The hills heaved about 10 miles into the valley of a broad empty river, into the Chryame. And the dividing ridge between the two streams were mounds of hills irregularly scattered over the country entirely composed of a thin ash which looked as if blackened by fire and then powdered up and kept up by the winds. Not a particle of vegetation grew on those mounds which are evidently caused by volcanic action. I never saw a more desolate or forbidding region. The valley was equally desolate nothing at all cactus and sage brush grew in this valley. The creek was not running but there was considerable water standing in holes that were sometimes ten feet deep and clear and wholesome. In this region the soil is very soft and subject to being washed off easily. I packed over
places which looked dry but my mind was not yet made up. I kept crossing and as one time I thought my horse would never get out. Sometimes on the dry plains the horses would sink into the dust over their hoofs.

After a march of nine miles we pitched camp in the evening among pine trees. There was plenty of wood and water but a scarcity of grass. The last sent me with a small party in search of the Little Missouri River. We started in a north-west direction and after a few miles ascended the bluffs on the other side of the valley. Such a scenery depicting I think serene and peaceful. The Bad Lands no vegetation and nothing but dry ravines devoid of grass.

Ahead upon aches of Martin fossils were piled upon each other and covered the ground for miles. The country was so hilly and with quicks that it was impossible to cross.
in any direction first one would meet with I would be a cut 30, 40 or even 50 feet deep and perhaps not more than 25 feet across leaving our course a few degrees to the left and I found better traveling but still very rough. While going around a hill I was informed that a better way on the other side I at once mounted to the top of the hill and come enough far a good eye along making his way among the Indians as uncondemned as thought there was no danger near I expect he did not see us. Some of the boys came up on the other side and when he saw them off he just in a hope coming to a river he climbed down as handy as a man and came up on the other side and set off again as a rest place when a bullet was sent through his flanks he turned and was mortally wounded the man who had wounded him when another bullet was sent through his heart and with a deep moan he fell and died immediately.
To make considerable detours to get to him but got in first on the ground and from him I leased him. The deed he was a young gray bear perhaps two or three years old and weighed so I left all the part except one to skin and take the skin of the bear while I went to the Sidney river there discovered the give about 6 or 8 mile distant I was too late to go further and I returned and assisted in dressing the bear and then fastening his head to my paddle started to camp with meat with all. We had gone about 40 miles when another grey bear and her cubs was seen. Three of the men started off toward them and were split close to discover they then started off. For the men headed into towards me the tried to get to the woods but the long headed them off and heagendown the valley towards us. Mr. Sargent Hamiltons have got wired in the end.
and another one of the corps rode like the bear and we and he rode him toward the coach who was foot in the mud and his foot under the horse. The bear made for him but the coach made his escape on foot and the bear escaped to the woods an got away. So much for a foolish old bear I go with us. Dear but I debt escape out the woods, Army of corps about eleven our bear made quite a pesentation. This is my first bear adventure. Sir Hamilton is a brave man and did try but came near pulling a cricht to Old foibles of arboretum.

March 9, miles
besides the bear expedition.

Monday August 31

When camp was around this morning Savillacre, one of our Panne guides was found dead in his bed. He told a beastly
supper of Bear meat and went to bed as well as all appearances as any of us but this morning he was dead. The other Indian mourns considerably and has taken his bow, arrows & to come to his friends in the tribe. There was also a poor old died and was buried near a tree on an elevated piece of ground. These are the first deaths in the command except a negro a few days ago.

After passing up the valley to the pick he crossed over into another valley which led to the little Miccosmi river. We had a long marching 21 miles. The day was hot and the dust thick and disagreeable. Reaching the river we found considerable water in pools but only a small stream flowed over the sopples There was but little grass. The region was a very desolat one with little vegetation except sage brush and cactus. We saw many sage hens like a prairi chicken
a little larger and with dark breasts. There were many Old Indian signs but none of a recent date, Elk and Bear sign were also plentiful.
March 21 - Miles

Tuesday Aug 23rd

We followed down the Little Missouri river in a North East direction. The road was very good. We followed an old Indian trail that was well worn. A few fresh Indian sign was discovered all leading northward as if following from us. We went into camp at 11 A.M. Plenty of wood and water but little grass. 1 Windy and muddy.
March 22 - Miles

Wednesday Aug 24th

A scout of nineteen men were sent to try and find the Box Elder Fork.
a stream supposed to be from 15-25
30 miles westward. The road crossed
the region entirely destitute of vegetation.
The earth was dry and parched up.
My idea of the cause of this desti-
titude is owing to an absence of moisture
and rains except at certain seasons
when it rains down and runs off
carrying much of the soil from the
hills, and depositing it upon the plains
where all the vegetation that has started is
covered up and killed out. We camped
on a creek coming in from the lakes
and about two miles from the river which
we crossed in the morning. Discovered
Indian sign March 19 miles.
In the afternoon St. Kelley came
across a grizzly Bear and killed him.
I have not learned the particular that
Bear was seen but not interfered with.
Our expedition in search of the Bear elders
found the stream but very little gross
land it was decided to follow down it.
Little Missouri another day when it was reported grass was plenty. Keep one day for the stock to rest as and then start over to the Box Elder. While at the Box Elder, an exploring party were quietly roasting and grilling their horses. It appears that Col. Walker of the other command sent a similar expedition to ours also discovered our men and took them for Indians, and put back to their camp as fast as their horses could carry them in fact, as fast as all their horses played out except one and the next day it was certainly reported all through the command that the 16th or 17th Indians and had a fight.

Thursday August 24

Went down the river along the west bank over a good road but boulder and develope with no sign of vegetation except cactus and sage brush and even then was dried and driven. Capt. M. Murray sent by the army.
is veryingenious, a capital fellow and a particular friend has spent considerable time in the construction of an odometer. To-day for the first time it was attached to a wagon in wheel and found to work admirably. Hereafter I hope to depend upon gauging our distances.

We reached camp at 11 and to our surprise found plenty of gross and fine camping from which we got good to see our help toilsome and exhausted animals pitch into it. A poor soldier died to-day and was buried in this for of again this disease was raging which is affecting quite a number of men.

March 11 Miles

Friday August 25

Remained in camp reasonably close and animals, a party which were sent down the river towards mountains in each side the river which gives
closing in onornado to the valley Antelope Box Elder seems due west 30 miles distant and a good road

Saturday August 26

Set out fine camping ground at an empty pond and marshes across the valley toward Box Elder. The road was a good one, and for 13 miles to the summit of the divide. There was plenty of game and fine scenery. Mountain horns half on either side at the distance of from two to three miles and their rocky precipitous sides and peaks were cut by storm front and wind until the latter received old snows. One in the distance was like a church with steeple and steeple all very like the real church. Crossing the divide and driving into the Box Elder Valley (we again found a dry cress and splendid sagebrush in grass except a very little along the stream which was dry except in puddles
The day was hot but much long and tiresome and I suffered from a kick headache and for a few hours was very sick. Dr. Anderson gave me a dose of medicine which relieved me. I found some big curious boulders of petrified vegetables roots and also some peculiar rock. Dr. Anderson found a jaw bone different from that of any animal nor living nor full of teeth.

March 20 miles

Sunday August 27

Left Box Elder crossing the river in a south west direction across a most miserable country as far as vegetations concerned but I endeavored for traveling. We went only nine 1/2 miles and knowing what the country was farther ahead chose to stop where grass could be found rather than risk finding a herd of bison or other good meat in a bush leading all to...
Elder.  Saw traces of a large herd of buffalo which had passed within a few miles of our camp.  Began to know their laws in this district begin.  Finished reading very hard.

Marched 9 1/2 miles.

Monday, August 28th.

The road in our advance had only been explored 12 miles with no signs of grass and water. But it was supposed that both these necessary refreshments could be obtained within 20 miles and it was resolved to push on and trust to luck to find a camping place. We had a good road and an easy grade up the divide over a dry barren country destitute of vegetation, except a few cacti and prickly pears. Three miles from camp there was a mountain, a mile left of our line of march. Dr. Anderson and myself ascended the mountain and had a grand view of the country for twenty miles around. Before us to the west was the Valley of Desolation, a mile stretch of valley
filled with gorges, canons, perpendicular walls, rock, crags, cliff, &c. torn and jagged and rent in all conceivable shapes and forms. To all appearance it was impossible to pass over it and we turned our course to the right skirting this wild scenery. While on the mountain we saw a buffalo stately strolling across the plain about a mile distant. Dobson and his orderly men in the advance and also saw him (and dashed after him). The Buffalo soon saw his pursuers and set off all at once the two horses after him and gaining on him after a mile or two overhauled him and got a shot at him and finally killed him. The sun poured down its hot and pro-\[\text{ching rays, no water or grass could be found and both men and beast began to suffer.}
still we pushed ahead slowly over the rolling plain. At Hoyle's land was sent ahead to find a camp. and went back word that the head found some water. We hurried ahead in the direction indicated and soon came to the rough breaks near the head of a green arm.
not. In the ravine where the creek existed was a thread of brush and timber. We followed it down three miles and found two pools of milk and brackish water, which was made up along before half the command had been provided with it. There being no man and no gross in the place we changed the course at once and endeavored to reach Powder river but on reaching the top of the bluff we found it impassable. We started the precipice for the other three miles looking down for hours of feet into the gorges below but an opening being for by which we could get down we were obliged to turn back to the creek we had left. While looking over the desolate valley before us Occasionally a Buffalo could be seen on the bare ridge or in the deep ravine looking as unconcerned as though none of his modern enemies were near. Some of the boys clam bled down the steep rocky sides of the streams and killed some of them. I learned that during the day 7 Buffalos and one bear had been killed. The sight of a huge buffalo killed and the living marsh all beneath the alighting of the white commanders and was something new for us.
Reaching the creek we found no water and fol
lowing it down until dark we still found none
and was obliged to stop from fatigue. No tents
were pitched! Officers and men stretched them
selves down on the ground and covered out the
night horses, mules and most of the men
had had neither water or anything to eat for
twelve hours, and were needed down and with
buyers and others. I moved the first second
regiment marches without the men having had
for an hour and a half a small quantity of meat
before entering the town. It
was resolved to push on at daylight and
by some means get down the steepies with
the valley and up to the Powder river. We
sleep on the ground, but the night was warm
and we suffered no inconvenience for it.
Marched 80 miles

Tuesday Aug 29

As soon as day began to dawn
and it was light enough to distinguish
objects. Boots and saddles were donnéd.
and the march commenced. Captain Maxcy and Mr. Raymond had late the evening before discovered a pass down the bluffs which they thought could be made practicable for the train and command to go down. Accordingly the column was headed in that direction. One of the guides was half a mile ahead when near the top of a hill we saw him put his pack to his horse and almost at the same moment a large buffalo emerged from a thicket and went cantering over the plain, with the guides after him. This being early just as the dawn of day, looked picturesque and exciting. The day sped on but the buffalo escaped, coming to the brink of the precipice we could look down upon the bare cliffs and crops below, but saw no place to decently about 7 or 8 miles to the west we could see the waters of Powder river glittering in the sickly sun of a mile valley with trees and grass spread out in the distance before us but no way to get to this inviting place. Finally a place was discovered that was nearly practicable and we Pioneers set to work.
making a road down the steep ascent and by 7 o'clock the command was in the valley percenting its way among the cliffs towards the river. Settlements of mines had to be made in the road, passes filled & c which delayed the column but by 8 o'clock all the commissary train was in camp. The poor mules could not bring it along and it was left about four miles from the river. We found a fine stream of flowing water but little mud and with fine groves of cottonwood on the banks and plenty of grass. The valley was from one mile to four miles wide and was nearly an enchanting place when compared to the country passed over by us for hundreds of miles. The camp was in a fine shady grove and was very present. But our poor stock looked rebel put toil. Conceived had no feed or water for 32 hours. The weather being extremely hot which used many of them up so that the road was studded with gamer horses and miles March 15 miles.
Wednesday August 30th

A party was sent to the river to explore the course of the Yorke River and the Panther mountains which is supposed to be from 25 to 30 miles away. At the latter point our place of rendezvous with Ken Connor is designated. As the one to remain in camp several days to receive stock I embrace the opportunity to bring up my plate. I also designate a place to fold the river and stroll on the country a mile or two. After leaving the immediate bank of the river the country is bosom and desolate like the whole region around this whole region is filled with the finest veins of coal sometimes ript and ten feet thick and exposed in every hill side. I never saw it so plenty and so easy of access. It is mostly bituminous but some few specimens of anthracite was also found. The eddies in the river is filled with coal dusts carried there by the waters. Our stock is basking upon the rich grass of the valley. It does one good to see them enjoy it.
Thursday August 31st

I have done but little to day but plott and am making considerable progress with my maps. Several of the 16th Kansas came to see us. Their regiment is encamped ten miles below us. Both commands are waiting the return of our scout from Tongue river before making any further movements. Standing parties are patrolling the country for many miles and finding abundance of Buffalo. Their meat is a delicacy for us. Weather clear and pleasant. The nights are however quite cool and I need all my blankets to keep comfortable.

Friday August 31st

Worked at my plott quite steadily and am making fair progress. Our scout returned from Tongue river and Pawnee Mountains, and reports a healthy and
desolate region without water or grass. Panther Mountain is 137 mile distant and Yorge river 23 mile and a very rough country to travel over. They hadn't heard anything of Kent Connell. It was resolved to move tomorrow down the river instead of venturing in such a desolate country. A smoke was seen to the north which is supposed to be a signal from Kent Connell. About 5 AM, the camp was started by one of the pickets rushing in and reporting Indians stampeding and driving off the stock which had been sent to graze about two mile away on the opposite side of the river. Bows and arrows was found and the few horses in camp mounted and a small detachment under Capt. Rollans dashed off in the direction indicated in pursuit. All I could learn was that 36 or 40 Indians came dashing among the stock and tried to shoot it. But if being topped did not break and run, so each Indian took two or three horses apiece and made off.
them. The guard consisted of but four or five men; they were taken by surprise and fled except one man who fired away at them five or six times and hit one Indian, and thinks he wounded him fatally. The Indians being too many for him, he finally retreated. Capt. Rolans had only about a dozen men and soon overhauled the Indians, but they had been reinforced and now numbered 50 or 60; gave the Capt. and his party flight, and soon killed two and wounded two men. Other Indians were observed coming to the assistance of those with whom the Capt. was engaged and the Capt. retreated after killing two Indians. On his return, extra parties were sent out in every direction I had previously mounted my horse and went about three miles above to a high hill to see if any of the savages could be seen. Seeing nothing of Indians, men passing from camp, I went to the nearest party and learned the particulars.
of Capt. Rollins fight. I went with them to the place and saw one man stretched upon the ground cold and still in death. Another bloody and disfigured object was observed a few hundred yards off approaching as he had no clothes but a shirt was taken for an Indian, and a charge made upon him when the hand object was found to be one of our own men. He had been shot several times with arrows and his head horribly gashed and the stripped of his clothing and left for dead. His shirt was torn and bloody, his head and hair one mass of blood and deep gashes on his face and head besides arrow wounds, from which the blood was oozing made a most horrid sight. He was moved and cared for as soon as possible. A little way further on was another poor fellow sitting with agonies, his body pierced with arrows, and at several holes through his stomach. He had been scalped and his skull was completely bare. He likewise had been stripped and was a most pitiable object to behold.
Water was given him and everything that could be done, but we all knew he must die. In a ravine a few hundred yards away was another dead body, making two dead and two wounded. It was soon learned that the ravine was only a few men were out in pursuit of the Indians and Capt. Rolland was sent to assist and bring him back. Soon two of the men came in and reported him falling back and the Indians after him and four men out of ammunition. Of course the Captain hurried on as fast as he could together with a company of the 16th Kansas. The doctors and ambulance were on the ground after him down and carried the dead and wounded men to camp. One poor fellow died before reaching camp. It was an hour after dark when I reached camp and learned of the fighting beside Capt. Rolland. The Indians ran upon a front line of three men dismounted and shot two of them.
But the other knowing this it was death to run and expecting death anyway resolved to sell his life dear as possible and shot two of the Indians and drove the others away. He went and scalped one of the dead Indians and then hurried for camp. He soon over a party of men and they went to the place just in time to drive the Indians a second time who were after their dead comrades, and succeeded in capturing two of their ponies. There are various reports as to the number of the Indians some estimate it as high as 300. It is known that four of the Indians were killed and it is thought more at least quite a number are wounded. Our losses as near as I can count is up to 6 men dead 8 men seriously wounded and three slightly wounded and from 20 to 50 horses.

In the evening two of our men were coming into camp and were fired on by the pickets and both wounded but not very seriously. The pickets were overly confidence.
and fired before giving the agricola challenge. I think this sharp work will make us more careful in the future. It has developed the presence of hostile Indians all around us. We had seen none before and very few old signs and the men and officers then suspected. This is a sad lesson for us, and I hope it will not be thrown away unheeded. We are now in the heart of the enemies county 800 miles from civil. The loss of animals and stores will be the ruin of us all. Besides we have but very little provisions left, and unless we meet Kenton soon we will be in a bad fix.

Saturday Sept 7th

We did not march until 8 AM the time being occupied in burying the dead Indian and preparing our own dead for burial. It was thought advisable not to bury our dead far from this place as the Indians might come and discover...
Them and mutilate their bodies so they were laid up in blankets and buried at camp. This evening, the wounded man died shortly after reaching camp, making very three have died and one missing, a total loss of seven. Our loss of horses was about 20.

It was supposed that the 12th Mo. Clear had lost 5 men but they came into camp to-day. They had been on a long and hard march farther than they supposed and went all night, being cold a part of the time.

We ascended down the west side of Powder river, the 16" Kansas in advance over a rough and sterile country. About one P.M. we came to a deep ravine which could not be got around and a road was dug down the bank 20 feet and then up the same distance the other side. After crossing we looked for a place to camp where grass could be obtained but every where a perfect desert stretched around us. On the
left was high bare hills nearly perpendicular, washed and furrowed by rains and winds until they were frightful enough and worse. On the right was the dry land with a considerable growth of cottonwood timber, but not any grass. We marched until night and finding no groves or any prospect of any we camped on the sand bank. After making nos all our stock could go after a march of 24 miles over a particularly rough road. Many horses fell dead and others become too much exhausted to go further and were abandoned. This is a terrible gloomy and sterile region. It is impossible for man or beast to exist here. It is dried until nothing is left but the dry and barren hills.

The valleys between the hills is filled with an alluvial deposit wooded deep from the hills that is from ten to forty feet deep, I saw cottonwood trees that was buried in this soil nearly up to the top. Some of them die and others take fire.
burn into the ground until a hole is made like a well from ten to 20 feet deep. Water channels have been cut by the side of others exposing their trunks below into the earth. A fierce wind commenced blown after noon and increased after sundown and at times during the night I thought my tent would be torn down. Great clouds of dust were raised hiding the column from sight - a few miles from where we were sitting. This do not a single feature about this country that would I recommend it except one - communal dreariness.

Marched 24 Miles.

Sunday Sept 20

In the morning we learned than the whole region before was one scene of desolation even on the Yellowstone. It has been impossible to communique with General Carver and our stock dried and frozen - running out in two minutes to burn them.
and make for Laramie as soon as possible. This determined proceeding with cheer by the men as we turned our faces southward. Shortly after leaving camp the horses began to give out and drop down by the cook, and in the course of the day we lost about 30 miles and horse. This shows how low our stock is reduced for camp to about 11 A.M. when we found considerable grass and our stock was turned to it after being without 30 hours. Much property is being abandoned and destroyed; saddles, blankets and other property March 17th nights.

Monday Sept 4th

We broke up camp at 7 A.M. The 16" Kearsarge passing us and taking the advance. Supposing Majr. Col. Coles command would follow closely after, I joined the column of the 16" and had gone 1 1/2 miles when I
found that our column was not following after
I returned back and rode 5 miles, and for
the command in camp only 2 miles from
the camp of yesterday. The reason was
that a marsh was found a fine place of
grass and our men and jaded horses needy
proceeding it was determined to stop and fed
On getting to camp I went to work on my Eva
and while very busy a whirl wind came along
carried off my tent in an instant and scattering
my papers over the ground. The tent was put at
again once substantial and I was not interested
in my work until about 5 O’M. when a boy
riding a half mile from camp attracted my
attention, and this alarm of Indians was given.
Going out of the tent I perceived 15 or 20 of our men
on the hills hostile engaged with about 50 indians
who were flying arrows on their ponies and using
their long and arrows at the men. But other
our curstines kept them at a respectful distance.
It seemed to be the aim of the Indians to down
the men cut and get them scattered and then attack
in detail. The camp was around the clock
stick quickly, gathered in and all were ready for an attack. Small squads, some on foot and others on horseback dashed out to where the firing was going on. My horse was quickly saddled and when just about to mount McCall asked for him as he had not been brought up — and mounting my horse away he dashed. How the horses galloped, dashed, and I dashed out in the same direc. The Indians seeing so many men come at them, retreated and one after their full small. Our poor jaded horses were no match for their fresh ponies and they could outstrip us. The chase was on exactly one at times those on the fastest horses would get ahead of the party, and their eagerness they and our separation. The Indians noticing this would turn and then for them was an exciting chase. The pony behind pressing forward to rescue those ahead and the Indians, dashing like the wind to cut them off after help came up. Once the got near upon one of our men, His clothes were cut with an arrow, and they dismounted him
and took his mule, he moved a few hours.

We kept up the chase about dusk and then groped our way over the hills and in the darkness to camp. We saw a large body of Indians about 4 miles above on the river, but it was so darkly being over our arms that we could not tell their numbers. It was thought that one Indian was killed as he was sent to fall and was taken by the others and carried away. Every precaution was taken to prevent an attack during the night. The guards were doubled and we all slept with our arms in order and near to hand and with an eye open. No alarm known.

Marched 25 miles

Tuesday Sept 8th

Before sunrise a volley from the pickets on the north side of camp aroused us all, and we were soon ready for anything that might turn up. We learned that the pickets had discovered a few indians in the early dawn.
and brought into camp where dead them alive.
Finding this it was of no use to pursue them
as their horses were fleeter than ours. Our modern postal relay now turn on the picket lines on the outskirts of camp. The Indians had every artifice to draw us out in order to get a chance to pick off some straggler or reckless straggler on the back of the ice was nearly disabled to death in fact many were dying constantly at it would not do to give chase. when it was known that their horses were much the best. As we drew in our advance parties the Indians closed around us and were all around camp and on the hill tops but at a safe distance from danger.

St. Smiley was on the bank of the river in rear of the camp to prevent the Indians making an attack in that direction. Being a few Indians on the opposite side to the river on this with about a dozen men. He had succeed gaining the opposite bank either about a thousand Indians arose from a group of gray cottonwood and brush that
had concealed them and charged furiously on to the Lt and his party. His men forfieding
and emptied several pistols but coming up
among his hundreds of men they proved to remains
and the Lt had to retreat leaving one man dead and
two wounded. Capt. Boldman coming up with his
c and a number of troopers from camp joined
in as close and hot a fire upon the Indians that
they in turn fell back and Lt. Smith returned
the fire and brought on his main force. They
then terrorized about about thirty with tomahawks
and arrows had pleased complete
through this bodies. The loss of these men were
wholly owing to reckless carelessness and going in a
few numbers beyond support, and among a sum
of Indian. The Chiefs could be seen upon the
hill top with looking glasses reflecting the
rays of the sun in such a manner so to
obstruct any sort of Indians for two or three
miles. Finally after a fair fight ended
not a had the troops and column continued
the march about nine o’clock after a fight
of three or four hours. The artillery was
about the quarters of a mile away and had fired at them, but of course without any other effect than to alarm the Indians that they were discovered. For the pickets kept cool a short time, it is very likely they would have come within range and some of them been picked off. As daylight came on espaço - every hill and rock surrounding camp appears to be covered with Indians. Their heads could just be seen protruding from the bluffs and peering out from the back of rocks and ravines. Between the hills large numbers were mounted on ponies which were whirring from point to point with the greatest ease and speed. They generally kept from 3 to 5 miles away and that gaggle of our cartwheels till the morning occasionally firing at us. They saw one emerge from behind some rock or hiding place. At length a body of about 20 came dashing out of a ravine towards the wagon train which was parked just south of camp. The teamsters had been armed the night before and while some few ran into camp others stood their ground and joined in an irregular fire among the yelling.
Indians. Some soldiers coming up to the help of the Teamsters the Indians do this very often but one of their number was seen to fall from his horse and was picked up by his comrades and carried off, apparently dead. This body went across the valley and over on the opposite side of the river. By this time all were under arms and a number of men mounted and a charge was made from camp in two directions but the Indians would not stand but ran before our men and their fresh ponies could keep out of reach. Some of the men as on the right before dawn ahead of the detachment and become separated when as if by magic Indians would rise upon ponies and from behind rocks and hills and endeavor to cut them off, and many made a very close escape indeed. Our poor fellow was a little too far his horse was killed and he was immediately surrounded with Indians who hacked him almost to pieces and his body was pierced with arrows one going through his leg. He killed one, but was so severely mutilated that he gave up but was rescued from the Indians.
Wednesday Sept 6th

Several parties of Indians were looking around camp yesterday evening until dark but the camp was not disturbed by them in the night and about 7 A.M. the march was resumed. Our column on the west bank of the river and the 16" Kansas on the east. The 16" had better roads than we and went about 16 miles camped 6 miles above us. We had severe deep prairies to cross and dry roads down and up. Their banks were at 3 P.M. we had made but ten miles and went into camp where there was an abundance of buffalos and other gross. A signet party of the men went across the river a mile from camp to a high bluff to see if Indians could be seen. On ascending the bluff a party of about a dozen Indians men seek a mile in their rear and the men commenced signaling to their effect but before this dispatch was completed
The Indians made for the bluff and the corps came into camp in a hurry. Col. Coffeen one out with 20 men to protect the station and one went to the hill but no Indians were to be seen. I dispatched down to camp theords ‘Mary Red’ and remained upon the hill until nearly sun down without observing any signs of Indians. Those the parties first went into the timber 2 miles below camp and could not be seen.

The country gets better as we go up stream being less and less and more grassy. Here it is as near the abominations desired as can be.

March 10 miles

Thursday Sept 7th

Started at 6 A.M. and finding a level valley and smooth roads made good progress, and after about six miles placed the trail of the 10” Kan who had crossed to our side the river evening to night.
The 16" had had a poor camp with but little grass and after marching five and one-half miles finding excellent grass in a large grove of cottonwood went into camp. Our column came up shortly after and camped in their immediate neighborhood making about 11 miles.

A party of five men from the 12th Missouri straggled from the column in search of game and were on the opposite side of the river and a mile from the command. Even this small party had separated. Two were in a mile from the others. Suddenly 18 Indians rushed out of a thicket and the two men who attempted to flee but were

miles upon which they were mounted were no match for the Indian ponies, and one fellow was overtaken and shot with three arrows which killed him. But he

wounded one of his pursuers so that he

had to be carried away by the other Indians. The other man, with Captain from his

mule, just as 18 Indians were ready...
upon him. He fell in a small hollow where he was tolerably well sheltered and rising on his knees shot the foremost Indian dead just as he was pulling his bow to send an arrow into the soldier. This stopped the Indians a short time but soon they came on with a yell and the soldier posted in a few minutes killing another Indian and a pony and making them run. But they soon came on again and our man killed a third of their number and wounded two or three more and they turned hosty settees.

Three of the Indians attempted to reach the man that was killed but the other men of the hunting party who were in advance hearing the firing behind them came up and fired upon them and the left without getting the scalp. Thus the courage and coolness of one man killed three Indians and wounded at least three more besides killing a pony. The evidence of the worst girl in this little encounter. It is suspi-

cING how well the Indians reexecute their
not a trace will be seen of them but as
rare as one man or a small number
proy from the lines suddenly from some point
behind some hill or hole in the ground
a part of Indians will dash and that part
is gone by. We have now lost nine men
from the command and three or four others
and in every instance it has been from
their own impudence in dosing ahead
without being supported or from crossing
away from the command. I should think
such too and serious lessons would be a
warning to the men to stick close to the com-
mand and mind their business

March 11 miles

Friday September 8th

It was a cold, damp morning. The clouds
hung low and the mist was nearly as keen
fogging and chilly as rain. The 1st Kansas
took the lead and Capt. Birdman and his
pioneers was in the advance with the pioneers
The 16". We had gone about five miles when the flanks of the 16" came in and reported seeing five Indians and
the tracks of "large number besides this put us a
little on the alert but no more were seen except the
head of one passing over a bluff 2 miles to the left; said
head quickly disappeared and showed itself once more
at another point, but little attention was paid to this
as they were supposed to be the small party that had been
dropping us for two or three days past. "We had a long
stretch of beautiful road along a wide, level valley and
then come to a bend in the river which offered a high
precipitous bluff for a mile. So more the command
over these cliffs was impossible and we prepared a road
across the river which was found to offer any
difficulty. While Capt. Borden was with his pioneers
was preparing the road, the 16" moved on in advance
and soon perhaps two miles ahead. We had just com-
pleted the road and the head of Capt. Coles' column
had crossed the river when a firing was heard from the
16" and looking this way, we saw Indians
swarming out from the wood and passer and
blackening the hills and valley. The advance guard
of the 16" were seen a mile ahead of the column.
beyond easy supporting distance and numbers 93 men. These were quickly surrounded by hordes of the savages who came charging and yelling like devils. The officers believing this meant the attack to hold out against each moment fell back rapidly to get inside of the river bank which was high and afforded good cover for them. One soldier however who was poorly mounted was overtaken and killed. The savage monarchs in reaching him took all the flesh from the head, face and ears, besides cutting off one of his arms. Learning to the river bank it was too high and steep to get the horses down and they were abandoned and the party sought cover under the bank where the Indians were held at bay. Another soldier was nearly killed the Indians siding up to him and knocking him off his horse with a war club, but his comrades under the river bank by a timely volley drove the savages away and saved his life. His head was badly crushed however.

I saw this attack of the Indians though two miles away and put spurs to my horse and galloped to the scene of action as fast as my horse...
carry one. Atiring then Red Walker had come
up with supports and I assisted in placing the
men in position. But the Indians went out every
time before and would not come up within range
but would gallop two and go along our front but
just beyond the range of the guns. A few ponies
thrones hit and earth killed or wounded too remedy
for the Indians to take off the field. One Indian was
ginding around and making gestures for us to come
on when a volley was fired at him and his horse
brought down. Thrashing the Indians completely but
he was quickly up and off as fast as his legs could
carry him. Major Bordman finally came up on
the right with his company and went and joined
him. He dismounted his men, every forty one
holding the horses and then advanced on foot.
We went far in advance of any of the others
but the Indians being mounted kept on our
way, but drove and charg'd us. While pushing
the Indians before us we suddenly saw a party of
about a dozen dismounted men in the very midst
of the Indians and fighting them valiantly. As they
rose we could not kill but hastening forward we
found it was Mr. Gay and a party of hunters who left camp in the morning to get some game. The party had descended from the bluffs into a basin near the river bottom and began to think about getting some deer when they found themselves surrounded by hundreds of Indians. They proceeded to a thick cluster of trees and their horses and rode up a tree and every time an Indian came near a ball was sent at him. In this way they had fought about an hour, when the shore of the river was seen and the fight going on to the left apprised them of a general engagement. Many of the boys were shot and their presence seemed to have their positions though knowing it was death when away from the protection of the trees. Finding the bank too steep to take their horses they left them tied to the trees and struck out in the direction the fighting was going on and though surrounded by thousands of Indians and one was killed. Knowing all the good ground was near and they were decimated from their truly critical position. We went back for their horses but the Indians had got ahead of them.
We pushed ahead towards the Indians a mile ahead of the main line. The Indians keeping out of our way were daring to stand to fight us. One of the guides, Mr. Raymond was with us and was already from 200 to 300 yards in advance, pipping for them at every opportunity, and one at least was made like that. And I know becoming pretty well tired out with tramping on foot. I returned and mounted my horse, Cale Steele coming up one time. I went with him at the head of the main column into the woods. A line of skirmishers was deployed to clear the timber. I pushed on with them. The Indians would not stand in the timber but from a range of bluffs beyond they appeared in considerable numbers and drove in a while would fire a shot at us and though at long range some of their shots came among us. One shot struck the ground ridden any horse. It was evidently aimed at one as it was mounted and I was picturesque mark for them. Mr. Raymond as usual was in advance and came near by several times but made a narrow escape. Finally I determined to clear the hill of them.
I ordered the men forward at a double quick step up the steep face of the hill until about halfway up when the boys and arrows came charging rather uncomplacently near. One man was struck on the foot but luckily but a little such several came in rather close proximity to my head and I sought shelter with the men under a sheltering ledge about 250 yards below the top of the hill. Then ordering the men to lay low and cover the hill with their cartinets, and pick off every one that showed himself I went back to direct another plan to flank the hill on the right which was done and the Indians left in a hurry. I was the first on top of the hill and had the satisfaction of seeing numbers of the red devils surrendering and the men held the hill until the column passed. Calico determined to cross the pines at this point though I informed him that there was no grass there. A strong north wind was blowing and there were indications of rain, notwithstanding which we camped on the bare plain. When the princes had free empurpled and then gave us quinine for the stock. We had just left a most beautiful camp with an abundance
I gross and shelter from the snow. Then and
there were all shivering with cold and it was all
I could do to keep warm in bed.

We have marched and fought over 15 miles to day.

Saturday, September 9th

It was a cold and stormy night. I thought
several times the tent would blow over. But it
remained standing while many others had blown
down. The cavalry had been tramped out of
it was one battle and. Many horses were
found dead at the picket post. I and many of
me were so cold and hungry that they were in dying
condition and could neither stand or walk. All
their could not be moved were those to prevent
them being appropriated by the Indians. For
this crow there were about 100 dead horses left
in camp and at every end of the way horses
and oxen fell down from; they were so cold.
We marched about 15 miles and in that
distance, over 150 animals were left dead.
We have now 300 or 400 dismounted men and
several, miles enough to have what we need.
This is, and all for our camping where we 
ought to have camped in the timber. I the fight 
with the Indians was rather severe on some 
of the animals. Nothing to eat was worse and 
As ask the climate, a cold North wind and 
driving rain storm has put us here deader 
about 300 animals. The food was gone but 
very numerouly, and 400 miles was all we could 
make without finishing the remaining our 
stock. We find a very good camp on the 
bank of the river near a Cottonwood grove when 
also am abundantly grove. The grove 
was covered with the trunks of fallen trees 
that had been cut by the Indians in envi-
feud their stock. Upon we collect the up 
cooler and build coning fires, keepin from 
the piano and wind. The fire is 
passing rapidly. The water is perfectly still 
with mid. In the evening Col. Slocle 
inform he that so much of his stock had died 
and in a dying condition that amounting 
person only to be hung. Officers wait 
no work assisting their baggage and money to 
clone by their party without in. From in and left was
Morn into the fine a cold wind a box of ports a 
looking glass or box of medicines until Boggoor was given 
overdose half. For my clothes were nothing I could throw away 
any blankets were also needed I threw about half my open 
coming away from the most bulky and sold the 
remainder I left and arranged with Capt. Boardman to carry 
them, tents, paddles, oxens, harness & we were around 
our camp. We must have turned in all over a hundred 
oxens. Marched about 24 miles

Sunday September 10th

After completing the destruction of our train except 
a few oxens we wished to carry along with us the command left 
marched and coming to the river found it swollen so that it could 
not even be crossed Indians alsoMenaced the head of the 
column and their heads could be seen in hundreds projecting 
over the tops of the hills. We find ford another ford 
a mile above and crossed the command losing one oxen. They pray men and horses were thrown in the 
river. A few Indians hanged around our advance 
for a few miles and then hauled off and we saw no 
men of them. We passed when had been cut a day or 
two ate an Indian village at least 1000 lodges
with I conclude that the two left in back as many articles were left behind. They probably left during the last battle and were upon dry fork where it is not sure we propose to go and were I adviced it best to go as I believe the distance is at least 52 miles nearer to St. augustine. During the night we picked saw many wolves and bears horrieving all the lines and trying to get into camp and many shots were fired at them. Marched 0 1/2 miles.

"Monday Sept 11th"

We had a good road up the river valley generally in the country. Capt. Audmums Copley led in the advance to clear out any obstacles in the way. At times we faced through woods and yellow pine had to be removed. There our road was a good one. We met with early ears and had plenty of grass. The men are not reduced in number that every man or mile that goes out by the way is killed the meat cut up and eaten by the soldiers.

March 11th 1/2 miles
Tuesday September 12th

Marched on west side of Powder river crossing it in the morning. The road was generally good being on the second cliff. Will high rocky mountains on either side. The road very rocky and crooked with pine. The scenery was very romantic. The mountains of high and narrow into many fantastic shapes such as lions castles etc. There was one bear killed a deer and a number of sage hens. At supper we had some fresh meat which was called buffalo but after we had eaten it it leaked out that it was mile over I could hardly keep it down when I found what I had eaten though it tasted well while eating it.

Marched 15 1/2 miles.

Wednesday September 13th

The 16th Kansas took the lead to day with the intention of leaving me for good. Their transportation is such that they can easily
As this, I learned that some of the men went into the mile corral and killed 2 of the best horses and ate them, making Joe Walker decidedly wealthy. He also arrested an officer of the 2nd U.S. but let him go again when he found he would get into difficulty by it.

We had a good road which led across the river which we did 8 times in the course of the day. The river is very muddy and shallow. I think I never saw a more picturesquely scenic river and in many places deep, with quick sand in the bed. In many places it is quite rocky and the water runs over them with a musical sound.

The cliffs, narrow down the valley considerably. We have passed the highest but still they are quite high and rugged with the top covered with a thin growth of pine. I ascended a high hill after supper and had a magnificent view of the country around.

Marched 15 1/2 miles. Good camp, grass & wood plenty.
Thursday Sept 14th

The howling of wolves around the camp awoke me before daylight this morning and having slept enough I got up, arranging my toilet by starlight. The column started at 6 A.M. up the river valley overcome the same roads as yesterday. The valley being narrow in many places and flanked by high hills, though not as high as these the men among yesterday. We had crossed perhaps five miles when I heard a short firing ahead and galloping up I found that a party of five Indians of the opposite side of the river had charged upon a single man who had struggled them alone and even hit upon him this time. Struck in the quadrant and the Indians got to the equipments some men on the side the stream kept the danger in which the trooper had got himself fired over and presented the Indians killing him. After the Indians had fell back behind the bluff I heard them shoot and two shots into the instance that they had.
come across another stroller and killed him. The men struggled over the country for miles in search of game in parties of two or three and it will be strange if none are reported missing. We had begun to think that the Indians had left the country but here they are again and are only after more fighting. I rode on ahead and halted all the strollers and they were made to go with the train.

Among the natural curiosities I found today was the stump of a tree probably ten feet high and three feet in diameter that was petrified to stone. It was standing in a vertical position as it naturally grew. The roots and trunk and bark were all preserved, but turned into solid rock. I also passed a coal bed that was at least 10 feet thick of solid coal in rock coal crops and from every hill in the vicinity is the finest peat I ever saw. An antelope several deer and some hens were shot to-day.—Passing by
a dead horse left by the 16" Kansas. I saw pieces of meat cutting the flesh from the lopes for their supper. I believe some of the men are half famished.

We crossed the Kennedy river nine times. I led another drive a team one mile over a steep hill. These were this stream once. High mountains can't be seen about 40 miles to the west of the town in which we crossed arth with snow. The Upper Powder river mountains a branch of the Big Horn but snow so early and enough to whiten them all over surpises one. We passed the mouth of Clear Creek a fine clear stream of cold water coming down from the mountains. I assure that our course does not lead us if instead of the muddy one we are following.

The Indians have troubled the 16" a little to dry and to cross we camp within a mile of them. Very excellent grass. We less rain leaving the stock.

Morning 1 9 7/8 miles.
Friday Sept 15th 1865

Was up before day and ready to start with the column at 6 A.M. Our road as yesterday was up the river valley crossing it nine times during the day. The hills are getting lower and the indications are that tomorrow we will have good roads. I climbed some high bluffs this day and had good views of the surrounding region and of the entire capped summit of the Pardee River or Big Hon mountain. On the hills were Umschlag shells of different marine animals. General in good order of rock or in broken fragments. Transportation is so limited that I collected all few specimens and carried them in my pockets. We crossed the 16th Kansas and camped near a mile beyond them. In the evening a messenger from Genl. Com. arrived giving us the news from the camp. He reported the Berkampry of Topeka
with his command. Not only to the
desolate nature of the country he did not
get near to, but 70 miles from Yellowstone
Town he has had several fights with the
Indians killing 20 or 30, capturing 600 ponies and a few zebras, and destroying
a village. We come tomorrow with full
hearts. When the news was circulated
among the camp the men would raise a
shout. The points would call to each other
“another brave dead.” Or if there could not
be any better information for the boys than
for a horse or pony to die in order for them
to eat

Marched 20 miles

Saturday Sept 16th 1865

We have had a miserable road to travel
over, the worst since the expedition left
 Omaha. The valley was walled in on
either side by bare cliffs to stop for
an animal to climb. Deep gullies...
have been worn down from the hills over which it is impossible to cross. In the valley the river winds from side to side and to follow that route one must cross the river every mile and run the risk of getting mired in quicksand. Some of the travelers got in the sand and one man could not get out and was left to die. It is a terrible country. We crossed a branch coming from the mountains to the west. The water was cool and comparatively clear. We made this out to be Sandy Fork, yet it may be some other stream. It was curious to see the mice and squirrels come into camp bespattered over with mud and all follow hungry and faded.

Marched 12 miles.

Sunday, September 17 "

Worse and worse. The road which I thought would not be worse was today
decidedly worse than yesterday. And though we worked hard and pushed to our utmost we could make but 9 miles.

Mr. Gay and a party was sent forward to Fort Connor. I cannot tell how far that post is away but it cannot be far. About 25 miles. Three Elk were killed to-day which adds considerably to our commissary.

March 7, Miles

Monday, September 8th

We were startled about sundown by the report of a gun in camp and cries of tiener. and as going to the spot found a soldier shot through the body and in a dying condition. A Conrad was cleaning his gun when it accidentally went off, killing his messmate.

Monday, September 8th

Broke up camp at 6 A.M. The 10.6 saw 4 miles in advance and opening the road for us. It was slow & toilsome work to get
over the bunks cross the valley and lay our
low length along. The troubles were terrible
and notwithstanding every effort we made
but 18 miles Ranger Welk was killed
during the day with three miles which
were killed by the commandery and issued by
the company. We had finally got settled into
camp when Capt. Marshall with 50 men
rushed into camp from Genl. Connors com
They had left that same day the four months
received as a few days ago but March
along only reached this evening. He found
all in a deplorable condition half starved
ragged and worn down. His men were instantly
beaten by our asking for bread and tobacco
Some of the men offered five dollars apiece
for hard tack but our new friends generous
sent all their notions to our men which
was hardly a taste around Tobacco
commanded fabulous prices but these men
agreed not receive a cent. From Capt.
Marshall I learned additional details
of Genl Connors expectation. But for Indi
were seen and few killed less than 100 in all. We learned that they were about 25 miles from Colonn. Take it all in all this arrival did as much good. Lt. Smith who was sent yesterday ahead to get supplies has not been heard from. We still certain meet him to morrow with something to eat. Marched 18 miles.

Tuesday, September 19th

The roads to day were perfectly execetable more than ever minding over the high way and in the deepest cannons for crossing the river at times whole teams would sink in the quicksand and be hauled out with ropes. The col and very many thus got onee anched in water. 1000 feet by his animst falling in the river. About noon we heard Lt. Spivey was on the wag with others which put new life in the command. Col. Wiles was sent ahead this noon in with three fellows of the command. Col. Cl
The march was commenced with a light hearted and full bellied command and the men though many of them were barefooted and robed in tattered overcoats as though the goal of their long arduous labors had been reached. After three or four miles over hills and valleys a wood

September 20th 1865
as that we have passed over the building
dome to a fine rich valley and good roads.
The country was as unbroken and unexpected
as it was agreeable and we pushed break on
up the river toward Fort Connor until within
five miles of the post where the column halted
and went into camp. The space had been
fired off with a range of five miles of the prai-
res. The reason for camping here we found
newspapers as late as August 15" and
learned the news from America with eagins.
We also found plenty of tobacco which had been
brought down from the fort. One trouble in
the present are of our end and the boys can
once more raise a whistle a song or a laugh.
A thing not known for several days past.
I have had a glorious wash and an entire
change of clothes and written letters home.
A mile starts in the morning for St. Gezami
and letters are coming in by the hundred.
We marched about 12 miles to-day.
The hills are low here. Big horn Mountains
are in sight to the north and Pumpkin Butte to the
East. Marched 12 miles.
September 21st 1865—Thursday

We lay quiet in camp nothing occurring to break the quiet except the departure of a mail for Fort Carsonic laden with messages of love to the absent and tales of suffering and hard ships endured and of the worst we seen upon the way. It was a busy day with the Commissary who issued a full supply to the half famished command. Letter writing and tales of our own experience was the occupation of all hands. I heard of one poor fellow who seeing a mule minded and struggling in the middle of the river threw a pole from the bank of the stream to the mule and crawling out to him got pieces of meat from the live animal and devoured it after roasting it little before a fire. I heard of a party of hoy a dozen recently arriving an animal into the bushes only slightly of their comrades and then slaughtering it and taking what meat they wanted before being put out and the crowd depiring then of a liberal allowance.
Friday September 22nd

Went to Fort Connor in company with Captain Bodman. The works consist of a small unfinished stockade about two log buildings completed and a half dozen more in process of erection. There is plenty of timber on the river for fuel & building purposes but a poor quantity being cordwood. The hills about the fort are low and easily passed over. But the country is dry and desolate but little growing but cacti and sage brush. The garrison consists of about 200 men all busy erecting quarters and defenses. As news from Kent Connor we are expecting and hoping for him all the time. Visions of home are constantly floating through my head. When shall I hear from the dear one? Then we had a cold fierce wind and a little rain. The dust was whirled through the air and covered everything we had in our quarters and nearly choked and blinded the men.
Saturday September 28

The goss being exhausted in camp we moved 15 another 20 miles nearer the fort and in the thick woods sheltered from wind and cold here I continue resumed work on my plotts and made some little progress I have very much to do not hardly taken any thing but notes on the coast of the river.

Sunday September 24

Gene Connor arrived to day from Tongue river but as yet has given no orders. We are all impatient to be moving homeward. A large mail also came to hand and the muskets are old and stove and mostly all not a word for one. But 3rd of the men in camp good to hear again from those from whom they have far months been isolated. I have written reverse letters the mail leaves in the morning for Laramie.
Monday Sept 25th 1865

Was visited on by Capt Robins Engineer for Coll Connor and insists that I should join with him to Fort Saranine to assist in making a survey the Indian stations on Powder and Tongue river. Col. Cole demonstrated and insisted against this by the Capt and even Coll Connor was inexorable and I have to account. We start tomorrow morning. The command also starts for Saranine but we will be before them three or four days.

I went to the fort and had dinner with the Capt. Saw Miller and had a good time. Learned that he had been most friendly treated by Stonetunner. He expressed many regret that the did not go with me.
Tuesday Sept 26

Was up long before day, ate but little breakfast and proceeded on horseback to Genl. Connor's camp, and arrived at least two hours before the men were ready to start. There were three ambulances and fifteen men of the 2nd A.V. on the route and were pushed their long column mostly on foot and many on mules, and other bodily occasions. Genl. Connor made out an old pair of boots to one of the men, who was laid in his presentation of gratitude. We forded for 17 miles up the side of a creek at places water could not be found by digging. Then we proceeded on some pretty steep hills for at least 25 miles until dark when we came to a small prairie quarters & camp. It was nearly one o'clock as we passed an arrow and got any as a large group of men camped near by and did not get enough water for half the army. Sgt. Brown was and fired the mexico on firing inside the camp gates. A rail fence, post, wire along with us from 8.30 to 12.00 am.
evidently story from the Indians. Some new government stock and I then belong to the age upon it in I barely facilitate our movements as soon as I come you are one and replies from the help. Wells would in close proximity to our heads during the night. Pumpkin Butter is but a few miles distant and shows quite prominent over the Big Horn mountain. The land is dry and barren in some places but buffalo grooves on many of the hills.

Wednesday Sept 29th

Travelled over an interesting country with good roads well worn by trains carrying stone to Fort Connor. Passed over several dry beds of creeks being the head waters of the Yellowstone. When the camp was finished I got some water & night for the brakemen. Stage lunch cooked and in places buffalo grass grown on the prairies. But little tough good as the美观 45 miles.
Today Robins St. Genet and one of its native officers are at work with the rest of us vell rape brush and build aaffle, ships for 'till Wolves boats as to sleep

Thursday Sept 28

We join the country more without as one descends into the valley of the Platte it was quitough as much as other at one place, we are all obliged because of the fact obstacle to prevent its toppling over. The Platte is clear with a fine water botto and looks fine to one often look any and seeing out it unless minds I do hope them 30 prundles, Mr. Smith N. Platt and telegraph and over at Deer creek with a small fish with a couple of black horses, and quartering the prairie men a few miles smart and although it was a romantic sight we went 20 miles down the Platte as camp in a place where rest a few axon of cold water
Friday Sept 29th

Left the Lapanelle and at 10 A.M. reached La Bonte, a military post on the telegraph road for the protecting the line. Before reaching La Bonte found large ledger gypsom and pronounced a few spearers. The black hill approach very green on north and look for Mr. Miller drew a sketch of the post. Resuming onward on a rough and dusty road at reaches Hierothee post and camped 2 miles below where found cedar & grass. July 12th and kept as and of much of the night. Observed a few varieties of blow and other timber near & one, also with pine & wild roses. Bushes in abundance. Traveled 457 miles.

Saturday Sept 30th

Left camp at daylight—passed for 10 miles over a smooth cutchley road and then over some high hills just before Black...
Hills and had very bad roads. Stopped for lunch at Maggie's Spring 15 miles from Lasani. These are good springs of pure water that furnish a copious supply. Were rushed after a prostitute named Maggie. Rented a horse and went for some gin crystal from Mrs. Lime. Left 10 AM. Reached Pecos at 1 PM. Tired. Went to Mr. Bullock's first to see his wife and children. We were hardly welcomed by the officers of the fort who thought we wereLibrary of Congress, Geography and Map Division // submitted by bsmith109

officers of the Ponder & Longe rifles expected. We stood around and a few minutes were provided for us clean and dirty soaps. Soap water and towels were

We must resort to in a short time our
dusty accommodations. The place to clean the

crockett & grier button

Warm little and had a good time generally. But food came for one. It is similar to little from home for weeks & months.
Sunday Oct 1st 1865

Wrote letters all day read a little and rested as best I could. Weather is warm, clear and pleasant. But the country very dry and dusty.

Monday Oct 2nd 1865

Commenced work on plots of our new well urge Mr. Mathews forward as fast as possible in order to look forCONNELLI, as soon as possible, send some families back and begin new. Threw up an Indian canoe to dry but tomorrow morning, Mrs. McBean of Leavenworth in his way to salt lake with goods here met with some Indians.

Tuesday Oct 3rd 1865

Col Cole came in to day but the army camp 9 miles out. Mr. Cole remained here a pleasant time coming from ponds river nothing known as of future occasion.
bought to bear upon them and cleared the
hills of Indians and only now and then
on the 20th day of October some began to
make their way. The columns and trains were in
motion and the rear guard had not yet got
out of camp. When from every direction kinds
of yelling carousals came rushing into camp and
cheers flowed to the head of the columns
their fire until the Indians were within
150 yards and then pressed on. Among
them they killed seven, wounded many and
killed 10 horses. The Indians retreated in
as great a hurry as they had come into camp.
I was surprised that one of the ships was
killed as one large Indian very poorly dressed
was seen to fall when the whole band rushed
to him and carried him away and collected
about him the food and attention of any of the
other men. Not a man of one man from
except Dr. Kelley who was struck with a
great bull but one slightly bruised. This was
a furnace for the death of this. The did not
move on any further in the March.
few followed on our flanks one or two mile away, their object appearing to watch us not to fight. We met the 14th Kansas coming to our assistance. They had been our firing and did not know but they would believe
The result of the morning fighting was from 12 to 15 Indians killed, 25 ponies killed and
their mounted unknown. Our losses were one
killed and three wounded all of whom dangering
so other whose lives are despaired of.
Major Landreth became a little repentant
from his men when the rear guard was attacked
and one of them leaders made for him this curt:
been out of order and he could not use it end did
so much excited to thinking his pistol until an
Indian was near on hit and had shot seven
arrow long missing him. At length thinking his
reward he drew his and shot the soldier dead.
We marched 12 miles camped on the west
side of the river. Indians were seen moving
about but in no large numbers. A herd of.
gophers came to the river and the carpen the 16" and the
were killed. All slept in pens, I heard in expectation
of more fighting in the morning.
Wednesday Oct 4

Many military changes occur soon Genl. Combr. goes to Salt Lake, Colt Cole & 3rd regt to St Louis. The 12th remain here, Capt. Rutins & engineers go to Leavenworth. The 4th Corps goes home.

Progress fairly with the map. Was introduced to Maj. Bridges the old man turner I have always heard of from my Captains. He has a son in the 20th Mo. and my cousin Col. O'Connor. The old man was displeased to see his son in the ranks as a common soldier. Everybody is busy here. The changes seem it necessary for all to row again.

Went to the camp of the 15th and had a short visit with the messmen, after which went home for dinner to-day.