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SONG AND VERSE OF LYCOMING COUNTY  
AND NEARBY AREAS

By: ELIZABETH HALL

In searching for true understanding of a certain age or group of people, or individual nation, we turn to history for basic facts; but the actual mode of life is most effectively expressed in the unique poems, folk songs or ballads of the people.<sup>1</sup>

Our own section of Pennsylvania is no exception. Even though many of the early songs were brought here by settlers from European countries, they became indigenous, for they were altered to fit a person, situation, or incident in the lives of the early residents.<sup>2</sup>

When the Europeans arrived in our locality, they found that the Indians had not greatly developed any musical capabilities. Their "tone poems" were, for the most part, composed of animal noises, or perhaps the sound of wind in the trees; the rhythm reflected the probable Asiatic origin of the race. One song of pure derivation, known as the "Wolf Chant," consists of tones and howls depicting a pack of wolves surrounding a winter-bound cabin on White Deer Mountain near Collomsville. It was sung by the Indian, Jesse Logan.<sup>3</sup> Thus it becomes clear that their music bears no resemblance to the so-called Indian songs, such as "Cadman's "Land of the Sky Blue Waters," or Lieurance's "By the Waters of Minnetonka."<sup>4</sup> However, the Indians did become adept at using the white man's musical instruments, especially the bagpipe.<sup>5</sup>

Folk songs and ballads brought from across the sea were a great source of entertainment for the colonists, and for those in isolated settlements, they also provided the only means of keeping alive many of the happenings of the time.<sup>6</sup> A ballad which has existed in my family for many years is known to us as "Boston Tea Party," although its actual name is "Revolutionary Tea."<sup>7</sup> It is "American" all the way, since by its very nature, it could belong only to us. It is written out in the appendix.

In direct contrast to this patriotic ballad is one of Scottish derivation known as "Gil Morrise," which has been Yankeeized into

a tale called "Willie the Weaver." I once heard an old man sing it with no other accompaniment than the thump of his boot on the floor. The first two verses tell of a newly married man who returns to his mother for advice:

*Oh, dear mother, now I've married,  
I do wish I'd longer tarried,  
For my wife doth vow and swear  
That she will the breeches wear.  
Oh, my dear son, go home and love her,  
And no more of her faults discover;  
But if she does in the least rebel,  
Then take a slab and britch her well.*

The rest of the ballad tells how the husband returns home to find Willie calling on his wife. In an effort to hide or escape, Willie climbs up the chimney and straddles the top. The irate husband promptly builds a roaring fire under him.<sup>8</sup>

During the 1820's, the people of the remote settlements were drawn to larger towns and into greater social contact by increasing industry and trade; the men of the canal boats being a good example. Boistrous, carefree individuals; their spirits always seemed to mount while they coursed slowly along the water-way, to be released later in a wild melee at the tavern of the next town. A fragment of one of their songs describes the condition of their conveyances:

*I went down in the cabin to draw a pint of  
cider  
There I saw a bedbug a scrappin' with a  
spider.<sup>9</sup>*

The two branches of the Pennsylvania Canal, the North and West, met at Northumberland. Here a good deal of raillery between the crews of the separate branches occurred, which usually ended in a brawl. This is one taunting verse flung at the West Branch men:

*West Branch drivers, they think they're  
so nice,  
They sit on the saddle mule, and pick off  
the lice.<sup>10</sup>*

Starting about 1850, a new generation

of men was engaged in lumbering. Their hey-day came after the Civil War; and perhaps they were still fighting that war as they plundered the luxuriant forests, laying about them with sharp axes. Their songs are similar to those of the canalers, one song speaks of their work, another of their favorite sport, drinking:

*Swing the axe, pull the saw,  
All through a twelve hour day;  
We're the bullies on the job  
We've got to earn our pay.<sup>11</sup>  
The bar room roars and glasses crash,  
Blood stains the dirty floor;  
Each wood-hick has his fill of fun  
Till the dawn comes through the door.<sup>12</sup>*

For other more gentle folk, and women, the wounds of the Civil War healed slowly. The agonies suffered from nearness of battlefields and gruesomely long casualty lists left in its wake a shattered people. Songs, poems, and, most of all, personal letters, were poignant with tears, and efforts to comfort one another. The women were still faced with two seemingly insurmountable miseries; their own early demise from too frequent childbirth and infections attending it, and the tragic deaths of their little children from diphtheria. There is no evidence that anyone was sufficiently moved by the plight of the young mothers to commemorate it in song; however, the deaths of the children are often recorded in poetry. Here is one written on Christmas day of 1880. When five year old Harry Edwards, who lived at 134 Market Street, died of diphtheria, a woman sat by a window and wrote out her grief:

*While ye send forth shouts of gladness,  
On the Christmas evening breath;  
Our dear little darling Harry  
Lies shrouded in robes of death.<sup>13</sup>*

At his home in Level Corners, my uncle, Millard F. Case, rhymed a journal of a trip he made on horseback from Larry's Creek to Salladasburg. It plainly illustrates the beginning of a calm decade or so around the turn of the century, when the people of the Valley were not too concerned about politics or the affairs of the rest of the world:

*About forty years ago, my friend,  
I came to Larry's Creek;*

*It was a damp and chilly morn,  
The fog was low and thick.  
To rest a little while I stopped  
At J. M. Blackwell's store,  
And there sat C. B. Riddell  
And a half-dozen more.  
Their talk was not of politics,  
Or any such a thing,  
But how Jim Gilbert cheated  
His cousin, A. M. King.  
Then for Salladasburg  
I started on my way,  
Pat Coudrick came and took the toll,  
And admired my little Bay . . .<sup>14</sup>*

In the early 1900's, life became brighter as a result of two marvelous medical advances; the use of anti-toxin against diphtheria, and compulsory vaccination for school children.<sup>15</sup> Then, too, the pace of living was enlivened by lilting songs from the lighthearted operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan, and Victor Herbert; arriving in the form of sheet music, for this was the golden age of the golden oak piano, a more versatile instrument that replaced the wheezy parlor organ. The highly decorative covers of the sheet music would rival any of the colorful record jackets of today.

Williamsport can be justly proud of several hymns composed in our town. About 1880, Reverend John H. Hopkins wrote the words and music of the hymn, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." Perhaps a trifle less familiar is the hymn "When the Roll is Called up Yonder," by James M. Black; but another of his compositions takes a back seat to none; his "When the Saints are Marching In." With new words and fast clipped tempo, it has become a spirited march, a favorite of Dixieland, and is even heard across the nation during football season, for it is a favorite of high school bands, too.<sup>16</sup>

World War I brought forth no great achievements in poetry or song for our vicinity, with the exception of a few poems "To an Unknown Soldier," and of course, the evitable eulogies to honored persons of the community. The countryside again settled back into comfortable insularity,<sup>17</sup> and its poems sing of the loveliness and beauty of our streams and woodlands. Two delightful ones are entitled, "Twilight in Brandon Park",<sup>18</sup> and "Lovely Lycoming."<sup>19</sup>

From this time on, the increased use of radio and phonograph seemed to stifle any effort to produce either original music or literature.<sup>20</sup> There is no evidence of World War II inspired works locally. The escalating prosperity of the late 1940's and early 1950's brought an era of affluence to our nation, including the area around us, and a feeling of complacency was bolstered by Social Security, Veteran's benefits, and active labor unions. In the nearby coal regions, a happy miner of Slavic extraction, sang of his feeling of well-being:

*I think I sing this little song,  
Hope I say it nothing wrong;  
Hope my song she bring you cheer,  
Just like Coupla shots a beer.  
We all get contract, she expire,  
Mr. Lewis mad like fire;  
Miners strikin' too much time,  
Uncle Sam take over mine.  
We singin' contract, we get raise,  
After strikin' twenty days;  
Butcher come and ringin' bell,  
He raises prices, . . . what the hell!<sup>21</sup>*

Today there is a great resurgence of folk singing throughout the nation. Educators, social workers, and even churchmen have found that teaching materials and methods are improved by the characteristics of music and rhythm.<sup>22</sup> A word sung is more easily absorbed and retained than is the same word uttered in a flat, vapid voice.

From coast to coast, those with causes, protests or complaints, intone them to the twang of the guitar.<sup>23</sup> That there is none indigenous to our Valley at the present time may be all for the best, as their absence denotes a contented society with no real earth-shaking problems. However, total absence of any expression would seem to indicate that we have become too prosaic to produce any original art; yet since the nature of folk-songs sometimes seems to be delayed birth, perhaps we should be patient and wait until they appear.

6. Burl Ives, *Song in America*, p. 1.
7. Seba Smith, see appendix 2.
8. Henry W. Shoemaker, *Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania*, p. 135.
9. Ibid. p. 120.
10. George Korson, *Pennsylvania Songs and Legends*, p. 285.
11. Clayton Spicer, *Songs of the Wood's Hick*, p. 13.
12. Ibid. p. 19.
13. Katherine Purvis, *Scrapbook of Writings*, clipping from Sun-Gazette, December 1880.
14. Millard Fillmore Case, Larry's Creek, unpublished item.
15. Education, Title 24, *Purdon's Pennsylvania Statutes Annotated*, Vol. 53, p. 627.
16. Mary Landon Russell, *A History of the Music of Williamsport, Pa.*, p. 149.
17. Samuel Flagg Bemis, *Isolationism*, *Encyclopedia Americana* Vol. 15, p. 418.
18. Elliott C. Armstrong, 1919-1940 *Sun-Gazette Scrapbook*.
19. Brua C. Keefer, Jr., 1919-1940 *Sun-Gazette Scrapbook*.
20. Louise Pound, "American Ballad", *Encyclopedia Americana* Vol. 3, pp. 97-98.
21. Fowke and Glazer, ed. *Songs of Work and Freedom* "Union Man," Albert Morgan, composer, p. 62.
22. Burl Ives, *Song in America*, preface.
23. "The Children of Bobby Dylan," *Life Magazine*, November 15, 1965 Vol. 59, p. 43.

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1. Burl Ives, *Song in America*, p. 92.
2. Henry W. Shoemaker, *Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania*, p. 14.
3. Henry W. Shoemaker, *Indian Folk Songs of Pennsylvania*, p. 8.
4. Henry W. Shoemaker, *North Mountain Minstrelsy*, clipping in preface.
5. Henry W. Shoemaker, *Indian Folk Songs of Pennsylvania*, p. 8.

## APPENDIX I

*The Boston Tea Party*

*There was an old lady lived over the sea,  
And she was an island Queen.  
Her daughter lived off in a new country  
With an ocean of water between.  
The old lady's pockets were full of gold  
Yet never contented was she;  
So she called on her daughter to pay her a*

*tax  
Of three pence a pound on tea,  
Of three pence a pound on tea.*

*"Oh mother, dear mother!" the daughter  
replied,*

*"I will not do the thing you ask.  
I am willing to pay a fair price on your tea  
But never a three penny tax."*

*"You shall," said the mother, and reddening  
with rage*

*"For you're my own daughter, you see,  
And sure it's quite proper the daughter  
should pay*

*Her mother a tax on her tea,  
Her mother a tax on her tea."*

*And so the old lady her servants called up  
And packed up a budget of tea,  
And bound for three pence a pound she put  
up*

*Enough for her large family.  
She ordered her servants to bring home the  
tax*

*Declaring her child should obey;  
Or, old as she was and almost woman  
grown,*

*She would half-whip her life away,  
She would half-whip her life away.*

*The tea was conveyed to the daughter's  
door*

*All down by the ocean wide,  
And the bouncing girl poured out every  
pound*

*In the brim boiling tide.  
And then she called out to the island queen,  
"Oh, mother, dear mother," said she,  
"Your tea may you have when it's steeped  
enough,*

*But never a tax from me,  
But never a tax from me."*

## APPENDIX II

*"The Boston Tea Party"*

MRS. HARVEY W. EATON, Bradford, Vt.: I am glad to send the poem about the Boston tea party for which P. H. P. asked in your columns of Oct. 18. It is titled "Revolutionary Tea," by Seba Smith (1792-1868). The first of the four stanzas contains the passage wanted as follows:

There was an old lady lived over the sea,  
And she was an Island Queen;

Her daughter lived off in a new countree,  
With an ocean of water between;

The old lady's pockets were full of gold,  
But never contented was she,

So she called on her daughter to pay her a  
tax,

Of three-pence a pound on her tea,

Of three-pence a pound on her tea.

It was set to music and may be found in a volume called "Song Patriot," compiled and published by C. W. Bardeen in 1892. The song tells of the tax on tea and the dumping of a shipload of it into the ocean at Boston.

Miss Bertha C. Hoffrichter, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes that the "old lady" is England and her "daughter" the Thirteen Colonies. She and Miss Martha Morehouse, New Haven, Conn., found the poem in "The Children's Hour" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) in volume 6, page 436.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., informs us that the pen name of Seba Smith was "Major Jack Downing." The music was written by H. D. Munroe and was published in a school songbook, "The Golden Wreath," by Oliver Ditson & Co., 1857.

A few readers identified this request or supplied the poem.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last year a volume of poetry, much of it inspired by Williamsport scenes and people, was published by

The poet, well known for her sensitivity and deft images, is Mary E. Riddell.

## TO THE WEST FOR GOLD

Edited by: BILL TURNBAUGH

1849 was a year quite unlike any other. Word of the rich gold fields in the West seemed to indicate that the American dream of "wealth for all" had finally come true. The real outcome, as we can measure it now, was far greater than all of the gold in California; even greater than California herself. It was the Americanization of the American continent. From shore to shore, from border to border, citizens looked at their country through their own eyes. Before 1849, only a handful of the explorers had crossed the plains and mountains to the Pacific. Now, to see the carts and wagons and prairie schooners, it seemed as if the whole population were going West. It is estimated that in 1849 alone, over 100,000 people crossed the plains or rounded the Cape on their way to the gold fields. The graves of a tenth mark the historic paths these pioneers took.

Twenty-year-old William Chamberlin could not have added much to that great sweep. His story — this story — could largely be told by any one of his fellow adventurers. Yet, without Will Chamberlin and the 99,999 others like him, 1849 would not have been so special.

In preparing this abridged version of Mr. Chamberlin's private journal, I found it difficult to delete even one word of the narrative. To insure a high degree of authenticity in this article, I have left the punctuation and capitalization which Mr. Chamberlin used; I have changed spellings only when a change was essential to understanding. This interesting journal recounts the hardships of the less-traveled southern route across the continent, and although the material has been reduced by 60 percent, it still retains much of the spirit and adventure which Mr. Chamberlin gave it.

Bill Turnbaugh

## Notes of a Seven Months Journey

to

## CALIFORNIA

via

Fort Smith, Santa Fe, Gila River, and the Tule Lakes From the Private Journal kept by William H. Chamberlin, of Lewisburg, Pa.

1849

Monday, Feb. 26, 1849 — We left Lewisburg this morning about 8 o'clock with spirits as buoyant as could be expected, after parting with our friends and all we hold near and dear on earth. No doubt we will soon experience the loss we have sustained in leaving home; but the love of adventure and prospect of reward have overcome all "home feelings." Our company consists of R. B. Green, D. Howard, John Musser, S. F. Schlaffe, Cyrus Fox and myself. Three weeks ago, I had not the slightest idea of going, and within that time I have been obliged to take an inventory, settle up my business, and make prepara-

tion for the journey. Stayed at Musser's Millheim.

Tuesday, Feb. 27 — We started on our way westward. Raining. Arrived at Stoever's Inn about dark.

Wednesday, Feb. 28 — Entered Huntingdon county after leaving Stoever's. The mud is very deep, and almost impassable until we reached the Turnpike, within seven miles of Water Street. A great number of forges and furnaces are in operation in the vicinity. The scenery is romantic and beautiful. Arrived at Hollidaysburg this evening.

Thursday, March 1 — One of our wagons being out of repair, we did not leave until 10 o'clock. We walked about 8 miles this morning. If we had our wagons upon runners, we could get along with less labor to the teams, there being several inches of snow upon the ground. Arrived at Summit House for the night.

Friday, March 2 — Entered Cambria county this afternoon. The country is very rough, and thinly settled. Rain and sleet. Stopped at Armagh.



Saturday, March 3 — Several inches of snow fell during the night. Our wagons draw very heavy. Concluded to take a stage for Pittsburg. Got along until within 13 miles of Pittsburg when we stuck in the mud, but by putting our shoulders to the wheels, we succeeded in getting along at the rate of three miles in five hours—walked all the way. Reached Pittsburg in the morning.

Sunday, March 4 — Put up at the Exchange Hotel. Mud from head to foot; called on a barber, and after being washed, shaved and changed, we felt somewhat relieved. "Iron City" had a dark, dingy appearance caused by the dust falling from the numerous iron works. Thousands of laboring men find employment in these establishments, and make a comfortable livelihood.

Monday, March 5 — Our wagons and baggage arrived. We engaged passage on board the steamboat "Winfield Scott," Capt. Devenny, to the mouth of Arkansas River, at \$10 apiece and \$7 freight for our two wagons. The boat is new, and runs her first trip down the river. Rained all day; the Ohio River rising, we are all anxious to be off.

Tuesday, March 6 — Purchasing tools, cooking utensils, clothing, etc. Commenced boarding on the boat this morning.

Wednesday, March 7 — Engaged purchasing India Rubber goods, etc. Our boat left landing about 6 P.M. with few passengers. The cabins are elegantly furnished, the tables covered with the choicest viands. The bar is well filled, and the choicest liquors and cigars are dealt out. We purchased an "Airometer" today, of the inventor, Mr. Aiken, for the purpose of weighing and ascertaining the value of gold.

Thursday, March 8 — The greater part of the day was occupied in taking aboard 1500 bbls. of flour. Ohio is on our right, and Virginia on our left. Landed at Steubenville this evening where our cabin was filled up with visitors admiring the new boat.

Friday, March 9 — Took aboard more flour. The amount stowed away in one of these boats is almost incredible. The river is 25 feet above low water mark. Arrived at Wheeling.

Saturday, March 10 — Left Wheeling at 8 o'clock; stopped at Marietta, the oldest town in Ohio, resembling Lewisburg in some respects. There is a college, and a burying ground in the suburbs, in which stands a large mound filled with human skeletons. It is not known whether it is an Indian burial ground or the work of an antediluvian race; the former is the general supposition.

Sunday, March 11 — Arrived at Portsmouth. Very little respect is paid to the Sabbath on these western thoroughfares. Sultry, with thunderstorms and fog.

Monday, March 12 — Arrived at Cincinnati about 7 A. M. Dense fog around the "Queen City." Purchased provisions for our over-land journey—bacon, dried beef, ham, flour, cornmeal, hard bread, beans, rice, coffee, sugar, tea, saleratus, salt, pepper, chocolate, etc.

Tuesday, March 13 — Some new passengers aboard. The porter on this boat is four feet high, and as broad as long. Arrived at Louisville where we made our last purchases of overland equipments, including a few trinkets, beads, rings, vermillion, etc. to barter with the Indians. Passed Shippenport, Ky., New Albany and Troy, Ind. All nature wears the aspect of spring.

Wednesday, March 14 — A clear morning welcomed in my 21st birthday. With what fond anticipation does the child look forward to that day that shall make him a "man." The country is flat with wretched cabins sunk in the sand and mud.

Thursday, March 15 — Landed at Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The two rivers differ very materially. While the Ohio is a broad, smooth stream, the Mississippi is turbulent, crooked, cut by islands and running in different channels. Sometimes for miles it is lined with cotton-wood trees. Every now and then we see a lone squatter living in a small and wretched looking habitation. They procure their living by furnishing the steamboats with wood, and I am told they are content with their lot, a blessing many in far more enviable situations do not enjoy. Today we saw the first canebrakes; they are beautiful, being evergreen.

Friday, March 16 — Landed at Memphis about noon—weather almost insupportable

warm. There are fifty cases of Cholera in town. Half of the population of Memphis is slaves. We saw some of the traffic today. The corn is already planted, and peach trees are out in bloom.

Saturday, March 17 — Arrived at Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, this evening. It is a filthy place consisting of several old steamboats converted into storehouses, hotels, and "stray buildings." We took lodging in one of the wretched wharf boats while the Winfield Scott sped on her way.

Sunday, March 18 — I was obliged to sleep on the floor last night, there being about 40 Californians here. This afternoon, I caught a 45 lb. cat-fish. Some straggling Cherokee Indians here, on their way to St. Louis to dispose of their furs. We started up the Arkansas on the "William Armstrong," a small propeller, which we engaged to go to Fort Smith for \$15 per man and \$8 per wagon. The river is inclined to be red, and is lined with cypress, cottonwood and canebrake.

Monday, March 19 — Passed Pine Bluffs. Saw the first pine timber since leaving Pennsylvania. Amused ourselves by firing at ducks and geese off the deck of the boat. The accommodations are very indifferent and the fare horrid.

Tuesday, March 20 — Awakened by a violent storm with hail the size of an egg. The boat was blown upon a sand-bar. Arrived at Little Rock about daybreak. It is the Capital of the State, well built, healthy and pleasant, with from four to five thousand inhabitants.

Wednesday, March 21 — Arrived at Lewisburg this A. M., but it bears no resemblance to the Lewisburg we left behind us. At Fort Smith, the boat discharged her passengers and freight, and we found our groceries missing. This explained our change of fare on board after the passengers voiced a complaint. We were under the necessity of lying on the bank all night to protect our baggage.

Thursday, March 22 — After a sleepless night, we proposed to encamp at Sulphur Spring, about two miles from Fort Smith. Fort Smith contains about 1000 inhabitants in the village. It is an Indian trading station; the Fort and outbuildings are brick.

Friday, March 23 — Purchasing mules and groceries. The "Pennyweight" arrived from New Orleans; they buried seven persons on the way up, who died with the Cholera.

Saturday, March 24 — Bought 7 mules at \$50 a head. Mr. Armstrong from Ralston, Pa., joined our company. We use the sulphur water, although the taste is nauseous.

Sunday, March 25 — Went to hear the far-famed Mr. H. John Newland Mafliit preach. He is an eloquent speaker, but I came to the conclusion that he is more renowned for his eccentricity, than piety or for any great regard for the future welfare of his listeners.

Monday, March 26 — Purchased three mules at about \$50 per head. We now have 5 to each wagon, intending to purchase riding ponies from the Indians on our way. Anxious to be on our way.

Tuesday, March 27 — Purchased saddles, extra mule shoes, pickets, etc. The gamblers are fleecing many persons, who will be obliged to return home.

Wednesday, March 28 — Raining. Rolled out about 3 o'clock this afternoon. Our gaunt-looking mules moved off finely. Lulled to sleep by the hooting of owls and howling of wolves. Appointed guards. Distance, 6 miles.

Thursday, March 29 — Bad road, but our mules did not flinch, Ferried over Polp river and passed through the "Choctaw Agency." A great many Indians were lounging about; they are very fond of dress—some of the squaws were clad in calicoes of the most gaudy colors. There is a detachment of Government soldiers ahead of us plotting a route on the south side of the Canadian river to the plains of the "great American Desert," thence to Santa Fe. Saw a great many grouse and prairie snipe; did not succeed in killing them. Distance, 22 miles—28.

Friday, March 30 — Road almost impassable; this portion of the prairie had been lately burned over, which made it much worse. Mired both wagons and mules very frequently. We almost despaired getting through. Encamped with the troops along a clear brook. The air was perfumed by a variety of shrubbery in full bloom. Distance, 5 miles—33.

Saturday, March 31 — We have now learned to extricate the teams with less difficulty. Went in search of corn for our suffering animals. We came to the cabin of an old Indian who said he had none, but we knew he was lying; we were determined to have it, which he saw and gave in. We got as much as our animals could carry for \$1 per 100 ears. The old squaw was busily engaged in dissecting a turkey with her hands. Distance, 4 miles—37.

Sunday, April 1 — Did not move camp. Some of us went gunning, and others fishing. I almost trod upon a large rattlesnake which I silenced by a bullet through his pate. A number of Indians visited us, begging tobacco, bread, etc.

Monday, April 2 — Travelled over mountains and strips of prairie. Met an American who has adopted the dress and customs of the Indians. The military ahead of us very imprudently set the prairie on fire, but we saved ourselves by arresting its progress in one spot, wide enough for our wagons to pass through. Distance, 12 miles—49.

Tuesday, April 3 — Shot many fowl this morning. Met an old Choctaw of whom we purchased some eggs, or "chickens," as they call them in broken English. A good pony can be purchased of them for \$5. The landscape scenery is fine, and the hills here abound in iron ore. Distance, 12 miles—61.

Wednesday, April 4 — Purchased some corn of an Indian, and found we could get as much for three of four dimes, as for a dollar, they preferring small change, and at the same time we gave them full value. Distance, 9 miles—70.

Thursday, April 5 — Owing to bad state of road, we made little progress. Rain, but our tent turns water. Shot 8 gray squirrels, which furnished a savory dish. Distance, 6 miles—76.

Friday, April 6 — After crossing a beautiful prairie and a difficult mountain, we had to double our teams to cross a ravine. There was much rain, and we were in danger of drowning while crossing the ravine. Our camp is a perfect mud hole. Distance, 11 miles—87.

Saturday, April 7 — Heavy showers continued falling. The military are encamp-

ed on the other side of the creek, as is a group of Texians who have been waiting here for company. They must remain until the water falls. They scarcely knew where they were going, I suppose, and had heard of California, knew it was westward, and were pushing forward in that direction. Distance, 3 miles—90.

Sunday, April 8 — Rained all night. Obligated to remain in our tents.

Monday, April 9 — Rained all night; cleared off this morning. Our mules wandered off during the night, but we recovered them this afternoon. Busy drying and repairing equipment.

Tuesday, April 10 — For washing clothes, the large, flat stones, on the bank of the stream, answer admirable, and the appearance of our lines would reflect honor upon a skilled washerwoman. Quarreling amongst the soldiers, and punished accordingly—Whiskey the cause.

Wednesday, April 11 — Again under way. The prairies and hills are very soft, but we got along tolerably well. We have been in Chickasaw Indian country since leaving Gaines creek. They are fairer in complexion than the Choctaws and grow corn; some speak English. Distance, 10 miles—100.

Thursday, April 12 — Made an early start; road very bad; frequently had to cut a new one to avoid swampy places. Swamps, creeks and mountains on all sides. We are in good health and spirits and have few complaints; we almost forget that heretofore we lived in a civilized country.

Friday, April 13 — Remained in camp to-day. The Texians and a company of six tailors very foolishly crossed the swollen Coal creek today, after soaking all their baggage and being obliged to swim.

Saturday, April 14 — We will wait until the creek falls. Change to cold; hail and rain this afternoon, very disagreeable.

Sunday, April 15 — Snow fell to a depth of three inches last night; the thermometer is down to 26 degrees this morning. Everything indicates approaching summer, but we may expect a great deal of rain after this date. Emigrants should never leave the frontiers before the first of May; they only expose themselves to the inclemency of the weather, and use up their animals.

Monday, April 16 — Weather settled. Musser and I altered and fitted the harness which had been too large for the mules.

Tuesday, April 17 — Crossed the creek after being obliged to "corduroy" the banks on both sides, being perfect swamps. Came across an Indian settlement and purchased some corn of "Mr. Tecumseh." Will "turn in" early. Distance, 4 miles—104.

Wednesday, April 18 — Made an early start, and crossed what we supposed to be Cedar Creek. We travelled over some rough mountains, cutting our own road. When we emerged from the woods, a prairie lay before us. This evening, several men encamped with us, who had been *but four days out from Fort Smith!* Distance, 10 miles—114.

Thursday, April 19 — Under way at 7 o'clock; crossed a small prairie, and found ourselves at the foot of a high and very steep mountain. Armstrong and myself took the axe, and in a short time had a road cut to the top, winding around to make the ascent more gradual. Camped by a small stream from which we caught sunfish for supper.

Friday, April 20 — Our general course thus far has been a few degrees S of W. Road better. We are now in the Shawnee Indian country. From their cabins and villages they appear to be a more civilized tribe than any we have yet met with. The old chief of whom we purchased corn had a stern, commanding appearance, an intellectual physiognomy, and "fire" in his eye. He had been at war, and had fought many battles, but was now at peace with everybody. As he declared this, he looked upon this remnant of his once powerful tribe with melancholy pride. Some of the squaws were handsome and their dress imitated the style of the whites. From one lady, the wife of a white man, we procured eggs, chickens, milk, etc. Distance, 8 miles—122.

Saturday, April 21 — Made little progress to-day; our course lay over a rough and mountainous country. We were followed all day by Indians wanting to trade corn and potatoes for clothing. They know the value of the articles and of money. They have a great dread of the "Camanches" and they think we are a foolhardy set to venture

through this country. We have pitched our tent and have quite a crowd of Indians around us. They will *beg* tobacco, this being the first thing they ask for. Distance, 6 miles—128.

Sunday, April 22 — Although there was rain this morning, concluded to travel to-day for fear of detention by high waters. Crossed a number of deep, boggy slues, which damaged some wagons. Soon after, we reached a narrow prairie near an Indian settlement. The Indians brought eggs, fowls, milk, butter, etc. We were within two miles of the Canadian river, five miles of Edwards trading house, and a half mile of "Shawnee town." The Canadian divides the Shawnee and Creek Indian Territory. Distance, 10 miles—138.

Monday, April 23 — Major Green and myself rode over to Edwards' trading house, which is situated on Little River, near the Canadian. The water is brackish and the riverbed is entirely quicksand. Old Mr. Edwards has grown wealthy and grey in this traffic with the Indians.

Tuesday, April 24 — Started at 7 o'clock, the road better, the country more open than usual. We have been luxuriating upon the many good things we procured from the Shawnees, such as wild turkey, fresh pork, milk, butter, eggs, sweet potatoes, peanuts, etc. Distance, 10 miles—148.

Wednesday, April 25 — Remained in camp to-day. The Indians promised to bring us corn and "coot flour" to camp, but did not fulfill. Persons living in a civilized country, unacquainted with the Indian character, would dwell for hours upon the wrongs they had received at the hands of the whites, but a short acquaintance with these Redskins will suffice to change that opinion. They are a treacherous, lying, dishonest people; we give them no opportunities to pilfer from us.

Thursday, April 26 — Travelled at a pretty fast rate until it commenced raining. We determined to go on. I ascended a high bluff and had a fine view of woodland and strips of prairie, wanting but houses to give it the appearance of a vast settlement. Cut our own road for about five miles. There is abundant iron ore in this country. The sun is generally very hot during the day, and the nights uncomfortable cool. Distance, 13 miles—161.

Friday, April 27 — Found ourselves in a tight place—rocks, ravines and woods all around us; but we finally reached camp, after upsetting one of our wagons in a deep ravine. Crossed the Delaware mountains. We learned that we were about 25 miles from "Choteau's." Distance, 18 miles—179.

Saturday, April 28 — Cut and blazed the road thro' a scrub oak and briar thicket. The Delaware Indians inhabit this portion of the country. At noon, we came out upon the great plain, which extends north, south and west as far as the eye can reach. Saw two antelopes; several fine turkeys killed to-day, and a prairie chick's nest robbed of 14 eggs. I am well serenaded by wolves. As yet, we have seen no buffalo, except their old "crossings," and a number of "frames" or skeletons. Distance, 15 miles—194.

Sunday, April 29 — Remembered the "Sabbath" to-day, by pursuing our journey. Strawberries are abundant on the plain, and beginning to ripen. There has been a hot wind blowing to-day; water very scarce, and unfit for use. Distance, 12 miles—206.

Monday, April 30 — Our course on the ridge between the Canadian and Watchita rivers. This evening a Delaware Indian named Big Buck visited our camp. He could speak English and gave us information in regard to the country. In return we gave him his supper, and he ate fully six men's rations. Distance, 15 miles—221.

Tuesday, May 1 — Big Buck came according to agreement, to act as guide. Caught some fine fish, in which the Canadian abounds; the Indians trap a good many otter along the banks. Crossed the river, we were obliged to keep the wagons "rolling" to prevent their sinking into the quicksand. Distance, 6 miles — 227.

Wednesday, May 2 — Reached Choteau's this morning. Found an organized company of emigrants here, about 200 men, with 40 wagons. Encamped and deliberated upon "what was to be done next." Distance, 3 miles—230.

Thursday, May 3 — This morning I visited what was once an extensive trading post, established by Mr. Choteau. Some years ago, Mr. Edwards sent up a lot of goods and negroes to trade and cultivate

corn, etc. After they had a crop raised, they were suddenly attacked by the Camanches; the negroes fled, and the overseer was killed; the buildings were set on fire and everything burned to the ground. A "mess" of 9 Virginians and 8 men from Baton Rouge, La. have agreed to go with us. Distance, 6 miles—236.

Friday, May 4 — Rained, but we continued moving along. Encamped early, for the purpose of organizing a company for mutual protection. Elected Maj. Green, Captain. There are 31 men in our company, and 9 wagons. Some thought in rash to cross Camanche country with so small a force; but all agreed our animals would fare better, and we would be more likely to get along in harmony. Distance, 14 miles—250.

Saturday, May 5 — Travelled over a perfectly level plain. Distance, 30 miles—280.

Sunday, May 6 — Frequently not a tree or shrub in sight. Passed through a large Prairie Dog village. A number were guarding their habitations, but turned in upon our approach. They are said to be delicious eating. Had a good campsite. Distance, 15 miles—295.

Monday, May 7 — Crossed the Canadian river. Road continues good. Game is scarce, especially buffalo; as civilization advances, this animal retreats toward the setting sun. Distance, 20 miles—315.

Tuesday, May 8 — The wheeling good. Passed natural mounds of red colored, rotten sandstone, and several ridges of white stone, plaster. Today we saw the first fresh signs of buffalo; and saw seven bulls feeding a mile from the road. Several men gave chase and killed one, and wounded three more. Much more game was killed. The bull meat was rather tough; otherwise it resembled beef, excepting the wild flavor. Wolves, rattlesnakes, and toads abundant. Distance, 20 miles—335.

Wednesday, May 9 — Encamped on a stream running in a S.E. direction. Jerking our venison and buffalo meat this evening. Caught some fine catfish and soft shelled turtle in the stream. Passed a dead horse. Distance, 16 miles—351.

Thursday, May 10 — Passed over a high rolling prairie. The shrubs in the "arroyos" are in full bloom. Encamped on a small red stream; it will not affect soap. Distance, 20 miles—371.

Friday, May 11 — A hail storm dumped two inches of ice in a few minutes. Our animals ran in every direction over the prairie. We found a deserted wagon owned by three men, one of whom had strayed off, and was supposed to have been killed by the Indians, the other two abandoned the wagon, and started in search of him. Distance, 18 miles—389.

Saturday, May 12 — Water is brackish and ill tasted. The plains heretofore covered with grass, wild flowers, and odorous plants, have become barren and hilly. Distance, 20 miles—409.

Sunday, May 13 — Remained in camp, preparing for another week's travel.

Monday, May 14 — Keeping near the Canadian river. Encamped near a deserted Indian encampment. There had been 18 lodges. Distance, 30 miles—439.

Tuesday, May 15 — The Canadian is as large here as 200 miles below. The growth of cottonwood on its banks is more sparse, but we have not yet resorted to "buffalo chips" for fuel, but I find that one answers the purpose of a *writing desk* at present. Distance, 16 miles—455.

Wednesday, May 16 — Sand, heat-flies and gnats make travel very laborious upon man and beast. Saw some flax, a great variety of wild flowers and abundant grapes, and a few dwarf plums. The scalp of an emigrant was taken a few days ago, by the Indians, and hung upon a pole, in the road, to scare us. They will find out to the contrary. Distance, 20 miles—475.

Thursday, May 17 — Crossed a large branch of the Canadian today, very cold and swollen on account of the recent hail-storm. Our general rule for travelling is as follows: Start at 8 in the morning, and continue without intermission until 4 P.M. when we encamp, and graze our mules, until 8, then tie them up until 4 in the morning, and again start at 8. Distance, 20 miles—495.

Friday, May 18 — Saw some beautiful specimens of "Cactus" in bloom — they

were several colors, but principally yellow. We are getting scarce of breadstuff, but have plenty of bacon and beans. Distance, 20 miles—515.

Saturday, May 19 — The country is rough, broken and barren with a species of rank grass growing on the river flats; one stalk I measured out of curiosity was 27 feet long. Distance, 15 miles—530.

Sunday, May 20 — The wind has blown sand over everything, ruining our victuals. The grass is poor and salty, and impregnated with salt. We are getting out of the buffalo range, and had to carry a bag of "chips" two miles in order to boil coffee. When perfectly dry it is a good substitute for wood. Distance, 20 miles—550.

Monday, May 21 — What the Creator designed this barren portion of the world for, is more than I can imagine. Had to drive several miles out of our way to procure water. Distance, 15 miles—565.

Tuesday, May 22 — Visited by three Mexicans; they were rough looking fellows, and the first we had seen. We began to think we were near the borders of New Mexico. The faces of some of the party, bitten by gnats and sand-flies, are dreadfully swollen, and very painful. Today we saw a new variety of prickley-pear; curiosity prompted us to taste the fruit, and we came away with our mouths stuck full of small barbs, which we could not extract. Distance, 15 miles—580.

Wednesday, May 23 — Visited by more Mexicans. Prairie dogs abundant. Distance, 20 miles—600.

Thursday, May 24 — Continued our course over a high plain, annoyed by a very high wind. Shot an antelope today, the meat of which was pronounced the most tender and delicious we had ever eaten. Distance, 25 miles—625.

Friday, May 25 — Grass is drying up. Millions of swallows inhabit the rocks here; in one place there were a great many rude hieroglyphics, painted, and carved in the stone, imitating persons, beasts, birds, reptiles, and one which we supposed to represent the evil spirit. There were also a great many stone crucibles laying about. There were 17 Mexicans encamped amongst the rocks, out upon a trading expedition with the Camanches. Distance, 25 miles—650.



Saturday, May 26 — Travelled until 7¼ P.M., finding no water, except one pool which was too salt for use. Did not get the animals watered until midnight, when a little water was found in a rocky ravine. Distance, 33 miles—683.

Sunday, May 27 — Our great objection to this route, will be the scarcity of feed. I think that many ox-teams will never reach Santa Fe. Mules endure thirst much better than cattle. The Rocky Mountains that run through New Mexico are in sight in the west, and a long range of bluffs to the south, covered with cedar. Remained in camp today. Our tent was blown down by the storm last night.

Monday, May 28 — I awoke almost suffocated with sand. While the storm was raging, we heard cries of distress which guided us to a group of Mexicans, who had been scattered by the storm. We were obliged to use the dry branches of the Cactus for fuel. Found wild peas, of which our animals are very fond, and a great variety of wild flowers. Encamped by a few holes of water, so salty that we could scarcely use it; but necessity compels us to drink or die. Distance, 18 miles—701.

Tuesday, May 29 — Came upon a ditch filled with red, muddy water. Our animals drank without measure; when I tasted it I found it so nauseous that I could not drink. We were obliged to encamp. The plain to-day is covered with bear grass, resembling a pine-apple several feet high.

Wednesday, May 30 — Clambered to the top of one of the high ridges. The mountains are composed of red sand or granite rock. I found some rich specimens of iron ore. We purchased a sheep and a lamb from several wretched looking Mexicans for \$2.25. Cactus for fuel. Distance, 25 miles—746.

Thursday, May 31 — Came across some poor Mexicans who had lost their flocks. Encamped on a pure running stream. Distance, 25 miles—771.

Friday, June 1 — Passed through large herds of cattle and sheep. Came to a "fork" in our road; after several hours delay, we decided to "go it blind." Procured some of the richest milk we ever drank, from a shepherd's camp near us. Distance, 18 miles—789.

Saturday, June 2 — Passed two Mexican ranches before reaching "town" late in the afternoon; if all the inhabitants of New Mexico live in a similar manner, they are to be pitied. Saw several jack-asses loaded with about 400 lbs. of corn each. The Santa Fe and Independence road is better than any macadamized road in the States. Crossed the Pacos river which is 30 years wide, rapid, and cold. San Miguel is composed of about 75 hovels. There are several groceries in the place, their principal business being the sale of inferior liquor. Attended a "Fandango," a medley of Mexicans and Americans dancing with the "Marguerettas" of the country. Sorry enjoyment for me. Distance, 11, miles—800.

Sunday, June 3 — "Attend church" to-day. The building is a large adobe finished in the most rude style of architecture, the floor covered with rough boards upon which all kneel having no seats or benches. Thousands of swallows were flying and twittering about during the service. It is said the Padre defrauds the poor deluded people out of \$25,000 a year. It is amusing to see the people coming in three or four mounted on one little mule.

Monday, June 4 — Engaged in trading our trunks and unnecessary articles for pack saddles, lariats, skins, blankets, etc. I procured a "mustang pony" for my trunk. This evening we heard a shot; we hurried into town and found that a cold-blooded murder had been committed, this being the first case of the kind that had ever happened under the U.S. Laws. Mules can be bought here from \$50 to \$100 each; before the emigration commenced they could be bought from \$25 to \$40 each.

Tuesday, June 5 — Employed as yesterday. Bought a Mexican saddle for \$25. High winds blow sand all over us, into our victuals, etc. Here a wagon cannot be traded for a good mule, the market being already overstocked with them. The man with whom we exchanged designs moving down the Rio Grande into Old Mexico, not liking the U.S. laws.

Wednesday, June 6 — Left for Santa Fe. Encamped near the village of Pacos, which is now in ruins. Distance 25 miles—825,

Thursday, June 7 — This morning one of our mules was missing. Met the U.S. Mail on the way to Independence; they expect to go through in from 16 to 20 days. I had no letters written. As we neared Santa Fe, the "Stars and Stripes" floating in the breeze attracted our attention. The town, entirely built of unburnt adobe, the scope of the country, stretching for leagues to the S.W., and enveloped in haze, inspired us with rather gloomy sensations; however, we could not feel but gratified that we had reached the important point of our journey. We drew up before the United States Hotel. The quarters, in which about 30 of us were stored with our baggage, is a small, uncleaned stable, infested with fleas, bed bugs, and other vermin, the stench being horrible. Distance, 25 miles—850.

Friday, June 8 — Boarding at \$1 a day. The weather comfortable, the atmosphere very pure. Provisions are cheap, the quarter master of the army had a sufficient amount of Government store condemned to make up his \$30,000 gambling loss (it is said). It was a lucky piece of rascality for the emigrants. Made sacks out of tanned buffalo hides, and employed a Mexican packer to go through with us, at \$12 per month.

Saturday, June 9 — Busily engaged in making preparations.

Sunday, June 10 — I saw some of the gold obtained from the local mines, and it is worth \$18.50 per oz. in Santa Fe. Mules are very high here. There are rumors afloat that the Apache and other Indians are very hostile on our route. Our company is about employing Machintosh, a half-breed Indian somewhat noted as a mountaineer; he agrees to guide us through, by the Spanish trail, in 60 days, for the sum of \$800. We have calculated to go to the route traveled by Kearney, and follow his trail. Considerable difficulty with our mules, but we got out of town. Distance, 17 miles—867.

Monday, June 11 — Wrote a letter; used the earth for a writing desk. I was annoyed by a Mexican boy who wanted me to teach him to talk and write "Americano." Purchased an unbroken mule which we had difficulty in conquering; Fernando gave us some rare specimens of Mexican horsemanship. Having no tent we are now obliged to bivouack in all out doors with the heavens for a counter-pane and the earth

for a mattress.

Tuesday, June 12 — The country abounds in the long-eared hare. Distance, 15 miles—882.

Wednesday, June 13 — Some of our men visited the old Santa Fe gold placer, and in one washing procured at least 50 cts. worth of pure gold. Time passes very tediously when lying in camp in such a desolate country as this.

Thursday, June 14 — Returned to Santa Fe today to purchase a few articles we had forgotten.

Friday, June 15 — Lodged at the U.S. Hotel; fleas abound here. Indulged in a glass of ice cream (it deserved no such name) and paid 50 cts.

Saturday, June 16 — Back in camp, employed in fitting up our packs. They do not average more than 150 lbs.; the Mexicans frequently pack from 3 to 400 per animal.

Sunday, June 17 — We are anxious to move.

Monday, June 18 — Started at 9 A.M., had trouble with the packs. Encamped at the new placer. I saw a vial full of the ore that was worth \$177. A few days ago, a man found two pieces that weighed \$1920. Endeavored to employ an old mountaineer as a guide, but travelling with mules, he said, looked too much like work. Distance, 20 miles—902.

Tuesday, June 19 — Passed through San Pedro and encamped at San Antonio. Distance, 15 miles—917.

Wednesday, June 20 — Emerged upon a large plain, sloping westward to the Rio Grand; here we had a beautiful display of that strange phenomena of nature, "mirage." We thought we saw the water, long before we came in sight of it. Encamped upon a flat, near the town of Albuquerque, which contains about 300 inhabitants, and is the most cleanly, respectable looking Mexican village we have yet seen. Labor is worth from \$3 to \$4 per month here, out of which the man is obliged to board himself. Wood is worth \$30 per cord. The land produces well, and large herds of cattle, horses, mules, sheep, and goats feed upon the grass; vegetables, grow and sell here, and fruit comes to the greatest perfection. Distance, 25 miles—942.



Thursday, June 21 — Woke with my face very much swollen, caused by sleeping upon the damp ground. Ja's H. Dixon, of Baton Rouge, La. was duly nominated and elected Captain, until we reached the "diggings." Distance, 21 miles—963.

Friday, June 22 — Passed through Puerto. Saw some Indians along the river, who I suppose live upon fish; their huts consist of a few poles set upright, and tied together at the top, over which are thrown a few loose skins. Much annoyed by mosquitoes, which swarm along the river. Distance, 25 miles—988.

Saturday, June 23 — Very unwell today; wore an overcoat even though the sun was insufferably hot to others. Almost devoured by famished mosquitoes; they also attacked our stock which threatened to stampede. Distance, 35 miles—1023.

Sunday, June 24 — The citizens have got up a Fandango this evening. The agricultural implements of these people are of the rudest kind, the most important article is a large steel hoe (brought from the States) which answers the purpose of shovel, trowel and hoe. Their plow consists of a simple piece of crooked timber, with one handle, to which they attach a yoke of oxen. The wheels of their wagons are cut out of a solid log, and the whole cart is made without an ounce of iron.

Monday, June 25 — Crossed the river near Tome. The ferryman owned a large dugout, in which ourselves and baggage were crossed in safety, for the trifling sum of \$8; we gave several Mexicans \$3 to swim over with our animals. Distance, 6 miles—1029.

Tuesday, June 26 — We will remain near Soroco, opposite Tome, to purchase and exchange mules, and to hire a guide to the Gila river. This is the last place of consequence we will meet. Distance, 8 miles—1037.

Wednesday, June 27 — Soroco is a poor destitute place, and contains about 2 or 3000 inhabitants. The Mexicans are very indolent, and would rather starve a "little" than work.

Thursday, June 28 — Ferdinand thought himself killed when the mule that he was riding threw him. He was not seriously

hurt; settled with him, gave him a present of \$5 and left him in charge of a nurse. Met an old Mexican wood-dealer, who offered me his best mule, and an old carbine, made in Lancaster, Pa., for my rifle. Concluded not to part with my old friend. Distance, 24 miles—1061.

Friday, June 29 — Engaged a Spaniard to guide us as far as the Gila river, for which we are to pay him \$60. We are soon to enter the country of the Apache Indians. We number 33 persons, and can fire 113 rounds at one discharge, besides which we are pretty well armed with knives. Our stock numbers 85 head, which we propose driving in three compact groups. Two men ride in advance of the company, as a front guard, and four behind as rear guard, the balance to lead and drive the mules. A night guard is appointed by the Capt., to be on duty two hours each.

Saturday, June 30 — Rain makes it difficult to keep our baggage and provisions dry. Obligated to make use of the Rio Grande water, which would be excellent if filtered.

(NOTE: Entries stop at this page and pick up on July 14.)

Saturday, July 14 — Our tender-foot beasts travelled along as best they could, but all the mules that had been shod at Santa Fe, lost their shoes. After a gradual descent over what we suppose is Gen. Kearney's old trail, we again reached the waters of the Gila, crossing it nine times. When we emerged upon a flat, we again found a great number of ruins and large quantities of broken pottery, etc. It resembles the common red crockery, now in use in the States, being ornamented at striped in a variety of styles. Distance, 20 miles—1374.

Sunday, July 15 — Fishing met with poor success. Spent several hours wandering over the site of these ancient settlements, but could find nothing but the pottery and foundations of buildings, denoting the existence of a once numerous people. We would prefer travelling, to the heat.

Monday, July 16 — Passed more ruins down the valley of the river—broken portions of walls, and posts, are yet standing. We also saw large stones hollowed-out in the shape of a mortar for grinding grain. They cultivated the soil, which required

irrigation; some of their ditches can be seen to this day. An egg could be roasted by the rays of the sun in a few minutes; the barrels of our guns became so hot we could scarcely touch them. Water of the Gila is brackish. Distance, 30 miles—1404.

Tuesday, July 17 — Saw the "frames" of a number of cattle and horses lying along the route. Distance, 30 miles—1434.

Wednesday, July 18 — Some of the animals begin to fail after we made an error in thinking we would soon be near the river. It was evening when water was found, and some think that their animals will require several days rest before they are able to proceed. A division of our small company must take place, which is to be regretted. Our provisions are fast disappearing in this desolate region. Distance, 30 miles—1464.

Thursday, July 19 — We ascended and descended one rugged steep after another, and one poor animal, with a heavy pack, lost its equilibrium, fell down a precipice, and rolled over several times, pack and all, but soon recovered its footing, and again commenced the toilsome ascent. Our trail is an Indian path, perhaps never trod by the foot of white man before. The prickly pear has been very abundant for some days. Distance, 16 miles—1480.

Friday, July 20 — Continued down the ravine, until we reached the Gila. The Knickerbocker company, destitute of provisions, were "nooning it" upon the fruit of the prickly pear—a flimsy substitute for food. Today we met the first new and singular kind of cactus. It has branches similar to the main stalk, putting out about half way up the trunk, it is evergreen, fluted and armed with prickles, or barbs. Encamped in an arroyo, down which ran a small, clear stream of pure cold water. We found some small sour grapes, and saw a humming bird, a wren and a ground squirrel. Distance, 20 miles—1500.

Saturday, July 21 — Through these apparently impassable canons, is now our only course. We crossed the stream 30 times in the course of today's march. The bed of the river in places is very rocky, and in others composed of quicksand. In places the current was so rapid as to wash the legs of

the animals from under them, and carry them downstream; but they invariably reached the shore in safety. In these tremendous canons, nature displays her powers in the wildest form. The stupendous rocks, reared perpendicularly above each other for hundreds of feet, present a grand but gloomy spectacle to the beholder. Nothing like vegetation, or animal life, cheers the solitude of the scene, except the lonely cactus tree, which has the appearance of so many sentinels, stationed by the infernal powers to guard these dark passes. We measured one of these trees that had blown down, and found it to be 39 feet in length, and 25 inches in diameter; some of them have five or six arms, generally two or three, sometimes one, and frequently none. Found a species of nut to-day, which sickened some of the boys who ate them. We met 5 Apaches who were taking dinner when we came upon them. The "prepared dish" lay in the sand, and consisted of several yards of the entrails of a dead horse, containing all the filth, roasted in ashes. We do not know how soon we may be compelled to imitate their example. Visited by some "poverty struck" Apaches; we ordered them to leave at dark. Distance, 16 miles—1516.

Sunday, July 22 — The Indians visited us again, having nothing to trade but some jerked horse meat, which we did not relish. They were very curious, and we gave them some trifling presents. One of them had a paint stone, resembling red chalk, suspended from her neck, with which they striped themselves in our presence, using their fingers as a brush, a spittle to mix with. Reached Saddle Back Peak in open country; it very much resembles the seat of a saddle. Distance, 12 miles—1526.

Monday, July 23 — Mezcal trees afforded us but poor shelter from the burning sun.

Tuesday, July 24 — Travelled several miles before we realized that one of our pack mules was missing with the most valuable pack. It had, no doubt, wandered into the thicket and been found by the several Indians who were ahead of us when we went back in search of it. My individual loss is not less than \$175, the total loss is about \$400, including my gold watch and chain. This is the first ill-luck we have met. We had not travelled far to-day before the river



again canoned, and we were obliged to ford it 21 times during the march. The gamma which our animals eat is very thin. Distance, 22 miles—1550.

Wednesday, July 25 — No tidings of the lost mule and pack. No doubt my watch already bedecks the tawny bosom of some squaw, of no more value to her than a brass button. Crossed the river 10 times before it "spreads out its valley." Dust is almost knee deep. Distance, 25 miles—1575.

Thursday, July 26 — Entered Gen. Cook's wagon road. Saw the first female emigrant on the route so far. She is the wife of Cap't Day, and was mounted upon a mule, covered with dust, holding an umbrella over her head, and a child in her arms. Distance, 25 miles—1600.

Friday, July 27 — We are encamped within a league of the principal city of the Pismo Indians. We have had no bacon for two weeks. Our supply of coffee is beginning to fail. We are obliged to drink it very weak without sugar, which with a scanty allowance of Mexican flour has constituted our entire fare for sometime. The flour was ground by hand power, and contains all the bran. This is a pretty fix to be in, wanting the necessities of life. We bartered with the Pismos who brought us small quantities of wheat flour, green corn, and watermelons, but no meat. We were unable to trade our broken down animals for fresh stock. The Pismos are like most Indian tribes we have met, but not so athletic and dignified as the Apaches whom they dread. Thermometers stand at 126 degrees in the shade.

Saturday, July 28 — Entered the Pismo village, on the south side of the river. Their wigwams are composed of a kind of wicker work, thatched and covered with earth. They have summer houses which provide shade for eating watermelons, boiled wheat and beans. They speak Spanish, and use the rough Mexican plough; savage tribes sometimes steal their stock, and they have some animals which were left here by Kearney, Graham and Cook. A shirt is the height of their clothing ambitions. The women do all the drudge work. All the Indians have bow and arrows. This afternoon we passed through the Marakopa tribe. They know how to handle cards with a great deal of

dexterity and know the value of money. Distance, 30 miles—1630.

Sunday, July 29 — The Marakopas brought melons and corn for exchange, but we failed of procuring meat. Ten of us consumed several dozen melons today, and the Indians ate the rinds which we threw away. Exchanged several horses for others very little better, giving more "to boot" than both were worth.

Monday, July 30 — Kept the trail, following the course of the river. A large portion of the valley is covered with saline deposits, which the Indians collect for use. Mezquite timber is more abundant. Distance, 25 miles—1655.

Tuesday, July 31 — Crossed the river, but had to recross, swamps interrupting our course on the north side. The country is most sterile and forbidding, the sun-burned summits are destitute of vegetation. We are almost choked with thirst. Thermometer stood at 114 degrees in the shade; a sand storm blinded and almost suffocated us for a time. We are plodding through sand almost knee deep, annoyed by numerous prickly shrubs, our hands suffer when we gather mezquite beans for our animals. We had scarcely rolled up our weary bodies tonight when our ears were saluted by the music of an old acquaintance. We dislodged and beheaded the "minstrel," the largest rattlesnake I ever saw, being four feet in length, with more than 20 rattles. Distance 25 miles—1680.

Wednesday, Aug. 1 — Too soon we are aroused by the unwelcome voice of the Cap't, calling for us to be off by sunrise. Found a litter upon which the company in advance had carried a man several hundred miles. Sand and heat made this a hard day's march. Distance, 20 miles—1700.

Thursday, August 2 — Sand very deep. It is but 44 miles from this point to the Pismo village, through the cut-off, while we have travelled 100 by following the course of the river. Distance, 25 miles—1725.

Friday, Aug. 3 — On the west side of the river is a mound of black rocks upon which there are engraved many rude characters and hieroglyphics. I have often read of, but never believed, the changes that are

produced upon the nature and temper of men, under these circumstances. We turned our mules loose, and they wandered around from tree to tree; the weeds were so high and dense we could not see them. We have given up "keeping guard" although we are yet in the Apache Indian range. The labor of packing and unpacking several times a day, exposed to a burning sun, walking more than half the time, over mountains and deep sand, drinking the hot, brackish water of the Gila, and living upon our limited diet, all combine to reduce and debilitate us in mind and body. We have become indifferent to danger. When the gold of California is spoken of, it is only in connection with. "If the Sierra Nevada mountains were made of gold, they cannot repay us for what we have endured." Many companies have been divided by most trifling circumstances, but I believe that none of the dissensions so common on the route will enter our little band; yet it will take considerable good "feeding," and intercourse with civilization, to restore us. Distance, 30 miles—1755.

Saturday, August 4 — Found the horses and mules six or eight miles from camp, still wandering about. This afternoon, we met several hundred Indians, on their way up the river. Everything belonging to an Indian camp, they had upon their backs. The squaws were carrying very heavy loads by means of a strap around their foreheads. The men were encumbered only with their bows, and a few of them were on horseback. I covered my India rubber canteen with flannel, and hang it on my saddle, the water then becomes tolerably cool. Distance, 15 miles—1770.

Sunday, Aug. 5 — Suffered from thirst; a laborious day's work. Charles Gathwait lay down in the road, said he was sick, and would rather die on the spot than attempt to go further. I found he had a burning fever on him, gave him a portion of the water left in my canteen, and continued. Gathwait came up during the night. John Franklin also fell behind the company during the day's march. He is on foot and alone; he has not come up. Distance, 30 miles—1800.

Monday, Aug. 6 — Had bean soup for all hands to-day, which luxury we cannot afford more than once in two weeks. Franklin

came up today with a company of emigrants; he had lain without water, expecting to die.

Tuesday, Aug. 7 — Came upon a little grass, growing upon a sand bar in the river. We stopped and unpacked twice during the day, to rest the weary animals. Distance, 35 miles—1835.

Wednesday, Aug. 8 — Remained in camp until dark, when we packed up and started. Our animals seem determined to leave us at every opportunity. We have lost but the one, carelessly left behind. One sterile hill rises after another, and mountain after mountain, the desolation unbroken by a single tree or living object. The heat of the day being so intense, we are now compelled to travel at night; the sand in the road is deep, and hot enough to scald the legs of the animals. Although we are so near the river, we frequently suffer for want of water; the underbrush and weeds prevent our getting to it.

Thursday, Aug. 9 — Rested from 1 o'clock until daybreak when we repacked and continued. The day is excessively hot, and after passing over several barren sand-hills, we emerged upon a sand plain, stretching south and west as far as the eye could reach. On the north was the Gila River, flowing westward, and the mezquite timber stretching over the plains. On the south we had the sandy plain which we knew to be the valley of the Rio Colorado. On the west, nothing but a high and desolate waste, bounded by the horizon. A hazy atmosphere hung over the scene, on fire, by the intense heat of the sand, the rays of which are reflected upward by this immense mirror of sand. Found some beans and met a small company, who informed us that we were within two miles of the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. We could now turn our backs upon the Gila now, with as much pleasure, as we first beheld, drank and bathed in its cool waters which have since changed into a turbid, heated, and brackish stream. In the course of our journey we have forded it upwards of *one hundred* times. There is a village of Yuma Indians directly across the river. Distance, 40 miles—1875.

Friday, Aug. 10 — Walked down to the Upper Crossing, about a mile below the



junction. Fifteen men were ferrying their goods across in a water-tight wagon body, a slender boat, for the Colorado is here about 350 yards wide, deep enough to float a "man o' war," and a very swift current. In crossing, the boat is carried down half a mile. Then they are obliged to tow the boat up stream by hand, with a great deal of labor. There are about 50 Indians standing about, watching for an opportunity to plunder. They have heretofore carried emigrants and their goods over on small rafts; this interference with their business, has somewhat enraged them, and they frequently take plunder, allow the current to carry them out of range, and deposit their goods in the impenetrable thicket. I accidentally discovered one of their pens for hiding animals, but it was empty. The Indians have a great deal of money amongst them. We had these Yumas swim over with our goods and mules, however, we first stationed a man on each side of the river, with our best shooting rifles. A small mule belonging to Franklin, became entangled in the lariat, and was drowned. The Indian brought it to shore, and in a short time every part of it was carried away, including the entrails and the head. Although we nearly lost three fine mules, this was the only bad luck. When night set in, part of our baggage being yet behind, we were obliged to divide camp and keep a guard on each side.

Saturday, Aug. 11 — The moon rose about 2 o'clock this morning, when we commenced crossing our baggage, and by 12, we had all safely landed on the western bank of the Colorado.

Sunday, Aug. 12 — Visited by Indians who had nothing to trade but some jerked mule meat, which we purchased, glad to get it. They might well be classed with the race of giants. We filled all our water vessels, including my air-pillow, and altogether, we must have about 20 gallons. We now commence to strike across the Desert. The animals sank to their knees in sand. The sand had drifted over the trail in many places, and about 10 o'clock, we concluded to stop. We lay down to rest and slept, but in vain—the hot atmosphere and heated sand bed prevented it.

Monday, Aug. 13 — Descended to the sand flats, and were no little surprised to

find a cornfield here, and saw the Indians coming out of their huts to gather their corn, melons, etc. Prepared breakfast, dinner, and supper in one meal, for we have eaten nothing since leaving the Colorado. Coarse bread, weak coffee, and an allowance of mule beef, is highly relished. About 3 o'clock, we found another well, with a dead mule in it; we drank as much as we wanted, and again continued. Darkness prevented us at last, from following the trail. I had become drowsy and frequently slept on mule back, although I made every effort to shake off the feeling.

Tuesday, Aug. 14 — Our canteens are our entire stock of water. The bones of thousands of animals lie strewn about in every direction; and a great number of carcasses of horses and mules that have died lately, pollute the atmosphere. Deserted wagons, harness, saddles, etc., add to this destructive and sickening scene. By 11 o'clock our water was entirely gone, and some of us were suffering from thirst. It acted so powerfully upon Maj. Green, that he became almost frantic. Our joy can scarcely be imagined when we came upon a stream of water, which had opened in the desert waste, and did not exist before this summer. The mules rushed headlong into it, and we drank a large quantity of it. Shortly after we encamped, a company of Mexicans came up, on their way home from the gold mines of California. We learned from them that there are many Americans in the mines, that mules were worth from \$100 to \$300, and that gold is very abundant out in the diggings. We had almost forgotten the principal object of our journey. Distance since last noted 75 miles—1950.

Wednesday, Aug. 15 — Left our encampment and travelled rapidly in the dark. Met great numbers of returning Mexicans. We know that the Salt Lake must be but a short distance on our right, although darkness prevented our seeing. We were deceived yesterday by "mirage"—a large lake of water that receded as fast as we neared it. Only three days stock of provisions remain, and we have no water. We stopped at 2 A.M. and rested for two hours. About 9 o'clock A.M. we reached Cariso creek, but found no water. We rushed to the head of the stream, best man, or best animal, fore-

most. Water oozed out of the earth in several places, then disappeared in the sand. This seems to be a general camping place, and from the nearby Mexicans we hear glowing accounts of the gold diggings. They have several hundred head of fine horses, which they have no doubt stolen on the way. The stench arising from the number of dead animals strewn about, is almost sickening. This afternoon, we continued, and finding several springs, with very bad water and dead horses and mules lying in and about them, we encamped for the night, satisfied that we are now across the much dreaded Desert. Distance, 48 miles—1998.

Thursday, Aug. 16 — We felt the shock of an earthquake during the night, so sensibly that we were all awakened by it. At daybreak, we started, our mules all crying from the pangs of hunger, having no feed for nearly forty-eight hours. Continuing up the valley, we found much poor water, but little wood. We saw the ruins of Maj. Graham's camp from the winter of '47 and '48. Towards evening, a slight rain commenced. We arrived at San Felipe after dark, and our mules were soon into the Indian's unfenced corn patches, helping themselves, and the Indians and dogs hallowed and barked, endeavoring in vain to drive them out. Distance, 21 miles—2019.

Friday, Aug. 17 — The village of San Felipe consists of a few miserable looking huts, built of reeds. The inhabitants cultivate a little corn, a few melons, altogether not more than one American, his wife, and two children, and a pig could subsist upon. They had no provisions to spare. We watched them butcher a poor mule, without skinning, dressing or anything else, each fellow jumping upon it and cutting a piece to suit his taste. Have not eaten a full satisfactory meal, since leaving the Pigmios.

Saturday, Aug. 18 — Travelled through a luxuriant valley; there is some pine timber upon the mountains, and grass. The atmosphere is cool and comfortable. This entire change in nature brightens our spirits. Passed some Indian huts, where we procured some unripe peaches. Encamped at "Warner's Ranch," at one end of a broad, beautiful valley. Both warm and cold springs here. The hot springs are said to contain medicinal properties. The latter is the cold-

est water I ever drank. Mr. Warner was driven from his ranch some time ago by the inhabitants, a crossed race of Indians, Californians, and Mexicans. This is a general stopping place for travellers. This evening, the Indians held their annual feast in honor of their god; they kept up a hideous noise, singing, dancing, bellowing, howling, grunting, dogs barking, guns firing, etc., all night. Distance, 18 miles—2037.

Sunday, Aug. 19 — Travelled in a western course, on the Los Angeles road. Met several squads of returning Mexicans, all of whom confirmed the report as to the abundance of gold, having proof in their possession. Distance, 10 miles—2047.

Monday, Aug. 20 — Our road through the mountains is good. Encamped near a California ranch, in a peach orchard. Distance, 22 miles—2069.

Tuesday, Aug. 21 — Unpacked for the night, on the margin of a beautiful lake, some 12 miles in circumference, covered with wild fowls, and a vast herd of fine cattle grazing on the shore. Being very hungry (having eaten no meat for a great while) we looked with longing eyes upon the fat yearlings sunning about within rifle shot. Some of us went to the ranch to purchase, but found it deserted; returned to camp and in ten minutes we had fresh meat cooking in the pans, on spits, on the coals. Panful after panful was fried; piece after piece was roasted. We roasted a *last piece* again and again. While in the midst of our repast, the man in charge of the ranch came dashing to the camp on horseback, but after explaining to the necessity of the case, he charged us but \$4, which we considered moderate. Distance, 25 miles—2094.

Wednesday, Aug. 22 — Nooned at a California ranch. Distance, 15 miles—2109.

Thursday, Aug. 23 — Thousands of fine cattle feeding upon a small river. For provisions we were directed to Mr. William's Ranch. This gentleman left Wilkes-Barre, Pa., about 1820, and now owns eleven square leagues of land, 35,000 head of cattle, 1500 horses and mules, and many sheep. He proposes laying out a town and farms. It is said that during the war, he furnished the American navy and army with horses and cattle, for which he holds a



\$250,000 bill against the U.S. Government; also that Col. Fremont made an offer of \$200,000 for the ranch and stock. Nearly all the emigrants by the southern route, pass this ranch and have dealings with Mr. Williams. Some say that he has kept a strict account of all that he has given the needy emigrants, with the intention of presenting it to the U. S. Government. I saw a new method of "doctoring" sore backed mules. After the "patients" are firmly tied, young Indians gouge out the dirt and corruption from the sores with their fingers, clawing as much as a quart of maggots out of a single sore. The cavity is then filled with fresh slaked lime, and the sore will heal. An incredible number of cattle range these hills and valleys, one of the finest grazing countries in the world. The climate is delightful, the day being warmest from 7 until 10 o'clock in the morning, after which the ocean breeze cools the atmosphere. Distance, 20 miles—2129.

Friday, Aug. 24 — Stopped near Mr. Reed's ranch. Mr. Reed came out of the State of Missouri in the year 1844, and owns a well stocked ranch, a comfortable house, and a large vineyard. Hill Dixon and I sat down to a California style dinner with him—tortillas, frijoles, hash, onions, red peppers, etc. We have determined to remain several days. Our animals have been turned into a large wheat field, off which the grain has been imperfectly gathered. Pretty extravagant prices. Distance, 12 miles—2141.

Saturday, Aug. 25 — Bought a beef and busied ourselves in preparing it. Washing our clothes, visiting the ranches, buying vegetables, learning Spanish, etc. This afternoon, an eclipse of the sun took place. Lots of melons and tomatoes in camp to-day. We enjoy the feast, expecting a famine to follow.

Sunday, Aug. 26 — Day of perfect rest.

Monday, Aug. 27 — Annoyed by several skunks prowling about our camp last nite. The mill here is a curiosity. The stones are about two feet in diameter, and fed by a raw-hide hopper, which "chops" the grain at the rate of about two bushels in twenty-four hours. The water works consists of a rough wheel, which operates the stones directly. It is attended by a woman, and two more wash the grain and spread

it to dry.

Tuesday, Aug. 28 — Today spent in perfect idleness, and as the mind generally sympathizes with the body, I have nothing to note.

Wednesday, Aug. 29 — Started this morning. Our mules show the effect of good feeding, being very much improved in spirit, if not in body. After stopping at Mr. Rohland's, formerly from Harmony, Pa., we encamped outside of Pueblo de Los Angeles, since they had no accommodations. Distance, 20 miles—2161.

Thursday, Aug. 30 — Concluded to remain here to-day, to supply ourselves with provisions. Los Angeles is handsomely situated in the midst of a fertile country, surrounded by hills. Before the gold mines were discovered, this was the largest town in California. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants are Spaniards, but a number of Americans are settling in the place. Money is abundant, and coffee is 25 cts. per lb.; sugar, 37½; tobacco, \$2; saleratus, \$8; tin cups, \$1.50 apiece; frying pans, \$1; liquor, 25 cts. a drink; salt, \$1 per lb.; common knives and forks, \$10 per dozen. Saw sewing silk sold for its weight in gold. Wheat produces from 40 to 75 bushels to the acre. About the first of December, the country assumes a universal coat of verdure which lasts until July. All kinds of fruit and vegetables flourish; apples, pears, peaches, oranges, figs, apricots, grapes, melons.

Friday, Aug. 31 — Enjoyed the cool sea breeze; we are within a few miles of the ocean. Encamped in a vineyard, after crossing a mountain and up a large valley, in which countless numbers of cattle were grazing . . . not a house or man in sight. Distance, 20 miles—2181.

Saturday, September 1 — While at Los Angeles, I weighed 157 lbs., being a gain of 7 lbs. since leaving home. Maj. Green lost 58 lbs. in the same time. We were advised to cross the mountains into the valley of the San Joaquin, and proceed directly to the nearest mines, and the Mariposa being reported the best diggings in the country. We soon reached the mission of San Fernando. This place is almost deserted. The Mission is going to ruin since the gold mines have been discovered. There were a number of Indians keeping watch over the

cornfield, by being perched upon a small scaffold. After leaving the Mission we entered the mountains, and after one of the hardest struggles I have witnessed on the route, our mules reached the summit with their loads. Saw a "Grizzly" but he was not within rifle shot. Distance, 20 miles—2201.

Sunday, Sept. 2 — Very cold last night. We have but one blanket apiece left, and now feel the need of those we were obliged to throw away. Old "Sol" poured down his rays without mercy today. Found water in the bed of a deep, dark chasm in the mountains, where we encamped. Saw another "Grizzly" and several deer. Distance, 20 miles—2221.

Monday, Sept. 3 — Trail is very indistinct in places. One of our company shot a large catamount, a few rods from camp. Distance, 20 miles—2241.

Tuesday, Sept. 4 — We emerged upon the broad valley of the Rio San Joaquin. It would be difficult to describe the desolate, barren appearance. It seemed to us more forbidding than the Desert of the Colorado. We have been instructed to keep down the valley on the west side of the Tule Lakes. After 10 miles, we reached the head of the first lake, which is thickly beset with Tule (bull-rushes) and covered with wild fowl. We were obliged to hold our mules tonight as they fed, to prevent their wandering away. We were immediately attacked by myriads of mosquitoes. We procured a little water to drink by cutting our way through tule and mosquitoes. We travelled again at 3 o'clock P.M., then lay down to rest at one o'clock A.M., after the mosquitoes left us. Distance, 38 miles—2279.

Wednesday, Sept. 5 — Decided that the trail we were following was a wild horse trail. People who have not witnessed it, can scarcely form an ideal of the sterile appearance of the country we passed over today. Having no trail to reach water, we found travelling very difficult. The earth is dried out to a perfect dust, and every few steps the mules sink to the knees in places where gophers and coyotes have burrowed beneath the surface. Night coming upon us, we lay down in the ravine, without water, wood or grass. Distance, 25 miles—2304.

Thursday, Sept. 6 — Reached the lake at 8 o'clock A.M. The atmosphere is hazy. Col. Fremont represents the Tule as one continued lake, about 70 miles in length. Instead of this, it consists of three, in the form of a crescent. The mules were forced by hunger to eat the tule, but they were soon attacked by millions of mosquitoes and it was with difficulty that we prevented their stampeding. Fight the mosquitoes, and hold our animals by the head, was all we could do. Not one of us slept a wink during the night. Distance, 20 miles—2324.

Friday, Sept. 7 — Started long before daylight, and came to the end of the lakes. We found it necessary to return to the foot of the Lake to cross Lake Fork. Distance, 20 miles—2344.

Saturday, Sept. 8 — Annoyed during the night by a band of wild horses running around camp, trying to entice our mules off. Returned on our trail, about 12 miles. Encamped where we nooned yesterday, losing a day and a half, and hard marching at that. Distance,—2364.

Sunday, Sept. 9 — We bore north over a perfectly barren plain for about 10 miles. Saw several large herds of antelope. We were deceived by the mirage; we thought we plainly saw the course of the much desired river. But there was an end to our brightening prospects when we discovered it had been a mirage; our situation is enough to alarm us. Many of our animals are upon their last legs; we have not two full days' ration left—we are now on quarter rations; we must walk; few of us have guns left, so we have no meat. Starvation or mule flesh stared us in the face, but we will no doubt prefer the latter. To kill and eat one of our faithful animals, that has brought us thus far, seems rather revolting, but we look upon it as a thing certain, and have already selected the first victim. The water which we must use is lined with Guano from the wild fowl. I had the good fortune to shoot a pelican, which we nearly devoured on the spot; the rushes did not make heat enough to cook it. Those who happened to swallow a bite, were sickened. I never want to dine on "Pelican" again. After a cup of *guano tea*, we lay down; nothing but mosquitoes can long keep sleep away from the eyes of the wayworn traveller. Distance, 20 miles—2384.

Monday, Sept. 10 — Was unable to kill any fowl, because of weakness. Armstrong shot at a wild colt, and wounded him, but he got off. If he had succeeded in killing him, we would have had a fine supply of meat. Towards evening we discovered a gang of elk, one of which was finally secured by Hill Dixon's rifle, after a chase of two miles in pursuit of the wounded bull. The dressed quarters would have weighted at least 400 lbs., and the meat proved excellent, resembling young beef. This dissipated the idea of eating our mules. Distance, 15 miles—2399.

Tuesday, Sept. 11 — Packed the remainder of the elk meat. Passed a group of Indians who would not sell the flour which they make. Encamped on the edge of the Lake, and while searching for wood, we spied what we thought to be a pole sticking in the ground. On going out, we found it to be a number of small poles around an Indian grave. Glad to get firewood, we robbed it completely, not stopping to discuss the question of right or wrong. Beset by mosquitoes. Neither rested nor slept, during the whole night. Distance, 15 miles—2414.

Wednesday, Sept. 12 — Saw many animals and wild horses. Watching the horses is a beautiful show. We came in sight of timber, the first we have seen since entering this valley. When we came up to it, we found it to border on a deep muddy stream. This was Lake Fork river, which we must cross; but we can find no fording. We are now out of provisions, and are more than 100 miles from the diggings. Distance, 16 miles—2430.

Thursday, Sept. 13 — Could not cross the stream, and have had to return to the place we had left this morning, making the loss of another day. Very discouraging. Distance, 16 miles—2446.

Friday, Sept. 14 — Met some Indians on the edge of a swamp, who are employed by Col. Fremont. Encamped near a reed swamp, and were obliged to use wild horse dung to roast the last of our elk meat, which was well scented by the fuel. Although we are no longer deceived, the mirages make travelling more wearisome and unpleasant. Distance, 25 miles—2471.

Saturday, Sept. 15 — We shot two antelopes today, giving one of them to another group of emigrants who are also without provisions. Reached the junction of the San Joaquin river with the slue, and have reason to rejoice. Several mules "gave out" before reaching camp this evening, but were afterwards brought up. Distance, 20 miles—2491.

Sunday, Sept. 16 — Eight of our mules were led away from camp last night by the wild horses, and we found them amongst a band of the latter. We did not move camp, and Capt. Dixon shot two antelopes. We purchased three day's rations of American flour from a group of gold diggers on a "prospecting" expedition.

Monday, Sept. 17 — Crossed the river over a shallow fording this morning. We hurried the mules through, which prevented their miring in the quicksand. Nooned at some deserted Indian wigwams, and caught some fish, which we roasted in the ashes. The country is higher on this side of the river, but is almost as sterile as the other side. The San Joaquin is certainly a pretty stream. Distance, 20 miles—2511.

Tuesday, Sept. 18 — Left the river and travelled N.E. Obligated to encamp without water. Distance, 20 miles—2531.

Wednesday, Sept. 19 — We ate our last small ration of bread and meat after we came to a stream we supposed to be one of the mining rivers. All hands were certain that we would have our gold dust in less than twenty-four hours. Of course, we were doomed to be disappointed. We killed an animal resembling a ground hog this afternoon, on which we expected to have a delicious supper; but, alas! like the Pelican, a single bite sufficed. Distance, 20 miles—2551.

Thursday, Sept. 20 — Descended into a deep ravine with water. Shortly after, we discovered that we were traveling directly on the back track. We did not know which way to go, and three-fourths of our mules were completely worn out, and ourselves so reduced in strength, that we could scarcely pack and unpack. After deliberation, we returned to the ravine. Here we encamped beneath the shade of a large spreading oak. John Musser, Hill Dixon and Charles Gathwait, took four of the best mules, and start-

ed in search of the mines for provisions. Dixon and Gathwait "had some words" about the course, and Hill knocked Charley off his mule, and he fell into a hornet's nest. He returned writhing in pain, "blind as a bat." Slept only to dream of "sides of bacon," pots of mush, and other luxuries. Distance, 3 miles—2556.

Friday, Sept. 21 — Boiled out the old sugar bag, and made coffee. We succeeded in killing a small hare, a hawk, and a few wood-peckers, quails and doves. These we put into the camp kettle, and had some thin "bird tea." This is all we have eaten for 52 hours. My gun is the only rifle left in our mess. Howard and Armstrong are searching for provisions. This evening, Capt. Dixon learned Maj. Green "how to fire-hunt," but they soon returned, not being able to "shine any eyes."

Saturday, Sept. 22 — About 3 P.M. Howard and Armstrong returned; they sung out for some mule beef before they reached camp, thinking that we had certainly butchered one by this time. A few moments after, Musser and Dixon returned with a load of provisions from Scott and Montgomery's ranch. They were asked if they had money, because if they had, they must pay for the foods, and if they did not they should have it anyhow. Accordingly, our bill came to \$90, the whole of which could have been purchased for \$5 in Lewisburg: 75 cts. per lb. for pork, 75 for jerked beef, 62½ for flour, 55 for sugar, 37½ for green beef. Hill and Charley "shook hands and made up," and peace and plenty were once more restored.

Sunday, Sept. 23 — Reached Rio Marcaides; encamped on the edge of this beautiful, clear stream, abounding in fish. Distance, 16 miles—2572.

Monday, Sept. 24 — Passed some placers, but nobody was at work. We heard the first unfavorable side of the story, that in some places, it's a rare chance that a man makes an ounce a day. I am unwell to-day. Distance, 16 miles—2588.

Tuesday, Sept. 25 — Packed up this morning for the last time, we hope, (until ready to vamoose from the diggings,) and continued our journey over a mountainous country. Met a number of Americans and Spaniards, packing from the mines.

Passed a number of dry diggings; the amount of earth thrown up appeared almost incredible; the bed of almost every ravine and gulch is turned over. About 2 o'clock, we reached the foot of the arroyo, known as Fremont's diggings, and "dropped anchor" in sight of the "promised land," after the lapse of *SEVEN MONTHS* since leaving home, and an overland journey of Twenty-six Hundred Miles.

#### EPILOGUE

May 24, 1850 — My log-book or "notes by the way," ended with our journey; but our experience since arriving in the country may prove interesting.

Our experience at gold digging, was short and unsuccessful. After observing the miners at work, we opened our own claim; but while we were in the mine, the total earnings of the three of us was about \$40, and our expenses, \$100. Other members of our company went to the mines and to other occupations.

Between my two trips to the city of San Francisco, there has been a great change in that place—in a period of six weeks. A great number of buildings had been put up, and large blocks of houses covered what were then vacant lots. Rents and merchandise commanded exorbitant prices, and business of all kinds is brisk. Lots that were purchased two years ago for \$16, sold for \$40,000. The distance from the anchoring ground to the beach is a serious drawback upon the port of San Francisco. The town is handsomely situated, but there is little room to extend it, unless they build upon the sand hills in the rear. While I was there, a fire broke out, and laid a square in ruins. Before it had been done burning, contracts were made for new buildings, and the lumber drawn upon the ground. Three weeks ago, half the city was burned. It is already rebuilt, and the marks of the fire can scarcely be seen.

Stockton was almost sunk in mud, and during the rainy season, Sacramento was overflowed; it is the largest city in California. The founding of these towns has been so successful, and profitable to the projectors, that speculators have laid out Cities in various parts of the country, on mining streams and the principal rivers. I could name perhaps fifty that have been laid out within the last year, and lots offer-

ed for sale—the majority of which, will never pay the expenses of surveying. The majority of the persons that emigrated to the country in the year of '46 and prior to that, are now wealthy.

The markets of this country, are very fluctuating. The supplies from the States and foreign countries are irregular, and the price of an article depends entirely upon the quantity in market, or the ability of speculators to monopolize. Three months ago, all the scythes and snaths in market could have been purchased for \$10; a few days ago we were in San Francisco, and wished to buy one, the merchant asked \$60 for it; we offered him \$50; in the meantime, another person in search of the same article, stepped in and inquired the price of it; \$70 was asked, the price paid, and he walked off with his bargain. The products of all the countries in the world can be had, and representatives can be seen, in California.

It is amusing to note the change in occupation and mode of living, experienced by persons coming to this country. Men of all professions, trades, and employments, become merchants, gamblers, farmers, watermen, teamsters, day laborers, and as a first and last resort, miners.

The amount of water craft upon the Bay and the rivers is almost incredible. It is said that the boat Senator, cleared as high as \$30,000 per trip. She runs between San Francisco and Sacramento City, and goes through and back within two days.

Those portions of California adapted to agriculture, are generally covered with

Spanish claims, which if acknowledged valid by the American government, will for a while prove a hinderance to the settlement and prosperity of the country. Most of the inhabitants in these areas are Spanish, but many Americans are locating here. A great many Americans are "squatting" at the Mission of Santa Clara, expecting the lands to become government property.

The soil produces without water, but whether in quantity or quality sufficient to warrant cultivation, is not known.

A National Railroad from the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean, would certainly be of great advantage to the country, but I would be willing to wager all I *expect* to make in California, that the undertaking will not be completed, if begun, within the nineteenth century. Not one of a hundred that have travelled over the overland route will admit that it is at all practicable. The mountains, the scarcity of materials, and the distance, are obstacles, which, in my opinion, *render even the idea absurd*.

Should California become one of the United States, the wealth of the mines continue, and the earth yield abundantly, nothing will be wanted to make her one of the most populous, wealthy, and flourishing States in the Union, in a few years.

I have "spun my yarn" to the foot of the last page, and I now "knock off" with pleasure, lay the pen and writing desk (the bottom of an empty wine case) aside, and resume the hoe handle, which implement I can wield with better grace and effect.

## SOME WILLIAMSPORT STREET NAMES

compiled by: CARLTON E. FINK, Sr.

Anthony Street perpetuates the name of Joseph Anthony who served as judge from 1844 to 1850.

Academy derived its name from the building erected in the 1840's to be used as the Williamsport Academy, now a part of Lycoming College.

Brandon Avenue was so called in honor of John Brandon, editor of the Lycoming Gazette for 1823 to 1829. His wife, Jane, was

the only sister of A. Boyd Cummings who donated Brandon Park to the city.

Campbell Street was named in honor of Francis J. Campbell, an eminent local lawyer.

Cemetery Street took its name from the old Sutton graveyard on which now stands the beautiful Calvary Methodist Church at the corner of West Fourth and Cemetery Streets.

Many former alleys were named streets by city ordinance. On January 22, 1872, council named Neece Street, an alley from Fourth Street to Edwin Street. Ordinance No. 345, on March 23, 1866, changed the following alleys to streets: Cherry Alley to Hancock Street; Updegraff Alley to East Ross Street; Duck Alley to Seminary Street; Pine Alley to Laurel Street; Tom Alley to Willow Street; River Alley to Jefferson Street; Sugar Alley to State Street; Peach Alley to Duke Street. It also declared that East, Court and DuBois Alleys would hereafter be known as streets, and that the first alley north of the river would be Canal Street.

Ordinance No. 385 named the alley between Lycoming and Edwin Streets as Cedar Court, and an alley in the Sixth Ward between Fifth and Sixth Avenues as Baker Place. Under the same ordinance, an alley south of Park Avenue was named Scoville Place; an alley between Fourth and Grace Streets was called Rowley Place; and that between Franklin and Penn Streets be called St. Boniface Street.

Ordinance No. 672 of January 24, 1896 designated an alley in the Eighth Ward, running from Market to Penn Streets, as Sloan Street. Under the same act, Brandon Alley became Brandon Place.

Ordinance No. 611, July 24, 1896, named the alley running north of Seth Street to Erie Avenue, parallel with Rose and Cemetery Streets, Allen Street.

Burlingame Street was so named for a civil engineer of that name who was an active representative of Peter Herdic in the days of the city's expansion. He was the first engineer and builder of the Maynard Street Bridge.

### Newberry Street Names

Jaysburg was laid out for Jacob Latcha who named the streets Water, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, Market and Queen. Water street was removed by the building of the West Branch Canal.

Newberry was laid out by John Sutton in 1794. In 1873 it had two streets named Center and two named Elm. At that time the present Dewey Avenue and the present Linn Street were named Center. West Third and Blaine were both known as Elm Street.

Memorial Avenue to Lycoming Creek was Bridge Street. The present Hillside Avenue was the Jersey Shore Road. Arch between West Fourth and Newberry was Water. West Fourth was Market. Newberry was High. Poplar was Pine. The land lying between the old mill race and Lycoming Creek was known as the "island". Arnold was known as Island. Trenton Avenue, south of and adjacent to the Pennsylvania Railroad was Railroad. Later a street on the north side was called Railway and then changed to Federal Avenue.

Baker, one of the first to be laid out, was named for Daniel Baker, one of the first pioneer settlers.

Cummings was named for James Cummings who came to Newberry from Ireland near the close of the 18th century. He established the first coach route in the valley and operated a tavern in Williamsport. He was the father of A. Boyd Cummings who gave Brandon Park to the city. He owned the land through which the street ran.

Glynn Avenue, formerly Dodge Street, was named in honor of Glenn Sees, a nephew of S. S. Sees, about 1906.

Webb Street received its name from George Webb who supervised the building of the Catawissa (now Reading) railroad from Milton to Williamsport.

Reach Road, formerly called Long Reach, derived its name from the fact that it paralleled the river. The Indian name for Susquehanna was Rue-ni-aschah-ach-get-he-ne which meant long straight stream or long reach.



## LINCOLN AND PENNSYLVANIA

By: FRANKLIN L. KURY

## LINCOLN'S ANCESTRY

President Abraham Lincoln's ancestral roots are deep in Pennsylvania. They began in 1728, when Mordecai Lincoln - an immigrant from England - purchased a thousand acres in Exeter Township, Berks County. John Lincoln, son of Mordecai and great-grandfather of the President, also owned land in Berks County, his farm being near Birdsboro. John sold his farm in 1760 and emigrated to Virginia, where his son Abraham - grandfather of the President - was born. Abraham married Hannah Winter, the eldest of William Winter, whose wife was Anna Boone, sister of the famous Daniel Boone.

William Winter - father-in-law of Abraham Lincoln - moved from Berks County in 1778, to a farm now within the corporate limits of the City of Williamsport and became the first settler in that area. His son-in-law, Abraham Lincoln, visited him in what was then Northumberland (now Lycoming) County in 1783. After visiting with his father-in-law, Lincoln returned to Kentucky where he was killed by the Indians in 1784.

Thomas Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln and the grandson of William Winter of Northumberland (now Lycoming) County, was the father of the President.

President Abraham Lincoln later acknowledged his Pennsylvania ancestry in a letter dated April 6, 1860.

Richard V. B. Lincoln, Esq.

*My dear sir - Owing to absence from home, yours of March 19th was not received till yesterday. You are a little mistaken. My Grandfather did not go from Berks County, Pa., but, as I learn, his ancestors did, some time before his birth. He was born in Rockingham County, Va.; went from there to Kentucky, and was killed by Indians about 1784. That the family originally came from Berks County I learned a dozen years ago, by letter, from one of them, then residing at Sparta, Rockingham County, Va. His name was David Lincoln. I remember long ago, seeing Austin Lincoln and Davis Lincoln, said to be sons of An-*

*aniah or Hananiah Lincoln, who was said to have been a cousin of my grandfather. I have no doubt you are distantly related. I should think, from what you say, that your and my father were second cousins. I shall be very glad to hear from you at any time. Yours, very truly,*

A. Lincoln

## CONGRESSMAN ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In 1846, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was elected to his one and only term in the United States House of Representatives. While a Congressman, Lincoln roomed in the same boarding house with the Congressman from Northumberland County, James A. Pollock of Milton. Pollock and Lincoln became close friends and their friendship continued after Lincoln became President.

In 1851, Pollock was commissioned President Judge of the 8th Judicial District composed of Northumberland, Lycoming, Columbia, Montour and Sullivan Counties. In 1854, Pollock was elected Governor of Pennsylvania and in 1861, his old friend, President Abraham Lincoln, appointed him Director of the United States Mint at Philadelphia. It was James Pollock who suggested that the motto: "In God We Trust", be placed on all coins of the United States and this was done during the Lincoln administration.

## LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT

The first inkling that Lincoln thought he had a chance to be nominated for President in 1860, was in a letter sent to W. E. Frazer of Pennsylvania.

*For my single self, I have enlisted for the permanent success of the Republican cause and for this object, I shall labor faithfully in the ranks, unless, as I think not probable, the judges of the party shall assign me different position.*

This is, of course, just a more subtle and diplomatic way of saying what Governor Scranton said in 1964, indicating that he would be a candidate for President in response to a "sincere and honest draft."

The Pennsylvania delegation to the Republican national convention in 1860, played a key role in giving Lincoln the nomination. Lincoln was definitely a dark horse at that convention, William Seward of New York being the leading candidate. The Pennsylvania delegation was split between two factions, one lead by Simon Cameron, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and the other lead by Andrew Gregg Curtin, the Republican nominee for Governor. Curtin was opposed to Seward's nomination because, as the gubernatorial candidate, he believed Seward could not carry Pennsylvania. Cameron was himself a candidate for the nomination and on the first ballot Pennsylvania went for Cameron. Even though Cameron and Curtin led opposing factions they agreed in supporting Lincoln on the second ballot. Curtin went for Lincoln because he believed that Lincoln would be the most helpful in carrying Pennsylvania for the Republicans. Cameron agreed because Lincoln's manager had offered him a cabinet position if Lincoln were elected President. Consequently, on the second ballot, Lincoln got the full vote of the Pennsylvania delegation.

Events proved Governor Curtin's prediction that Lincoln would help him carry Pennsylvania in the general election. In those days the election for Governor was held a month before the Presidential election. Governor Curtin received 262,346 votes and his Democratic opponent, Harry D. Foster, 230,230 votes. Lincoln received 268,030 votes; Breckenridge, 178,871; Bell 12,775; and Douglas, 16,765. (The vote in Lycoming County was 3,494 votes for Lincoln and 2,541 for Douglas.)

In February of 1861, Lincoln left Springfield to travel to Washington, D.C., to take the oath of office and assume his responsibilities as the President. On route, he stopped at several points in Pennsylvania to make brief remarks, some of which foreshadowed his Gettysburg address.

On February 22, 1861, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln raised the flag over Independence Hall in Philadelphia and made brief remarks. Not merely separation from a motherland, but liberty as a hope to all the world, for all future time, was the sentiment guiding the founding fathers,

Lincoln indicated. *"It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence."* Lincoln went on to ask if the country would be saved on that basis. If so, he would consider himself the luckiest man alive, Lincoln said.

*But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say that I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender . . . And I may say in advance that there will be no blood shed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force unless force is used against it . . . I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here . . . I may have said something indiscreet but I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by and, if it be the pleasure of almighty God, die by.*

The next day Lincoln proceeded to Harrisburg where he spoke twice to the crowds and to the State Legislature. In Harrisburg Lincoln stated that, "If my own strength should fail, I shall at least fall back upon these masses who, I think, under any circumstances will not fail."

Lincoln's speeches on the trip from Springfield to Washington were not universally admired. In fact, the Lycoming County Gazette said the following of Lincoln's speeches on his trip from Springfield to Washington.

*. . . Neither Statesmanship, Tact, nor Talent in them, - only the pratter that the merest pettifogger in several counties around would be ashamed to have set down as coming from him, and which the nation should blush to know came from one who is soon to be its Chief Magistrate.*

## CAMERON

One of the first men Lincoln appointed to his cabinet, was Simon Cameron, a founder of the Republican party although he entered politics as a Democrat. Lincoln appointed Cameron Secretary of War, a position which he filled in something less than admirable fashion.

The story is told that Lincoln once asked Thaddeus Stevens if it were true that Cam-

eron was dishonest. Stevens replied that he didn't think that Cameron would steal a red-hot stove. Cameron heard of this exchange and became incensed and demanded a retraction from Stevens. Stevens replied, "I said Cameron would not steal a red-hot stove. I now take that back."

The historian Rhodes has written of Cameron:

*Where the hand of (Cameron) could be traced, a line of speculation followed. Instead of contracts, which amounted to enormous sums, being awarded with an eye single to the advantage of the government, they were, in many cases, given out to Cameron's political followers and henchmen as a reward for past services or in anticipation of future work.*

Cameron's service was so disreputable that in January of 1862, he was dismissed as Secretary of War and sent to Russia as Ambassador where he served for about a year before returning to resume control of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania.

#### LINCOLN'S STRONGEST SUPPORT

During the entire Civil War, President Lincoln received no stauncher support than that which he received from Andrew Gregg Curtin, Pennsylvania's great Civil War Governor. Curtin was born April 23, 1815, in Bellefonte, Center County, Pennsylvania. He attended the Rev. Kirkpatrick's Academy in Milton, and then Dickinson College in Carlisle. Curtin practiced law in Bellefonte until 1855 when he was appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth by Governor Pollock of Milton for whom he had served as campaign manager in the latter's gubernatorial efforts. Curtin was very attracted to Lincoln and was a strong supporter of his throughout the entire Republican convention.

When Curtin and Lincoln were both elected, Curtin wrote to Lincoln asking for any thoughts which the President-elect would like included in the Governor's inaugural address in Harrisburg. The Governor's inauguration was to take place almost two months prior to the President's and therefore Governor Curtin's inaugural address took an unusual significance. For one thing, South Carolina had just seceded. Lincoln's inauguration was still six weeks

away and it was a period when every effort was being made to avoid war through some kind of compromise. Pennsylvania was great in population and resources and therefore the Governor's address was awaited with keen interest.

Curtin's address was equal to the occasion. With one hand he held out the olive branch of peace to the southern states and urged them to return to the Union. But with the other hand he held out the arrows of war, warning that there could be no secession.

*No one who knows the history of Pennsylvania and understands the feelings of her people can justly charge us with hostility to our brethren of other states. We regard them as friends and fellow countrymen, whose welfare we feel a kindly interest: and we recognize in their broadest extent our constitutional obligations to them. These we are ready and willing to observe . . . If we have any laws upon our statue books which infringe upon the rights of the people of any of the states . . . They ought to be repealed.*

*It is the first duty of the national authorities to stay the progress of anarchy and enforce the laws, and Pennsylvania, with a united people, will give them an honest, faithful and active support.*

Governor Curtin's foresight proved to be a real factor in preserving the Union. Shortly after the commencement of military hostilities in the spring of 1860, the President issued a call for volunteers to serve for three months. In Pennsylvania, an excess number of men offered their services for this three month enlistment. Curtin saw that these extra men should not be allowed to return home but should be organized into a reserve corps which would last for longer than the three months. As Frederick A. Godcharles put it:

*(Curtin) discovered the approaching tornado in the distance and thus commenced to prepare for its fury, the reserves being the only troops well organized and well disciplined in the north ready for the services of the Union at the moment of the disaster of the first battle of Bull Run.*

Because Curtin organized a reserve corps which was ready to serve the President,

Lincoln had reserve troops to protect Washington after the opening battle of the Civil War at Bull Run.

In September of 1862, just after the indecisive battle at Antietam which repulsed Lee's first attempt to invade the North, Curtin called a conference of all the northern governors for Altoona, Pennsylvania. This meeting was called at a time when the Union forces had failed to achieve any outstanding military victories and at a time which caused many people to doubt the ultimate success of the Union army. Gloom generally prevailed throughout the North. Lincoln had hesitated to call more troops to arms until there was some sign that the people generally supported him. At the Governor's conference, lead by Andrew Curtin, the Governors adopted an address to President Lincoln warmly commending his Emancipation Proclamation. The Governors proceeded to Washington from Altoona and presented the address and asked Lincoln to keep on hand in the various states a reserve army of 100,000. Moreover, the Governors pledged their "loyal and cordial support hereafter as heretofore." This action by the Governors conference, under the leadership of Andrew Curtin, gave Lincoln renewed hope and courage in one of the darker hours of the Union.

Curtin's efforts on behalf of the Union were so strenuous that his health broke down from over work and anxiety. Lincoln was so appreciative of Curtin's efforts that he offered him a first-class foreign mission so that he could have a rest in a warmer climate. Curtin refused to accept such an appointment until his term was over. Thus throughout the war, one of Lincoln's staunchest supporters was Andrew Gregg Curtin of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. Curtin's service to the Union and Lincoln was well summed up as follows:

*His administration of the gubernatorial office during the dark days of the republic made an imperishable name for his family, and added historic grandeur to the annals of the commonwealth. The foresight which impeled him to refuse to disband the overflowing volunteer regiments which the patriotism of Pa. contributed on the call of the President, and his prompt application to the Legislature for authority to organize*

*them into a corps, afterward the famous "Pennsylvania Reserves," saved the national government, imperiled by the disaster of Bull Run. The addresses he made, when presenting flags to the Pennsylvania regiments as they went forth to fight for the Union, will only be forgotten when the last volley is fired over the last Pennsylvania veteran of the war. Those 215 battle-flags, bearing the aegis of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, came back blood-stained, tattered, and torn, but never disgraced upon any battle-field of the Republic.*

After the Civil War, Curtin became a member of the Constitutional Convention which drafted the present Pennsylvania Constitution. Curtin also left the Republican party and joined the Democratic party. He was nominated for Congress in 1878 and was defeated. He was nominated again in 1880 and was elected for two terms in the United States Congress as a Democrat, becoming Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Curtin died in 1890 and is buried in Bellefonte.

#### OPPOSITION TO LINCOLN

Some of Lincoln's strongest opposition also came from the Keystone state. Foremost among the opponents of President Lincoln in the Congress was Thaddeus Stevens, the Congressman from Lancaster County. Stevens had begun his political life as a Democrat. In the Pennsylvania Legislature, he had a career as a noteworthy for two things: (1) He lead the fight for a free public school system in the Commonwealth, and, (2) he became notorious for his legislative investigations of the Masonic organization, which he believed to be subversive organizations dedicated to overthrowing the government of the United States. Stevens became a Congressman from Lancaster County and became one of the leaders of the so-called "radical Republicans". Stevens became one of the leading critics of Lincoln in the Congress and bitterly opposed him on three major issues.

First, Stevens believed that the Congress and not the President should direct the war effort. Stevens believed that the Congress should decide military policy and the President should be merely the Clerk of the



Congress in carrying out the policy determined by the Congress. Lincoln took just the opposite view and believed that he was Commander-in-Chief and he should determine the policy. Stevens was one of the leaders in organizing the joint committee for the conduct of the war which attempted to control military power from the President.

The second major issue for which Stevens criticized the President was reconstruction. Lincoln's reconstruction policy was summed up in his second inaugural address when he said, "With malice towards none and charity for all," let us return the seceded states to the Union, bind the wounds of war and start forward as a new nation. While Lincoln's policy was one of forgiveness, Stevens policy was one of vindictiveness. He believed in the conquered province theory in which the southern states and their leaders should be considered as traitors and treated as such. On this issue, Lincoln and Stevens fought bitterly. After Lincoln's assassination, Stevens point of view prevailed, when President Johnson was impeached and the conquered province theory instituted upon the southern states in the Grant administration.

The third issue of which Stevens and Lincoln were bitterly opposed was the question of Emancipation for the Negroes. Contrary to popular belief, Lincoln did not believe that the Negroes were the social equals of whites. Lincoln had several views on slaves. At one time, he believed that all of the slaves should be returned to Africa. Lincoln later suggested that the slaves should be gradually emancipated over a period of time lasting until 1890 and the owners should receive compensation as they were emancipated. Stevens, on the other hand, believed that the Negroes should be immediately emancipated and they should be given equal social and political rights along with the white people. Some historians believe that Stevens was motivated by a desire to franchise the freed slaves in the south, disenfranchise anyone who was a rebel, and thereby give Republicans control of the south through the Republican party. If Stevens theory had worked the Republicans would have controlled the nation solidly. As it was, Stevens theory backfired and the south became solidly Demo-

cratic for a century.

It is important to realize that on two of these three issues Stevens' point of view won out over Lincoln's. The only issue on which Lincoln won was Presidential control of military efforts.

Lincoln's efforts on behalf of the Union were also opposed by many groups of people within Pennsylvania. For example, there was strong religious opposition during the war from the Quakers, Dunkards, and Mennonites throughout rural Pennsylvania. Lincoln's conscription act, which was the first draft of American troops, was strongly resisted in some areas of Pennsylvania, particularly in Schuylkill County. In Cass Township, Schuylkill County, there was armed resistance to Lincoln's call for a draft. In fact it was estimated that 1500 soldiers and two sections of artillery were needed to enforce the draft in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. There was also strong opposition to the draft in Cambria, Columbia, Luzerne, and Lackawanna Counties.

In 1864, Lincoln's opponent for the election was a Pennsylvanian, George Buchanan McClellan from Philadelphia. This was the same General McClellan that Lincoln fired in 1862 in an incident that was to be a precedent for President Truman's dismissal of General MacArthur in Korea. Lincoln defeated McClellan with the aid of the soldier vote, even though McClellan was well liked by his soldiers while he was in command.

Prior to 1864, the soldiers on active duty were not permitted to vote in Pennsylvania. In that year, Senator Henry Johnson of Lycoming County introduced a bill in the State Senate which would allow soldiers in active duty to vote at their homes in Pennsylvania. This bill, a constitutional amendment, was enacted in time for the fall elections. It was no coincidence therefore that President Lincoln arranged for twenty thousand Pennsylvania soldiers to be furloughed home in time to vote.

This action by Senator Johnson in Pennsylvania and Lincoln in allowing a furlough of the Pennsylvania soldiers played a key role in Lincoln's re-election. Lincoln carried Pennsylvania by a majority of only 20,075 votes, receiving 296,391 votes to McClellan's 276,316 votes. It should also be noted

that the chairman of the Republican state committee in 1864 was none other than the same man of questionable reputation, Simon Cameron, who Lincoln fired from his cabinet and who had returned as Ambassador to Russia to take control of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania.

### LINCOLN'S FINEST HOUR

Finally, no discussion of Lincoln and Pennsylvania would be complete without mention of Lincoln's remarks at the dedication of the cemetery in Gettysburg in November, 1863. Following the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863, which was really the turning point of the Civil War, Governor Curtin took the initiative in developing a national cemetery on the site of the battle. Appropriate ceremonies for the battlefield dedication were arranged and eighteen Governors of the northern states were appointed trustees for the ceremony. The main speaker was to be Edward Everett of Massachusetts who was perhaps the leading orator of the day. Almost as a last minute thought, the President was invited to speak but it was not expected that he would attend. When Lincoln did accept, Governor Curtin and others were pleasantly surprised.

Fifteen thousand people were on hand at the cemetery for the dedication. Everett gave the main speech and spoke for nearly two hours. His speech began "Overlooking

these broad fields now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghenies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet . . ." —two hours of oratory which no one remembers to this day. Following Everett's oration, Lincoln rose and delivered remarks of 268 words in a high pitched but deliberate voice. The applause to the speech was formal and perfunctory and the press reaction was mixed. One of the Harrisburg papers severely criticized the remarks, calling them "silly." It was not until years after he was dead that people generally began to recognize that Lincoln's remarks at Gettysburg were perhaps the most eloquent statement ever delivered by an American statesman.

In summary it can be said that Lincoln had surprisingly close connections with Pennsylvania. His ancestors and family had lived on Pennsylvania soil. Pennsylvania helped greatly in getting him the Republican nomination for President and Pennsylvania gave him important votes in electing him President. As President during the greatest ordeal faced by any President, Lincoln received both his strongest support and his bitterest opposition from Pennsylvania. And finally, it was on Pennsylvania soil, on a gray November day in a town called Gettysburg, that Abraham Lincoln spent his finest hour.

## SATURDAY EVENING REVIEW

Saturday, June 23, 1894

Society people were probably never more surprised than they were last Saturday, when they received the wedding invitations of John T. Fredericks, Esq., to Miss Mary Sheriff, of Chicago. Mr. Fredericks has always been considered a confirmed bachelor, so that his approaching marriage is a subject of particular interest to his friends and acquaintances.

The marriage of Miss Laura Catherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mills-paugh, to Otho Nesbit Miller, Esq., last Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, in the

Mulberry street M. E. Church, was one of the most pleasing social events of the season. Rev. William A. Houck, of Hazelton, assisted by Rev. B. C. Connor, officiated. Miss Marie Virginia Fling, of Philadelphia, was maid of honor, while Frank R. Otto acted as best man. The bride's dress was of ivory white satin en traine, trimmed with duchess lace and a girdle of pearls with veil reaching to end of train. Her only ornament was a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom; she carried bride's roses and maiden-hair ferns. The Maid of honor, Miss Fling, of Philadelphia, wore white liberty



satin trimmed in mousseline de soie and green maiden-hair fern. She carried white sweet peas and asparagus trailing to the floor. The bridesmaids wore green and white striped silk, trimmed with mousseline de soie and ribbons, the Misses Bertha Mingle, May Heilman, Kathryn Brooks having green ribbons, while the Misses Anna Africa, of Huntingdon, Pa., M. Bernice Millsbaugh and Sara Updegraff having white ribbons around their necks. They wore boas of white flowers and all carried white carnations and asparagus trailing to the floor. The Ushers were Messrs. Norman Miller, brother of the groom; Marcus Millsbaugh, brother of the bride; J. Walker Peirson, Anson D. Knapp, Frank E. Bastian and Frank S. Montelius. A small reception at the home of the bride followed. The interior of the house was trimmed with smilax and flowers. White and green were the colors that predominated throughout the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Miller left on the late train for a month of travel throughout the east. On their return they will reside at the southeast corner of Third and Campbell Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Mann, of Sunbury, have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jessie, to Horace Y. Otto, of Williamsport. The ceremony will be performed in the first Presbyterian church, of Sunbury, next Thursday evening at six o'clock. A large reception from 6:30 until 8:30 o'clock, will follow at the Central Hotel, after which the young couple will leave for an extended tour. Miss Mann is a popular society girl, of Sunbury, a musician of more than ordinary ability, while Mr. Otto is a well known and prosperous young business man of this city.

Last Saturday afternoon the following drove up to Linden and enjoyed a chicken and waffle supper: Misses Laura Millsbaugh, Marie Fling, of Philadelphia, Bert Mingle, Katherine Brooks, Sarah Updegraff, May Heilman, Helen Davis, of Sunbury, Carrie Brooks, M. Bernice Millsbaugh, Rose Spencer, of Philadelphia; Messrs. Otho N. Miller, Esq., Frank Otto, J. Walter Pierson, Anson D. Knapp, Norman Miller, Frank S. Montelius, Frank E. Bastian, Marcus Millsbaugh, Harry Heilman and Henry Millsbaugh.

The two commencements that the people of Williamsport were most interested in are over. The high school girls were very much alarmed for fear they would not have a chance to wear their new gowns, but they did and they all looked very pretty. What the boys lacked in quantity they made up in quality. The graduating class at the Seminary, though not as large as usual, was a very interesting one, as have been all the exercises of the past week.

The saying that "Williamsport is like the kingdom of Heaven, because there is no marrying or giving in marriage here," does not hold good now-a-days, for there have never been so many weddings in a short time as within the last two months. Several large weddings of well known people will take place in the early fall; Cupid is ever on the alert and so is THE REVIEW, and quite a number of engagements will be announced in September.

Miss Grace Mac Vickar gave a circus party on Tuesday night.

The wedding of E. P. Ferguson and Miss Dorothy Fisher took place Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock in the Second Presbyterian church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Julius Herold and Roscoe Huff presided at the organ. The church was beautifully decorated with palms. The bride wore a very fetching gray gown trimmed with ecru lace and old rose satin. She carried a large bunch of La France roses, Miss Veirette Fisher, sister of the bride, attended as maid of honor and was attired in a red and white gown and carried a bouquet of red roses. Dr. P. C. Riley and Joseph Roberts, Wilmington, Del., acted as ushers. This was one of the prettiest morning weddings of the season.

The sixteenth Annual Assembly will be given in the Union Opera House, Muncy, next Friday evening, at ten o'clock. The committee consists of Messrs. Frank Cooke, Eugene Mohr, DeLa Keller, C. R. Michael and John Bowman.

William L. King will be married on next Thursday evening, June 28th, to Miss Mary M. Birmingham. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's parents, 325 Rural avenue. The happy young couple will leave on the late train that night for a tour of the eastern cities.

Last Friday night Miss M. Bernice Millsbaugh entertained the following young people in honor of her guest Miss Rose Spencer of Philadelphia: Misses Marie Fling and Alice Hearn, of Philadelphia; Anna Africa, of Huntingdon; Helen Davis of Sunbury; Katherine Brooks, Bert Mingle, May Heilman and Sara Updegraff, and Messrs. Frank R. Otto, J. Walker Pierson, Norman Miller, Frank S. Montelius, Anson D. Knapp, Mr. Whitted, of New York, Henry Millsbaugh, T. Newton Heilman, Frank E. Bastian and Elmer Renninger. Dancing and cards were the principal features of the evening's enjoyment.

#### PERSONALS

MISS LAWSON and Will Lawson have returned from Lafayette commencement.

Mrs. E. J. Russ, of St. Marys, is the guest of John B. Coryell, East Third Street.

Misses Lucy and Cloyd Burnly have returned from the Woman's College at Baltimore, Md., and have been very busy attending the commencement exercises at the Seminary from which they graduated last year.

R. M. Dougal spent the greater part of the week in New York.

Joe Hobart spent Sunday last with his parents in this city.

Fred Perley left on Monday for Lehigh where he will take the examinations preparatory to entering the college in the fall.

Mrs. Josiah Horner is the guest of Dr. Thompson Mitchell.

Rev. Dr. Bender, Auburn, N. Y., is the guest of Lewis McDonell, Mulberry St.

Miss Tinsman has returned from an extended visit in the South.

Miss Jane Shaw is home from Swathmore for the summer. Mr. Shaw and family will probably spend the greater part of the season at Eagle's Mere.

Mr. and Mrs. William Houck have been calling on a number of their friends in this city. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Millsbaugh.

Miss Joe Mudge has returned from Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Watson and the Misses Pennrock, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Miss Lyon, West Fourth street.

One of the younger cliques have been reinforced by Miss Pauline Houston, who has been in Massachusetts, and Miss Avis Cochran, who has been attending school in Catonsville, Md. Both of these young ladies were greatly missed by their friends.

Miss Anna Africa, of Huntingdon, is visiting Miss Katharine Brooks.

Miss Margaret Lumley will leave early in the week for Lancaster, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Clyde H. Lohr.

Miss Fay Bickford came down from Lock Haven on Monday to attend the Alumni Dance. She returned to her home on Wednesday morning, much pleased with her visit. Miss Bickford was entertained by the Misses Derr while in town.

Miss Marie Hall, of Washington, D. C. is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Dunham.

Willard Birch has returned, for the summer, from Hobart College.

Messrs. Heilman, Renninger, Speaker and DuFour were at the Lewisburg Assembly.

Miss Jennie F. Carlisle, of Vine street, this city, is visiting friends at Lewisburg.

Hugh Foster is home again from college.

Clarence Casselberry, of Pottstown, is spending the summer here. Mr. Casselberry is a student at the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and will devote his time during vacation reading medicine with Dr. D. W. Spence.

Miss May Boone is visiting friends at Allentown.

Frey Gilroy left yesterday for Berwick, where he will spend a week seeing friends.

Harry Hanst and wife, of Philadelphia, visited in town for a few days this week, returning to their new home on Wednesday.

Frederic K. Lundy, who graduated last week at the Cheltenham Military Academy, won the gold medal in orthography.

Miss Georgia Rowley is home from an extended visit to a school friend in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Perley are rustivating at Eagles Mere.

Miss Mary Beeber and Miss Blanche McDonald have been attending the Cornell commencement. Miss McDonald will start for her home in Tacoma the early part of next week.

The dream of Jim Gibson's life has at last been realized. He is driving two horses and a very good team they are.

Williamsport can boast of a number of swell turnouts, but the newest, and probably the handsomest, is the one owned by S. Q. Mingle. His cart was purchased at the World's Fair.

Mayor Elliott is the owner of one of the finest collections of roses in the city. He and his wife have just returned from a short visit to Atlantic City.

Miss Davis, of Sunbury, is the charming guest of Miss May Heilman.

Miss Nell McCormick left this week for a visit to Erie, Pa.

Miss Madge Krebs, of Clearfield, Pa., is the guest of Miss Laura Deemer.

Miss Sarah Hammond is visiting in Danville where she will spend the greater part of the summer.

### BASEBALL

Every baseball player should take upon himself the necessity of making a study of coaching. By this we don't mean that he is to, in lunatic tones, try to "rattle" the opposing pitcher, but rather keep his eye ever on the ball at all stages of the game when he is supposed to be directing the course of a runner. The home team has one or two men who are quite proficient in this art—for it is an art—but when they are on bases there should be some one to guide them as to when to run or when to stop on a batted or thrown ball. Particularly was this weakness visible in Saturday's game when Shafer was put out trying to steal home on a passed ball, and Champlin left on third when twice he had ample time in which to score. Neither of the men in question were to blame, as it was impossible to see the ball from where they were. The coaches (?) either weren't interested

enough in the game as to care whether or not the men scored, or else they didn't understand their business. Overcome this weakness, gentlemen; it has been painfully apparent in the Demorest club's work ever since its organization.

The Demorests had about as unsuccessful a trip this as last week. They played at Corning on Tuesday and Wednesday, losing both games; the first by a score of 16 to 3, and the following by 4 to 2. Case pitched for six innings in Tuesday's game, when he was quite badly hurt. Fields was substituted, but was hit hard. Atherton, the new acquisition from State College, did the twirling in the second, and pitched a good, steady game. There is no use talking, we're in hard luck.

Dunkle, Ross Gill, Martin and Lee, of Lock Haven, and Goodall, Hoffman and McCoy, of Danville, made up a team that faced the Demorests at Athletic Park on Saturday last, under the *nom de plume* of the "Danville Baseball club." A glance at the above cast leaves one under the impression that we played Manager McNerney's "mustangs," strengthened by the addition of three gentlemen from Danville, and it is "just so, Uncle Billie." The Demorests had no trouble whatever in finding Dunkle and pounded him for fourteen hits, among them being a double, three-bagger and a home run. The "conglomeration" couldn't see the curves that Fields most skilfully delivered, making but seven hits, three of which were very scratchy. The locals played a perfect game but for an excusable error of Stuart's at short. Dunkle acted very much like a school boy, wearying the spectators with his funny (?) business, and the language that Lee used in criticising a decision of Umpire Herdic's compels us to retract the well meant complimentary remarks made of him in our last issue. Such ball playing as was seen in Saturday's game tends to put this clean sport on a par with prize fighting, and we most sincerely trust that there will never be a repetition of such disgraceful scenes here again. The game ended 9 to 0, favoring the Demorests.