The Overland Trail: 1860 and 1861

From St. Joseph to Carson City

Discourses on the journeys of
Captain Richard F. Burton and
Samuel L. Clemens aka Mark Twain

With notes on the Stations from the National Park Service (NPS) et al.

Edited by B. Scott Holmes

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I. Introduction

The Overland Trail can be said to have originated in 1850, following Captain Howard Stansbury's expedition. This early route crossed the Continental Divide at Bridger's Pass. The Leavenworth & Pike's Peak Express Company, beginning in 1859, ran a mail route from Missouri to Denver. George Chorpenning had a mail service contract for the route from Salt Lake City to San Diego and used a ship between San Diego and San Francisco. The Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express Company (C.O.C. & P.P. Express) ran stage lines from Missouri and Utah along the Oregon Trail. The Chorpenning mail contract was annulled in 1860, reportedly for political reasons, and awarded to C.O.C. & P.P. Express, which then created the Pony Express.

This is the route followed by Captain Richard Francis Burton, in 1860, and by Samuel L. Clemens and his brother, Orion, in 1861. The Pony Express lasted a year before the C.O.C & P.P Express went bankrupt and the assets were sold to Ben Holladay. In 1861, Holladay was awarded the Postal Department contract for overland mail service between the end of the western terminus of the railroad in Missouri and Kansas and Salt Lake City. Service from Utah to California was given to the Overland Mail Company and other stage lines. Holladay initially operated along the original South Pass route, but changed the route further south to the Bridger Pass route after Shoshone attacks.

Stagecoach Stations were located approximately every 10 to 15 miles apart and stocked with horses, mules, tack and coaches. Home Stations, located approximately every 50 miles, where the driver's route ended, were built to accommodate travelers with meals and overnight lodging, and had a

telegraph station. The smaller, or swing stations, built on one-quarter to one-half acre plots, provided fresh teams for the coaches.

Holladay retained the mail contract on the route until 1866, when it was sold to Wells Fargo. Stage operations continued until 1869, when the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad made stage service unnecessary.

It is not my intention to describe the business practices of the companies involved except to say that they were not particularly ethical or honest, at least in the case of the C.O.C.&P.P.. It may be noted that Twain's journey took much less time than did Burton's. Some of this was due to the fact that Burton took time off to explore some areas, specifically the area around Camp Floyd as well as spending three weeks in Salt Lake City, the main focus of his journey to North America. Also, a number of stations were built between the time of the two expeditions. The Clemens brothers rode both night and day, stopping only to eat and change horses, whereas Burton stopped to camp and allow rest stops for the horses and drivers where stations had not yet been built.

To understand the world we live in one must have an understanding of how this world came about. The depth of time is arbitrary but for my purposes I go back to a time when America was primarily agrarian and horse-power was the main motive power.

Then came steam power. Enter my *Virgil*, my guide through Purgatory, *Mark Twain*. Those who recognize the name may think of a man in a white suit, who may have written a book or two and had possibly been captain of a Mississippi River Boat. He had, in fact, been a riverboat pilot, not a captain, "*the only unfettered and entirely independent human being that lived in the earth"*.

The Civil War had forced Sam Clemens to abandon his choosen career as a Mississippi River Boat Pilot. Railroads made sure it would stay eliminated. He traveled west with his brother, Orion, who had been appointed by Abraham Lincoln as the first and only Secretary of the Nevada Territory. He wrote of becoming *Mark Twain* in his book *Roughing It*. He had, by this time, acquired world wide notoriety as an author and public speaker. Living in Buffalo, NY, the editor of a newspaper and living in a mansion, he suffered a number of tragedies and abandoned his life there and moved his family back to Elmira. The first twenty chapters of *Roughing It* concern his journey west. He recalled "next to *nothing* about the matter" and relied on a skimpy journal kept by Orion about the trip. While struggling with this book Joe Goodman, who had been editor of the *Territorial Enterprise*, where Sam first used the *nom de plume* Mark Twain, showed up in Elmira and helped him to recall all their adventures in Washoe.

Richard F. Burton, less remembered today than Mark Twain, but no less remarkable, made the same journey the year before Sam and Orion's. Fawn Brody, a professor of history at UCLA, wrote a biography of Burton, *The Devil Drives*, (1967) and also edited an edition of Burton's book "*The City of the Saints*" (1963), an exposition of Burton's journey across North America in 1860, originally published in 1861. She writes in the Editor's Introduction of her edition: "*Richard Francis Burton, born in the nineteenth century, rightfully belonged to the Renaissance, and should have been contemporary with Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. Instead he was trapped in the century*

least capable of appraising his talents, confined and penalized by the pruderies of Victorian England, praised for only the most obvious of his abilities, and condemned for a curiosity as prodigious as it was penetrating. He was an explorer of immense courage and endurance who penetrated the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina at great risk and wrote a detailed description of his experiences. He was the first European to explore the forbidden city of Harar in Somaliland, the first to discover and properly identify Lake Tanganyika."

Following expeditions in Africa with John Speke that ended with great controversy, wherein the Royal Geographical Society sided with Speke, Burton left England. A note delivered to his fiancée after his departure told her he was off to explore another holy city, this time the Mecca of the Mormons.

Both men began their cross country journeys aboard Concord Coachs, generally following the same route as the then existant but short-lived Pony Express. One very significant difference in their respective journeys is that the Clemens brothers continued in their coach day and night, whereas Burton's journey was punctuated with periods of sleep at various stations and camp sites. The Overland Coach company had not yet developed to the point where fresh drivers were available at regular stops. Such was not always the case with Twain's journey, as will be noted, the drive would still continue even if a driver was required to do double duty.

Burton describes the territory to be crossed: *(pg 9-11)*

> The eastern portion, from the Missouri to Fort Kearney—400 to 500 miles in breadth —may be called the "Prairie land." It is true that passing westward of the 97° meridian, the *mauvaises terres,* or Bad Grounds, are here and there met with, especially near the 42d parallel, in which latitude they extend farther to the east, and that upward to 99° the land is rarely fit for cultivation, though fair for grazing. Yet along the course of the frequent streams there is valuable soil, and often sufficient wood to support settlements. This territory is still possessed by settled Indians, by semi-nomads, and by powerful tribes of equestrian and wandering savages, mixed with a few white men, who, as might be expected, excel them in cunning and ferocity.
>
> The western portion of the valley, from Fort Kearney to the base of the Rocky Mountains—a breadth of 300 to 400 miles—is emphatically "the desert," sterile and uncultivable, a dreary expanse of wild sage (*artemisia*) and saleratus. The surface is sandy, gravelly, and pebbly; cactus carduus and aloes abound; grass is found only in the rare river bottoms where the soils of the different strata are mixed, and the few trees along the borders of streams ...The desert is mostly uninhabited, unendurable even to the wildest Indian. But the people on its eastern and western frontiers, namely, those holding the extreme limits of the fertile prairie, and those occupying the desirable regions of the western mountains, are, to quote the words of Lieutenant Gouverneur K. Warren, U.S. Topographical Engineers, whose valuable reconnaissances and explanations of Nebraska in 1855, '56, and '57 were published in the Reports of the Secretary of War, "on the shore of a sea, up to which population and agriculture may advance and no farther." …

The mountain region westward of the sage and saleratus desert, extending between the 105th and 111th meridian (G.)—a little more than 400 miles—will in time become sparsely peopled. Though in many parts arid and sterile, dreary and desolate, the long bunch grass (*Festuca*), the short curly buffalo grass (*Sisleria dactyloides*), the mesquit grass (*Stipa spata*), and the Gramma, or rather, as it should be called, "Gamma" grass (*Chondrosium fœnum*), which clothe the slopes west of Fort Laramie, will enable it to rear an abundance of stock. The fertile valleys, according to Lieutenant Warren, "furnish the means of raising sufficient quantities of grain and vegetables for the use of the inhabitants, and beautiful healthy and desirable locations for their homes. The remarkable freedom here from sickness is one of the attractive features of the region, and will in this respect go far to compensate the settler from the Mississippi Valley for his loss in the smaller amount of products that can be taken from the soil. The great want of suitable building material, which now so seriously retards the growth of the West, will not be felt there." The heights of the Rocky Mountains rise abruptly from 1000 to 6000 feet over the lowest known passes, computed by the Pacific Railroad surveyors to vary from 4000 to 10,000 feet above sea-level. The two chains forming the eastern and western rims of the Rocky Mountain basin have the greatest elevation, walling in, as it were, the other sub-ranges.

There is a popular idea that the western slope of the Rocky Mountains is smooth and regular; on the contrary, the land is rougher, and the ground is more complicated than on the eastern declivities. From the summit of the Wasach range to the eastern foot of the Sierra Nevada, the whole region, with exceptions, is a howling wilderness, the sole or bed of an inland sweetwater sea, now shrunk into its remnants—the Great Salt and the Utah Lakes. Nothing can be more monotonous than its regular succession of high grisly hills, cut perpendicularly by rough and rocky ravines, and separating bare and barren plains. From the seaward base of the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific-—California—the slope is easy, and the land is pleasant, fertile, and populous.


OUR MORNING RIDE.

For several years now I have been developing a web site project, "***Twain's Geography***", that encompasses all the travels of Mark Twain. One section called "Sa***m Clemens Goes West***" concerns the Overland Trail Journey and his life in Washoe leading up to his time as a newspaper reporter and journalist. The web project is not a narrative but is more a massive "card catalog" of sources and commentary about persons, places and things in Twain's life. It encompasses David Fears' massive *Mark Twain Day By Day* volumes.

This publication is meant to provide a narrative exposition from this material, of the landscape and society of the journey. Most of the material presented is from Burton's book. Twain only rarely provided the name of stations along the route and is often unclear on exactly where events take place. He does, however, provide great color and humorous depth to the story. Burton, on the other hand was detailed about anything and

everything he observed along the way. If the reader should find this publication of interest, I strongly recommend going to the source and find Burton's and Twain's books. Page numbers for the quotation blocks are from the Oxford edition of *Roughing It* and from the Fawn Brody editon of Richard Burton's *The City of the Saints*. Descriptions of the stagecoach and Pony Express stations are, for the most part, from the National Park Service's on-line site(s). Other material is noted. Full references can be found on Twain's Geography**.**

II. The Overland Trail: Across the Prairies

Burton's Itinerary 1. *Leave St. Joseph, Missouri, in N. lat. 39° 40', and W. long. 94°50'. Cross Missouri River by steam ferry. Five miles of bottom land, bend in river and settlements. Over rolling prairie 2000 feet above sea level. After 6 miles, Troy, capital of Doniphan Co., Kansas Territory, about a dozen shanties. Dine and change mules at Cold Spring —good water and grass.*
Road from Fort Leavenworth (N. lat. 89° 21' 14", and W. long. 94° 44") falls in at Cold Spring, distant 15 miles.
From St. Jo to Cold Spring there are two routes, one lying north of the other, the former 20, the latter 24 miles in length.
20-24 miles, 9:30 A.M. - 3 P.M. Aug. 7

Burton on crossing the Missouri River: *(pg 19*)

We now drive through the dusty roads of St. Jo, the observed of all observers, and presently find ourselves in the steam ferry which is to convey us from the right to the left bank of the Missouri River. The " Big Muddy," as it is now called—the Yellow River of old writers—venerable sire of snag and sawyer, displays at this point the source whence it has drawn for ages the dirty brown silt which pollutes below their junction the pellucid waters of the "Big Drink.' It runs, like the lower Indus, through deep walls of stiff clayey earth, and, like that river, its supplies, when filtered (they have been calculated to contain one eighth of solid matter), are sweet and wholesome as its brother streams. The Plata of this region, it is the great sewer of the prairies, the main, channel and common issue of the water-courses and ravines which have carried on the work of denudation and degradation for days dating beyond the existence of Egypt.

Orion: July 26*.—Left St. Joseph. Started on the plains about ten miles out. The plains here are simply prairie.*

Roughing It: *(pg 25)*

By eight o'clock everything was ready, and we were on the other side of the river. We jumped into the stage, the driver cracked his whip, and we bowled away and left "the States" behind us. It was a superb summer morning, and all the landscape was brilliant with sunshine. There was a freshness and breeziness, too, and an exhilarating sense of emancipation from all sorts of cares and responsibilities, that almost made us feel that the years we had spent in the close, hot city, toiling and slaving, had been wasted and thrown away. We were spinning along through Kansas, and in the course of an hour and a half we were fairly abroad on the great Plains. Just here the land was rolling—a grand sweep of regular elevations and depressions as far as the eye could reach—like the stately heave and swell of the ocean's bosom after a storm. And everywhere were cornfields, accenting with squares of deeper green, this limitless expanse of grassy land. But presently this sea upon

dry ground was to lose its “rolling” character and stretch away for seven hundred miles as level as a floor!

Burton passes through Troy and stops for a meal at Cold Springs: *(pg 23)*

Passing through a few wretched shanties called Troy-- last insult to the memory of hapless Pergamus-- and Syracuse (here we are in the third or classic stage of United States nomenclature), we made, at 3 PM, Cold Springs, the junction of the Leavenworth route. Having taken the northern road to avoid rough ground and bad bridges, we arrived about two hours behind time. The aspect of things at Cold Springs, where we were allowed an hour's halt to dine and to change mules, somewhat dismayed our fine-weather prairie travelers. The scene was the rale "Far West." The widow body to whom the shanty belonged lay sick with fever. The aspect of her family was a "caution to snakes:" the ill-conditioned sons dawdled about, listless as Indians, in skin tunics and pantaloons fringed with lengthy tags such as the redoubtable "Billy Bow-legs" wears on tobacco labels; and the daughters, tall young women, whose sole attire was apparently a calico morning - wrapper, color invisible, waited upon us in a protesting way. Squalor and misery were imprinted upon the wretched log hut, which ignored the duster and the broom, and myriads of flies disputed with us a dinner consisting of doughnuts, green and poisonous with saleratus, suspicious eggs in a massive greasy fritter, and rusty bacon, intolerably fat. It was our first sight of squatter life, and, except in two cases, it was our worst. We could not grudge 50 cents a head to these unhappies; at the same time we thought it a dear price to pay - the sequel disabused us - for flies and bad bread, worse eggs and bacon.

Troy: *Leonard Smith arrived in Troy in 1858 and purchased the Troy Hotel. Two years later, at the request of the C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co., he constructed a barn large enough for five horses. The renamed Smith Hotel served as a relay station and was located at the present northeast corner of First and Myrtle Streets. Stories associated with handing pastries to the passing rider Johnny Fry by the Dooley girls probably originated in the Troy area. These pastries were supposedly the first donuts. [NPS]*

Cold Spring Station: Louis or Lewis, mapped as a station between Troy and Kennekuk was possibly the same as the Cold Spring Ranch Station. The Lewis Station and Cold Spring Station were located the same distance between Troy and Kennekuk. One local history resource placed the station on North Independence Creek. Several other sources give yet another location for this station. "Chain Pump" and "Valley Home/House" *[NPS]*

Burton’s Itinerary 2. *After 10 miles, Valley Home, a whitewashed shanty. At Small Branch on Wolf River, 12 miles from Cold Spring, is a fiumara on the north of the road, with water, wood, and grass.*

Here the road from Fort Atchinson falls in. Kennekuk Station, 44 miles from St. Joseph. Sup and Change Mules
22-23 miles, 4 P.M. - 8 P.M. Aug 7

Kennekuk: Experts on the Pony Express trail in this area, designate Kennekuk as the first home station from St. Joseph. Most other sources agree on the name but not the exact location of this station. Its location has been placed at from 39 to 44 miles from the beginning of the trail. The stage route from Atchison and the Fort Leavenworth-Fort Kearney military road combined with the trail near Kennekuk and brought much traffic to the settlement in the early 1860s. Tom Perry and his wife ran the relay station and served meals to travelers passing through. *[NPS]*

Burton's Itinerary 3. *Two miles beyond Kennekuk is the first of the three Grasshopper Creeks, flowing after rain to the Kansas River. Road rough and stony; water, wood, and grass. Four miles beyond the First Grasshopper is Whitehead, a young settlement on Big Grasshopper; water in pools, wood, and grass. Five and a half miles beyond is Walnut Creek, in Kickapoo Co.: pass over corduroy bridge; roadside dotted with shanties. Thence to Locknan's, or Big Muddy Station*
25 miles, 9 P.M. - 1 A.M. Aug 7 & 8

Kickapoo Station: This relay station stood on Delaware Creek (also called Big Grasshopper or Plum Creek) about twelve miles west of Horton, Kansas, and was generally known as Kickapoo or Goteschall. [24] Both the station and the stone Presbyterian mission, a nearby landmark, existed on the Kickapoo Indian Reservation. Noble Rising, a Kansas pioneer and surveyor, maintained the station with W. W. Letson. The relay station and mission are nonextant. (NPS)

Burton continues to Locknan's Station: *(pg 25-26)*

Beyond Kennekuk we crossed the first Grasshopper Creek. … This particular Grasshopper was dry and dusty up to the ankles; timber clothed the banks, and slabs of sandstone cumbered the sole. Our next obstacle was the Walnut Creek, which we found, however, provided with a corduroy bridge; formerly it was a dangerous ford, rolling down heavy streams of melted snow, and then crossed by means of the "bouco" or coracle, two hides sewed together, distended like a leather tub with willow rods, and poled or paddled. At this point the country is unusually well populated; a house appears after every mile. Beyond Walnut Creek a dense nimbus, rising ghost-like from the northern horizon, furnished us with a spectacle of those perilous prairie storms which make the prudent lay aside their revolvers and disembarrass themselves of their cartridges. Gusts of raw, cold, and violent wind from the west whizzed overhead, thunder crashed and rattled closer and closer, and vivid lightning, flashing out of the murky depths around, made earth and air one blaze of living fire. Then the rain began to patter ominously upon the carriages; the canvas, however, by swelling, did its duty in becoming water-tight, and we rode out the storm dry. Those learned in the weather predicted a succession of such outbursts, but the prophecy was not fulfilled. The thermometer fell about 6° (F.), and a strong north wind set in, blowing dust or gravel, a fair specimen of "Kansas gales," which are equally common in Nebraska, especially during the month of October. It subsided on the 9th of August.

Arriving about 1 A.M. at Locknan's Station, a few log and timber huts near a creek well feathered with white oak and American elm, hickory and black walnut, we found beds and snatched an hourful of sleep.

Log Chain Station: Sources identify Log Chain as a Pony Express relay station and a stop on the overland stage route. Noble H. Rising, the stationkeeper, maintained a twenty four by forty foot log house and seventy foot barn. Log Chain Station stood near Locknane Creek, also called Locklane and Muddy Creek on some maps. The origin of the name "Log Chain" is uncertain. Stories exist about pulling wagons across the creek's sandy bed with log chains, which may be one reason for its name. The station's name may also be a corruption of Locklane, the creek's name. *[NPS]*
The Overland Stage likely did not stop at Log Chain Station, but at Locknane's Station about a mile to the northeast according to "The Pony Express Trail: Yesterday and Today" by William E. Hill

Roughing It, The Mail *(pg 25-26)*

Our coach was a great swinging and swaying stage, of the most sumptuous description —[an imposing cradle on wheels]. It was drawn by six handsome horses, and by the side of the driver sat the "conductor," the legitimate captain of the craft; for it was his business to take charge and care of the mails, baggage, express matter, and passengers. We three were the only passengers, this trip. We sat on the back seat, inside. About all the rest of the coach was full of mail-bags—for we had three days' delayed mails with us. Almost touching our knees, a perpendicular wall of mail matter rose up to the roof. There was a great pile of it strapped on top of the stage, and both the fore and hind boots were full. We had twenty-seven hundred pounds of it aboard, the driver said—"a little for Brigham, and Carson, and 'Frisco, but the heft of it for the Injuns, which is powerful troublesome 'thout they get plenty of truck to read." But as he just then got up a fearful convulsion of his countenance which was suggestive of a wink being swallowed by an earthquake, we guessed that his remark was intended to be facetious, and to mean that we would unload the most of our mail matter somewhere on the Plains and leave it to the Indians, or whosoever wanted it.

THE FACETIOUS DRIVER.

Burton's Itinerary 4. *Seventeen miles beyond Walnut Creek, the Third Grasshopper, also falling into the Kansas River. Good camping-ground. Ten miles beyond lies Richland, deserted site. Thence to Seneca, capital of Nemehaw Co. A few shanties on the N. bank of Big Nemehaw Creek, a tributary of the Missouri River, which affords water, wood, and grass.*

18 miles, 3 A.M. - 6 A.M. Aug 8

Burton travels to Seneca: *(pg 26)*

Resuming, through air refrigerated by rain, our now weary way, we reached at 6 A.M. a favorite camping-ground, the " Big Nemehaw" Creek, which, like its lesser neighbor, flows after rain into the Missouri River, *viâ* Turkey Creek, the Big Blue, and the Kansas. It is a fine bottom of rich black soil, whose green woods at that early hour were wet with heavy dew, and scattered over the surface lay pebbles and blocks of quartz and porphyritic granites. "Richland," a town mentioned in guide-books, having disappeared, we drove for breakfast to Seneca, a city consisting of a few shanties, mostly garnished with tall square lumber fronts, ineffectually, especially when the houses stand one by one, masking the diminutiveness of the buildings behind them. The land, probably in prospect of a Pacific Railroad, fetched the exaggerated price of $20 an acre, and already a lawyer has "hung out his shingle" there.

Refreshed by breakfast and the intoxicating air, brisk as a bottle of *veuve Clicequot*—it is this that gives one the " prairie fever" —we bade glad adieu to Seneca, and prepared for another long stretch of twenty-four hours.

Seneca Station: Sources generally agree about Seneca Station's location and identity as an early Pony Express home station, also known as the the Smith Hotel. John Smith managed station operations at the hotel, located on the corner of present-day Fourth and Main Streets. Smith entered the hotel business in 1858, and his two- story white hotel also served as a restaurant, school, and residence. Additional sources also identify Seneca as an overland stage station. *[NPS]*

THE SPHYNX.

Twain is not forthcoming with his locations but it is possible that a noteable woman boarded their coach at Seneca and rode as far as Marysville or Guittard's Station. He characterizes this person as "The Sphinx".

Roughing It: *(pg 26-8)*

After supper a woman got in, who lived about fifty miles further on, and we three had to take turns at sitting outside with the driver and conductor. Apparently she was not a talkative woman. She would sit there in the gathering twilight and fasten her steadfast eyes on a mosquito rooting into her arm, and slowly she would raise her other hand till she had got his range, and then she would launch a slap at him that would have jolted a cow; and after that she would sit and contemplate the corpse with tranquil satisfaction—for she never missed her mosquito; she was a dead shot at short range. She never removed a carcase, but left them there for bait. I sat by this grim Sphynx and watched her kill thirty or forty

mosquitoes—watched her, and waited for her to say something, but she never did. So I finally opened the conversation myself. I said:

"The mosquitoes are pretty bad, about here, madam."

"You bet!"

"What did I understand you to say, madam?"

"You BET!"

Then she cheered up, and faced around and said:

"Danged if I didn't begin to think you fellers was deef and dumb. I did, b'gosh. Here I've sot, and sot, and sot, a-bust'n muskeeters and wonderin' what was ailin' ye. Fust I thot you was deef and dumb, then I thot you was sick or crazy, or suthin', and then by and by I begin to reckon you was a passel of sickly fools that couldn't think of nothing to say. Wher'd ye come from?"

The Sphynx was a Sphynx no more! The fountains of her great deep were broken up, and she rained the nine parts of speech forty days and forty nights, metaphorically speaking, and buried us under a desolating deluge of trivial gossip that left not a crag or pinnacle of rejoinder projecting above the tossing waste of dislocated grammar and decomposed pronunciation!

How we suffered, suffered, suffered! She went on, hour after hour, till I was sorry I ever opened the mosquito question and gave her a start. She never did stop again until she got to her journey's end toward daylight; and then she stirred us up as she was leaving the stage (for we were nodding, by that time), and said:

"Now you git out at Cottonwood, you fellers, and lay over a couple o' days, and I'll be along some time to-night, and if I can do ye any good by edgin' in a word now and then, I'm right thar. Folks'll tell you't I've always ben kind o' offish and partic'lar for a gal that's raised in the woods, and I am, with the rag-tag and bob-tail, and a gal has to be, if she wants to be anything, but when people comes along which is my equals, I reckon I'm a pretty sociable heifer after all."

We resolved not to "lay by at Cottonwood."

Ash Point: This site is supposedly located on the banks of Vermillion Creek. Ash Point, Laramie Creek, Frogtown, and Hickory Point were names associated with this Pony Express station and stage stop. The tiny settlement of Ash Point began at the junction of the Pony Express route and a branch of the California Road prior to 1860. John O'Laughlin, a storekeeper, managed the station operations. The town served as a stage stop in the 1860s and faded away by the end of the 1870s. A stone-covered well, dug by John O'Laughlin, has been located at the station site. *[NPS]*

Burton's Itinerary 5. *Cross Wildcat Creek and other nullahs. Seven miles beyond Seneca lies Ash Point, a few wooden huts, thence to "Uncle John's Grocery," where liquor and stores are procurable. Eleven miles from Big Nemehaw, water, wood, and grass are found at certain seasons near the head of a ravine. Thence to Vermilion Creek, which heads to the N.E., and enters the Big Blue 20 miles above its mouth. The ford is miry after rain, and the banks are thickly wooded. Water is found in wells 40-43 feet deep. Guittard's Station.*
20 miles, 8 A.M. - 12 NOON, Aug 8

Burton from Ash Point to Guittard's Station: *(pg 32)*

Passing through Ash Point at 9 30 A.M., and halting for water at Uncle John's Grocery, where hang-dog Indians, squatting, standing, and stalking about, showed that the forbidden luxury—essence of corn—was, despite regulations, not unprocurable there, we spanned the prairie to Guittard's Station

Guittard's Station: The George Guittard (Guttard) family arrived in Kansas in 1857, establishing their ranch on Vermillion Creek as the earliest permanent settlement in that part of Marshall County, Kansas. George's son, Xavier Guittard, managed the station, which alternated as a home or relay base at various times, as well as a stage stop. A large, two-story house provided living quarters and a waiting room for stage passengers, and the roomy barn accommodated a blacksmith shop and stalls for some twenty-four horses. *[NPS]*

Burton at Guittard's Station: (pg 32)

This is a clump of board houses on the far side of a shady, well-wooded creek—the Vermilion, a tributary of the Big Blue River, so called from its red sandstone bottom, dotted with granitic and porphyritic boulders.

Our conductor had sprained his ankle, and the driver, being in plain English drunk, had dashed like a Phaeton over the "chuck-holes;" we willingly, therefore, halted at 11:30 A.M. for dinner. The host was a young Alsatian, who, with his mother and sister, had emigrated under the excitement of Californian fever, and had been stopped, by want of means, half way. The improvement upon the native was palpable: the house and kitchen were clean, the fences neat; the ham and eggs, the hot rolls and coffee, were fresh and good, and, although drought had killed the salad, we had abundance of peaches and cream, an offering of French to American taste which, in its simplicity, luxuriates in the curious mixture of lacteal with hydrocyanic acid.

At Guittard's I saw, for the first time, the Pony Express rider arrive.

Roughing It, A Broken Thoroughbrace: *(pg 29-31)*

About an hour and a half before daylight we were bowling along smoothly over the road—so smoothly that our cradle only rocked in a gentle, lulling way, that was gradually soothing us to sleep, and dulling our consciousness—when something gave away under us!

We were dimly aware of it, but indifferent to it. The coach stopped…."Gents, you'll have to turn out a spell. Thoroughbrace is broke."

We climbed out into a chill drizzle, and felt ever so homeless and dreary. When I found that the thing they called a "thoroughbrace" was the massive combination of belts and springs which the coach rocks itself in, I said to the driver:

"I never saw a thoroughbrace used up like that, before, that I can remember. How did it happen?"

"Why, it happened by trying to make one coach carry three days' mail—that's how it happened," said he. "And right here is the very direction which is wrote on all the newspaper-bags which was to be put out for the Injuns for to keep 'em quiet. It's most uncommon lucky, becuz it's so nation dark I should 'a' gone by unbeknowns if that air thoroughbrace hadn't broke."

I knew that he was in labor with another of those winks of his, though I could not see his face, because he was bent down at work; and wishing him a safe delivery, I turned to and helped the rest get out the mail-sacks. It made a great pyramid by the roadside when it was all out. When they had mended the thoroughbrace we filled the two boots again, but put no mail on top, and only half as much inside as there was before. The conductor bent all the seat-backs down, and then filled the coach just half full of mail-bags from end to end. We objected loudly to this, for it left us no seats. But the conductor was wiser than we, and said a bed was better than seats, and moreover, this plan would protect his thoroughbraces. We never wanted any seats after that. The lazy bed was infinitely preferable. I had many an exciting day, subsequently, lying on it reading the statutes and the Dictionary, and wondering how the characters would turn out.

The conductor said he would send back a guard from the next station to take charge of the abandoned mail-bags, and we drove on.

It was now just dawn; and as we stretched our cramped legs full length on the mail-sacks, and gazed out through the windows across the wide wastes of greensward clad in cool, powdery mist, to where there was an expectant look in the eastern horizon, our perfect enjoyment took the form of a tranquil and contented ecstasy. The stage whirled along at a spanking gait, the breeze flapping curtains and suspended coats in a most exhilarating way; the cradle swayed and swung luxuriously, the pattering of the horses' hoofs, the cracking of the driver's whip, and his "Hi-yi! g'lang!" were music; the spinning ground and the waltzing trees appeared to give us a mute hurrah as we went by, and then slack up and look after us with interest, or envy, or something; and as we lay and smoked the pipe of peace and compared all this luxury with the years of tiresome city life that had gone before it, we felt that there was only one complete and satisfying happiness in the world, and we had found it.

After breakfast, at some station whose name I have forgotten, we three climbed up on the seat behind the driver, and let the conductor have our bed for a nap. And by and by,

when the sun made me drowsy, I lay down on my face on top of the coach, grasping the slender iron railing, and slept for an hour or more. That will give one an appreciable idea of those matchless roads. Instinct will make a sleeping man grip a fast hold of the railing when the stage jolts, but when it only swings and sways, no grip is necessary. Overland drivers and conductors used to sit in their places and sleep thirty or forty minutes at a time, on good roads, while spinning along at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. I saw them do it, often. There was no danger about it; a sleeping man will seize the irons in time when the coach jolts. These men were hard worked, and it was not possible for them to stay awake all the time.

Burton's Itinerary 6. *Fourteen miles from Guittard's, Marysville, capital of Washington Co., affords supplies and a blacksmith. Then ford the Big Blue, tributary to Kansas River, clear and swift stream. Twelve miles W. of Marysville is the frontier line between Kansas and Nebraska. Thence to Cottonwood Creek, fields in hollow near the stream.*
25 miles, 1 P.M.- 6 P.M., Aug 8

Burton from Guittard's to Marysville: *(pg 34)*

Beyond Guittard's the prairies bore a burnt up aspect. Far as the eye could see the tintage was that of the Arabian Desert, sere and tawny as a jackal's back. It was still, however, too early; October is the month for those prairie fires which have so frequently exercised the Western author's pen. Here, however the grass is too short for the full development of the phenomenon, and beyond the Little Blue River there is hardly any risk. The fire can easily be stopped, *ab initio*, by blankets, or by simply rolling a barrel; the African plan of beating down with boughs might also be used in certain places; and when the conflagration has extended, travelers can take refuge in a little Zoar by burning the vegetation to windward. In Texas and Illinois, however where the grass is tall and rank, and the roaring flames leap before the wind with the stride of maddened horses, the danger is imminent, and the spectacle must be one of awful sublimity.

In places where the land seems broken with bluffs, like an iron bound coast, the skeleton of the earth becomes visible; the formation is a friable sandstone, overlying fossiliferous lime, which is based upon beds of shale. These undergrowths show themselves at the edges of the ground-waves and in the dwarf precipices, where the soil has been degraded by the action of water. The yellow brown humus varies from forty to sixty feet deep in the most favored places, and erratic blocks of porphyry and various granites encumber the dry water courses and surface drains. In the rare spots where water then lay, the herbage was still green, forming oases in the withering waste, and showing that irrigation is its principal if not its only want.

Marysville: Sources generally concur on its identity as a station, but disagree on its status as a home or relay station. In 1859, Joseph H. Cottrell and Hank Williams contracted with Russell, Majors, and Waddell to build and lease a livery stable as a home station. Riders stayed at the nearby American Hotel, which was north of the livery stable. The north end of the stone stable served as a blacksmith shop, and stalls were located on the other side. Also was known as Palmetto City *[NPS]*

Burton passes Marysville then to Cottonwood Station: (pg 34-5)

Passing by Marysville, in old maps Palmetto City, a county-town which thrives by selling whisky to ruffians of all descriptions, we forded before sunset the "Big Blue," a well known tributary of the Kansas River. It is a pretty little stream, brisk and clear as crystal, about forty or fifty yards wide by 2.50 feet deep at the ford. The soil is sandy and solid but the banks are too precipitous to be pleasant when a very drunken driver hangs on by the lines of four very weary mules.

We then stretched once more over the "divide" -- the ground, generally rough or rolling, between the fork or junction of two streams, in fact, the Indian Doab-- separating the Big Blue from its tributary the Little Blue. At 6 PM we changed our fagged animals for fresh, and the land of Kansas for Nebraska, at Cottonwood Creek, a bottom where trees flourished, where the ground had been cleared for corn, and where we detected the prairie wolf watching for the poultry. The fur of our first coyote was light yellow brown, with a tinge of red, the snout long and sharp, the tail bushy and hanging, the gait like a dog's, and the manner expressive of extreme timidity; it is a far more cowardly animal than the larger white buffalo-wolf and the black wolf of the woods, which are also far from fierce. At Cottonwood Station we took "on board" two way-passengers, "lady" and "gentleman," who were drafted into the wagon containing the Judiciary.

Cottonwood Station: Sources generally agree on its location and identity as a relay station and a stage station. The station, constructed as a ranch house in 1857, was known as both Hollenberg and Cottonwood because Gerat Hollenberg managed the station operations near Cottonwood Creek. The station served as the last Pony Express stop in Kansas. Hollenberg's station also supplied emigrants with food, clothing, livestock, and a place to rest themselves and their horses. It also served as a stagecoach stop on the C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. stage line. *[NPS]*

Orion: July 27. *Crossed the Nebraska line about 180 miles from St. Joseph. Here we saw the first Jack Rabbit. They have larger bodies, longer legs and longer ears than our rabbits.*

Roughing It, The Jackass Rabbit: *(pg 31-2)*


MEDITATION.

By and by we passed through Marysville, and over the Big Blue and Little Sandy; thence about a mile, and entered Nebraska. About a mile further on, we came to the Big Sandy—one hundred and eighty miles from St. Joseph. As the sun was going down, we saw the first specimen of an animal


AUTHOR AS GULLIVER.

known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert—from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean—as the “jackass rabbit.” He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature *but* a jackass.

Mark Twain goes on with a description of the behavior of this rabbit, after his party took shots at a rabbit *He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and a vanish! Long after he was out of sight we could hear him whiz.* Twain then describes a Lilliputian environment under a sage brush. (pg 33)

Burton’s Itinerary 7. *Store at the crossing very dirty and disorderly. Good water in spring 400 yards N. of the road; wood and grass abundant. Seventeen and a half miles from the Big Blue is Walnut Creek, where emigrants encamp. Thence to West Turkey or Rock Creek in Nebraska Territory, a branch of the Big Blue: its approximate altitude is 1485 feet.*
26 miles, 6 P.M. - 11 P.M., Aug 8

Burton at Rock or Turkey Creek: *(pg 35)*

A weary drive over a rough and dusty road, through chill night air and clouds of mosquitoes, which we were warned would accompany us to the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, placed us about 10 PM at Rock, also called Turkey Creek -- surely a misnomer, no turkey ever haunted so villainous a spot! Several passengers began to suffer from fever and nausea; in such travel the second night is usually the crisis, after which a man can endure for an indefinite time. The "ranch" was a nice place for invalids, especially for those of the softer sex. Upon the bedded floor of the foul "doggery" lay, in a seemingly promiscuous heap, men, women, children, lambs and puppies, all fast in the arms of Morpheus, and many under the influence of a much jollier god. The employees, when aroused pretty roughly, blinked their eyes in the atmosphere of smoke and mosquitoes, and declared that it had been "merry in hall" that night -- the effects of which merriment had not passed off. After half an hour's dispute about who should do the work, they produced cold scraps of mutton and a kind of bread which deserves a totally distinct generic name. The strongest stomachs of the party made tea, and found some milk which was not more than one quarter flies. This succulent meal was followed by the usual douceur. On this road, however mean or wretched the fare, the station-keeper, who is established by the proprietor of the line, never derogates by lowering his price.

Rock Creek Station: Sources generally agree about the identity of this site as a relay station, but they do not concur about its exact location. In 1859, David McCandles or McCanles erected a toll bridge and log structure, which later served as the relay station, on the east side of the creek. The hewn-log building had an outside-accessible attic and stone fireplace and measured 36 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 8 feet high at the eaves.The Rock Creek Station has an interesting history. Historians associate the site with a controversial gunfight between David McCanles and James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok on July 12, 1861. When the fight ended, three men were dead, and Hickok and Horace Wellman (Williams), the stationkeeper, faced murder charges. A judge later acquitted both men.
Alternative names and/or sites for the station include Turkey Creek, Pawnee, and possibly Elkhorn and the Lodi Post Office. Stagecoaches, such as the Leavenworth & Pike's Peak Express Company,

stopped at or near the station. Rock Creek was listed as a scheduled stop for the company. *(NPS)*

Roughing It *(pg 37-8)*

As the sun went down and the evening chill came on, we made preparation for bed. We stirred up the hard leather letter-sacks, and the knotty canvas bags of printed matter (knotty and uneven because of projecting ends and corners of magazines, boxes and books). We stirred them up and redisposed them in such a way as to make our bed as level as possible. And we did improve it, too, though after all our work it had an upheaved and billowy look about it, like a little piece of a stormy sea. Next we hunted up our boots from odd nooks among the mail-bags where they had settled, and put them on. Then we got down our coats, vests, pantaloons and heavy woolen shirts, from the arm-loops where they had been swinging all day, and clothed ourselves in them—for, there being no ladies either at the stations or in the coach, and the weather being hot, we had looked to our comfort by stripping to our underclothing, at nine o'clock in the morning. All things being now ready, we stowed the uneasy Dictionary where it would lie as quiet as possible, and placed the water-canteens and pistols where we could find them in the dark. Then we smoked a final pipe, and swapped a final yarn; after which, we put the pipes, tobacco and bag of coin in snug holes and caves among the mail-bags, and then fastened down the coach curtains all around, and made the place as "dark as the inside of a cow," as the conductor phrased it in his picturesque way. It was certainly as dark as any place could be—nothing was even dimly visible in it. And finally, we rolled ourselves up like silk-worms, each person in his own blanket, and sank peacefully to sleep.

Virginia City, Nebraska: This site is located four miles north of Fairbury, in Jefferson County, Nebraska. Other names for the station include Grayson's and Whiskey Run. Bishop and Henderson identify the station as Virginia City on their "Map of California- Oregon-Mormon Emigrant Roads Featuring the Pony Express 1860-1861," as does trail historian Gregory M. Franzwa. Lone Tree possibly served as an alternate station site, one mile south of Virginia City. *[NPS]*

Burton's Itinerary 8. *After 19 miles of rough road and mosquitoes, cross Little Sandy, 5 miles E. of Big Sandy; water and trees plentiful. There Big Sandy deep and heavy bed. Big Sandy Station. 23 miles, 12 P.M. - 4 A.M., Aug 9*

Big Sandy: This site is reportedly about three miles east of Alexandria, in Jefferson County. Sources generally agree about its identity as a Pony Express station, with stagecoaches stopping there as well. Dan Patterson owned and operated the site as a home station until 1860, when he sold it to Asa and John Latham. History also associates the Daniel Ranch, a post office, and the Ed Farrell Ranch with the Big Sandy Station. *[NPS]*

Burton Crosses Little Sandy, Barbarism at Big Sandy, then into the Little Blue: *(pg 35-7)*

A little after midnight we resumed our way, and in the state which Mohammed described when he made his famous night journey to heaven—*bayni'l naumi wa 'l yakezán*—we crossed the deep shingles, the shallow streams, and the heavy vegetation of the Little Sandy, and five miles beyond it we forded the Big Sandy. About early dawn we found

ourselves at another station, better than the last only as the hour was more propitious. The colony of Patlanders rose from their beds without a dream of ablution, and clearing the while their lungs of Cork brogue, prepared a neat déjeûiner à la fourchette by hacking "fids" off half a sheep suspended from the ceiling, and frying them in melted tallow. ' Had the action occurred in Central Africa, among the Esquimaux, or the Araucanians, it would not have excited my attention: mere barbarism rarely disgusts; it is the unnatural cohabitation of civilization with savagery that makes the traveler's gorge rise.

Issuing from Big Sandy Station at 6 30 A.M., and resuming our route over the divide that still separated the valleys of the Big Blue and the Little Blue, we presently fell into the line of the latter, and were called upon by the conductor to admire it. It is pretty, but its beauties require the cosmetic which is said to act unfailingly in the case of fairer things—the viewer should have lately spent three months at sea, out of sight of rivers and women. Averaging two miles in width, which shrinks to one quarter as you ascend, the valley is hedged on both sides by low rolling bluffs or terraces, the boundaries of its ancient bed and modern debordements. As the hills break off near the river, they show a diluvial formation; in places they are washed into a variety of forms, and being white, they stand out in bold relief. In other parts they are sand mixed with soil enough to support a last-year's growth of wheat-like grass, weed-stubble, and dead trees, that look like old corn-fields in new clearings. One could not have recognized at this season Colonel Frémont's description written in the month of June—the "hills with graceful slopes looking uncommonly green and beautiful." Along the bluffs the road winds, crossing at times a rough projecting spur, or dipping into some gully washed out by the rains of ages. All is barren beyond the garden-reach which runs along the stream; there is not a tree to a square mile—in these regions the tree, like the bird in Arabia and the monkey in Africa, signifies water—and animal life seems well-nigh extinct. As the land sinks toward the river bottom, it becomes less barren. The wild sunflower (*Helzanthus*) —it seldom, however, turns toward the sun—now becomes abundant; it was sparse near the Missouri; it will wax even more plentiful around Great Salt Lake City, till walking through the beds becomes difficult. In size it greatly varies according to the quality of the soil; six feet is perhaps the maximum. It is a growth of some value.. The oleaginous seeds form the principal food of half-starved Indians, while the stalks supply them with a scanty fuel: being of rapid growth, it has been used in the States to arrest the flow of malaria, and it serves as house and home to the rattlesnake. Conspicuous by its side is the sumach, whose leaf, mixed with kinnikinik, the peel of the red willow, forms the immemorial smoking material of the Wild Man of the North. Equally remarkable for their strong odor are large beds of wild onions; they are superlatively wholesome, but they affect the eater like those of Tibet. The predominant colors are pink and yellow, the former a lupine, the latter a shrub, locally called the rabbit-bush. The blue lupine also appears with the white mallow, the eccentric putoria, and the taraxacum (dandelion), so much used as salad in France and in the Eastern States. This land appears excellently adapted for the growth of manioc or cassava. In the centre of the bottom flows the brownish stream, about twenty yards wide, between two dense lines of tall sweet cottonwood. The tree which was fated to become familiar to us during our wanderings is a species of poplar (*P. monilifera*), called by the Americo-Spaniards, and by the people of Texas and New Mexico, "Alamo:" resembling the European aspen, without its silver lining, the color of the leaf, in places, appears of a dull burnished hue, in others bright and refreshingly green. Its trivial name is derived, according to some, from the fibrous quality

of the bark, which, as in Norway, is converted into food for cattle and even man; according to others, from the cotton-like substance surrounding the seeds. It is termed “sweet” to distinguish it from a different tree with a bitter bark, also called a cotton-wood or narrow-leaved cotton-wood (*Populus angustifolia*), and by the Canadians *lard amére*. The timber is soft and easily cut; it is in many places the only material for building and burning, and the recklessness of the squatters has already shortened the supply.

This valley is the Belgium of the adjoining tribes, the once terrible Pawnees, who here met their enemies, the Dakotahs and the Delawares: it was then a great buffalo ground; and even twenty years ago it was well stocked with droves of wild horses, turkeys, and herds of antelope, deer, and elk. The animals have of late migrated westward, carrying off with them the “bones of contention.” Some details concerning the present condition of these bands and their neighbors may not be uninteresting—these poor remnants of nations which once kept the power of North America at bay, and are now barely able to struggle for existence.

Roughing It *(pg 38-9)*

Whenever the stage stopped to change horses, we would wake up, and try to recollect where we were—and succeed—and in a minute or two the stage would be off again, and we likewise. We began to get into country, now, threaded here and there with little streams. These had high, steep banks on each side, and every time we flew down one bank and scrambled up the other, our party inside got mixed somewhat. First we would all be down in a pile at the forward end of the stage, nearly in a sitting posture, and in a second we would shoot to the other end, and stand on our heads. And we would sprawl and kick, too, and ward off ends and corners of mail- bags that came lumbering over us and about us; and as the dust rose from the tumult, we would all sneeze in chorus, and the majority of us would grumble, and probably say some hasty thing, like: “Take your elbow out of my ribs!—can’t you quit crowding?”

THIRD TRIP OF THE UNABRIDGED.

Every time we avalanched from one end of the stage to the other, the Unabridged Dictionary would come too; and every time it came it damaged somebody. One trip it “barked” the Secretary’s elbow; the next trip it hurt me in the stomach, and the third it tilted Bemis’s nose up till he could look down his nostrils—he said. The pistols and coin soon

settled to the bottom, but the pipes, pipe-stems, tobacco and canteens clattered and floundered after the Dictionary every time it made an assault on us, and aided and abetted the book by spilling tobacco in our eyes, and water down our backs.

Millersville Station: This site, known as Millersville or Thompson's, is about two miles north of Hebron, in Thayer County. George B. Thompson acted as the station keeper for Pony Express operations at this station, and the station was named after him. *[NPS]*
The station following Millersville is Kiowa Station, Nebraska Territory.

Burton's Itinerary 9. *Cross hills forming divide of Little Blue River, ascending valley 60 miles long. Little Blue fine stream of clear water falling into Kansas River; every where good supplies and good camping ground. Along the left bank to Kiowa.*
19 miles, 6 A.M. - 10 A.M., Aug 9

Kiowa Station: This site is reportedly about ten miles northwest of Hebron, in Thayer County. Kiowa served as a stop for both the Pony Express and for both the L. & P.P. Express Co. and C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. stagecoaches. Jim Douglas managed the station operations. *[NPS]*

Oak Grove: Sources disagree about the identity and location of this site in Nuckolls County, Nebraska. According to the 1861 mail contract with the Overland Mail Company, an unnamed station existed in the area. Several sources identify the station as Little Blue, but somen suggest that Little Blue existed later as a separate stage station, four miles northwest of Oak Grove.
Several sources identify the unknown station as Oak Grove, located about one and one-fourth miles southeast of Oak, Nebraska. Al Holladay managed this station, which reportedly had a "Majors and Waddell" store next to it. Ranchers in the area included Roper, Emory, Eubank, and E. S. Comstock, whose land carried the name of Oak Grove Ranch .(NPS)

Burton From Kiowa Station to Liberty Farm: *(pg 43-4)*

Changing mules at Kiowa about 10 A.M., we pushed forward through the sun, which presently was mitigated by heavy nimbi, to Liberty Farm, where a station supplied us with the eternal eggs and bacon of these *mangeurs de lard*. It is a dish constant in the great West, as the omelet and pigeon in the vetturini days of Italy, when, prompted by the instincts of self-preservation, the inmates of the dove-cot, unless prevented in time, are said to have fled their homes at the sight of Milordo's traveling carriage, not to return until the portent had disappeared. The Little Blue ran hard by, about fifty feet wide by three or four deep, fringed with emerald-green oak groves, cotton-wood, and long-leaved willow: its waters supply catfish, suckers, and a soft-shelled turtle, but the fish are full of bones, and taste, as might be imagined, much like mud. The country showed vestiges of animal life, the prairie bore signs of hare and antelope; in the valley, coyotes, wolves, and foxes, attracted by the carcasses of cattle, stared us in the face, and near the stream, plovers, jays, the bluebird (sialia), and a kind of starling, called the swamp or redwinged blackbird, twittered a song of satisfaction. We then resumed our journey over a desert, waterless save after rain, for twenty-three miles; it is the divide between the Little Blue and the Platte rivers, a broken

table-land rising gradually toward the west, with, at this season, a barren soil of sand and clay. As the evening approached, a smile from above lit up into absolute beauty the homely features of the world below. The sweet commune with nature in her fairest hours denied to the sons of cities—who must contemplate her charms through a vista of brick wall, or over a foreground of chimney-pots—consoled us amply for all the little hardships of travel. Strata upon strata of cloud-banks, burnished to golden red in the vicinity of the setting sun, and polished to dazzling silvery white above, lay piled half way from the horizon to the zenith, with a distinct strike toward a vanishing point in the west, and dipping into a gateway through which the orb of day slowly retired. Overhead floated in a sea of amber and yellow, pink and green, heavy purple nimbi, apparently turned upside down—their convex bulges below, and their horizontal lines high in the air—while in the east black and blue were so curiously blended that the eye could not distinguish whether it rested upon darkening air or upon a lowering thunder-cloud. We enjoyed these beauties in silence; not a soul said, "Look there!" or "How pretty!"

Burton's Itinerary 10. *Rough road of spurs and gullies runs up a valley 2 miles wide. Well wooded chiefly with cottonwood, and grass abundant. Ranch at Liberty Farm, on the Little Blue.*
25 miles, 11 A.M. - 3 P.M., Aug 9

Liberty Farm Station: This site is generally acknowledged to be located on the north bank of the Little Blue River, a half-mile northeast of Deweese, in Clay County. In 1859, O. Allen, in his Guide Book and Map to the Gold Fields of Kansas and Nebraska mentioned Liberty Farm as a U. S. mail station. Allen stated it was at the "Jct. of Ft. Riley Road 19 miles from Oak Grove, U. S. mail station No. 12, 1 1/2 miles east of this place." Sources generally agree on its identity as a Pony Express home station, and that it was then managed by James Lemmons and Charles Emory. L. & P.P. Express Co. and C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. stagecoaches also stopped at Liberty Farm. *[NPS]*

Spring Ranch: This site may have been positioned in Clay County. Since the 1861 mail contract did not list Spring Ranch as a stopping point, the positive identification of Spring Ranch as a Pony Express station remains controversial. Its location between two known distant stations, Liberty Farm and Thirty-Two Mile Creek, would have made Spring Ranch a convenient place for riders to change horses. A number of other sources identify this station as Lone Tree, a relay station and stage stop.Gregory Franzwa lists Spring Ranch and Lone Tree Station separately. A town called Spring Ranch existed in the 1860s, as well as the Spring Ranch stage station. Indian raids apparently destroyed the station in August 1864. An Oregon Trail marker identifies the station site on the east side of the county road going north to Highway 74. *(NPS)*

Roughing It *(pg 39)*

Still, all things considered, it was a very comfortable night. It wore gradually away, and when at last a cold gray light was visible through the puckers and chinks in the curtains, we yawned and stretched with satisfaction, shed our cocoons, and felt that we had slept as much as was necessary. By and by, as the sun rose up and warmed the world, we

pulled off our clothes and got ready for breakfast. We were just pleasantly in time, for five minutes afterward the driver sent the weird music of his bugle winding over the grassy solitudes, and presently we detected a low hut or two in the distance. Then the rattling of the coach, the clatter of our six horses' hoofs, and the driver's crisp commands, awoke to a louder and stronger emphasis, and we went sweeping down on the station at our smartest speed. It was fascinating—that old overland stage-coaching.

Burton's Itinerary 11. *Cross divide between Little Blue and Platte River; rough road, musquetoes troublesome. Approximate altitude of dividing ridge 2025 feet. Station at Thirty-two-Mile Creek, a small wooded and winding stream flowing into the Little Blue.*
24 miles, 4 P.M. - 9 P.M., Aug 9

Thirty Two Mile Creek Station: This site is probably about six miles southeast of Hastings in Adams County. Many sources agree on its identity and location as a stage stop for the L. & P.P. Express Co. and C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. and as a relay station for the Pony Express. George A. Comstock served as stationkeeper of the long, one-story building, named after the distance between it and Fort Kearney. In August 1864, Comstock abandoned the station, which Indians later burned to the ground. *[NPS]*

Burton at 32 Mile Creek: *(pg 44)*

At 9 P.M., reaching "Thirty-two-mile Creek," we were pleasantly surprised to find an utter absence of the Irishry. The station-master was the head of a neat-handed and thrifty family from Vermont; the rooms, such as they were, looked cosy and clean-and the chickens and peaches were plump and well "fixed." Soldiers from Fort Kearney loitered about the adjoining store, and from them we heard past fights and rumors of future wars which were confirmed on the morrow. Remounting at 10:30 P.M., and before moonrise, we threaded the gloom without other accident than the loss of a mule that was being led to the next station. The amiable animal, after breaking loose, coquetted with its pursuers for a while, according to the fashion of its kind, and when the cerne or surround was judged complete, it dashed through the circle and gave leg-bail, its hoofs ringing over the stones till the sound died away in the distant shades. |

Roughing It, Somewhere on the road to Fort Kearney: (pg 40-6)

The hostlers and station-keepers treated the really powerful conductor of the coach merely with the best of what was their idea of civility, but the driver was the only being they bowed down to and worshipped. How admiringly they would gaze up at him in his high seat as he gloved himself with lingering deliberation, while some happy hostler held the bunch of reins aloft, and waited patiently for him to take it! And how they would bombard him with glorifying ejaculations as he cracked his long whip and went careering away.

The station buildings were long, low huts, made of sun-dried, mud-colored bricks, laid up without mortar (adobes, the Spaniards call these bricks, and Americans shorten it to

’dobies). The roofs, which had no slant to them worth speaking of, were thatched and then sodded or covered with a thick layer of earth, and from this sprung a pretty rank growth of weeds and grass. It was the first time we had ever seen a man’s front yard on top of his house. The buildings consisted of barns, stable-room for twelve or fifteen horses, and a hut for an eating-room for passengers. This latter had bunks in it for the station-keeper and a hostler or two. You could rest your elbow on its eaves, and you had to bend in order to get in at the door. In place of a window there was a square hole about large enough for a man to crawl through, but this had no glass in it. There was no flooring, but the ground was packed hard. There was no stove, but the fire-place served all needful purposes. There were no shelves, no cupboards, no closets. In a corner stood an open sack of flour, and nestling against its base were a couple of black and venerable tin coffee-pots, a tin [teapot], a little bag of salt, and a side of bacon.

By the door of the station-keeper’s den, outside, was a tin wash-basin, on the ground. Near it was a pail of water and a piece of yellow bar soap, and from the eaves hung a hoary blue woolen shirt, significantly—but this latter was the station-keeper’s private towel, and only two persons in all the party might venture to use it—the stage-driver and the conductor. The latter would not, from a sense of decency; the former would not, because he did not choose to encourage the advances of a station-keeper. ...

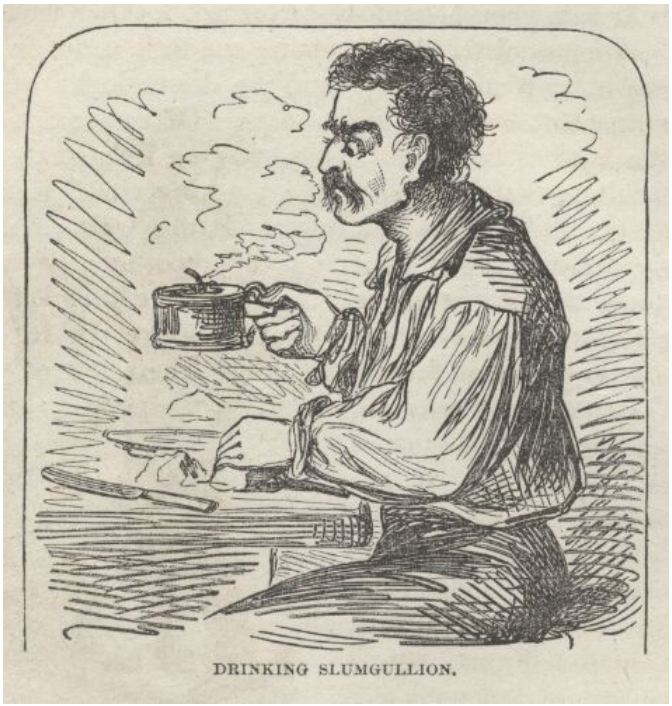
In one corner of the room stood three or four rifles and muskets, together with horns and pouches of ammunition. The station-men wore pantaloons of coarse, country-woven stuff, and into the seat and the inside of the legs were sewed ample additions of buckskin, to do duty in place of leggings, when the man rode horseback—so the pants were half dull blue and half yellow, and unspeakably picturesque. The pants were stuffed into the tops of high boots, the heels whereof were armed with great Spanish spurs, whose little iron clogs and chains jingled with every step. The man wore a huge beard and mustachios, an old slouch hat, a blue woolen shirt, no suspenders, no vest, no coat—in a leathern sheath in his belt, a great long “navy” revolver (slung on right side, hammer to the front), and projecting from his boot a horn-handled bowie-knife.

The furniture of the hut was neither gorgeous nor much in the way. The rocking-chairs and sofas were not present, and never had been, but they were represented by two three-legged stools, a pine-board bench four feet long, and two empty candle-boxes. The table was a greasy board on stilts, and the table-cloth and napkins had not come —and they were not looking for them, either. A battered tin platter, a knife and fork, and a tin pint cup, were at each man’s place, and the driver had a queens-ware saucer that had seen better days. Of course this duke sat at the head of the table. There was one isolated piece of table furniture that bore about it a touching air of grandeur in misfortune. This was the caster. It was German silver, and crippled and rusty, but it was so preposterously out of place there that it was suggestive of a tattered exiled king among barbarians, and the majesty of its native position compelled respect even in its degradation.

There was only one cruet left, and that was a stopperless, fly-specked, broken-necked thing, with two inches of vinegar in it, and a dozen preserved flies with their heels up and looking sorry they had invested there.

The station-keeper upended a disk of last week's bread, of the shape and size of an old-time cheese, and carved some slabs from it which were as good as Nicholson pavement, and tenderer.

He sliced off a piece of bacon for each man, but only the experienced old hands made out to eat it, for it was condemned army bacon which the United States would not feed to its soldiers in the forts, and the stage company had bought it cheap for the sustenance of their passengers and employees. We may have found this condemned army bacon further out on the plains than the section I am locating it in, but we found it—there is no gainsaying that.



DRINKING SLUMGULLION.

Then he poured for us a beverage which he called "Slumgullion," and it is hard to think he was not inspired when he named it. It really pretended to be tea, but there was too much dish-rag, and sand, and old bacon-rind in it to deceive the intelligent traveler.

He had no sugar and no milk —not even a spoon to stir the ingredients with.

We could not eat the bread or the meat, nor drink the "slumgullion." ...

We could not eat, and there was no conversation among the hostlers and herdsmen—we all sat at the same board. At least there was no conversation further than a single hurried request, now and then, from one employee to another. It was always in the same form, and always gruffly friendly. Its western freshness and novelty startled me, at first, and interested me; but it presently grew monotonous, and lost its charm.

It was: Pass the bread, you son of a skunk!" No, I forget—skunk was not the word; it seems to me it was still stronger than that; I know it was, in fact, but it is gone from my memory, apparently. However, it is no matter—probably it was too strong for print, anyway. It is the landmark in my memory which tells me where I first encountered the vigorous new vernacular of the occidental plains and mountains.

We gave up the breakfast, and paid our dollar apiece and went back to our mail-bag bed in the coach, and found comfort in our pipes. Right here we suffered the first diminution of our princely state. We left our six fine horses and took six mules in their place. But they were wild Mexican fellows, and a man had to stand at the head of each of

them and hold him fast while the driver gloved and got himself ready. And when at last he grasped the reins and gave the word, the men sprung suddenly away from the mules' heads and the coach shot from the station as if it had issued from a cannon. How the frantic animals did scamper! It was a fierce and furious gallop—and the gait never altered for a moment till we reeled off ten or twelve miles and swept up to the next collection of little station-huts and stables.

So we flew along all day. At 2 P.M. the belt of timber that fringes the North Platte and marks its windings through the vast level floor of the Plains came in sight. At 5 P.M. ... landed at Fort Kearney, fifty-six hours out from St. Joe—THREE HUNDRED MILES!

Now that was stage-coaching on the great overland, ten or twelve years ago, when perhaps not more than ten men in America, all told, expected to live to see a railroad follow that route to the Pacific….

Sand Hill Station: This site is probably located one and one-half miles south of Kenesaw. Sand Hill and Summit remain the most popular names for this probable relay station and stage stop, but sources also identify it as Water Hole and Fairfield. . Apparently, in 1864, the station was destroyed by Indians and ended all stagecoach use of the station. *[NPS]*

Our travelers arrive at the Platte River. Burton describes the characteristics of the river, saying *Without excepting even the Missouri, the Platte is doubtless the most important western influent of the Mississippi.* The Clemens brothers first note prairie dogs and a coyote.

Hook's Station: This site was presumably located one and one-half miles northeast of Lowell in Kearney County and for a time served as a relay station for the Pony Express. A number of authors use a variety of names to describe the same station including Hook's, Hook's Station, Hook's Ranch, Kearney Station, Dogtown, Valley City, Valley Station, Junction City, Hinshaw's Ranch, and Omaha Junction. Whichever name is associated with this station, M. H. Hook managed the station operations at the site. This station was the last one under the jurisdiction of St. Joseph-Fort Kearney Division Superintendent E. A. Lewis. [NPS]

Burton, at Kearney Station: *(pg 44-7)*

After a long and chilly night—extensive evaporation making 40° F. feel excessively cold—lengthened by the atrocity of the musquetoes, which sting even when the thermometer stands below 45°, we awoke upon the hill sands divided by two miles of level green savanna, and at 4 A.M. reached Kearney Station, in the valley of La Grande Platte, seven miles from the fort of that name. The first aspect of the stream was one of calm and quiet beauty, which, however, it owed much to its accessories: some travelers have not hesitated to characterize it as "the dreariest of rivers." On the south is a rolling range of red sandy and clayey hillocks, sharp toward the river—the "coasts of the Nebraska." The valley, here two miles broad, resembles the ocean deltas of great streams; it is level as a carpet, all short green grass without sage or bush. It can hardly be called a bottom, the rise from the water's edge being, it is calculated, about 4 feet per 1000. Under a bank, from half a yard to a yard

high, through its two lawns of verdure, flowed the stream straight toward the slanting rays of the rising sun, which glittered upon its broad bosom, and shed rosy light over half the heavens. In places it shows a sea horizon, but here it was narrowed by Grand Island, which is fifty-two miles long, with an average breadth of one mile and three quarters, and sufficiently elevated above the annual flood to be well timbered.

Without excepting even the Missouri, the Platte is doubtless the most important western influent of the Mississippi. Its valley offers a route scarcely to be surpassed for natural gradients, requiring little beyond the superstructure for light trains; and by following up its tributary—the Sweetwater—the engineer finds a line laid down by nature to the foot of the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and the Pacific water-beds. At present the traveler can cross the 300 or 400 miles of desert between the settlements in the east and the populated parts of the western mountains by its broad highway, with never-failing supplies of water, and, in places, fuel. Its banks will shortly supply coal to take the place of the timber that has thinned out.

The Canadian voyageurs first named it La Platte, the Flat River, discarding, or rather translating after their fashion, the musical and picturesque aboriginal term, “Nebraska,” the “shallow stream :”the word has happily been retained for the Territory. Springing from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, it has, like all the valley streams westward of the Mississippi, the Niobrara, or Eau qui court, the Arkansas, and the Canadian River, a declination to the southeast. From its mouth to the junction of its northern and southern forks, the river valley is mostly level, and the scenery is of remarkable sameness: its singularity in this point affects the memory. There is not a tributary, not a ravine, in places not a tree to distract attention from the grassy intermediate bottom, which, plain as a prairie, extends from four to five and even twelve miles in width, bounded on both sides by low, rolling, sandy hills, thinly vegetated, and in few places showing dwarf bluffs. Between the forks and Fort Laramie the ground is more accented, the land near its banks often becomes precipitous, the road must sometimes traverse the tongues and ridges which project into the valley, and in parts the path is deep with sand. The stream averages about a mile in breadth, and sometimes widens out into the semblance of an estuary, flowing in eddies where holes are, and broken by far-reaching sand-bars and curlew shallows. In places it is a labyrinth of islets, variously shaped and of all sizes, from the long tongue which forms a vista to the little bouquet of cool verdure, grass, young willows, and rose-bushes. The shallowness of the bed causes the water to be warm in summer; a great contrast to the clear, cool springs on its banks. The sole is treacherous in the extreme, full of quicksands and gravel shoals, channels and cuts, which shift, like those of the Indus, with each year’s flood; the site being nearly level, the river easily swells, and the banks, here of light, there of dark colored silt, based, like the floor, on sand, are, though vertical, rarely more than two feet high. It is a river willfully wasted by nature. The inundation raises it to about six feet throughout: this freshet, however, is of short duration, and the great breadth of the river causes a want of depth which renders it unfit for the navigation of a craft more civilized than the Indian’s birch or the Canadian fur-boat. Colonel Frémont failed to descend it in September with a boat drawing only four inches. The water, like that of the Missouri, and for the same reason, is surcharged with mud drained from the prairies; carried from afar, it has usually a dark tinge; it is remarkably opaque after floods; if a few inches deep, it looks bottomless, and, finally, it contains little worth fishing for. From the mouth to Fort Kearney, beyond which

point timber is rare, one bank, and one only, is fringed with narrow lines of well-grown cottonwood, red willows, and cedars, which are disappearing before the emigrant's axe. The cedar now becomes an important tree. It will not grow on the plains, owing to the dryness of the climate and the excessive cold; even in the sheltered ravines the wintry winds have power to blight all the tops that rise above prairie level, and where the locality is better adapted for plantations, firs prevail. An interesting effect of climate upon the cedar is quoted by travelers on the Missouri River. At the first Cedar Island (48° N. lat.) large and straight trees appear in the bottom lands, those on the bluffs being of inferior growth; higher up the stream they diminish, seldom being seen in any number together above the mouth of the Little Cheyenne (45° N. lat.), and there they are exceedingly crooked and twisted. In the lignite formations above the Missouri and the Yellowstone, the cedar, unable to support itself above ground, spreads over the hill-sides and presents the appearance of grass or moss.

Beyond the immediate banks of the Platte the soil is either sandy, quickly absorbing water, or it is a hard, cold, unwholesome clay, which long retains muddy pools, black with decayed vegetation, and which often, in the lowest levels, becomes a mere marsh. The wells deriving infiltration from the higher lands beyond are rarely more than three feet deep; the produce is somewhat saline, and here and there salt may be seen efflorescing from the soil around them. In the large beds of prêle (an equisetum), scouring rush, and other aquatic plants which garnish the banks, myriads of mosquitoes find a home. Flowers of rich, warm color appear, we remark, in the sandy parts: the common wild helianthus and a miniature sunflower like chamomile, a thistle (*Carduus leucographus)*, the cactus, a peculiar milk-plant (*Asclepias syrivea*), a spurgewort (*Asclepias tuberosa*), the amorpha, the tradescantia, the putoria, and the artemisia, or prairie sage. The richer soils and ravines produce in abundance the purple aster — violet of these regions —a green plant, locally known as "Lamb's Quarters," a purple flower with bulbous root, wild flax with pretty blue blossoms, besides mallow, digitalis, anemone, streptanthis, and a honeysuckle. In parts the valley of the Platte is a perfect parterre of wild flowers.

After satisfying hunger with vile bread and viler coffee—how far from the little forty-berry cup of Egypt!—for which we paid 75 cents, we left Kearney Station without delay. Hugging the right bank of our strange river, at 8 A.M. we found ourselves at Fort Kearney, so called, as is the custom, after the gallant officer, now deceased, of that name.

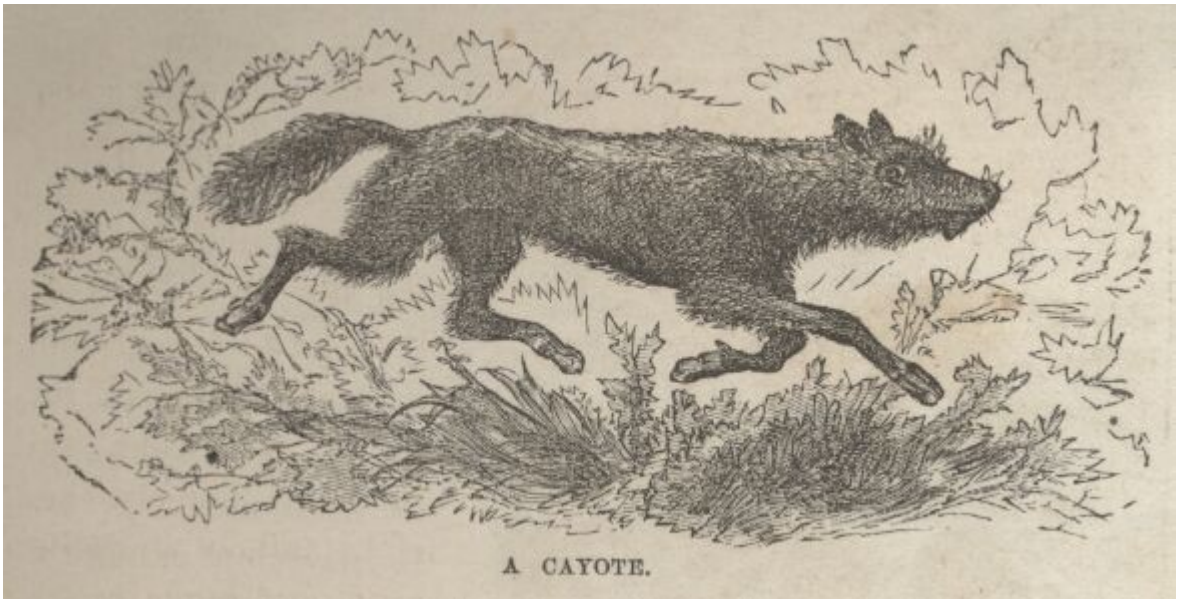
Orion July 28. *Saw first prairie wolf, and first antelope., and first prairie dogs and villages. Also came in sight of the long range of Sand Hills. 2 P.M. Timber of Platte in sight. 7 miles further arrived at Ft. Kearney, 296 miles from St. Joseph. The Platte is a muddy, shallow stream, full of sand bars. This was the South Platte. In places it is skirted by timber, but generally it meanders through the plains like a ribbon, without a tree or shrub on its banks.*

Roughing It, A Coyote: *(pg 48-51)*

Along about an hour after breakfast we saw the first prairie-dog villages, the first antelope, and the first wolf. If I remember rightly, this latter was the regular cayote (pronounced ky-o-te) of the farther deserts. And if it was, he was not a pretty creature or

respectable either, for I got well acquainted with his race afterward, and can speak with confidence. The cayote is a long, slim, sick and sorry-looking skeleton, with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth. He has a general slinking expression all over. The cayote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is always hungry.

He is always poor, out of luck and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty and stop again; and finally the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears. All this is when you make no demonstration against him; but if you do, he develops a livelier interest in his journey, and instantly electrifies his heels and puts such a deal of real estate between himself and your weapon, that by the time you have raised the hammer you see that you need a minie rifle, and by the time you have got him in line you need a rifled cannon, and by the time you have "drawn a bead" on him you see well enough that nothing but an unusually long-winded streak of lightning could reach him where he is now. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think he knows something about speed.



A CAYOTE.

It is here that Chuck Jones found inspiration for his own coyote, Wile E. Coyote. Rather than futile attempts at trying to catch a road runner, Twain's coyote enjoys tormenting a dog.

The cayote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of

encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and stick his tail out straighter behind, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain! And all this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the cayote, and to save the soul of him he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the cayote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is; and next he notices that he is getting fagged, and that the cayote actually has to slacken speed a little to keep from running away from him—and then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain and weep and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the cayote with concentrated and desperate energy. This "spurt" finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the cayote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say: "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day"—and forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

It makes his head swim. He stops, and looks all around; climbs the nearest sand-mound, and gazes into the distance; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost wagon, and feels unspeakably mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs his tail at half-mast for a week. And for as much as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue and cry after a cayote, that dog willmerely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

III. The Overland Trail: The High Plains

Passing Fort Kearney, the physiography of the landscape changes from prairie to high desert. Burton noted this in his introduction. This point also marks a new divison for the stage coach company. Twain writes of the heirarchy of the company personnel.

Roughing It: *(pg 54-6)*


THE CONDUCTOR.

Our new conductor (just shipped) had been without sleep for twenty hours. Such a thing was very frequent. From St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, by stage-coach, was nearly nineteen hundred miles, and the trip was often made in fifteen days (the cars do it in four and a half, now), but the time specified in the mail contracts, and required by the schedule, was eighteen or nineteen days, if I remember rightly. This was to make fair allowance for winter storms and snows, and other unavoidable causes of detention. The stage company had everything under strict discipline and good system. Over each two hundred and fifty miles of road they placed an agent or superintendent, and invested him with great authority. His beat or jurisdiction of two hundred and fifty miles was called a "division." He purchased horses, mules, harness, and food for men and beasts, and distributed these things among his stage stations, from time to time, according to his judgment of what each station needed. He erected station buildings and dug wells. He attended to the paying of the station-keepers, hostlers, drivers and blacksmiths, and discharged them whenever he chose. He was a very, very great man in his "division"—a kind of Grand Mogul, a Sultan of the Indies, in whose presence common men were modest of speech and manner, and in the glare of whose greatness even the dazzling stage-driver dwindled to a penny dip. There were about eight of these kings, all told, on the overland route.

Next in rank and importance to the division-agent came the "conductor." His beat was the same length as the agent's—two hundred and fifty miles. He sat with the driver, and (when necessary) rode that fearful distance, night and day, without other rest or sleep than what he could get perched thus on top of the flying vehicle. Think of it! He had absolute charge of the mails, express matter, passengers and stage-coach, until he delivered them to the next conductor, and got his receipt for them.

Consequently he had to be a man of intelligence, decision and considerable executive ability. He was usually a quiet, pleasant man, who attended closely to his duties, and was a good deal of a gentleman. It was not absolutely necessary that the division-agent should be a gentleman, and occasionally he wasn't. But he was always a general in administrative ability, and a bulldog in courage and determination—otherwise the chieftainship over the

lawless underlings of the overland service would never in any instance have been to him anything but an equivalent for a month of insolence and distress and a bullet and a coffin at the end of it. There were about sixteen or eighteen conductors on the overland, for there was a daily stage each way, and a conductor on every stage.

Next in real and official rank and importance, after the conductor, came my delight, the driver—next in real but not in apparent importance—for we have seen that in the eyes of the common herd the driver was to the conductor as an admiral is to the captain of the flag-ship. The driver's beat was pretty long, and his sleeping-time at the stations pretty short, sometimes; and so, but for the grandeur of his position his would have been a sorry life, as well as a hard and a wearing one. We took a new driver every day or every night (for they drove backward and forward over the same piece of road all the time), and therefore we never got as well acquainted with them as we did with the conductors; and besides, they would have been above being familiar with such rubbish as passengers, anyhow, as a general thing. Still, we were always eager to get a sight of each and every new driver as soon as the watch changed, for each and every day we were either anxious to get rid of an unpleasant one, or loath to part with a driver we had learned to like and had come to be sociable and friendly with. And so the first question we asked the conductor whenever we got to where we were to exchange drivers, was always, "Which is him?" The grammar was faulty, maybe, but we could not know, then, that it would go into a book some day. As long as everything went smoothly, the overland driver was well enough situated, but if a fellow driver got sick suddenly it made trouble, for the coach must go on, and so the potentate who was about to climb down and take a luxurious rest after his long night's siege in the midst of wind and rain and darkness, had to stay where he was and do the sick man's work. Once, in the Rocky Mountains, when I found a driver sound asleep on the box, and the mules going at the usual break-neck pace, the conductor said never mind him, there was no danger, and he was doing double duty—had driven seventy-five miles on one coach, and was now going back over it on this without rest or sleep. A hundred and fifty miles of holding back of six vindictive mules and keeping them from climbing the trees! It sounds incredible, but I remember the statement well enough.

Burton's Itinerary 12. *After 27 miles strike the Valley of the Platte, along the southern bank of the river, over level ground, good for camping, fodder abundant. After 7 miles Fort Kearney in N. lat. 40° 38' 45", and W. long. 98°58' 11": approximate altitude 2500 feet above sea level. . Groceries, cloths, provisions, and supplies of all kinds are to be procured from the sutler's store. Beyond Kearney a rough and bad road leads to "Seventeen-Mile Station"'.*
34 miles, 10:30 P.M. - 8 A.M., Aug 10

Fort Kearney Station: Since Fort Kearney was a stage stop on the L. & P.P. Express Co. and C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. lines, it is likely that Russell, Majors, and Waddell also used this site as a Pony Express station. Other sources list Fort Kearney as a station or stopping place for Pony Express riders. Mattes and Henderson express doubt that Fort Kearney ever served as an official Pony Express station. Privately owned businesses were not granted space on U.S. military bases. However, Pony Express riders possibly stopped at Fort Kearney to service the mail needs of the military. The fort saw

a lot of traffic from the military and riders possibly made stops at the sod post office, built in 1848. Mattes and Henderson suggest Doby Town (Kearney City), about two miles west of the fort, as a more likely location for the station. The site is located about five miles southeast of Fort Kearney, on the right bank of the Platte River. *[NPS]*

Burton to Seventeen Mile Station: *(pg 54)*

We left Kearney at 9 30 A.M., following the road which runs forty miles up the valley of the Platte. It is a broad prairie, plentifully supplied with water in wells two to four feet deep; the fluid is cool and clear, but it is said not to be wholesome. Where the soil is clayey pools abound; the sandy portions are of course dry. Along the southern bank near Kearney are few elevations; on the opposite or northern side appear high and wooded bluffs. The road was rough with pitch-holes, and for the first time I remarked a peculiar gap in the ground like an East Indian sun-crack—in these latitudes you see none of the deep fissures which scar the face of mother earth in tropical lands—the effect of rain-streams and snow-water acting upon the clay. Each succeeding winter lengthens the head and deepens the sole of this deeply-gashed water-cut till it destroys the road. A curious mirage appeared, doubling to four the strata of river and vegetation on the banks. The sight.and song of birds once more charmed us after a desert where animal life is as rare as upon the plains of Brazil. After fifteen miles of tossing and tumbling, we made “Seventeen-mile Station,” and halted there to change mules.

Seventeen Mile Station: In 1859, the Leavenworth & Pike's Peak Express Company (L. & P.P. Express Co.) established a stagecoach station at Seventeen Mile Station to serve as the first stop for passengers after Fort Kearney. When the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company assumed control of these stations and started the Pony Express, it is likely that they made the Seventeen Mile Station a relay station on the route. In 1860, when the noted English traveller Richard F. Burton crossed the Great Plains and passed through this station, his stagecoach exchanged animals at Seventeen Mile Station. It should also be noted that Merrill Mattes also proposed McClain's and Russell's Ranch as the site mentioned by traveler Richard Burton in his 1860 account. Nevertheless, many sources generally name this site as Platte or Platt's, located about five miles southeast of Odessa, probably because the station is listed as "Platt's" in the 1861 mail contract, and because the Holladay Stage Line stopped at Platte later on. *[NPS]*

Garden Station: Sources give the site several different names, including Garden, Shakespear's, Sydenham's Ranche, Biddleman's Ranch, and Platte Stage Station. The 1861 Overland Mail Company contract listed the station as Garden. Franzwa places Garden station between Craig/Shakespear and Seventeen Mile Stations but notes that the Garden and Craig Stations could be the same. Nevertheless, in 1865, the station was evidently destroyed by fire. *[NPS]*

Burton’s Itinerary 13. *Along the south bank of the Platte. Buffalo chips used for fuel. Sign of buffalo appears. Plum Creek Station on a stream where there is a bad crossing in Wet Weather.*

21 miles, 9:30 A.M. - 1:15 P.M., Aug 10

Burton at Plum Ranch: *(pg 54-5)*

About twenty miles above the fort the southern bank began to rise into mounds of tenacious clay, which, worn away into perpendicular and precipitous sections, composes the columnar formation called O'Fallon's Bluffs. At 1:15 P.M. we reached Plum Creek, after being obliged to leave behind one of the conductors, who had become delirious with the "shakes." The establishment, though new, was already divided into three; the little landlady, though she worked so manfully, was, as she expressed it, "enjoying bad health;" in other words, suffering from a "dumb chill." I may observe that the Prairie Traveler's opinions concerning the power of encamping with impunity upon the banks of the streams in this country must not be applied to the Platte. The whole line becomes with early autumn a hotbed of febrile disease. And generally throughout this season the stranger should not consider himself safe on any grounds save those defended from the southern trade-wind, which, sweeping directly from the Gulf of Mexico, bears with it noxious exhalations.

About Plum Ranch the soil is rich, clayey, and dotted with swamps and "slews," by which the English traveler will understand sloughs. The dryer portions were a Gulistan of bright red, blue, and white flowers, the purple aster, and the mallow, with its parsnip-like root, eaten by the Indians, the gaudy yellow helianthus—we remarked at least three varieties—the snowy mimulus, the graceful flax, sometimes four feet high, and a delicate little euphorbia, while in the damper ground appeared.the polar plant, that prairie compass, the plane of whose leaf ever turns toward the magnetic meridian. This is the "weed-prairie," one of the many divisions of the great natural meadows; grass prairie, rolling prairie, motte prairie, salt prairie, and soda prairie. It deserves a more poetical name, for

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name."

Buffalo herds were behind the hills, but we were too full of sleep to follow them. The plain was dotted with blanched skulls and bones, which would have made a splendid bonfire. Apparently the expert voyageur has not learned that they form good fuel; at any rate, he has preferred to them the "chips" of which it is said that a steak cooked with them requires no pepper.

We dined at Plum Creek on buffalo, probably bull beef, the worst and dryest meat, save elk, that I have ever tasted; indeed, without the assistance of pork fat, we found it hard to swallow. As every one knows, however, the two-year old cow is the best eating, and at this season the herds are ever in the worst condition. The animals calve in May and June, consequently they are in August completely out of flesh. They are fattest about Christmas, when they find it difficult to run. All agree in declaring that there is no better meat than that of the young buffalo: the assertion, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*. Wild flesh was never known to be equal to tame, and that monarch did at least one wise thing who made the loin of beef Sir Loin. The voyageurs and travelers who cry up the buffalo as so delicious, have been living for weeks on rusty bacon and lean antelope; a rich hump with its proper menstruum, a cup of café noir as strong as possible, must truly be a "tit-bit." They

boast that the fat does not disagree with the eater; neither do three pounds of heavy pork with the English plow-boy, who has probably taken less exercise than the Canadian hunter. Before long, buffalo flesh will reach New York, where I predict it will be held as inferior to butcher's meat as is the antelope to park-fed venison. While hunting, Indians cut off the tail to test the quality of the game, and they have acquired by habit a power of judging on the run between fat and lean.

Plum Creek Station: This site is likely about ten miles southeast of Lexington, Nebraska. Sources generally agree on its identity and location as a relay station. In 1859, the L. & P.P. Express Co. listed Plum Creek as a stop on its route. Later the station's log structures housed a Pony Express station and stage stop, and even later a telegraph station. Indian attacks on wagon trains and stagecoaches between 1864 and 1867 led to the establishment of a small garrison of troops at Plum Creek Station. Sometime after August 1867 the station was burned and abandoned. A small cemetery near the station contains the graves of victims of an 1864 or 1865 Indian attack. *(NPS)*

Willow Island Station: The Willow Island or Willow Bend Station site is most likely in Dawson County, Nebraska, approximately six miles southeast of Cozad. Sources generally agree on its identity as the Willow Island an/or Willow Bend Station. Some sources associate Pat Mullaly's Ranch with Willow Island Ranch or Station. R. C. Freeman conducted ranch operations after Mullaly. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary 14. *Beyond Plum Creek, Willow-Island Ranch, where supplies are procurable. Road along the Platte, wood scarce, grass plentiful, buffalo abounds; after 20 miles "Cold-Water Ranch." Halt and change at Midway Station.*
25 miles, 2:30 P.M. - 8 P.M., Aug 10

Burton to Cold Water Ranch: *(pg 55-6)*

Resuming our weary ride, we watered at "Willow Island Ranch," and then at "Cold Water Ranch" —drinking-shops all —five miles from Midway Station, which we reached at 8 P.M. Here, while changing mules, we attempted with sweet speech and smiles to persuade the landlady, who showed symptoms of approaching maternity, into giving us supper. This she sturdily refused to do, for the reason that she had not received due warning. We had, however, the satisfaction of seeing the employés of the line making themselves thoroughly comfortable with bread and buttermilk. Into the horrid wagon again, and "a rollin:" lazily enough the cold and hungry night passed on.

Cold Water Ranch/Midway Station: The Cold Water Ranch/Midway Station site is possibly located three miles south of Gothenburg. Sources generally agree on its identity as a Pony Express and stage station, although opinions vary about its function as a relay or home station. L. & P.P. Express Co. stages stopped at Cold Water, located between Plum Creek and Cottonwood Springs. Frank Root, an Overland Mail Company messenger in the 1860s, noted the station's name (Midway) came from its central location between Atchison and Denver. In 1863, David Trout managed station operations at Midway Station, also known as Heavy Timber, Smith's East Ranch, Pat Mullaly's Home Station. In

1866, Indians burned the station.
Drinking stop for Richard Burton. The NPS site refers to this site as both Cold Water Ranch and Midway Station yet Burton distinguishes between the two. *[NPS]*

Burton's Itinerary 15. *Along the Valley of the Platte, road muddy after rain, fuel scarce, grass abundant, camp traces every where. Ranch at Cottonwood Station, at this season the western limit of buffalo.*
27 miles. 9 P.M. - 1:45 A.M., Aug. 11

Burton to Cotton Wood Station: *(pg 56)*

Precisely at 1:35 in the morning we awoke, as we came to a halt at Cotton Wood Station. Cramped with a four days' and four nights' ride in the narrow van, we entered the foul tenement, threw ourselves upon the mattresses, averaging three to each, and ten in a small room, every door, window, and cranny being shut—after the fashion of these Western folks, who make up for a day in the open air by perspiring through the night in unventilated log huts—and, despite mosquitoes, slept.

Cottonwood Springs Station: The Cottonwood Springs Pony Express station site, may have been on the east side of Cottonwood Creek. The station, also known as McDonald's Ranch, served previously as a stop for the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express Company stage line as well. Most sources do not dispute the identity of Cottonwood Springs as a station. *[NPS]*

Orion: July 29.*—Saw the first Indians, 75 miles from Kearney, with Buffalo skin wigwams, the hide dressed on both sides, and put up on poles, sugar loaf shape. Here we found Buffalo robes at three to six dollars, beautifully dressed, and some of them wonderfully large. This is the Buffalo region, and robes are higher as you go further, either east or west. Saw an Indian child's grave on a scaffold about eight feet from the ground, supported by four stakes. Sand Hills and Platte river still in sight.*

Burton on the hunting of Buffalo: *(pg 58)*

The Dakotahs and other Prairie tribes will degenerate, if not disappear, when the buffalo is "rubbed out." There is a sympathy between them, and the beast flies not from the barbarian and his bow as it does before the face of the white man and his hot-mouthed weapon. The aborigines are unwilling to allow travelers, sportsmen, or explorers to pass through the country while they are hunting the buffalo; that is to say, preserving the game till their furs are ready for robes. At these times no one is permitted to kill any but stragglers, for fear of stampeding the band; the animal not only being timid, but also in the habit of hurrying away cattle and stock, which often are thus irretrievably lost. In due season the savages surround one section, and destroy it, the others remaining unalarmedly grazing within a few miles of the scene of slaughter. If another tribe interferes, it is a *casus belli,* death being the punishment for poaching. The white man, whose careless style of battue is notorious, will be liable to the same penalty, or, that failing, to be plundered by

even “good Indians;” and I have heard of an English gentleman who, for persisting in the obnoxious practice, was very properly threatened with prosecution by the government agent.

Gilman’s Station: There is some confusion on the exact location of Gilman's Station. Musetta Gilman tells the story of the site, run by her husband's ancestors, in Pump on the Prairie. Nonetheless, most sources generally agree on the identity of Gilman's Ranch as a relay station and a stage stop listed on the 1861 mail contract. (NPS)
The Gilman brothers had left the family homestead in Bartlett, New Hampshire, in 1854 and drifted west, stopping first in Iowa and then moving on to Nebraska. In the early summer of 1859, at the height of the Pike’s Peak gold rush, they were hauling merchandise to sell to the miners in the Rocky Mountains: drugs, goods, clothing, whiskey, ammunition, iron pipes, wheelbarrows, tools, and one luxury item—”a fine red, iron pump … A sign of affluence on the frontier where a windlass and bucket were the usual means of getting water from the well.”

Burton’s Itinerary 16. *Up the Valley of the Platte. No wood; buffalo chips for fuel. Good camping-ground; grass on small branch of the Platte. To Junction House Ranch, and thence to station at Frémont Springs.*
30 miles, 6:15 A.M. - 11 A.M., Aug. 11

Burton, Cotton Wood to Frémont Springs: *(pg 59-60)*

The flies chasing away the mosquitoes—even as Aurora routs the lingering shades of night—having sounded our *reveillée* at Cotton-wood Station, we proceeded by means of an “eye-opener,” which even the abstemious judge could not decline, and the use of the “skillet,” to prepare for a breakfast composed of various abominations, especially cakes of flour and grease, molasses and dirt, disposed in pretty equal parts. After paying the usual 50 cents, we started in the high wind and dust, with a heavy storm brewing in the north, along the desert valley of the dark, silent Platte, which here spread out in broad basins and lagoons, picturesquely garnished with broad-leafed dock and beds of *préle*, flags and water-rushes, in which, however, we saw nothing but traces of Monsieur Maringouin. On our left was a line of subconical buttes, red, sandy-clay pyramids, semi-detached from the wall of the rock behind them, with smooth flat faces fronting the river, toward which they slope at the natural angle of 45°. The land around, dry and sandy, bore no traces of rain; a high wind blew, and the thermometer stood at 78° (F.), which was by no means uncomfortably warm. Passing Junction-House Ranch and Frémont Slough—whisky-shops both—we halted for “ dinner,” about 11 A.M., at Frémont Springs, so called from an excellent little water behind the station. The building is of a style peculiar to the South, especially Florida—two huts connected by a roofwork of thatched timber, which acts as the best and coolest of verandas. The station-keeper, who receives from the proprietors of the line $80 per month, had been there only three weeks; and his wife, a comely young person, uncommonly civil and smiling for a “lady,” supplied us with the luxuries of pigeons, onions, and light bread, and declared her intention of establishing a poultry-yard.

Cold Springs Station: This site, which served as a relay station for the Pony Express, presumably was

near Box Elder Creek, two miles south and one mile west of present North Platte, in Lincoln County, Nebraska. Cold Springs Station was also listed on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract.

Fremont Springs Station: Richard F. Burton described the station's unique architecture in this way: "The building is of a style peculiar to the south, especially Florida—two huts connected by a roofwork of thatched timber, which acts as the best and coolest of verandahs." *[NPS]*

Burton's Itinerary 17. *Road passes O'Fallon's Bluffs. "Half-way House," a store and ranch, distant 120 miles from Fort Kearney, 400 from St. Joseph, 40 from the Lower Crossing, and 68 from the Upper Crossing of the South Fork (Platte River). The station is called Alkali Lake…*
25 miles, 12 Noon – 5 P.M., Aug 11

Burton at O'Fallon's Bluff: *(pg 60)*

An excellent train of mules carried us along a smooth road at a slapping pace, over another natural garden even more flowery than that passed on the last day's march. There were beds of lupins, a brillant pink and blue predominating, the green plant locally known as "Lamb's Quarters" (*Chenopodium album*); the streptanthis; the milk-weed, with its small white blossoms; the anemone; the wild flax, with its pretty blue flowers, and growths which appeared to be clematis, chamomile, and digitalis. Distant black dots—dwarf cedars, which are yearly diminishing—lined the bank of the Platte and the long line of River Island; they elicited invidious comparisons from the Pennsylvanians of the party. We halted at Half-way House, near O'Fallon's Bluffs, at the quarters of Mr. M--- , a *compagnon de voyage*, who had now reached his home of twenty years, and therefore insisted upon "standing drinks." The business is worth $16,000 per annum; the contents of the store somewhat like a Parsee's shop in Western India—every thing from a needle to a bottle of Champagne. A sign-board informed us that we were now distant 400 miles from St. Jo, 120 from Fort Kearney, 68 from the upper, and 40 from the lower crossing of the Platte. As we advanced the valley narrowed, the stream shrank, the vegetation dwindled, the river islands, were bared of timber, and the only fuel became buffalo chip and last year's artemisia. This hideous growth, which is to weary our eyes as far as central valleys of the Sierra Nevada, will require a few words of notice. ...

O'Fallon's Bluffs Station: In 1859, the L. & P.P. Express Co. utilized this station and identified it as "O'Fallon's Bluffs, and therefore it is logical that its successor, the C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co., also used the station for the Pony Express. O'Fallon's Bluff Station is probably about two miles south and four miles west of Sutherland. Located just west of the bluffs named for Indian agent Benjamin O'Fallon, the station appeared in the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract as "Dansey's." This name, a corruption of "Dorsey" or "D'Orsay," possibly identified the stationkeeper. Besides O'Fallons Bluffs and Dansey's, sources give the station a variety of other names, including Half Way or Halfway House, and Elkhorn. *[NPS]*

Burton at Alkali Lake Station: *(pg 61)*

At 5 P.M., as the heat began to mitigate, we arrived at Alkali Lake Station, and discovered some "exiles from Erin," who supplied us with antelope meat and the unusual

luxury of ice taken from the Platte. We attempted to bathe in the river, but found it flowing liquid mire. The Alkali Lake was out of sight; the driver, however, consoled me with the reflection that I should "glimpse" alkali lakes till I was sick of them.

Yesterday and to-day we have been in a line of Indian "removes." The wild people were shifting their quarters for grass; when it becomes a little colder they will seek some winter abode on the banks of a stream which supplies fuel and where they can find meat, so that with warmth and food, song and chat—they are fond of talking nonsense as African negroes—and smoke and sleep, they can while away the dull and dreary winter. Before describing the scene, which might almost serve for a picture of Bedouin or gipsy life—so similar are the customs of all savages —I have something to say about the Red Man.

…(pg 67) A great contrast with these Indians was a train of "Pike's Peakers," who, to judge from their grim looks, were returning disappointed from the new gold diggings. I think that if obliged to meet one of the two troops by moonlight alone, my choice would have fallen upon "messieurs les sauvages."

Alkali Lake Station: Many historical resources link Alkali Lake Station with the Pony Express. The Alkali Lake Station site is possibly two miles southwest of Paxton, in Keith County, Nebraska. Sources generally agree on its name as Alkali Lake. In the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract, the station was unnamed. *[NPS]*

During the great expansion west in the 1850's and 1860's the Alkali Station served as a rest stop and staging area for migrants and transporters. It was a home station for Pony Express riders where they could stretch and change horses. Later, it became a telegraph station. Alkali Station was an army base during the Civil War and early phases of the conflict of the Indian War, where soldiers trained and guarded travelers. It was visited by world travelers like Richard F. Burton.

Alkali Station survives as a well-preserved archaeological site because, unlike most other sections of the Overland Trail, it has never been plowed. Remains of sod buildings, walls, and corrals that were raised at the site are all visible and a broad swath of historic trail ruts can be seen leading to and past the site. Because of its importance and integrity, Alkali Station has been listed on the National Register of Historic Places. [*Nebraska State Historical Society]*

Gill's Station: Little is currently known about the Gill's/Sand Hill Station site. This site is reportedly in Keith County about one and one-half miles south of Ogallala, Nebraska. The 1861 Overland Mail Company contract identified the site as Gill's, while other sources called it Sand Hill Station. (NPS)

Burton's Itinerary 18. *Road along river; no timber; grass, buffalo chips, and musquetoes. Station at Diamond Springs near Lower Crossing.*
25 Miles, 6 P.M. - 10:15 P.M. Aug 11

Burton at Diamond Springs: *(pg 67-8)*

At 6 P.M. we resumed our route, with a good but fidgety train, up the Dark Valley, where musquetoes and sultry heat combined to worry us. Slowly traveling and dozing the while, we arrived about 9:15 P.M. at Diamond Springs, a bright little water much frequented by the "lightning-bug" and the big-eyed " Devil's darning-needle," where we found whisky and its usual accompaniment, soldiers. The host related an event which he said had taken place but a few days before. An old mountaineer, who had married two squaws, was drinking with certain Cheyennes, a tribe famous for ferocity and hostility to the whites. The discourse turning upon topics stoical, he was asked by his wild boon companions if he feared death. The answer was characteristic: "You may kill me if you like!" Equally characteristic was their acknowledgment; they hacked him to pieces, and threw the corpse under a bank. In these regions the opposite races regard each other as wild beasts; the white will shoot an Indian as he would a coyote. He expects to go under whenever the "all-fired, red-bellied varmints" —I speak, oh reader, Occidentally—get the upper hand, and *vice versâ*.

Diamond Springs Station: The site of Diamond Springs Station was probably about a mile west of Brule, in Keith County, Nebraska. (NPS)

Burton's Itinerary 19. *Road along river. Last 4 miles very heavy sand, avoided by Lower Crossing. Poor accommodation at Upper Ford or Crossing on the eastern bank, where the mail passes the stream en route to Great Salt Lake City, and the road branches to Denver City and Pike's Peak.*

25 miles, 11 P.M. - 3:15 A.M., Aug 12

Burton at the Upper Ford of the Platte: (pg 68)

At 10 P.M, having "caught up" the mules, we left Diamond Springs, and ran along the shallow river which lay like a thin sheet of shimmer broken by clumps and islets that simulated, under the imperfect light of the stars, houses and towns, hulks and ships, wharves and esplanades. On the banks large bare spots, white with salt, glistened through the glooms; the land became so heavy that our fagged beasts groaned; and the descents, water-cuts, and angles were so abrupt that holding on constituted a fair gymnastic exercise. The air was clear and fine. My companions snored while I remained awake enjoying a lovely aurora, and, Epicurean-like, reserving sleep for the Sybaritic apparatus, which, according to report, awaited us at the grand *établissement* of the Upper Crossing of La Grande Platte.

South Platte Station: Frontz's/South Platte Station site is one of two stations within Colorado and was presumably two miles east of present Julesburg, in Sedgwick County. Sources generally agree on its identity as a station, known either as Frontz's or South Platte. A marker improperly identifies the site as Butte Station, which Merrill Mattes lists as a separate ranch known as Butt's or Burt's. Little more is known about this Pony Express station. [NPS]

We cross the Platte, 12th August: (pg 69-70)

Boreal aurora glared brighter than a sunset in Syria. The long streamers were intercepted and mysteriously confused by a massive stratum of dark cloud, through whose narrow rifts and jagged chinks the splendors poured in floods of magic fire. Near the horizon the tint was an opaline white—a broad band of calm, steady light, supporting a tender rose-color, which flushed to crimson as it scaled the upper firmament. The mobility of the spectacle was its chiefest charm. The streamers either shot out or shrank from full to half length; now they flared up, widening till they filled the space between Lucifer rising in the east and Aries setting in the west; then they narrowed to the size of a span; now they stood like a red arch with steadfast legs and oscillating summit; then, broadening at the apex, they apparently revolved with immense rapidity; at times the stars shone undimmed through the veil of light, then they were immersed in its exceeding brilliancy. After a full hour of changeful beauty, paling in one place and blushing in another, the northern lights slowly faded away with a blush which made the sunrise look colder than its wont. It is no wonder that the imaginative Indian, looking with love upon these beauties, connects them with the ghosts of his ancestors.

Cramped with cold and inaction—at 6 A.M. the thermometer showed only 56° F. in the sun—hungry, thirsty, and by no means in the mildest of humors, we hear with a gush of joy, at 3:15 A.M., the savage Yep! yep! yep! with which the driver announces our approach. The plank lodgings soon appear; we spring out of the ambulance; a qualm comes over us; all is dark and silent as the grave; nothing is prepared for us; the wretches are all asleep. A heavy kick opens the door of the soon-found restaurant, when a pheesy, drowsy. voice from an inner room asks us, in German-English—so strong is the causality, the crapulousness of why and wherefore in this "divided, erudite race"—" And how ze komen in?" 'Without attempting to gratify his intellectual cravings, we ordered him out of bed, and began to talk of supper, refreshment, and repose. But the "critter" had waxed surly after securing for himself a compound epithet, of which "hunds—" is the first syllable, and his every negative answer concluded with a faint murmur of "petampt." I tried to get his bed for Mrs. Dana, who was suffering severely from fatigue. He grumbled out that his "lady and bebbé" were occupying it. At length I hit upon the plan of placing the cushions and cloaks upon the table, when the door opened for a second dog-Teuton, who objected to that article of furniture being used otherwise than for his morning meal. *Excédés*, and mastering with pain our desire to give these villain "sausage-eaters" "particular fits," we sat down, stared at the fire, and awaited the vile food. For a breakfast cooked in the usual manner, coffee boiled down to tannin (ever the first operation), meat subjected to half sod, half stew, and, lastly, bread raised with sour milk corrected with soda, and so baked that the taste of the flour is ever prominent, we paid these German rascals 75 cents, a little dearer than at the Trois Fréres.

***Orion: Tuesday, July 30**. Arrived at the "Crossing" of the South Platte, alias "Overland City," alias "Julesburg," at 11 A. M., 470 miles from St. Joseph. Saw to-day first Cactus. 1:20 P. M. across the South Platte.*

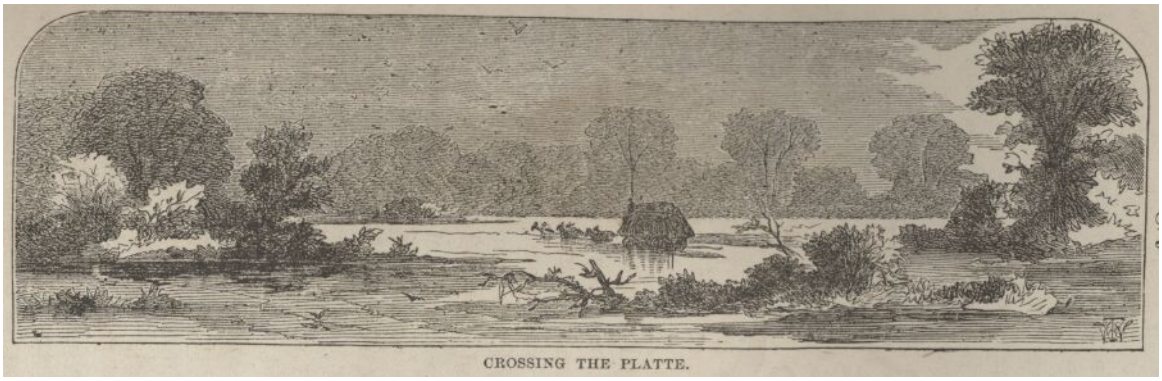
Julesburg Station: This site is probably located one and one-half miles southeast of Ovid, in

Sedgwick County, Colorado. Sources generally agree on the location of the Julesburg Station site and its identity as a Pony Express and stage station. On the L. & P.P. Express Co. station list, it was probably called Upper Crossing, South Platte or Morrell's Crossing. In 1859, Jules Reni established a trading post at the site and served as station keeper for the Pike's Peak stage line and the Pony Express. At Julesburg, Pony Express riders and stages crossed the South Platte and took the California Road/Overland Trail to Lodgepole Creek. *[NPS]*

Sam and Orion spent about an hour in Julesburg changing stagecoach rigs. Twain refers to it as Julesburg or Overland City. Jules Reni was reportedly killed by Jack Slade in 1861. Modern Julesburg was founded in 1884 on a site several miles north of the station site.

Roughing It, Crossing the Platte: (pg 59-60)

At noon on the fifth day out, we arrived at the "Crossing of the South Platte," *alias* "Julesburg," *alias* "Overland City," four hundred and seventy miles from St. Joseph—the strangest, quaintest, funniest frontier town that our untraveled eyes had ever stared at and been astonished with.



CROSSING THE PLATTE.

It did seem strange enough to see a town again after what appeared to us such a long acquaintance with deep, still, almost lifeless and houseless solitude! We tumbled out into the busy street feeling like meteoric people crumbled off the corner of some other world, and wakened up suddenly in this. For an hour we took as much interest in Overland City as if we had never seen a town before. The reason we had an hour to spare was because we had to change our stage (for a less sumptuous affair, called a "mud-wagon") and transfer our freight of mails.

Presently we got under way again. We came to the shallow, yellow, muddy South Platte, with its low banks and its scattering flat sand-bars and pigmy islands—a melancholy stream straggling through the centre of the enormous flat plain, and only saved from being impossible to find with the naked eye by its sentinel rank of scattering trees standing on either bank. The Platte was "up," they said—which made me wish I could see it when it was down, if it could look any sicker and sorrier. They said it was a dangerous stream to cross, now, because its quicksands were liable to swallow up horses, coach and passengers

if an attempt was made to ford it. But the mails had to go, and we made the attempt. Once or twice in midstream the wheels sunk into the yielding sands so threateningly that we half believed we had dreaded and avoided the sea all our lives to be shipwrecked in a "mud-wagon" in the middle of a desert at last. But we dragged through and sped away toward the setting sun.

Burton's Itinerary 20. *Ford Platte 600 yards wide, 2.50 feet deep, bed gravelly and solid, easy ford in dry season. Cross divide between North and South Forks, along the bank of Lodge Pole Creek. Land arid; wild sage for fuel. Lodge-Pole Station…*
35 miles, 6:30 A.M. - 12:45 P.M., Aug 12

Burton Crossing the "Padouca" (pg 70-4)

At the Upper Crossing of the South Fork there are usually tender adieux, the wenders toward Mormonland bidding farewell to those bound for the perilous gold regions of Denver City and Pike's Peak. If "fresh," they take leave of one another with sincere commiseration for one another's dooms, each deeming, of course, his own the brighter. The wagons were unloaded, thus giving us the opportunity of procuring changes of raiment and fresh caps—our felts had long disappeared under the influence of sleeping on the perch. By some means we retained our old ambulance, which, after five days and nights, we had learned to look upon as a home; the Judiciary, however, had to exchange theirs for one much lighter and far less comfortable. ...

We crossed the "Padouca" at 6 30 A.M., having placed our luggage and the mails for security in an ox cart. The South Fork is here 600 to 700 yards broad; the current is swift, but the deepest water not exceeding 250 feet, the teams are not compelled to cross diagonally. The channel was broken with sand-banks and islets; the bed was dark and gravelly; the water, though dark as hotel coffee, was clear, not, as described by Captain Stansbury, "perfectly opaque with thick yellow mud," and the earthbanks, which rise to five feet, are never inundated. The half-broken mules often halted, and seemed inclined to lie down; a youth waded on the lower side of the team, shouting and swinging his arms to keep them from turning their heads down stream; the instinct of animals to find an easy ford ended with a few desperate struggles up the black oozy mire. Having reloaded on the left bank, and cast one last look of hatred upon the scene of our late disappointment, we set out at 7 A.M. to cross the divide separating the Northern and Southern Forks of the Platte.

We had now entered upon the outskirts of the American wilderness, which has not one feature in common with the deserts of the Old World. In Arabia and Africa there is majesty in its monotony: those awful wastes so brightly sunburnished that the air above them appears by contrast black; one vast and burning floor, variegated only by the mirage-reek, with nothing below the firmament to relieve or correct the eye. . Here it is a brown smooth space, insensibly curving out of sight, wholly wanting "second distance," and scarcely suggesting the idea of immensity; we seem, in fact, to be traveling for twenty miles over a convex, treeless hill-top. The air became sultry, white clouds shut in the sky, and presently arose the high south wind, which at this season blows a gale between 10 A.M. and 8 P.M. The ground, bleached where sandy, was thinly scattered here and there with wiry grass, dun and withered, and with coarse and sunburnt shrubs, among which the "leadplant" (*Amorphe*

canescens) was the characteristic. A dwarf aloetic vegetation became abundant; vegetation was fast going the way of all grass; after rain, however, it is doubtless fresh and copious. The buffalo grass sought the shade of the wild sage. .A small euphorbia, the cottonweed, a thistle haunted by the Cynthia cardua, that butterfly common to the eastern and western hemispheres, and a bright putoria, mingled with mushrooms like huge bulbs. The cactus was of two kinds: the flat-leaved species is used by white men to filter water, and by the savages, who peel and toast it, as provaunt: there is another globular variety (an *echinocactus*) lying stalkless, like a half melon, with its brilliant flowers guarded by a panoply of spines. We pursued a sandy tract, broken by beds of nullahs and flumaras, between two ridges of hillocks, draining to the right into a low bottom denoted by a lively green, with bays and bends of lush, reed-like grass. This is the well-known Lodge-Pole Creek or Fork, a mere ditch, the longest and narrowest of its kind, rising from a mountain lakelet near the ""New Bayou" or "Park," in the Black Hills, and falling into the South Fork of the Platte, about seventy miles west of the bifurcation. By following up this water along the Cherokee trail to its head in the Cheyenne Pass of the Rocky Mountains, instead of describing the arc *viâ* Fort Laramie, the mail would gain 61 miles; emigrants, indeed, often prefer the short cut. Moreover, from the Cheyenne Pass to Great Salt Lake City, there is, according to accounts, a practicable road south of the present line, which, as it would also save time and labor, has been preferred for the mail line.

In the American Sahara animal life began to appear. The coyote turned and stared at us as though we were trespassing upon his property. This is the jackal of the Western world, the small prairie-wolf, the *Canis latrans*, and the old Mexican coyotl, best depicted by the old traveler, Abbé Clavigero, in these words: "It is a wild beast, voracious like the wolf, cunning like the fox, in form like the dog, and in some qualities like the jackal. "The animal has so often been described that there is little new to say about it. The mountain men are all agreed upon one thing, namely, that the meat is by no means bad; most of them have tried "wolf-mutton" in hard times, and may expect to do so again. The civilizee shudders at the idea of eating wolf from a food-prejudice, whose consideration forms a curious chapter in human history. It is not very easy, says Dr. Johnson, to fix the principles upon which mankind have agreed to eat some animals and reject others; and as the principle is not evident, so it is not uniform. Originally invented for hygienic purposes, dietetic laws soon became tenets of religion, and passed far beyond their original intention: thus pork, for instance, injurious in Syria, would not be eaten by a Jew in Russia. An extreme arbitrariness marks the modern systems of civilized people: the Englishman, for instance, eats oysters, periwinkles, shrimps, and frogs, while he is nauseated by the snails, robins, and crows which the Frenchman uses; the Italian will devour a hawk, while he considers a rabbit impure, and has refused to touch potatoes even in a famine; and all delight in that foul feeder, the duck, while they reject the meat of the cleanly ass. The Mosaic law seems still to influence the European world, causing men to throw away much valuable provision because unaccustomed to eat it or to hear of its being eaten. The systems of China and Japan are far more sensible for densely populated countries, and the hippophagists have shown, at least, that one animal has been greatly wasted. The terrible famines, followed by the equally fearful pestilences, which have scourged mankind, are mainly owing to the prevalence of these food-prejudices, which, as might be expected, are the most deeply rooted in the poorer classes, who can least afford them.

I saw to-day, for the first time, a prairie-dog village. The little beast, hardly as large as a Guinea-pig, belongs to the family of squirrels and the group of marmots—in point of manner it somewhat resembles the monkey. “Wish-ton-Wish” —an Indian onomatoplasm —was at home, sitting posted like a sentinel upon the roof, and sunning himself in the midday glow. It is not easy to shoot him; he is out of doors all day; but, timid and alert, at the least suspicion of danger he plunges with a jerking of the tail, and a somersault, quicker than a shy young rabbit’s, into the nearest hole, peeping from the ground, and keeping up a feeble little cry (wish! ton! wish!), more like the note of a bird than a bark. If not killed outright, he will manage to wriggle into his home. The villages are generally on the brow of a hill, near a creek or pond, thus securing water without danger of drowning. The earth burrowed out while making the habitations is thrown up in heaps, which serve as sitting-places in the wet season, and give a look-out upon the adjacent country; it is more dangerous to ride over them than to charge a field of East Indian “Thur,”and many a broken leg and collar-bone have been the result. The holes, which descend in a spiral form, must be deep, and they are connected by long galleries, with sharp angles, ascents and descents, to puzzle the pursuer. Lieutenant Pike had 140 kettles of water poured into one without dislodging the occupant. The village is always cleared of grass, probably by the necessities of the tenants, who, though they enjoy insects, are mainly graminivorous, and rarely venture half a mile from home. The limits are sometimes three miles square, and the population must be dense, as a burrow will occur every few paces. The *Cynomys Ludovicianus* prepares for winter by stopping the mouth of its burrow, and constructing a deeper cell, in which it hibernates till spring appears. It is a graceful little animal, dark brown above and white below, with teeth and nails, head and tail somewhat like the gray sciurus of the States. The Indians and trappers eat this American marmot, declaring its flesh to be fatter and better than that of the squirrel. Some travelers advise exposing the meat for a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness of subterranean flavor is corrected. It is undoubted that the rattlesnake—both of the yellow and black species—and the small white burrowing-owl (*Strix cunicularia*) are often found in the same warren with this rodent, a curious happy family of reptile, bird, and beast, and in some places he has been seen to associate with tortoises, rattlesnakes, and horned frogs (*Phrynosoma*). According to some naturalists, however, the fraternal harmony is not so perfect as it might be: the owl is accused of occasionally gratifying his carnivorous lusts by laying open the skull of Wish-ton-Wish with a smart stroke of the beak. We sighted, not far from the prairie-dog village, an animal which I took to be a lynx; but the driver, who had often seen the beast in Minnesota and Old ‘ Ouisconsinc,” declared that they are not to be found here.

Nine Mile Station:Very, very little is known about this particular station site other than its supposed location. According to the Mattes and the Hendersons, this site was probably in Deuel County, two miles southeast of Chappell, Nebraska. (*NPS)*

Pole Creek No. 2 Station: The exact location of Pole Creek No. 2 Station site remains unknown. The name occurs in the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract, and Mattes and Henderson place the station along Lodgepole Creek near the town of Lodgepole, about halfway between Nine Mile Creek and Pole Creek No. 3. Trail historians Mattes and Henderson also suggest a possible connection between this site and another, that was later occupied in 1865 by E. Farrell. Several other sources also

list Pole Creek No. 2 as a station. (*NPS)*

Burton at Lodge Pole Station: *(pg 74-6)*

At 12 45 P.M., traveling over the uneven barren, and in a burning sirocco, we reached Lodge-Pole Station, where we made our "noonin." 'The hovel fronting the creek was built like an Irish shanty, or a Beloch hut, against a hill side, to save one wall, and it presented a fresh phase of squalor and wretchedness. The mud walls were partly papered with "Harper's Magazine," "Frank Leslie," and the "New York Illustrated News;" the ceiling was a fine festoon-work of soot, and the floor was much like the ground outside, only not nearly so clean. In a corner stood the usual "bunk," a mass of mingled rags and buffalo robes; the centre of the room was occupied by a rickety table, and boxes, turned up on their long sides, acted as chairs. The unescapable stove was there, filling the interior with the aroma of meat. As usual, the materials for ablution, a "dipper" or cup, a dingy tin skillet of scanty size, a bit of coarse gritty soap, and a public towel, like a rag of gunny bag, were deposited upon a rickety settle outside.

There being no "lady" at the station on Lodge-Pole Creek, milk was unprocurable. Here, however, began a course of antelope venison, which soon told upon us with damaging effect. I well knew the consequences of this heating and bilious diet in Asia and Africa; but thinking it safe to do at Rome as the Romans do, I followed in the wake of my companions, and suffered with them. Like other wild meats, bear, deer, elk, and even buffalo, antelope will disagree with a stranger; it is, however, juicy, fat, and well-flavored, especially when compared with the hard, dry, stringy stuff which the East affords; and the hunter and trapper, like the Indian, are loud in its praise.

At Lodge-Pole Station, the mules, as might be expected from animals allowed to run wild every day in the week except one, were like newly-caught mustangs.[5] The herdsman—each station boasts of this official—mounted a nag barebacked, and, jingling a bell, drove the cattle into the corral, a square of twenty yards, formed by a wall of loose stones, four to five feet high. He wasted three quarters of an hour in this operation, which a well-trained shepherd's dog would have performed in a few minutes. Then two men entering with lassos or lariats, thongs of flexible plaited or twisted hide, and provided with an iron ring at one end to form the noose—the best are made of hemp, Russian, not Manilla—proceeded, in a great "muss" on a small scale, to secure their victims. The lasso [6] in their hands was by no means the "unerring necklace" which the Mexican vaquéro has taught it to be: they often missed their aim, or caught the wrong animal. The effect, however, was magical: a single haul at the noose made the most stiffnecked mule tame as a costermonger's ass. The team took, as usual, a good hour to trap and hitch up: the latter was a delicate operation, for the beasts were comically clever with their hoofs.

Pole Creek No. 3 Station: Note: This is likely the station mentioned by Burton. He notes in his itinerary that he traveled 35 miles from the crossing (Julesburg) to Lodgepole. Lodge Pole and Pole Creek No. 2 are too close; 24 miles to No. 2. The distance is correct for this station and it is on Lodgepole Creek.

From Lodge Pole to the Court House: Somewhere along this stretch of trail, Twain's traveling companion, Bemis, had a run-in with a rogue buffalo.

Roughing It: Bemis and the Buffalo *(pg 61-6)*


AN INHUMAN SPECTACLE.

Next morning, just before dawn, when about five hundred and fifty miles from St. Joseph, our mud-wagon broke down. We were to be delayed five or six hours, and therefore we took horses, by invitation, and joined a party who were just starting on a buffalo hunt. It was noble sport galloping over the plain in the dewy freshness of the morning, but our part of the hunt ended in disaster and disgrace, for a wounded buffalo bull chased the passenger Bemis nearly two miles, and then he forsook his horse and took to a lone tree. He was very sullen about the matter for some twenty-four hours, but at last he began to soften little by little, and finally he said:

"Well, it was not funny, and there was no sense in those gawks making themselves so facetious over it. I tell you I was angry in earnest for awhile. I should have shot that long gangly lubber they called Hank, if I could have done it without crippling six or seven other people—but of course I couldn't, the old 'Allen's' so confounded comprehensive. I wish those loafers had been up in the tree; they wouldn't have wanted to laugh so. If I had had a horse worth a cent—but no, the minute he saw that buffalo bull wheel on him and give a bellow, he raised straight up in the air and stood on his heels. The saddle began to slip, and I took him round the neck and laid close to him, and began to pray. Then he came down and stood up on the other end awhile, and the bull actually stopped pawing sand and bellowing to contemplate the inhuman spectacle….

Twain goes on with the story Bemis told about the buffalo, how he ended up in a tree and concludes with, *I made up my mind that if this man was not a liar he only missed it by the skin of his teeth.*

Midway Station: Neither Twain nor Burton mention a station at this point, but the location agrees with Burton's description of crossing the divide into the valley of the North Platte.

Burton's Itinerary 21. *Up Lodge Pole Creek over a spur of table-land; then, striking over the prairie, finishes the high divide between the Forks. Approximate altitude 3500 feet. On the right is Ash Hollow, where there is plenty of wood and a small spring. The station is Mud Springs, a poor ranch…*
25 miles, 3 P.M. - 5:45 P.M., Aug 12

Burton from Lodge Pole to Mud Springs: *(pg 77-9)*

At 3 P.M., after a preliminary ringing, intended to soothe the fears of Madame, we set out *au grand galop*, with a team that had never worked together before. They dashed down the cahues with a violence that tossed us as in a blanket, and nothing could induce them, while fresh, to keep the path. The yawing of the vehicle was ominous: fortunately, however, the road, though self-made, was excellent; the sides were smooth, and the whole country fit to be driven over. At first the view was sadly monotonous. It was a fair specimen of the rolling prairie, in nowise differing from any other land except in the absence of trees. According to some travelers, there is in several places an apparently progressive decay of the timber, showing that formerly it was more extensive than it is now. Others attribute the phenomenon to the destruction of forests in a former era by fires or by the aborigines. It is more satisfactory to account for it by a complication of causes—a want of proper constituents, an insufficiency of rain, the depth of the water below the surface, the severity of the eight months of winter snow, the fierce winds—the hardiest growths that present their heads above the level of the prairies have dead tops—the shortness of the summers, and last, but not least, the clouds of grasshoppers. ...

As we advanced, the horizon, every where within musket-shot—a wearying sight!—widened out, and the face of the country notably changed. A scrap of blue distance and high hills—the "Court-house" and others—appeared to the northwest. The long, curved lines, the gentle slopes, and the broad hollows of the divide facing the South Fork changed into an abrupt and precipitous descent, "gullied" like the broken ground of sub-ranges attached to a mountain chain. Deep ravines were parted by long narrow ridges, sharp-crested and water-washed, exposing ribs and back-bones of sandstone and silicious lime, like the vertebræ of some huge saurian: scatters of kunker, with a detritus of quartz and granite, clothed the ground, and, after passing Lodge-Pole Creek, which bears away to the west, the rocky steps required the perpetual application of the brake. Presently we saw a dwarf cliff inclosing in an elliptical sweep a green amphitheatre, the valle of our old friend the Platte. On the far bank of its northern fork lay a forty-mile stretch of sandy, barren, glaring, heat-reeking ground, not unlike that which the overland traveler looking southward from Suez sees. We left far to the right a noted spot, Ash Hollow, situated at the mouth of the creek of the same prenomen. It is described as a pretty bit in a barren land, about twenty acres, surrounded by high bluffs, well timbered with ash and cedar, and rich in clematis and other wild flowers. Here, in 1850, the doughty General Harney, with 700 to 800 men, "gave Jessie" to a large war-party of Brûlé Sioux under their chief Little Thunder, of whom more anon, killing 150, and capturing 60 squaws and children, with but seven or eight casualties in his own force.

Descending into the bed of a broad "arroyo," at this season bone dry, we reached, at 5 45 P.M., Mud-Spring Station, which takes its name from a little run of clear water in a black miry hollow. A kind of cress grows in it abundantly, and the banks are bright with the "morning-glory" or convolvulus. The station-house was not unlike an Egyptian fellah's hut.

The material was sod, half peat with vegetable matter; it is taken up in large flakes after being furrowed with the plow, and is cut to proper lengths with a short-handled spade. Cedar timber, brought from the neighboring hills, formed the roof. The only accommodation was an open shed, with a sort of doorless dormitory by its side. We dined in the shed, and amused ourselves with feeding the little brown-speckled swamp-blackbirds that hopped about us tame and "peert'" as wrens, and when night drew near we sought shelter from the furious southern gale, and heard tales of Mormon suffering which made us think lightly of our little hardships. Dreading the dormitory—if it be true that the sultan of fleas inhabits Jaffa and his vizier Grand Cairo, it is certain that his vermin officials have settled pro tem. on Emigration Road—I cast about for a quieter retreat. Fortune favored me by pointing out the body of a dismantled wagon, an article—lke the Tyrian keels which suggested the magalia—often used as a habitation in the Far West, and not unfrequently honored by being converted into a bridal-chamber after the short and sharp courtship of the "Perraries." The host, who was a kind, intelligent, and civil man, lent me a "buffalo" by way of bedding; the water-proof completed my outfit, provided with which I bade adieu for a while to this weary world. 'The thermometer sank before dawn to 62° (F.). After five nights more or less in the cramping wagon, it might be supposed that we should have enjoyed the unusual rest; on the contrary, we had become inured to the exercise; we could have kept it up for a month, and we now grumbled only at the loss of time.

Mud Springs Station: The Mud Springs Station is well documented and it has been well researched by several authors. Nevertheless, its exact location is in dispute. This site is possibly located about twelve miles southeast of Bridgeport, Nebraska, in Morrill County. Sources generally agree on its identity as a home station for the C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. James McArdle served as station keeper for the Pony Express and stage lines, which probably shared the same sod structures. Mud Springs also later served as a telegraph relay station. In February 1865, Fort Laramie soldiers clashed with Indians returning from the Julesburg siege in the Battle of Mud Springs. *[NPS]*

Burton, Mud Springs to the Court House: *(pg 80-1)*

At 8 A.M., after breaking our fast upon a tough antelope steak, and dawdling while the herdsman was riding wildly about in search of his runaway mules—an operation now to become of daily occurrence—we dashed over the Sandy Creek with an *élan* calculated to make timid passengers look "skeery," and began to finish the rolling divide between the two forks. We crossed several arroyos and "criks" heading in the line of clay highlands to our left, a dwarf sierra which stretches from the northern to the southern branch of the Platte. The principal are Omaha Creek, more generally known as "Little Punkin," and Lawrence Fork. The latter is a pretty bubbling stream, running over sand and stones washed down from the Court-house Ridge; it bifurcates above the ford, runs to the northeast through a prairie four to five miles broad, and swells the waters of old Father Platte: it derives its name from a Frenchman slaughtered by the Indians, murder being here, as in Central Africa, ever the principal source of nomenclature. The heads of both streams afford quantities of currants, red, black, and yellow, and cherry-sticks which are used for spears and pipe-stems.

After twelve miles' drive we fronted the Court-house, the remarkable portal of a new region, and this new region teeming with wonders will now extend about 100 miles. It is the *mauvaises terres*, or Bad Lands, a tract about 60 miles wide and 150 long, stretching in a direction from the northeast to the southwest, or from the Mankizitah (White-Earth) River, over the Niobrara (*Eau qui court*) and Loup Fork to the south banks of the Platte: its eastern limit is the mouth of the Keya Paha. The term is generally applied by the trader to any section of the prairie country where the roads are difficult, and by dint of an illname the Bad Lands have come to be spoken of as a Golgotha, white with the bones of man and beast. American travelers, on the contrary, declare that near parts of the White River "some as beautiful valleys are to be found as any where in the Far West," and that many places "abound in the most lovely and varied forms in endless variety, giving the most striking and pleasing effects of light and shade." The formation is the pliocene and miocene tertiary, uncommonly rich in vertebrate remains: the *mauvaises terres* are composed of nearly horizontal strata, and "though diversified by the effects of denuding agencies, and presenting in different portions striking characteristics, yet they are, as a whole, a great uniform surface, gradually rising toward the mountains, at the base of which they attain an elevation varying between 3000 and 5500 feet above the level of the sea."

The Court-house, which had lately suffered from heavy rain, resembled any thing more than a court-house; that it did so in former days we may gather from the tales of many travelers, old Canadian voyageurs, who unanimously accounted it a fit place for Indian spooks, ghosts, and hobgoblins to meet in powwow, and to "count their coups" delivered in the flesh. The Court-house lies about eight miles from the river, and three from the road; in circumference it may be half a mile, and in height 300 feet; it is, however, gradually degrading, and the rains and snows of not many years will lay it level with the ground. The material is a rough conglomerate of hard marl; the mass is apparently the flank or shoulder of a range forming the southern buttress of the Platte, and which, being composed of softer stuff, has gradually melted away, leaving this remnant to rise in solitary grandeur above the plain. In books it is described as resembling a gigantic ruin, with a huge rotunda in front, windows in the sides, and remains of roofs and stages in its flanks: verily potent is the eye of imagination! To me it appeared in the shape of an irregular pyramid, whose courses were inclined at an ascendable angle of 35°, with a detached outwork composed of a perpendicular mass based upon a slope of 45°; in fact, it resembled the rugged earthworks of Sakkara, only it was far more rugged. According to the driver, the summit is a plane upon which a wagon can turn. My military companion remarked that it would make a fine natural fortress against Indians, and perhaps, in the old days of romance and Colonel Bonneville, it has served as a refuge for the harried fur-hunter. I saw it when set off by weather to advantage. A blazing sun rained fire upon its cream-colored surface—at 11 A.M. the glass showed 95° in the wagon—and it stood boldly out against a purple-black nimbus which overspread the southern skies, growling distant thunders, and flashing red threads of "chained lightning."

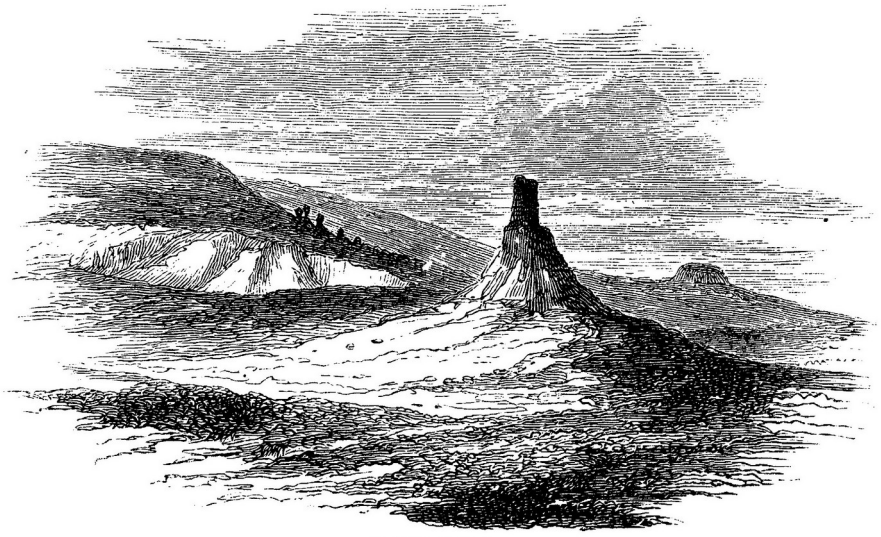
Court House Rock Station: From Mud Springs, Pony Express riders followed a route that passed through Pumpkin Seed Crossing and southwest of the Court House Rock formation, where the Pony Express station was located. This site is five miles south and one and one-fourth miles west of Bridgeport, Nebraska. Most sources generally agree on its identity as a C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co.

station. (NPS)

***Orion: Wednesday, July 31**.—Sunrise. Court House Rock, Chimney Rock, and Scott's Bluffs, in sight. At noon passed through Scott's Bluff's pass., 580 miles from St. Joseph. This was the first high ground, since entering upon the plains. All was vast, prairie, until we reached Fort Kearney. Soon afterwards, we struck the barren region, and thenceforward we had a level expanse covered with sage brush, and that was the character of the growth until we arrived here, the plains being more or less elevated, or broken, but in other respects preserving the same characteristics. After we crossed the South Platte we found a great deal of cactus. When we crossed Scotts Bluff's we had been traveling in sight of the North Platte river all day. In the afternoon we found alkali water in the road, giving it a soapy appearance, and the ground in many places appearing as if whitewashed. About 6 P. M., crossed the range of Sand hills which had been stretching along our left in sight, since Sunday. We crossed this long low range near the scene of the Indian mail robbery and massacre in 1856, wherein Babbitt alone was saved, though left for dead. The whole party was killed, including some passengers. There was some treasure in the coach, which the Indians got.*

***Burton's Itinerary 22**. Route lies over a rolling divide between the Forks, crossing Omaha, Lawrence, and other creeks, where water and grass are procurable. Cedar is still found in hillgullies. About half a mile north of Chimney Rock is a ranch where the cattle are changed..…*
25 miles, 8 A.M. - 12:30 P.M., Aug 13

***Burton at Chimney Rock:** (pg 82-4)*



CHIMNEY ROCK.

Shortly after "liquoring up" and shaking hands, we found ourselves once more in the valley of the Platte, where a lively green relieved eyes which still retained retina-pictures of the barren, Sindh-like divide. The road, as usual along the river-side, was rough and broken, and puffs of simoom raised the sand and dust in ponderous clouds. At 12:30 P.M. we nooned for an hour at a little hovel called a ranch, with the normal corral; and I took

occasion to sketch the far-famed Chimney Rock. The name is not, as is that of the Court-house, a misnomer: one might almost expect to see smoke or steam jetting from the summit. Like most of these queer malformations, it was once the knuckle-end of the main chain which bounded the Platte Valley; the softer adjacent strata of marl and earthy limestone were disintegrated by wind and weather, and the harder material, better resisting the action of air and water, has gradually assumed its present form. Chimney Rock lies two and a half miles from the south bank of the Platte. It is composed of a friable yellowish marl, yielding readily to the knife. The shape is a thin shaft, perpendicular and quasi conical. Viewed from the southeast it is not unlike a giant jack-boot based upon a high pyramidal mound, which, disposed in the natural slope, rests upon the plain. The neck of sandstone connecting it with the adjacent hills has been distributed by the floods around the base, leaving an ever-widening gap between. This "Pharos of the prairie sea" towered in former days 150 to 200 feet above the apex of its foundation, and was a landmark visible for 40 to 50 miles: it is now barely 85 feet in height. It has often been struck by lightning; *imber edax* has gnawed much away, and the beginning of the end is already at hand. It is easy to ascend the pyramid; but, while Pompey's Pillar, Peter Botte, and Ararat have all felt the Anglo-Scandinavian foot, no venturous scion of the race has yet trampled upon the top of Chimney Rock. Around the waist of the base runs a white band which sets off its height and relieves the uniform tint. The old sketches of this curious needle now necessarily appear exaggerated; moreover, those best known represent it as a column rising from a confused heap of boulders, thus conveying a completely false idea. Again the weather served us: nothing could be more picturesque than this lone pillar of pale rock lying against a huge black cloud, with the forked lightning playing over its devoted head.

Chimney Rock Station: Trail historians generally agree that Chimney Rock was a Pony Express station, however, the exact location of this site is still unclear. Two traditional sources place the station between the Chimney Rock formation and the river: one places the station at Facus Springs, nine miles northwest of Bridgeport, while the other source locates it two miles south and one mile west of Bayard, Nebraska. (NPS)

Ficklin's Springs Station: This site is reportedly one mile west of Melbeta, Nebraska in Scotts Bluff County. The 1861 Overland Mail Company contract listed the site as an unnamed Pony station, later named for Benjamin F. Ficklin, superintendent of the entire Pony Express route. Other sources also identify Ficklin's Springs as a station. *(NPS)*

Roughing It: Pony Express Rider *(pg 70-2)*

In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks and watching for the "pony-rider"—the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carrying letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days! Think of that for perishable horse and human flesh and blood to do! The pony-rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on, and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, snowing, hailing, or sleeting, or whether his "beat" was a level straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind!

There was no idling-time for a pony-rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping, by daylight, moonlight, starlight, or through the blackness of darkness—just as it happened. He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer and fed and lodged like a gentleman; kept him at his utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he came crashing up to the station where stood two men holding fast a fresh, impatient steed, the transfer of rider and mail-bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly the ghost of a look. Both rider and horse went "flying light." The rider's dress was thin, and fitted close; he wore a "round-about," and a skull-cap, and tucked his pantaloons into his boot-tops like a race-rider. He carried no arms—he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth *five dollars a letter.* He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry—his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight, too. He wore a little wafer of a racing-saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes, or none at all. The little flat mail-pockets strapped under the rider's thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold-leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized. The stage-coach traveled about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles a day (twenty-four hours), the pony-rider about two hundred and fifty. There were about eighty pony-riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long, scattering procession from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward, and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day in the year.

We had had a consuming desire, from the beginning, to see a pony-rider, but somehow or other all that passed us and all that met us managed to streak by in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. But now we were expecting one along every moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims:

"HERE HE COMES!"

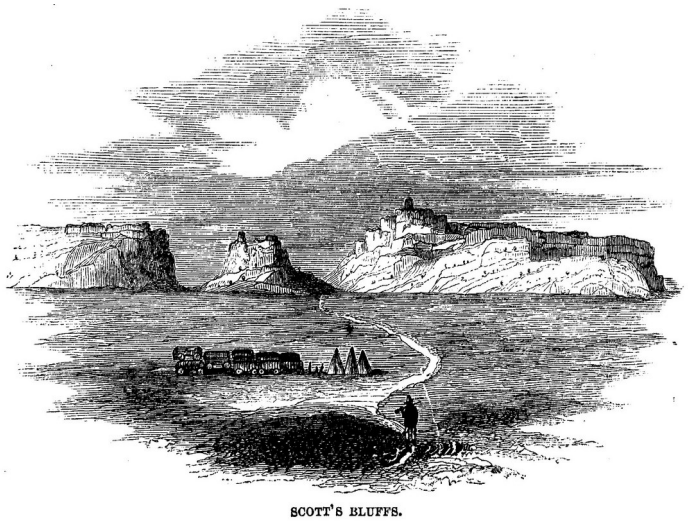
Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! n a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling—sweeping toward us nearer and nearer—growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined—nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear—another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a belated fragment of a storm!

So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, that but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail-sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, maybe.

Burton's Itinerary 23. *Road along the south bank of North Ford of Platte River. Wild sage the only fuel in the valley: small spring on top of first hill. Rugged labyrinth of paths abreast of Scott's Bluffs, which lie 5 miles S. of river, in N. lat. 41° 48' 26", and W. long. 103° 45' 02". Water found in first ravine of Scott's Bluffs 200 yards below the road, cedars on heights. To station.…*
24 miles, 1:30 P.M. - 5:30 P.M. Aug 13

Burton and Scott's Bluffs; *(pg 84-9)*

After a frugal dinner of biscuit and cheese we remounted and pursued our way through airy fire, which presently changed from our usual pest—a light dust-laden breeze —into a Punjaubian dust-storm, up the valley of the Platte. We passed a ranch called "Robidoux' Fort," from the well-known Indian trader of that name; it is now occupied by a Canadian or a French Creole, who, as usual with his race in these regions, has taken to himself a wife in the shape of a Sioux squaw, and has garnished his quiver with a multitude of whitey-reds. The driver pointed out the grave of a New Yorker who had vainly visited the prairies in search of a cure for consumption. As we advanced the storm increased to a tornado of north wind, blinding our cattle till it drove them off the road. The gale howled through the pass with all the violence of a khamsin, and it was followed by lightning and a few heavy drops of rain. The threatening weather caused a large party of emigrants to "fort themselves" in a corral near the base of Scott's Bluffs….


SCOTT'S BLUFFS.

"Scott's Bluffs," situated 285 miles from Fort Kearney and 51 from Fort Laramie, was the last of the great marl formations which we saw on this line, and was of all by far the most curious. In the dull uniformity of the prairies, it is a striking and attractive object, far excelling the castled crag of Drachenfels or any of the beauties of romantic Rhine. From a distance of a day's march it appears in the shape of a large blue mound, distinguished only by its dimensions from the detached fragments of hill around. As you approach within four or five miles, a massive medieval city gradually defines itself, clustering, with a wonderful fullness of detail, round a colossal fortress, and crowned with a royal castle. Buttress and barbican, bastion, demilune, and guard-house, tower, turret, and donjon-keep, all are there: in one place parapets and battlements still stand upon the crumbling wall of a fortalice like the giant ruins of Château Gaillard, the "Beautiful Castle on the Rock;" and, that nothing may be wanting to the resemblance, the dashing rains and angry winds have cut the old line of road at its base into a regular moat with a semicircular sweep, which the mirage fills with

a mimic river. Quaint figures develop themselves; guards and sentinels in dark armor keep watch and ward upon the slopes, the lion of Bastia crouches unmistakably overlooking the road; and as the shades of an artificial evening, caused by the dust-storm, close in, so weird is its aspect that one might almost expect to see some spectral horseman, with lance and pennant, go his rounds about the deserted streets, ruined buildings, and broken walls. At a nearer aspect again, the quaint illusion vanishes; the lines of masonry become yellow layers of boulder and pebble imbedded in a mass of stiff, tamped, bald marly clay; the curtains and angles change to the gashings of the rains of ages, and the warriors are metamorphosed into dwarf cedars and dense shrubs, scattered singly over the surface. Travelers have compared this glory of the *mauvaises terres* to Gibraltar, to the Capitol at Washington, to Stirling Castle. -I could think of nothing in its presence but the Arabs' "City of Brass," that mysterious abode of bewitched infidels, which often appears at a distance to the wayfarer toiling under the burning sun, but ever eludes his nearer search.

Scott's Bluffs derive their name from an unfortunate fur-trader there put on shore in the olden time by his boat's crew, who had a grudge against him: the wretch, in mortal sickness, crawled up the mound to die. The politer guide-books call them "Capitol Hills:" methinks the first name, with its dark associations, must be better pleasing to the *genius loci.* They are divided into three distinct masses. The largest, which may be 800 feet high, is on the right, or nearest the river. To its left lies an outwork, a huge, detached cylinder whose capping changes aspect from every direction; and still farther to the left is a second castle, now divided from, but once connected with the others. The whole affair is a spur springing from the main range, and closing upon the Platte so as to leave no room for a road.

After gratifying our curiosity we resumed our way. The route lay between the right-hand fortress and the outwork, through a degraded bed of softer marl, once doubtless part of the range. The sharp, sudden torrents which pour from the heights on both sides, and the draughty winds—Scott's Bluffs are the permanent head-quarters of hurricanes—have cut up the ground into a labyrinth of jagged gulches steeply walled in. We dashed down the drains and pitch-holes with a violence which shook the nave-bands from our sturdy wheels. Ascending, the driver showed a place where the skeleton of an "elephant" had been lately discovered. On the summit he pointed out, far over many a treeless hill and barren plain, the famous Black Hills and Laramie Peak, which has been compared to Ben Lomond, towering at a distance of eighty miles. The descent was abrupt, with sudden turns round the head of earth-cracks deepened to ravines by snow and rain; and one place showed the remains of a wagon and team which had lately come to grief. After galloping down a long slope of twelve miles, with ridgelets of sand and gravel somewhat raised above the bottom, which they cross on their way to the river, we found ourselves, at 5:30 P.M., once more in the valley of the Platte. I had intended to sketch the Bluffs more carefully from the station, but the western view proved to be disappointingly inferior to the eastern. After the usual hour's delay we resumed our drive through alternate puffs of hot and cold wind, the contrast of which was not easy to explain. The sensation was as if Indians had been firing the prairies—an impossibility at this season, when whatever herbage there is is still green. It may here be mentioned that, although the meteorology of the earlier savans, namely, that the peculiar condition of the atmosphere known as the Indian summer might be produced by the burning of the plain-vegetation, was not thought worthy of comment, their

hypothesis is no longer considered trivial. The smoky canopy must produce a sensible effect upon the temperature of the season. “During a still night, when a cloud of this kind is overhead, no dew is produced; the heat which is radiated from the earth is reflected or absorbed, and radiated back again by the particles of soot, and the coating of the earth necessary to prevent the deposition of water in the form of dew or hoar-frost is prevented.” According to Professor Henry, of Washington, “it is highly probable that a portion of the smoke or fog-cloud produced by the burning of one of the Western prairies is carried entirely across the eastern portion of the continent to the ocean.”.

Scott’s Bluff Station: This site is probably near or at the old Fort Mitchell (1864-1868) site, twelve miles west of Ficklin's Springs and about two and one-half miles northwest of Mitchell Pass, near a bend of the North Platte River. Even though Mabel Loving and Roy Bloss identify Fort Mitchell as a station after Scott's Bluff, other sources generally link the two sites but differ on its function as a relay or home station. *(NPS)*

Roughing It: Alkali Water *(pg 72)*

We rattled through Scott’s Bluffs Pass, by and by. It was along here somewhere that we first came across genuine and unmistakable alkali water in the road, and we cordially hailed it as a first-class curiosity, and a thing to be mentioned with eclat in letters to the ignorant at home. This water gave the road a soapy appearance, and in many places the ground looked as if it had been whitewashed. I think the strange alkali water excited us as much as any wonder we had come upon yet, and I know we felt very complacent and conceited, and better satisfied with life after we had added it to our list of things which *we* had seen and some other people had not.

Burton’s Itinerary 24*. Road along the river; crosses Little Kiowa Creek, a tributary to Horse Creek, which flows into the Platte. Ford Horse Creek, a clear shallow stream with a sandy bottom. No wood below the hills..*
16 miles, 6:30 P.M. - 8:30 P.M. Aug 13

Burton at Horse Creek *(pg 89-90)*

Presently we dashed over the Little Kiowa Creek, forded the Horse Creek, and, enveloped in a cloud of villainous musquetoes, entered at 8 30 P.M: the station in which we were to pass the night. It was tenanted by one Reynal, a French Creole—the son of an old soldier of the Grand Armée, who had settled at St. Louis —a companionable man, but an extortionate: he charged us a florin for every “drink” of his well-watered whisky. The house boasted of the usual squaw, a wrinkled old dame, who at once began to prepare supper, when we discreetly left the room. These hard-working but sorely ill-favored beings are accused of various horrors in cookery, such as grinding their pinole, or parched corn, in the impurest manner, kneading dough upon the floor, using their knives for any purpose whatever, and employing the same pot, unwashed, for boiling tea and tripe. In fact, they are about as clean as those Eastern pariah servants who make the knowing Anglo-Indian hold it an abomination to sit at meat with a new arrival or with an officer of a “home regiment.”

The daughter was an unusually fascinating half-breed, with a pale face and Franco-American features. How comes it that here, as in Hindostan, the French half-caste is pretty, graceful, amiable, coquettish, while the Anglo-Saxon is plain, coarse, gauche, and ill-tempered? The beauty was married to a long, lean down-Easter, who appeared most jealously attentive to her, occasionally hinting at a return to the curtained bed, where she could escape the admiring glances of strangers. Like her mother, she was able to speak English, but she could not be persuaded to open her mouth. This is a truly Indian prejudice, probably arising from the savage, childish sensitiveness which dreads to excite a laugh; even a squaw married to a white man, after uttering a few words in a moment of *épanchement*, will hide her face under the blanket. ...

The day had been fatiguing, and our eyes ached with the wind and dust. We lost no time in spreading on the floor the buffalo robes borrowed from the house, and in defying the smaller tenants of the ranch. Our host, M. Reynal, was a study, but we deferred the lesson till the next morning.

Horse Creek Station: The Horse Creek Station site is most likely located on the west bank of Horse Creek, about two miles northeast of Lyman, in Scotts Bluff County. The station served as a stop for the Pony Express. Several sources identify Horse Creek as a station, which, according to Mattes, possibly also served at one time as the site of Joseph Robidoux's second trading post. *(NPS)*

Burton to Cold Springs: (pg 94-95)

We set out at 6 A.M. over a sandy bottom, from which the mosquitoes rose in swarms. After a twelve-mile stretch the driver pointed out on the right of the road, which here runs between high earth-banks, a spot still infamous in local story. At this place, in 1854, five Indians, concealing themselves in the bed of a dwarf arroyo, fired upon the mail-wagon, killing two drivers and one passenger, and then plundered it of 20,000 dollars. “Long-chin,” the leader, and the other murderers, when given up by the tribe, were carried to Washington, D. C., where—with the ultra-philanthropy which has of modern days distinguished the “Great Father's” government of his “Poor Children of the Plains”—the villains were liberally rewarded and restored to their homes. To cut off a bend of the Platte we once more left the valley, ascended sundry slopes of sand and clay deeply cut by dry creeks, and from the summit enjoyed a pretty view. A little to the left rose the aerial blue cone of that noble landmark, Laramie Peak, based like a mass of solidified air upon a dark. wall, the Black Hills, and lit up with the roseate hues of the morning. The distance was about sixty miles; you would have guessed twenty. On the right lay a broad valley, bounded by brown rocks and a plain-colored distance, with the stream winding through it like a thread of quicksilver; in places it was hidden from sight by thickets of red willow, cypress clumps, and dense cool cotton-woods. All was not still life; close below us rose the white lodges of the Ogalala, tribe.

Roughing It: *(pg 73-74)*

We crossed the sand hills near the scene of the Indian mail robbery and massacre of 1856, wherein the driver and conductor perished, and also all the passengers but one, it was

supposed; but this must have been a mistake, for at different times afterward on the Pacific coast I was personally acquainted with a hundred and thirty-three or four people who were wounded during that massacre, and barely escaped with their lives. There was no doubt of the truth of it—I had it from their own lips. One of these parties told me that he kept coming across arrow-heads in his system for nearly seven years after the massacre; and another of them told me that he was struck so literally full of arrows that after the Indians were gone and he could raise up and examine himself, he could not restrain his tears, for his clothes were completely ruined.

The most trustworthy tradition avers, however, that only one man, a person named Babbitt, survived the massacre, and he was desperately wounded. He dragged himself on his hands and knee (for one leg was broken) to a station several miles away. He did it during portions of two nights, lying concealed one day and part of another, and for more than forty hours suffering unimaginable anguish from hunger, thirst and bodily pain. The Indians robbed the coach of everything it contained, including quite an amount of treasure.

Cold Springs Station: A number of sources identify Cold Springs as a Pony Express station, and give the location of this site as being about two miles southeast of Torrington, Wyoming. It should be noted that the site of this station also served as the grounds for the signing of the Horse Creek Treaty. A French-Canadian trader named Reynal managed operations at Spring Ranch with his Indian wife and daughter. Pawnees had held him prisoner in his younger days as a trader and later adopted him as a tribal son. It should be noted that Loving and Bloss list Torrington as a separate station after Cold Springs/Spring Ranch. However, since Cold Springs possibly existed two miles southeast of the town of Torrington, the settlement's name may serve as another name for the Cold Springs Station. *(NPS)* Locating the signing of the Horse Creek Treaty at Cold Springs Ranch Station is based on a letter from Paul Henderson to J.G. Masters, 17 April 1938. This location is in disagreement with a different NPS article, found on their site for the Scotts Bluff Monument. This reference places the location of the signing at the mouth of Horse Creek, where it joins the North Platte.

Burton at Badeau's Ranch: *(pg 97-8)*

At 10 20 A.M. we halted to change mules at Badeau's Ranch, or, as it is more grandiloquently called, "Laramie City." The "city," like many a Western "town," still appertains to the category of things about to be; it is at present represented by a single large "store," with out-houses full of small half-breeds. The principal articles of traffic are liquors and groceries for the whites, and ornaments for the Indians, which are bartered for stock (*i.e.*, animals) and peltries. The prices asked for the skins were from $1—$1 80 for a fox or a coyote, $8 for wolf, bear, or deer, $6—$7 for an elk, $5 for a common buffalo, and from $8 to $35 for the same painted, pictographed, and embroidered. Some of the party purchased moccasins, for which they paid $1—$2; the best articles are made. by the Snakes, and when embroidered by white women rise as high as $25. I bought, for an old friend who is insane upon the subject of pipes, one of the fine marble-like sandstone bowls brought from the celebrated Côteau (slope) des Prairies, at the head of Sioux River— |

"On the mountains of the Prairie,
On the Great Red Pipe-stone Quarry."

This instrument is originally the gift of Gitchie Manitou, who, standing on the precipice of the Red Pipe-stone Rock, broke off a fragment and moulded it into a pipe, which, finished with a reed, he smoked over his children to the north, south, east, and west. It is of queer shape, not unlike the clay and steatite articles used by the Abyssinians and the Turi or Sinaitic Bedouins. The length of the stick is 23 inches, of the stem 9.50, and of the bowl 5 inches; the latter stands at a right angle upon the former; both are circular; but the 2.75 inches of stem, which project beyond the bowl, are beveled off so as to form an edge at the end. The peculiarity of the form is in the part where the tobacco is inserted; the hole is not more than half an inch broad, and descends straight without a bulge, while the aperture in the stem is exactly similar. The red color soon mottles and the bowl clogs if smoked with tobacco; in fact, it is fit for nothing but the "kinnikinik" of the Indians. To prepare this hard material with the rude tools of a savage must be a work of time and difficulty; also the bowls are expensive and highly valued: for mine I paid $5, and farther West I could have exchanged it for an Indian pony.

Verdling's Ranch Station : According to Merrill Mattes, Verdling's Ranch Station is probably eight miles from Fort Laramie and two miles west of Lingle, Wyoming. James Bordeaux (spelled various ways), probably a French-Canadian, managed a trading post/store at the station and his association with the site was responsible for some of the many names for this station. Other sources also list Verdling's Ranch or Bedeau's Ranch as a station. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary 25. *Route over sandy and heavy river bottom and rolling ground, leaving the Platte on the right: cottonwood and willows on the banks. Ranch at Laramie City kept by M. Badeau, a Canadian, who sells spirits, Indian goods, and outfit…*
26 miles, 6 A.M. - 10:20 P.M. Aug 14

Burton, From Badeau's to Fort Laramie: *(pg 98-100)*

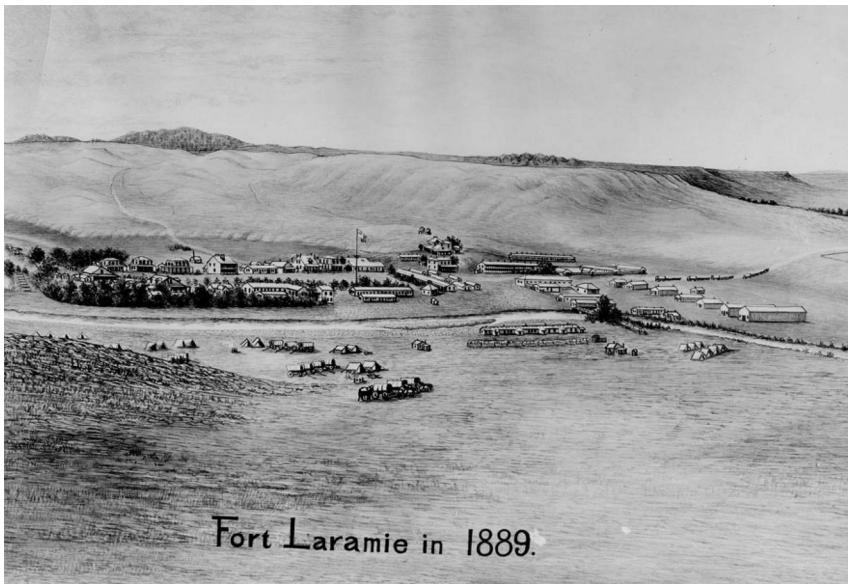
Having finished our *emplettes* at M. Badeau's, we set out at 11 30 P.M. over a barren and reeking bit of sandy soil. Close to the station, and a little to the right of the road, we passed the barrow which contains the remains of Lieutenant Grattan and his thirty men. A young second lieutenant of Irish origin and fiery temper, he was marching westward with an interpreter, a small body of men, and two howitzers, when a dispute arose, it is said, about a cow, between his party and the Brûlés or Burnt-Thigh Indians. The latter were encamped in a village of 450 to 500 lodges, which, reckoning five to each, gives a total of 2200 to 2500 souls. A fight took place; the whites imprudently discharged both their cannon, overshooting the tents of the enemy; their muskets, however, did more execution, killing Matriya, "the Scattering Bear," who had been made chief of all the Sioux by Colonel Mitchell of the Indian Bureau. The savages, seeing the fall of Ursa Major, set to in real earnest; about 1200 charged the soldiers before they could reload; the little detachment broke, and not a man survived to tell the tale….

As we advanced the land became more barren; it sadly wanted rain: it suffers from drought almost every year, and what vegetable matter the soil will produce the grasshopper will devour. Dead cattle cumbered the way-side; the flesh had disappeared; the bones were scattered over the ground; but the skins, mummified, as it were, by the dry heat, lay life-like and shapeless, as in the Libyan Desert, upon the ground. This phenomenon will last till we enter the humid regions between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific Ocean, and men tell wonderful tales of the time during which meat can be kept. The road was a succession of steep ascents and jumps down sandy ground. A Sioux "buck," mounted upon a neat nag, and wrapped up, despite sun and glare, as if it had been the depth of winter, passed us, sedulously averting his eyes. 'The driver declared that he recognized the horse, and grumbled certain Western facetiæ concerning '"hearty-chokes and caper sauce.

Burton's Itinerary 26. *After 9 miles of rough road cross Laramie Fork and enter Fort Laramie, N. lat. 42° 12' 38", and W. long. 104°31' 26". Altitude 4519 feet. Military post, with post-office, sutler's stores, and other conveniences. Thence to Ward's Station on the Central Star, small ranch and store.… 18 miles, 12:15 P.M. - 4 P.M. Aug 14…*

Fort Laramie Station: Sources generally agree on the identity of a Pony Express station at Fort Laramie. However, the exact location of the station at or near Fort Laramie remains unknown. Nevertheless, the well-known fort's distance from stations at Sand Point and Verling's Ranch makes the area just west of the post a logical station site. Fort Laramie's adobe-stone sutler's store, which still exists, housed a post office in the 1850s, 1870s, and 1880s. Its status during the Pony Express era remains unknown. *(NPS)*

Burton at Fort Laramie: *(pg 100-101)*



Fort Laramie, called Fort John in the days of the American Fur Company, was used by them as a store-house for the bear and buffalo skins, which they collected in thousands. The old adobe enceinte, sketched and described by Frémont and Stansbury, soon disappeared after the place was sold to the United States government. Its former rival was Fort Platte, belonging in 1842—-when the pale face first opened this road—to Messrs. Sybille, Adams, and Co., and situated

immediately on the point of land at the junction of Laramie Fort with the Platte. The climate here is arid and parching in summer, but in winter tolerably mild, considering the altitude—4470 feet—and the proximity of the Black Hills; yet it has seen hard frost in September. It is also well defended from the warm, moist, and light winds, which, coming from the Mexican Gulf, cause “calentures” on the lower course of the river. The soil around the settlement is gravelly and sterile, the rocks are sand, lime, and clay, and there is a solitary, desolate look upon every thing but the bright little stream that bubbles from the dark heights. The course is from S.W. to N.E.: about half way it bifurcates, with a right fork to the west and main fork east, and near Laramie it receives its main affluent, the Chugwater.

My companion kindly introduced me to the officer commanding the fort, Colonel B. Alexander, 10th Infantry, and we were at once made at home. The amiable mistress of the house must find charitable work enough to do in providing for the wants of way-worn friends who pass through Laramie from east to west. We rested and dined in the cool comfortable quarters, with only one qualm at heart—we were so soon to leave them. On these occasions the driver seems to know by instinct that you are enjoying yourself, while he, as an outsider, is not. He becomes, therefore, unusually impatient to start; perhaps, also, time runs more rapidly than it is wont. At any rate, after a short two hours, we were compelled to shake hands with our kind and considerate hosts, and to return to limbo—the mail-wagon.

From Fort Laramie westward the geological formation changes; the great limestone deposits disappear, and are succeeded by a great variety of sandstones, some red, argillaceous, and compact; others gray or yellow, ferruginous, and coarse. Pudding-stones or conglomerates also abound, and the main chain of the Laramie Mountains is supposed to be chiefly composed of this rock.

Roughing It *(pg 75)*

We passed Fort Laramie in the night, and on the seventh morning out we found ourselves in the Black Hills, with Laramie Peak at our elbow (apparently) looming vast and solitary—a deep, dark, rich indigo blue in hue, so portentously did the old colossus frown under his beetling brows of storm-cloud. He was thirty or forty miles away, in reality, but he only seemed removed a little beyond the low ridge at our right.

From St. Joseph to Fort Laramie Mark Twain and Richard F. Burton traveled across prairie and high desert. Ahead, the Rocky Mountains until they reach Salt Lake City, Burton’s primary goal.

IV. The Overland Trail: East Slope of the Rockies

August 14, 1860, Richard Francis Burton stops at Fort Laramie; July 31, 1861, the Clemens brothers pass through Fort Laramie at night. Horace Greeley had traveled west in 1859. His route would correspond with Burton's and Twain's from Fort Laramie to Ruby Valley, in the arid region between Salt Lake City and Carson City.

Orion: *Thursday, Aug. 1. Found ourselves this morning in the "Black Hills," with "Laramie Peak," looming up in large proportions. This peak is 60 miles from Fort Laramie, which we passed in the night. We took breakfast at "Horseshoe" station, forty miles from Fort Laramie, and 676 miles from St. Joseph.*

Roughing It: (pg 75-6)

We passed Fort Laramie in the night, and on the seventh morning out we found ourselves in the Black Hills, with Laramie Peak at our elbow (apparently) looming vast and solitary-a deep, dark, rich indigo blue in hue, so portentously did the old colossus frown under his beetling brows of storm-cloud. He was thirty or forty miles away, in reality, but he only seemed removed a little beyond the low. We breakfasted at Horse- Shoe Station, ridge at our right. six hundred and seventy-six miles out from St. Joseph. We had now reached a hostile Indian country, and during the afternoon we passed Laparelle Station, and enjoyed great discomfort all the time we were in the neighborhood, being aware that many of the trees we dashed by at arm's length concealed a lurking Indian or two. During the preceding night an ambushed savage had sent a bullet through the pony-rider's jacket, but he had ridden on, just the same, because pony-riders were not allowed to stop and inquire into such things except when killed. As long as they had life enough left in them they had to stick to the horse and ride, even if the Indians had been waiting for them a week, and were entirely out of patience. About two hours and a half before we arrived at Laparelle Station, the keeper in charge of it had fired four times at an Indian, but he said with an injured air that the Indian had "skipped around so's to spile everything—and ammunition's blamed skurse, too." The most natural inference conveyed by his manner of speaking was, that in "skipping around," the Indian had taken an unfair advantage.

Horace Greeley (1859): South Pass, Rocky Mountains, July 5, 1859.

I exhausted all the possibilities of obtaining a lodging in Laramie before applying to the commander of the post; but no one else could (or would) afford me a shelter on any terms; so I made a virtue of necessity, and applied to Captain Clark, who at once assigned me a room—there being few troops there at present—and for the five days I remained there I slept between a floor and a roof, after five weeks' experience of the more primitive methods of keeping cold and storm at bay. I was treated with more than hospitality—with generous kindness—by Captain Clark, Lieutenants Hascall and Follett, and Dr. Johns—and yet the long tarry became at length irksome, because I had already lost too much time, and was most anxious to be moving westward. Finally, the mail-stage from the East hove in

sight on the morning of June 30, but halted just across Laramie River all day, repairing coach; and it was eight, p.m., when it started—I alone perched on the summit of its seventeen mail-bags-as passenger--he who had thus far filled that exalted post kindly giving way for me, and agreeing to take instead the slower wagon that was to follow next morning**.** We forded the swollen Laramie two miles above the fort, in the last vestige of twilight—had the usual trouble with mules turning about in mid-stream, tangling up the team, and threatening to upset the wagon—but overcame it after a while, got safely out, drove on fifteen miles to Warm Spring—a fountain which throws out half water enough for a grist-mill, all which is drank up by the thirsty sands through which it takes its course, before it can reach the Platte, only three or four miles distant. We camped here till daylight, then lost two hours in hunting up our mules, which had been simply tied in pairs, and allowed to go at large in quest of the scanty grass of that region. They were found at last, and we went on our way rejoicing.

Warm Springs is not mention in any other sources that I've found and appears to be about half way between Elk Horn and La Bonte.

I shall not weary my readers with a journal of our travels for the last four days. Hitherto, since I left civilized Kansas, I had traversed routes either newly opened, or scarcely known to the mass of readers; but from Laramie I have followed the regular California and Oregon Overland Trail, already many times described, and by this time familiar to hundreds of thousands. Suffice it that, for over two hundred miles from Laramie, it traverses a region substantially described in my notes of my journey from the buffalo-range to Denver, and from Denver to Laramie; a region, for the most part, rainless in summer and autumn, yet on whose soil of more or less sandy clay, lacking support from ridges of underlying rock, has been more seamed, and gouged, and gullied, and washed away, by the action of floods and streams than any other on earth—a region of bluffs and buttes, and deep ravines, and intervales, and shallow alkaline lakelets, now mainly dried up, and streams running milky, even when low, with the clay gullied from their banks, and sent off to render the Missouri a river of mud, and to fertilize the bottoms of the lower Mississippi.

Burton Itinerary: *26. August 14, 1860: 12:15 pm to 4:00 pm: 18 miles: After 9 miles of rough road cross Laramie Fork and enter Fort Laramie, N .lat. 42° 12' 38" ,and W . long. 104°31' 26 ". Altitude 4519 feet. Military post, with post- office, sutler's stores, and other conveniences. Thence To Ward 's Station on the Central Star, small ranch and store .*

Fort Laramie Station: Sources generally agree on the identity of a Pony Express station at Fort Laramie. However, the exact location of the station at or near Fort Laramie remains unknown. Nevertheless, the well-known fort's distance from stations at Sand Point and Verling's Ranch makes the area just west of the post a logical station site. Fort Laramie's adobe-stone sutler's store, which still exists, housed a post office in the 1850s, 1870s, and 1880s. Its status during the Pony Express era remains unknown. *(NPS)*

Nine Mile Station (Wyoming): This site is nine miles west of Fort Laramie. Sources identify this station by several names, including Nine Mile Station, Sand Point, Ward's, and Central Star. Sand Point

served as a both relay station for the Pony Express and stage lines. According to Gregory Franzwa, in the 1840s, Ward and Guerrier operated the Sand Point Trading Post at the site, and then in the 1850s, Jules E. Coffee, managed a stage station here. *(NPS)*

Cottonwood Station (Wyoming): Several sources identify Cottonwood as a station between Nine Mile Station (Ward's) and Horseshoe Creek. However, Helen Henderson asserts that there were two Cottonwood Stations in the area. According to Henderson, the oldest of the two stations, which was one-half mile from the Badger railroad station, served as the Pony Express station. Cottonwood Creek is often mentioned in diaries and journals of pioneers and military men, as well as the itineraries of stage and Pony Express routes. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: *27. 25 miles; August 14, 1860: 5:00 pm to 9:30 pm:*
Rough and bad road . After 14 miles cross Bitter Cottonwood Creek ; water rarely flows; after rain 10 feet wide and 6 inches deep ; grass and fuel abundant. Pass Indian shop and store. At Bitter Creek branch of Cottonwood the road to Salt Lake City forks. Emigrants follow the Upper or South road over spurs of the Black Hills, some way south of the river, to avoid kanyons and to find grass. The station is called Horseshoe Creek . Residence of road-agent, Mr. Slade, and one of the worst places on the line.

Horseshoe Creek Station: This site, known as Horseshoe or Horseshoe Creek, served as the last station in Division Two of the Pony Express. Division Superintendent Joseph A. Slade lived at Horseshoe Creek with his wife, Molly, and family. *(NPS)*

Richard F. Burton at Horseshoe Creek Station: (pg 101-3)

We were *entichés* by the aspect of the buildings, which were on an extensive scale — in fact, got up regardless of expense. An ominous silence, however, reigned around. At last, by hard knocking, we were admitted into a house with the Floridian style of veranda previously described, and by the pretensions of the room we at once divined our misfortune —we were threatened with a "lady." The "lady" will, alas! follow us to the Pacific; even in hymns we read,

"Now let the Prophet's heart rejoice,
His noble lady's too."

Our mishap was really worse than we expected —we were exposed to two "ladies," and of these one was a Bloomer. It is only fair to state that it was the only hermaphrodite of the kind that ever met my eyes in the United States; the great founder of the order has long since subsided into her original obscurity, and her acolytes have relapsed into the weakness of petticoats. The Bloomer was an uncouth being; her hair, cut level with her eyes, depended with the graceful curl of a drake's tail around a flat Turanian countenance, whose only expression was sullen insolence. The body-dress, glazed brown calico, fitted her somewhat like a soldier's tunic, developing haunches which would be admired only in venison; and—curious inconséquence of woman's nature!—all this sacrifice of appearance upon the shrine of comfort did not prevent her wearing that kind of crinoline depicted by Mr. Punch upon "our Mary Hanne." The pantalettes of glazed brown calico, like the vest,

tunic, blouse, shirt, or whatever they may call it, were in peg-top style, admirably setting off a pair of thin-soled Frenchified patent-leather bottines, with elastic sides, which contained feet large, broad, and flat as a negro's in Unyamwezi. The dear creature had a husband: it was hardly safe to look at her, and as for sketching her, I avoided it, as men are bidden by the poet to avoid the way of Slick of Tennessee. The other "lady," though more decently attired, was like women in this wild part of the world generally —cold and disagreeable in manner, full of "proper pride," with a touch-me-not air, which reminded me of a certain

"*Miss Baxter,*
Who refused a man before he axed her."

Her husband was the renowned Slade:

"Of gougers fierce, the eyes that pierce, the fiercest gouger he."

His was a noted name for "deadly strife;" he had the reputation of having killed his three men; and a few days afterward the grave that concealed one of his murders was pointed out to me. This pleasant individual "for an evening party" wore the revolver and bowie-knife here, there, and every where. He had lately, indeed, had a strong hint not to forget his weapon. One M. Jules, a French trader, after a quarrel which took place at dinner, walked up to him and fired a pistol, wounding him in the breast. As he rose to run away Jules discharged a second, which took effect upon his back, and then, without giving him time to arm, fetched a gun and favored him with a dose of slugs somewhat larger than revolver bullets. The fiery Frenchman had two narrow escapes from Lynch-lawyers: twice he was hung between wagons, and as often he was cut down. At last he disappeared in the farther West, and took to lodge and squaw. 'The avenger of blood threatens to follow him up, but as yet he has taken no steps.

It at once became evident that the station was conducted upon the principle of the Western hotel-keeper of the last generation, and of Continental Europe about A.D. 1500 — the innkeeper of 'Anne of Geierstein" — that is to say, for his own convenience; the public there was the last thing thought of. One of our party who had ventured into the kitchen was fiercely ejected by the "ladies." In asking about dormitories we were informed that "lady travelers" were admitted into the house, but that the ruder sex must sleep where it could— or not sleep at all if it preferred. We found a barn outside: it was hardly fit for a decently brought-up pig; the floor was damp and knotty; there was not even a door to keep out the night breeze, now becoming raw, and several drunken fellows lay in different parts of it. Two were in one bunk, embracing maudlingly, and freely calling for drinks of water. Into this disreputable hole we were all thrust for the night: among us, it must be remembered, was a federal judge, who had officiated for years as minister at a European court. His position, poor man! procured him nothing but a broken-down pallet. It was his first trip to the Far West, and yet, so easily are Americans satisfied, and so accustomed are they to obey the ridiculous jack-in-office who claims to be one of the powers that be, he scarcely uttered a complaint. I, for one, grumbled myself to sleep. May gracious Heaven keep us safe from all "ladies" in future! better a hundred times the squaw, with her uncleanliness and civility.

> We are now about to leave the land of that great and dangerous people, the Sioux, and before bidding adieu to them it will be advisable to devote a few pages to their ethnology….

Twain was quite taken by the exploits and fate of Slade. He devoted an entire chapter to him, although he knew little, if anything, about him at the time of his journey. From The Mark Twain Project's notes on their meeting: "Before writing *Roughing It* Clemens mentioned breakfasting with Slade at Rocky Ridge Station (which they reached on the morning of 3 August, the ninth day of their trip) on three different occasions: in his January 1870 "Around the World" letter, in his September 1870 letter to Hosmer, and in his March 1871 letter to Orion. In the Roughing It chronology, he moved the encounter with Slade to the morning of the eighth day, leaving the location—the name of the station and its distance from St. Joseph—deliberately vague.
Orion expressed confusion about where the brothers first heard Slade's name. In any case, Mark Twain's claim here that they had heard of Slade even before arriving in Overland City, some four hundred miles east of Rocky Ridge Station, was clearly intended to heighten the dramatic effect of their eventual encounter with him, described at the end of chapter 10. Slade had been an overland agent at least since 1859, first overseeing the route west from Fort Kearny, and then the entire division from Julesburg to Rocky Ridge Station. Spending much of his time inspecting the stations along the route, he was an efficient superintendent and a ruthless exterminator of thieves and other outlaws.

Burton at Horseshoe Creek: (pg 146-8)

> Though we all rose up early, packed, and were ready to proceed, there was an unusual *vis inertiæ* on the part of the driver: Indians were about; the mules, of course, had bolted; but that did not suffice as explanation. Presently the "wonder leaked out:" our companions were transferred from their comfortable vehicle to a real '"shandridan," a Rocky-Mountain bone-setter. They were civil enough to the exceedingly drunken youth—a runaway New Yorker—who did us the honor of driving us; for *quand on a besoin du diable on lui dit,"Monsieur."* One can not expect, however, the *diable* to be equally civil: when we asked him to tidy our vehicle a little, he simply replied that he'd be darned if he did. Long may be the darning-needle and sharp to him! But tempers seriously soured must blow up or burst, and a very pretty little quarrel was the result: it was settled bloodlessly, because one gentleman, who, to do him justice, showed every disposition to convert himself into a target, displayed such perfect unacquaintance with the weapons—revolvers—usually used on similar occasions, that it would have been mere murder to have taken pistol in hand against him.
>
> As we sat very disconsolate in the open veranda, five Indians stalked in, and the biggest and burliest of the party, a middle-aged man, with the long, straight Indian hair, high, harsh features, and face bald of eyebrows and beard, after offering his paw to Mrs. Dana and the rest of the party, sat down with a manner of natural dignity somewhat trenching upon the impertinent. Presently, diving his hand into his breast, the old rat pulled out a thick fold of leather, and, after much manipulation, disclosed a dirty brown, ragged-edged sheet of paper, certifying him to be "Little Thunder," and signed by "General Harney." This, then, was the chief who showed the white feather at Ash Hollow, and of whom some military poet sang: |

"We didn't make a blunder,
We rubbed out Little Thunder,
And we sent him to the other side of Jordan."

Little Thunder did not look quite rubbed out; but for poesy fiction is, of course, an element far more appropriate than fact. I remember a similar effusion of the Anglo-Indian muse, which consigned "Akbar Khan the Yaghi" to the tune and fate of the King of the Cannibal Isles, with a contempt of actualities quite as refreshing. The Western Indians are as fond of these testimonials as the East Indians: they preserve them with care as guarantees of their good conduct, and sometimes, as may be expected, carry about certificates in the style of Bellerophons' letters. Little Thunder was *en route* to Fort Laramie, where he intended to lay a complaint against the Indian agent, who embezzled, he said, half the rations and presents intended for his tribe. Even the whites owned that the "Maje's" bear got more sugar than all the Indians put together. …

After venting his grievances, Little Thunder arose, and, accompanied by his braves, remounted and rode off toward the east.

Burton's Itinerary: *28. August 15, 1860: 25 miles; 10:45 am to 2:45 am (pm ?)*
Road forks; one line follows the Platte, the other turns to the left, over " cut-off ;" highly undulating ridges, crooked and deeply dented with dry beds of rivers; land desolate and desert. No wood nor water till end of stage. La Bonté River and Station ; unfinished ranch in valley ; water and grass .

Burton Departs Horseshoe Creek Station (pg 149-150)

At length, the mules coming about 10 45 A.M., we hitched up, and, nothing loth, bade adieu to Horseshoe Creek and the "ladies." The driver sentimentally informed us that we were to see no more specimens of ladyhood for many days—gladdest tidings to one of the party, at least. The road, which ran out of sight of the river, was broken and jagged; a little labor would have made it tolerable, but what could the good pastor of Oberlin do with a folk whose only thought in life is dram-drinking, tobacco-chewing, trading, and swapping? The country was cut with creeks and arroyos, which separated the several bulges of ground, and the earth's surface was of a dull brick-dust red, thinly scrubbed over with coarse grass, ragged sage, and shrublets fit only for the fire. After a desolate drive, we sighted below us the creek La Bonté—so called from a French *voyageur*—green and bisected by a, clear mountain stream whose banks were thick with self-planted trees. In the labyrinth of paths

we chose the wrong one: presently we came to a sheer descent of four or five feet, and after deliberation as to whether the vehicle would "take it" or not, we came to the conclusion that we had better turn the restive mules to the right-about. Then, cheered by the sight of our consort, the other wagon, which stood temptingly shaded by the grove of cotton-wood, willows, box elder (*Negundo aceroides*), and wild cherry, at the distance of about half a mile, we sought manfully the right track, and the way in which the driver charged the minor obstacles was "a caution to mules." We ought to have arrived at 2:45 P.M.; we were about an hour later. The station had yet to be built; the whole road was in a transition state at the time of our travel; there was, however, a new corral for "forting" against Indians, and a kind of leafy arbor, which the officials had converted into a "cottage near a wood."

Elk Horn Station, Wyoming: Located 10 miles from Horseshoe Pony Express Station and 15 miles from La Bonte Station; the old Emigrant Road crosses Elkhorn Creek just north of the station site. http://www.expeditionutah.com/featured-trails/pony-express-trail/wyoming-pony-express-stations/ L.C. Bishop and Paul Henderson on their "Map of California-Oregon-Mormon Emigrant Roads Featuring the Pony Express 1860-1861, as well as the Overland Mail Company contract of 1861, list Elk Horn as the first station west of Horseshoe Creek. However, neither resource provides an exact location for this station. On the other hand, Gregory Franzwa in his Maps of the Oregon Trail identified Elk Horn Station, but he did not specifically designate it as a Pony Express Station. *(NPS)*

La Bonte Station: It is located 15 miles from Elk Horn Station and 10 miles from Bed Tick Station. Also, a creek and town in Converse County, Wyoming, named for La Bonte (Labonte, LaBonte), an early French trapper. He was a trapper with "Uncle Dick" Woolston's party in 1838 was killed in Utah. The Indians after killing this noted character, cut flesh from the bones and ate it. La Bonte belonged in Wyoming and had lived for a number of years on the North Platte in what is now Converse County. La Bonte Creek, which flows into the North Platte and La Bonte Station on the old Overland Trail were named after this old trapper. *(Expedition Utah)*
The next station after Elk Horn was probably La Bonte Station, which several sources agree was a Pony Express station. In August 1860, for an unknown reason, the route apparently changed to include La Bonte as a station. Little existed at the site before that, except for a stock corral. Stagecoaches also stopped at La Bonte but used a separate site from the Pony Express station. The station's exact location has not been identified yet. *(NPS)*

Bed Tick Station: The 1861 Overland Mail Company contract listed Bed Tick as a passenger/mail station stop, and Bishop and Henderson placed Bed Tick as a station on their map between Fort Fetterman and Lapierelle (La Prele). The only other resource that identifies Bed Tick as a potential Pony Express station is Gregory Franzwa who noted Bed Tick Station in his Oregon Trail maps. However, Franzwa did not specifically identify it as a Pony Express stop. *(NPS)*

Orion, August 1: *This afternoon passed, near La Parelle station, the little canon in which the Express rider was last night when a bullet from Indians on the side of the road passed through his coat. About 2½ hours before the station keeper at La Parelle had fired four times at one Indian. At noon we passed a Mormon train 33 wagons long. They were nooning. About midnight, at a station we stopped at to change horses, a dispute arose between our conductor and four drivers who were at the Station. The conductor came to me for a pistol, but before I could hand it to him, one of the men came up and*

commenced cursing him. Another then came up and knocked the conductor down, cutting a bad gash in his upper lip, and telling him he would have killed him if he had had his boots on, and would have killed him then if he reported him. I had not heard the fuss before the pistol was called for, and supposed it was for the Indians, who, it was said, would be dangerous along this part of the road. The four drivers were drunk.

Roughing It: (pg 77-8)

Presently, dreams and sleep and the sullen hush of the night were startled by a ringing report, and cloven by such a long, wild, agonizing shriek! Then we heard—ten steps from the stage—

"Help! help! help!" [It was our driver's voice.]

"Kill him! Kill him like a dog!"

"I'm being murdered! Will no man lend me a pistol?"

"Look out! head him off! head him off!"

[Two pistol shots; a confusion of voices and the trampling of many feet, as if a crowd were closing and surging together around some object; several heavy, dull blows, as with a club; a voice that said appealingly, "Don't, gentlemen, please don't—I'm a dead man!" Then a fainter groan, and another blow, and away sped the stage into the darkness, and left the grisly mystery behind us.]

What a startle it was! Eight seconds would amply cover the time it occupied—maybe even five would do it. We only had time to plunge at a curtain and unbuckle and unbutton part of it in an awkward and hindering flurry, when our whip cracked sharply overhead, and we went rumbling and thundering away, down a mountain "grade."

We fed on that mystery the rest of the night—what was left of it, for it was waning fast. It had to remain a present mystery, for all we could get from the conductor in answer to our hails was something that sounded, through the clatter of the wheels, like "Tell you in the morning!"

So we lit our pipes and opened the corner of a curtain for a chimney, and lay there in the dark, listening to each other's story of how he first felt and how many thousand Indians he first thought had hurled themselves upon us, and what his remembrance of the subsequent sounds was, and the order of their occurrence. And we theorized, too, but there was never a theory that would account for our driver's voice being out there, nor yet account for his Indian murderers talking such good English, if they *were* Indians.

The explanatory notes published by the Mark Twain Project suggest such events may have been deliberately staged. "The altercation may have been less serious than the brothers thought. An unpublished account in the Library of Congress, said to be by someone "well acquainted with the stage route in the early sixties," mentions "Play Killings" which caused the green travelers to tremble with

fear, often pulled off by stage drivers and wranglers, for the traveler's benefit. . . . these "Play Killings" were often written up afterwards as real, which caused eastern people to suppose that eight men out of ten were shot in the west each year.

Lapierelle Station: The 1861 Overland Mail Company contract also listed Lapierelle as a passenger/mail station stop, which Bishop and Henderson listed as Lapierelle (La Prele)—a station between Bed Tick and Box Elder. Franzwa also identifies a La Prele Station on his maps, but he does not specifically cite it as a Pony Express site. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: *29. 25 miles; August 15, 1860: 4:00 pm to 9:00 pm*
Road runs 6 miles (wheels often locked) on rugged red land, crosses several dry beds of creeks, and springs with water after melting of snow and frosts in dry season, thence into the Valley of the Platte. After 17 miles it crosses the La Prêle (Rush River), a stream 16 feet wide, where water and wood abound. At Box -Elder Creek Station good ranch and comfortable camping- ground .

Burton Departs La Préle (pg 150-151)

A little after 4 P.M. we forded the creek painfully with our new cattle-—three rats and a slug. The latter was pronounced by our driver, when he condescended to use other language than anathemata, "the meanest cuss he ever seed." We were careful, however, to supply him at the shortest intervals with whisky-drams, which stimulated him, after breaking his whip, to perform a tattoo with clods and stones, kicks and stamps, upon the recreant animals' haunches, and by virtue of these we accomplished our twenty-five miles in tolerable time. For want of other pleasantries to contemplate, we busied ourselves in admiring the regularity and accuracy with which our consort wagon secured for herself all the best teams. The land was a red waste, such as travelers find in Eastern Africa, which after rains sheds streams like blood. The soil was a decomposition of ferruginous rock, here broken with rugged hills, precipices of ruddy sandstone 200 feet high, shaded or dotted with black-green cedars, there cumbered by huge boulders; the ravine-like water-courses which cut the road showed that after heavy rains a net-work of torrents must add to the pleasures of traveling, and the vegetation was reduced to the dull green artemisia, the azalia, and the jaundiced potentilla. After six miles we saw on the left of the path a huge natural pile or burrow of primitive boulders, about 200 feet high, and called "Brigham's Peak," because, according to Jehu's whiskyfied story, the prophet, revelator, and seer of the Latter-Day Saints had there, in 1857 (!), pronounced a 4th of July oration in the presence of 200 or 800 fair devotees.

Presently we emerged from the red region into the normal brown clay, garnished with sage as moors are with heather, over a road which might have suggested the nursery rhyme,

'Here we go up, up, up,
There we go down, down, down."

At last it improved, and once more, as if we never were to leave it, we fell into the Valley of the Platte. About eight miles from our destination we crossed the sandy bed of the La Préle River, an arroyo of twenty feet wide, which, like its brethren, brims in spring with its freight of melted snow. In the clear shade of evening we traversed the "timber," or well-

wooded lands lying upon Box-Elder Creek—a beautiful little stream some eight feet broad, and at 9 P.M. arrived at the station. The master, Mr. Wheeler, was exceptionably civil and communicative; he lent us buffalo robes for the night, and sent us to bed after the best supper the house could afford. We were not, however, to be balked of our proper pleasure, a 'good grumble," so we hooked it on to another peg. One of the road-agents had just arrived from Great Salt Lake City in a neat private ambulance after a journey of three days, while we could hardly expect to make it under treble that time. It was agreed on all sides that such conduct was outrageous; that Messrs. Russell and Co. amply deserved to have their contract taken from them, and—on these occasions your citizen looks portentous, and deals darkly in threatenings, as if his single vote could shake the spheres—we came to a mutual understanding that that firm should never enjoy our countenance or support. We were unanimous; all, even the mortal quarrel, was "made up" in the presence of the general foe, the Mail Company. Briefly we retired to rest, a miserable Public, and, soothed by the rough lullaby of the coyote, whose shrieks and screams perfectly reproduced the Indian jackal, we passed into the world of dreams.

Box Elder Creek Station: Little is known about the history of Box Elder Creek Station other than several sources agree that it served as a Pony Express station. A man named Wheeler managed station operations at Box Elder, which probably also served as a passenger/mail stage stop under the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. Franzwa does not indicate that Box Elder Station served specifically as a Pony Express station, but he plotted a station with this name on his maps. *(NPS)*

Burton, To Platte Bridge: (pg 151-4)

At 8 30 A.M. we were once more under way along the valley of Father Platte, whose physiognomy had now notably changed for the better. Instead of the dull, dark, silent stream of the lower course, whose muddy monotonous aspect made it a grievance to behold, we descried with astonishment a bright little river, hardly a hundred yards wide—one's ideas of potamology are enlarged with a witness by American travel! a mirrory surface, and waters clear and limpid as the ether above them. The limestones and marls which destroy the beauty of the Lower Platte do not extend to the upper course. The climate now became truly delicious. The height above sea-level—5000 feet—subjects the land to the wholesome action of gentle winds, which, about 10—11 A.M., when the earth has had time to air, set in regularly as the sea-breezes of tropical climes, and temper the keen shine of day. These higher grounds, where the soil is barren rather for want of water than from the character of its constituents, are undoubtedly the healthiest part of the plains: no noxious malaria is evolved from the sparse growth of tree and shrub upon the banks of the river; and beyond them the plague of brûlés (sand-flies) and musquetoes is unknown; the narrowness of the bed also prevents the shrinking of the stream in autumn, at which season the Lower Platte exposes two broad margins of black infected mire. The three great elements of unhealthiness, heavy and clammy dews, moisture exhaled from the earth's surface, and the overcrowding of population—which appears to generate as many artificial diseases as artificial wants—are here unknown: the soil is never turned up, and even if it were, it probably would not have the deleterious effect which climatologists have remarked in the damp hot regions near the equator. The formation of the land begins to change from the tertiary and cretaceous to the primary—granites and porphyries—warning us that we are approaching the Rocky Mountains.

…

After ten miles of the usual number of creeks, “Deep,” “Small,” “Snow,” “Muddy,” etc., and heavy descents, we reached at 10 A.M. Deer Creek, a stream about thirty feet wide, said to abound in fish. The station boasts of an Indian agent, Major Twiss, a post-office, a store, and of course a grog-shop. M. Bissonette, the owner of the two latter and an old Indian trader, was the usual Creole, speaking a French not unlike that of the Channel Islands, and wide awake to the advantages derivable from travelers: the large straggling establishment seemed to produce in abundance large squaws and little half-breeds. Fortunately stimulants are not much required on the plains: I wish my enemy no more terrible fate than to drink excessively with M. Bissonette of M. Bissonette’s liquor. The good Creole, when asked to join us, naïvely refused: he reminded me of certain wine-merchants in more civilized lands, who, when dining with their pratique, sensibly prefer small-beer to their own concoctions.

Burton’s Itinerary 30. August 16, 1860: *20 miles: 8:30 am to 12:00 noon*
Along the Platte River, now shrunk to 100 yards. After 10 miles, M . Bissonette ; at Deer Creek , a post-office,blacksmith 's shop, and store near Indian Agency. Thence a waste of wild sage to Little Muddy, a creek with water. No accommodation nor provisions at station .

Deer Creek: Located just east of present Glenrock, Wyoming, Deer Creek Station, on the route of the Oregon Trail, served as a Pony Express Station prior to its designation as a telegraph station in 1861. According to one early telegraph operator, “Deer Creek was 100 miles west of Fort Laramie, and 28 miles east of where Casper was later situated. It is located 10 miles from Box Elder Station and 10 miles from Bridger Station on the west bank of Deer Creek. The station was owned and operated by an Indian Trader by the name of Bisonette, who was Station Keeper for a while. Deer Creek Station was the name applied in the 60′s, but as that outpost fell into disuse, a settlement grew up at the mouth of Deer Creek, which was called Mercedes. After the discovery of coal, the place was named Nuttall, from Wm. Nuttall, who found and developed the coal property. In 1887 it took the name of Glenrock (when the buildings were moved to the present location), from the sandstone eminence near the refinery.” The name Glenrock means “Rock in the Valley”. (Expedition Utah)
Several sources agree on the identity of Deer Creek as a station for the Pony Express, largely because it appeared on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. Stagecoaches and other travelers stopped here as well. Structures at Deer Creek included Indian Agent Major Twiss' headquarters, a post office, a store, and a saloon operated by an Indian trader named Bisonette. The station's exact location has not fully been identified yet. *(NPS)*

Burton to Little Muddy: (pg 154-5)

A delay of fifteen minutes, and then we were hurried forward. The ravines deepened; we were about entering the region of kanyons. Already: we began to descry bunch-grass clothing the hills. This invaluable and anomalous provision of nature is first found, I believe, about fifty miles westward of the meridian of Fort Laramie, and it extends to the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. On the Pacific water-shed it gives way to the wild oats (*Avena fatua*), which are supposed to have been introduced into California by the Spaniards. The festuca is a real boon to the land, which, without it, could hardly be traversed by cattle. It grows by clumps, as its name denotes, upon the most unlikely ground,

the thirsty sand, and the stony hills; in fact, it thrives best upon the poorest soil. In autumn, about September, when all other grasses turn to hay, and their nutriment is washed out by the autumnal rains, the bunch-grass, after shedding its seed, begins to put forth a green shoot within the apparently withered sheath. It remains juicy and nutritious, like winter wheat in April, under the snows, and, contrary to the rule of the *gramineæ*, it pays the debt of nature, drying and dying about May; yet, even when in its corpse-like state, a light yellow straw, it contains abundant and highly-flavored nutriment; it lasts through the summer, retiring up the mountains, again becomes grass in January, thus feeding cattle all the year round. The small dark pyriform seed, about half the size of an oat, is greedily devoured by stock, and has been found to give an excellent flavor to beef and mutton. It is curious how little food will fatten animals upon the elevated portions of the prairies and in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. I remarked the same thing in Somaliland, where, while far as the eye could see the country wore the semblance of one vast limestone ledge, white with desolation, the sheep and bullocks were round and plump as stall-fed animals. The idea forces itself upon one's mind that the exceeding purity and limpidity of the air, by perfecting the processes of digestion and assimilation, must stand in lieu of quantity. I brought back with me a small packet of the bunch-grass seed, in the hope that it may be acclimatized: the sandy lands about Aldershott, for instance, would be admirably fitted for the growth.

We arrived at a station, called the "Little Muddy Creek," after a hot drive of twenty miles. It was a wretched place, built of "dry stones," viz., slabs without mortar, and the interior was garnished with certain efforts of pictorial art, which were rather *lestes* than otherwise. The furniture was composed of a box and a trunk, and the negative catalogue of its supplies was extensive —whisky forming the only positive item.

Little Muddy: Raymond and Mary Settle, noted historians and experts on the Pony Express, and one other source identify Little Muddy as the next station west of Deer Creek Station. The stone station, erected without mortar, reportedly stood ten miles west of Deer Creek. However, its exact location has not been identified. *(NPS)*

Bridger Station: The Overland Mail Company contract of 1861, as well as Bishop and Henderson, identify Bridger as the station between Deer Creek and North Platte/Fort Casper. Franzwa also specifically mentions the site as a Pony Express station and locates it on his maps *(NPS)*
Note: Plotted a point in Edness Kimball Wilkins State Park. Named after Jim Bridger, as was Fort Bridger and Bridger. Located 10 miles from Deer Creek Station and 15 miles from North Platte Station west of Muddy Creek and north of the Old Emigrant Trail. Bridger Station Post Office was established on July 15, 1869 in Carter County. Edward D. Titus was the postmaster. It was discontinued on October 10, 1871. *(Expedition Utah).*

Burton's Itinerary 31. August 16, 1860: *118 miles: :15 pm to 4:15 pm*
After 8 miles cross vile bridge over Snow Creek . Thence up the river valley along the S . bank of the Platte to the lower ferry. To Lower Bridge, old station of troops. To Upper Bridge, where the ferry has now been done away with .

Burton to Platte Bridge: (pg 155-6)

After about two hours of hot sun, we debouched upon the bank of the Platte at a spot where once was the Lower Ferry. The river bed is here so full of holes and quicksands, and the stream is so cold and swift, that many have been drowned when bathing, more when attempting to save time by fording it. A wooden bridge was built at this point some years ago, at an expense of $26,000, by one Regshaw, who, if report does not belie him, has gained and lost more fortunes than a Wall Street professional "lame duck." We halted for a few minutes at the indispensable store—the *téte de pont*—and drank our whisky with ice, which, after so long a disuse, felt unenjoyably cold. Remounting, we passed a deserted camp, where in times gone by two companies of infantry had been stationed: a few stumps of crumbling wall, broken floorings, and depressions in the ground, were the only remnants which the winds and rains had left. The banks of the Platte were stained with coal: it has been known to exist for some years, but has only lately been worked. Should the supply prove sufficient for the wants of the settlers, it will do more toward the civilization of these regions than the discovery of gold….

Our station lay near the upper crossing or second bridge, a short distance from the town. It was also built of timber at an expense of $40,000, about a year ago, by Louis Guenot, a Quebecquois, who has passed the last twelve years upon the plains. He appeared very downcast about his temporal prospects, and handed us over, with the *insouciance* of his race, to the tender mercies of his venerable squaw. The usual toll is 50 cents, but from trains, especially of Mormons, the owner will claim $5; in fact, as much as he can get without driving them to the opposition lower bridge, or to the ferry-boat. It was impossible to touch the squaw's supper; the tin cans that contained the coffee were slippery with grease, and the bacon looked as if it had been dressed side by side with "boyaux." I lighted my pipe, and, air-cane in hand, sallied forth to look at the country.

Platte Bridge Station: Located 15 miles from Bridger Station and 10 miles from Red Butte Station in the present Fort Caspar area just west of the south end of the marker for Old Platte Bridge. The Station Tender was Louis Guenot.

Casper – From Independence Rock the Pony Express Trail parts proximity with paved highway and heads across country to Casper which began as a ferry site on the Oregon Trail in 1847, when a group of Mormon emigrants, who were camping here, realized that there was money to be made by boating travellers across the North Platte River.

The center piece of the Platte Bridge Station and Fort Caspar was the bridge built here by Louis Guinard in 1859-1860. The bridge superstructure stood on 28 wooded cribbens filled with rock and gravel. Not counting the approaches, the bridge was 810′ long and 17′ wide. The total cost of construction was estimated at $40,000. The toll for wagons to cross was $1 – $6 determined by the height of the river. An additional toll was charged for animals and people. A military post (later named Fort Caspar) was established to protect the span and its traffic. The bridge was used until Fort Caspar was abandoned in 1867. *(Expedition Utah)*

According to Raymond and Mary Settle, in 1859, Louis Guenot built Platte Bridge Station at a cost of $40,000 and then served as its manager. Several additional sources name North Platte or (Fort) Casper as a station, largely because this name appears on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. Other sources mention Platte Bridge Station, on the North Platte River, as the site of this station. Franzwa locates Platte Bridge near Fort Caspar on his maps, but he does not identify either site specifically as a

Pony Express station. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: 32. August 17, 1860: *28 miles: 6:30 am to 12:50 pm*
Road ascends a hill 7 miles long ; land rough, barren , and sandy in dry season . After 10 miles, red spring near the Red Buttes, an old trading -place and post-office. Road then leaves the Platte River and strikes over high , rolling, and barren prairie. After 18 miles, " Devil's Backbone." Station at Willow Springs ; wood, water, and grass; good place for encampment, but no accommodation nor provisions. On this stage mineral and alkaline waters dangerous to cattle abound ..

Burton: 17th August. To the Valley of the Sweetwater. (pg 161-2)

The morning was bright and clear, cool and pleasant. The last night's abstinence had told upon our squeamishness: we managed to secure a fowl, and with its aid we overcame our repugnance to the massive slices of eggless bacon. At 6 30 A.M. we hitched up, crossed the rickety bridge at a slow pace, and proceeded for the first time to ascend the left bank of the Platte. The valley was grassy; the eternal sage, however, haunted us; the grouse ran before us, and the prairie-dogs squatted upon their house-tops, enjoying the genial morning rays. After ten miles of severe ups and downs, which, by-the-by, nearly brought our consort, the official's wagon, to grief, we halted for a few minutes at an old-established trading-post called "Red Buttes." The feature from which it derives its name lies on the right bank of, and about five miles distant from the river, which here cuts its way through a ridge. These bluffs are a fine bold formation, escarpments of ruddy argillaceous sandstones and shells, which dip toward the west: they are the eastern wall of the mass that hems in the stream, and rear high above it their conical heads and fantastic figures. The ranch was on the margin of a cold, clear spring, of which we vainly attempted to drink. The banks were white, as though by hoar-frost, with nitrate and carbonate of soda efflorescing from the dark mould. Near Red Buttes the water is said to have a chalybeate flavor, but of that we were unable to judge.

Red Buttes Station: Located 10 miles from North Platte Station and 12 miles from Willow Springs Station about 200 feet southwest of the Red Buttes Oregon Trail Marker and south of the old Goose Egg Ranch house. Red Buttes Pony Express Station was located on a ridge overlooking the North Platte River at Bessemer Bend. Explorers, fur traders, mountain men and emigrants camped at this site. Although the main route of the Oregon Trail was located a few miles north of this site, many emigrant travelers crossed the North Platte River here for the last time on their trek to the west. They preferred using this favorable ford rather than waiting in line and paying the tolls and ferry fees required at lower crossings. Ample grass, good water and pleasant surroundings made this a favorite campsite for some travelers, since the route to and from the Sweetwater River was three days of rough, dry country and poisonous alkali water.
Pony Express lore recalls than William "Buffalo Bill" Cody, one of the youngest Pony Express riders at the age of 14, made the longest non-stop ride from this station. Completing his own run of 116 miles between Red Buttes and Three Crossings, he found his relief rider had met any untimely death, causing Cody to ride an extra 76 miles to Rocky Ridge Station. He immediately returned from Rocky Ridge to Red Buttes, completing the route in record time. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of Red Butte(s) as a C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. or Pony Express station, also largely because this name appears on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract.

Franzwa specifically lists Red Buttes as a Pony Express stop on his maps. *(NPS)*

Burton to Willow Springs: (pg 162-3)

Having allowed the squaws and half-breeds a few minutes to gaze, we resumed our way, taking off our caps in token of adieu to old Father Platte, our companion for many a weary mile. We had traced his course upward, through its various phases and vicissitudes, from the dignity and portliness of his later career as a full-grown river to his small and humble youth as a mountain rivulet, and—-interest, either in man or stream, often results from the trouble we take about them—I looked upon him for the last time with a feeling akin to regret. Moreover, we had been warned that from the crossing of the North Platte to the Sweetwater all is a dry, and dreary, and desolate waste….

After eighteen miles' drive we descended a steep hill, and were shown the Devil's Backbone. It is a jagged, broken ridge of huge sandstone boulders, tilted up edgeways, and running in a line over the crest of a long roll of land: the *tout ensemble* looks like the vertebræ of some great sea-serpent or other long crawling animal; and, on a nearer view, the several pieces resolve themselves into sphinxes, veiled nuns, Lot's pillars, and other freakish objects. I may here remark that the *aut Cæsar aut diabolus* of the medieval European antiquary, when accounting for the architecture of strange places, is in the Far West consigned without partnership to the genius loci, the fiend who, here as in Europe, has monopolized all the finest features of scenery. We shall pass successively the Devil's Gate, the Devil's Post-office, and the Devil's Hole—in fact, we shall not be thoroughly rid of his satanic majesty's appurtenances till Monte Diablo, the highest of the Californian coast-range, dips slowly and unwillingly behind the Pacific's tepid wave.

We nooned at Willow Springs, a little doggery boasting of a shed and a bunk, but no corral; and we soothed, with a drink of our whisky, the excited feelings of the rancheros. The poor fellows had been plundered of their bread and dried meat by some petty thief, who had burrowed under the wall, and they sorely suspected our goggled friend, Jack the Arapaho. Master Jack's hair might have found itself suspended near the fireplace if he had then been within rifle-shot; as it was, the two victims could only indulge in consolatory threats about wreaking their vengeance upon the first "doggond red-bellied crittur" whom good fortune might send in their way. The water was unusually good at Willow Springs; unfortunately, however, there was nothing else.

Willow Springs Station (Wyoming): Many sources identify Willow Springs as a station, including the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. The Hendersons located this station approximately twenty-eight miles southwest of current-day Casper, Wyoming. According to the Settles, the site at one time consisted of a crude structure without a corral, and it served as a home station for stage lines and a relay station for riders. Franzwa notes Willow Springs in his Oregon Trail maps but does not specifically identify it as a Pony or stage station. Records for the firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell document the Pony Express station entitled "Willow Springs." In 1862, the stage line route via Fort Laramie and the Great South Pass was abandoned for a more southern trail through Bridger's Pass. Thus, within several years, the building at Willow Springs became obsolete and began to collapse from decay. *(NPS)*

Located near Willow Creek and Spring. Located 12 miles from Red Butte Station and 14 miles from Horse Creek Station. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton's Itinerary: 33. August 17, 1860: *33 miles: 2:30 pm to 9:15 pm:*
After 3 miles, Green Creek , not to be depended upon , and Prospect Hill, a good look -out. Then, at intervals of 3 miles, Harper's, Woodworth 's, and Greasewood Creeks, followed by heavy sand. At 17 miles, " Saleratus Lake," on the west of the road . Four miles beyond is " Independence Rock," Ford Sweetwater, leaving the " Devil'si Gate" on the right. Pass a blacksmith 's shop. Sage the only fuel. Plante or Muddy Station ; family of Canadians; no conveniences

Burton to Horse Creek: (pg 163-4)

At 2 30 P.M. we resumed our way through the yellow-flowered rabbit-bush — it not a little resembled wild mustard —and a thick sage-heath, which was here and there spangled with the bright blossoms of the wilderness. After about twenty miles we passed, to the west of the road, a curious feature, to which the Mormon exodists first, *on dit*, gave the name of Saleratus Lake. It lies to the west of the road, and is only one of a chain of alkaline waters and springs whose fetor, without exaggeration, taints the land. Cattle drinking of the fluid are nearly sure to die; even those that eat of the *herbe salée*, or salt grass growing upon its borders, and known by its reddish-yellow and sometimes bluish tinge, will suffer from a disease called the "Alkali," which not unfrequently kills them. The appearance of the Saleratus Lake startles the traveler who, in the full blaze of midday upon this arid waste, where mirage mocks him at every turn, suddenly sees outstretched before his eyes a kind of Wenham Lake solidly over-frozen. The illusion is so perfect that I was completely deceived, nor could the loud guffaws of the driver bring me at once to the conclusion that seeing in this case is not believing. On a near inspection, the icy surface turns out to be a dust of carbonate of soda, concealing beneath it masses of the same material, washed out of the adjacent soil, and solidified by evaporation. The Latter-Day Saints were charmed with their *trouvaille*, and laid in stores of the fetid alkaline matter, as though it had been manna, for their bread and pastry. It is still transported westward, and declared to be purer than the saleratus of the shops. Near the lake is a deserted ranch, which once enjoyed the title of " Sweetwater Station."

Roughing It: (pg 97)

Just beyond the breakfast-station we overtook a Mormon emigrant train of thirty-three wagons; and tramping wearily along and driving their herd of loose cows, were dozens of coarse-clad and sad-looking men, women and children, who had walked as they were walking now, day after day for eight lingering weeks, and in that time had compassed the distance our stage had come in eight days and three hours—seven hundred and ninety-eight miles! They were dusty and uncombed, hatless, bonnetless and ragged, and they did look so tired!

After breakfast, we bathed in Horse Creek, a (previously) limpid, sparkling stream—an appreciated luxury, for it was very seldom that our furious coach halted long enough for an indulgence of that kind. We changed horses ten or twelve times in every twenty-four hours—changed mules, rather—six mules—and did it nearly every time in four minutes. It

was lively work. As our coach rattled up to each station six harnessed mules stepped gayly from the stable; and in the twinkling of an eye, almost, the old team was out, and the new one in and we off and away again.

Horse Creek Station (Wyoming): Located 14 miles from Willow Springs Station and 12 miles from Sweetwater Pony Express Station on east bank of Horse Creek and just north of the old Emigrant Road.*(Expedition Utah)*
Several sources list Horse Creek as a station, including the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. Gregory Franzwa specifically identifies Horse Creek as a Pony Express station in his Oregon Trail maps. Little more is known about this station site. *(NPS)*

Orion: *Friday, Aug. 2.—3 o'clock, A. M., passed over North Platte bridge, 760 miles from St. Joseph. 2 P. M., reached "Sweet water" creek, "Independence Rock," the "Devil's Gap," the "Devil's Gate," and alkali, or "Soda Lake," where the mormons shovel up the saleratus, take it to Salt Lake, and sell it for 25¢ per pound. A few days ago they took two wagon loads. Also, the "Rocky Ride," all within two or three miles of Independence Rock., which is 811 miles from St. Joseph. Passed in the night, "Cold Spring," an ice water spring, issuing near one of the Stations,. Now, or at any time of the year, the men at this Station by scraping off the soil, sometimes only to the depth of six inches, can cut out pretty, clear, square blocks of ice. This "cold spring" is 36 miles from "Independence Rock," and 847 miles from St. Joseph.*

From Roughing It: (pg 97-8)

During the afternoon we passed Sweetwater Creek, Independence Rock, Devil's Gate and the Devil's Gap. The latter were wild specimens of rugged scenery, and full of interest —we were in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, now. And we also passed by "Alkali" or "Soda Lake," and we woke up to the fact that our journey had stretched a long way across the world when the driver said that the Mormons often came there from Great Salt Lake City to haul away saleratus. He said that a few days gone by they had shoveled up enough pure saleratus from the ground (it was a dry lake) to load two wagons, and that when they got these two wagons-loads of a drug that cost them nothing, to Salt Lake, they could sell it for twenty-five cents a pound."

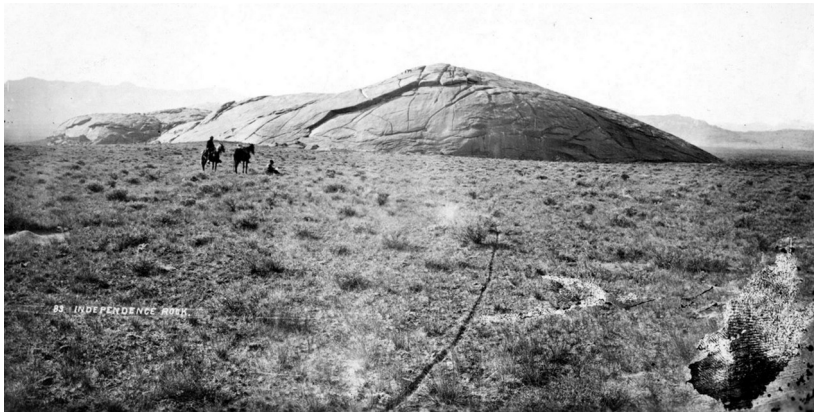
Horace Greeley: But, one hundred and forty miles this side of Laramie, we leave the Platte, which here comes from the south, and strike nearly forty miles across a barren "divide" to its tributary, the Sweetwater, which we find just by Independence Rock, quite a landmark in this desolate region, with several low mountains of almost naked rock around it, having barely soil enough in their crevices to support a few dwarfish pines. Five miles above this is the Devil's Gate—a passage of the Sweetwater, through a perpendicular cañon, some twenty-five feet wide, and said to be six hundred feet high—a passage which must have been cut while the rock was still clay. Here a large party of Mormons were caught by the snows, while on their way to Salt Lake, some years since, and compelled to encamp for the winter, so scantily provided that more than a hundred of them died of hunger and hardship before spring. Many more must have fallen victims had not a supply-train from Salt Lake reached them early in the season. And here is a fountain of cold water —the first that I had seen for more than a hundred miles, though there is another on the long stretch from the Platte to the Sweetwater, which is said to be good, but a drove of

cattle were making quite too free with it when we passed. Here the weary crowds of emigrants to California were to gather yesterday for a celebration of the “glorious fourth,” and I was warmly invited to stop and participate, and I now heartily wish I had, since I find that all our haste was in vain.

Sweetwater Station: Located 12 miles from Horse Creek Station, 6 miles from Devil’s Gate Station and 12 miles from Plant’s Station on north bank of the Sweetwater River and just south of the old Emigrant Road. Independence Rock is about one mile west. *(Expedition Utah)*
Several sources identify Sweetwater as a station. Sweetwater existed as a Pony Express station until the summer of 1860, when officials abandoned the site in favor of Split Rock. Nevertheless, for some unknown reason, it still appeared on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. Franzwa does not specifically identify the site as a Pony Express station. *(NPS)*

Burton at Independence Rock: (pg 164-7)

Four miles beyond this “Waterless Lake”-Bahr bila Ma as the Bedouin would call it- we arrived at Rock Independence, and felt ourselves in a new region, totally distinct from the clay formation of the Mauvaises Terres over which we have traveled for the last five days. Again I was startled by its surprising likeness to the scenery of Eastern Africa: a



sketch of Jiwe la Mkoa, the Round Rock in eastern Unyamwezi, would be mistaken, even by those who had seen both, for this grand *échantillon* of the Rocky Mountains. It crops out of an open plain, not far from the river bed, in dome shape wholly isolated, about 1000 feet in length by 400—500 in breadth; it is 60 to 100 feet in height, and in circumference 1.50 to 2 miles. Except upon the summit, where it has been weathered into a feldspathic soil, it is bare and bald; a scanty growth of shrubs protrudes, however, from its poll. The material of the stern-looking dome is granite, in enormous slabs and boulders, cracked, flaked, seared, and cloven, as if by igneous pressure from below. The prevailing tradition in the West is, that the mass derived its name from the fact that Colonel Frémont there delivered an Independence-day oration; but read a little farther. It is easily ascended at the northern side and the southeastern corner, and many climb its rugged flanks for a peculiarly Anglo-American purpose-Smith and Brown have held high jinks here. In Colonel Frémont's time (1842), every where within six or eight feet of the ground, where the surface is sufficiently smooth, and in some places sixty or eighty feet above, the rock was inscribed with the names of travelers. Hence the Indians have named it Timpe Nabor, or the Painted Rock, corresponding with the Sinaitic “ Wady Mukattab.” In the present day, though much of the writing has been washed away by rain, 40,000—50,000 souls are calculated to have left their dates and marks from the coping of the wall to the loose stones below this huge sign-post. There is, however, some reason in the proceeding; it

does not in these lands begin and end with the silly purpose, as among climbers of the Pyramids, and *fouilleurs* of the sarcophagi of Apis, to bequeath one's few poor letters to a little athanasia. Prairie travelers and emigrants expect to be followed by their friends, and leave, in their vermilion outfit, or their white house-paint, or their brownish-black tar-a useful article for wagons-a homely but hearty word of love or direction upon any conspicuous object. Even a bull or a buffalo's skull, which, lying upon the road, will attract attention, is made to do duty at this *Poste Restante*. ...

About a mile beyond Independence Rock we forded the Sweetwater. We had crossed the divide between this stream and the Platte, and were now to ascend our fourth river valley, the three others being the Missouri, the Big Blue, and the Nebraska. The Canadian voyageurs have translated the name Sweetwater from the Indian Pina Pa; -but the term is here more applicable in a metaphorical than in a literal point of view. The water of the lower bed is rather hard than otherwise, and some travelers have detected brackishness in it, yet the banks are free from the saline hoar, which deters the thirstiest from touching many streams on this line. The Sweetwater, in its calmer course, is a perfect Naiad of the mountains; presently it will be an Undine hurried by that terrible Anagké, to which Jove himself must bend his omniscient head, into the grisly marital embrace of the gloomy old Platte. Passing pleasant, after the surly ungenial silence of the Shallow River, is the merry prattle with which she answers the whisperings of those fickle flatterers, the winds, before that wedding-day when silence shall become her doom. There is a something in the Sweetwater which appeals to the feelings of rugged men: even the drivers and the station-keepers speak of “her” with a bearish affection.

After fording the swift Pina Pa, at that point about seventy feet wide and deep to the axles, we ran along its valley about six miles, and reached at 9:15 P.M.the muddy station kept by M. Plante, the usual Canadian. En route we had passed by the Devil’s Gate, one of the great curiosities of this line of travel. It is the beau ideal of a kanyon, our portal opening upon the threshold of the Rocky Mountains: I can compare its form from afar only with the Bréche de Roland in the Pyrenees. The main pass of Aden magnified twenty fold is something of the same kind, but the simile is too unsavory. The height of the gorge is from 300 to 400 feet perpendicular, and on the south side threatening to fall: it has already done so in parts, as the masses which cumber the stream-bed show. The breadth varies from a minimum of 40 to a maximum of 105 feet, where the fissure yawns out, and the total length of the cleft is about 250 yards. The material of the walls is a gray granite, traversed by dikes of trap; and the rock in which the deep narrow crevasse has been made runs right through the extreme southern shoulder of a ridge, which bears appropriately enough the name of “Rattlesnake Hills.” Through this wild gorge the bright stream frets and forces her way, singing, unlike Liris, with a feminine untaciturnity, that awakes the echoes of the pent-up channel—tumbling and gurgling, dashing and foaming over the snags, blocks, and boulders, which, fallen from the cliffs above, obstruct the way, and bedewing the cedars and bright shrubs which fringe the ragged staples of the gate. Why she should not have promenaded gently and quietly round, instead of through, this grisly barrier of rock, goodness only knows: however, willful and womanlike, she has set her heart upon an apparent impossibility, and, as usual with her sex under the circumstances, she has had her way. Sermons in stones—I would humbly suggest to my gender.

Devil's Gate Station: This station was not mentioned in the 1861 Overland Mail Contract. Located 6 miles from Sweetwater Pony Express Station and 6 miles from Plant's Station.
The Pony Express Route and the Oregon Trail are the same through this part of Wyoming. Split Rock Station and Devil's Gate Station are located one "Oregon Trail Day" apart.
Devil's Gate, a 370′ high, 1500′ long cleft, carved over the centuries by the Sweetwater River, was a major landmark on the Oregon Trail. It provided a pleasant change for weary travelers coming across the rough, dry country from the North Platte River, a four day trek from the east.
According to Shoshone and Arapahoe legend a powerful evil spirit in the form of a tremendous beast with enormous tusks ravaged the Sweetwater Valley, preventing the Indians from hunting and camping. A prophet informed the tribes that the Great Spirit required them to destroy the beast. They launched an attack from the mountain passes and ravines, shooting countless arrows into the evil mass. The enraged beast, with a mighty upward thrust of its tusks, ripped a gap in the mountain and disappeared through Devil's Gate, never to be seen again. *(Expedition Utah)*
A couple of sources identify Devil's Gate as a station, however, Bishop and Henderson noted on their map that the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract did not list the site as part of the official route. Franzwa locates Devil's Gate Stage Station just south of the Devil's Gate rock formation. *(NPS)*

Burton, Sketches of Devil's Gate: (pg 167)

Procrastination once more stole my chance; I had reserved myself for sketching the Devil's Gate from the southwest, but the station proved too distant to convey a just idea of it. For the truest representation of the gate, the curious reader will refer to the artistic work of Mr. Frederick Piercy; that published in Captain Marcy's "List of Itineraries" is like any thing but the Devil's Gate; even the rough lithograph in Colonel Frémont's report is more truthful.

Plant's Station: Located 12 miles from Sweetwater Pony Express Station, 6 miles from Devil's Gate Station and 12 miles from Split Rock Station about 400 feet south of the Sweetwater River. The Station Tender was Plant and was probably the same Plant who was Tender at Split Rock. Believed that Sweetwater and Plant's Stations were abandoned and that two Station Tenders with the same name was further evidence of the abandonment of Plant's Station. *(Expedition Utah)*
L.C. Bishop and Paul Henderson list Plant's or Plante as a station between Devil's Gate and Split Rock. Franzwa and the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract specifically identifies Plant(e)'s as a Pony Express station. Little more is known about this station site. *(NPS)*

Burton at Plant's Station: (pg 167-8)

We supped badly as mankind well could at the cabaret, where a very plain young person, and no neat-handed Phyllis withal, supplied us with a cock whose toughness claimed for it the honors of grandpaternity. Chickens and eggs there were none; butcher's meat, of course, was unknown, and our hosts ignored the name of tea; their salt was a kind of saleratus, and their sugar at least half Indian-meal. When asked about fish, they said that the Sweetwater contained nothing but suckers, and that these, though good eating, can not be caught with a hook. They are a queer lot, these French Canadians, who have "located" themselves in the Far West. Travelers who have hunted with them speak highly of them as a patient, submissive, and obedient race, inured to privations, and gifted with the reckless abandon—no despicable quality in prairie traveling—of the old Gascon adventurer; armed

and ever vigilant, hardy, handy, and hearty children of Nature, combining with the sagacity and the instinctive qualities all the superstitions of the Indians; enduring as mountain goats; satisfied with a diet of wild meat, happiest when it could be followed by a cup of strong milkless coffee, a "chasse café" and a "brule-gueule;" invariably and contagiously merry; generous as courageous; handsome, active, and athletic; sashed, knived, and dressed in buckskin, to the envy of every Indian "brave," and the admiration of every Indian belle, upon whom, if the adventurer's heart had not fallen into the snares of the more attractive half-breed, he would spend what remained of his $10 a month, after coffee, alcohol, and tobacco had been extravagantly paid for, in presents of the gaudiest trash. Such is the voyageur of books: I can only speak of him as I found him, a lazy dog, somewhat shy and proud, much addicted to loafing and to keeping cabarets, because, as the old phrase is, the cabarets keep him in idleness too. Probably his good qualities lie below the surface: those who hide a farthing rush-light under a bushel can hardly expect us, in this railway age, to take the trouble of finding it. I will answer, however, for the fact, that the bad points are painfully prominent. By virtue of speaking French and knowing something of Canada, I obtained some buffalo robes, and after a look at the supper, which had all the effect of a copious feed, I found a kind of out-house, and smoked till sleep weighed down my eyelids.

Burton: Up the Sweetwater - 19th August (pg 168-170)

We arose at 6 A.M., before the rest of the household, who, when aroused, "hifered" and sauntered about all *desœuvrés* till their wool-gathering wits had returned. The breakfast was a little picture of the supper; for watered milk, half-baked bread, and unrecognizable butter, we paid the somewhat "steep" sum of 75 cents; we privily had our grumble, and set out at 7 A.M. to ascend the Valley of the Sweetwater. The river-plain is bounded by two parallel lines of hills, or rather rocks, running nearly due east and west. Those to the north are about a hundred miles in extreme length, and, rising from a great plateau, lie perpendicular to the direction of the real Rocky Mountains toward which they lead: half the course of the Pina Pa subtends their southern base. The Western men know them as the Rattlesnake Hills, while the southern are called after the river. The former—a continuation of the ridge in which the Sweetwater has burst a gap—is one of those long lines of lumpy, misshapen, barren rock, that suggested to the Canadians for the whole region the name of Les Montagnes Rocheuses. In parts they are primary, principally syenite and granite, with a little gneiss, but they have often so regular a line of cleavage, perpendicular as well as horizontal, that they may readily be mistaken for stratifications. The stratified are slaty micaceous shale and red sandstone, dipping northward, and cut by quartz veins and trap dikes. The remarkable feature in both formations is the rounding of the ridges or blocks of smooth naked granite: hardly any angles appeared; the general effect was, that they had been water-washed immediately after birth. The upper portions of this range shelter the bighorn, or American moufflon, and the cougar, the grizzly bear, and the wolf. The southern or Sweetwater range is vulgarly known as the Green-River Mountains: seen from the road, their naked, barren, and sandy flanks appear within cannon shot, but they are distant seven miles.

After a four-miles' drive up the pleasant valley of the little river-nymph, to whom the grisly hills formed an effective foil, we saw on the south of the road "Alkali Lake," another of the Trona formations with which we were about to become familiar; in the full glare of

burning day it was undistinguishable as to the surface from the round pond in Hyde Park. Presently ascending a little rise, we were shown for the first time a real bit of the far-famed Rocky Mountains, which was hardly to be distinguished from, except by a shade of solidity, the fleecy sunlit clouds resting upon the horizon: it was Frémont's Peak, the sharp, snow-clad apex of the Wind River range. Behind us and afar rose the distant heads of black hills. The valley was charming with its bright glad green, a tapestry of flowery grass, willow copses where the grouse ran in and out, and long lines of aspen, beech, and cotton-wood, while pine and cedar, cypress and scattered evergreens, crept up the cranks and crannies of the rocks. In the midst of this Firdaus—so it appeared to us after the horrid unwithering artemisia Jehennum of last week—flowed the lovely little stream, transparent as crystal, and coquettishly changing from side to side in her bed of golden sand. To see her tamely submit to being confined within those dwarf earthen cliffs, you would not have known her to be the same that had made that terrible breach in the rock-wall below. "Varium et mutabile semper," etc.: I will not conclude the quotation, but simply remark that the voyageurs have called her "She." And every where, in contrast with the deep verdure and the bright flowers of the. valley, rose the stern forms of the frowning rocks, some apparently hanging as though threatening a fall, others balanced upon ,the slenderest foundations, all split and broken as though earthquake-riven, loosely piled into strange figures, the lion couchant, sugar-loaf, tortoise, and armadillo— not a mile, in fact, was without its totem.

The road was good, especially when hardened by frost. We are now in altitudes where, as in Tibet, parts of the country for long centuries never thaw. After passing a singular stone bluff on the left of the road, we met a party of discharged soldiers, who were traveling eastward comfortably enough in government wagons drawn by six mules. Not a man saluted Lieutenant Dana, though he was in uniform, and all looked surly as Indians after a scalpless raid. Speeding merrily along, we were shown on the right of the road a ranch belonging to a Canadian, a "mighty mean man," said the driver, "who onst gin me ole mare's meat for b'ar." We were much shocked by this instance of the awful depravity of the unregenerate human heart, but our melancholy musings were presently interrupted by the same youth, who pointed out on the other side of the path a mass of clay (conglomerate, I presume), called the Devil's Post-office. It has been lately washed with rains so copious that half the edifice lies at the base of that which is standing. The structure is not large: it is highly satisfactory—especially to a man who in this life has suffered severely, as the Anglo-Indian ever must from endless official and semi-official correspondence—to remark that the London Post-office is about double its size.

Split Rock Station: From South Pass, the Pony Express Trail followed the Sweetwater River northeastward to Split Rock Station which was located 65 miles north of Rawlins on US287 heading for Lander. Located 12 miles from Plant's Station and 14 miles from Three Crossings Station. The Station Tender was Plant or Plante. Split Rock Relay Station was a crude log structure with a pole corral and was located on the south side of the Sweetwater River.
Split Rock is a massive, cleft up-thrust of igneous material. In this vicinity, Russell, Majors & Waddell erected a stage station in 1859. It can be seen as a cleft in the top of the Rattlesnake Range. This was an important landmark to early travelers, since it can be seen for a full day's journey from the east, and for 2 days behind as they continued westward. There are 35 highway miles between Split Rock

and Devil's Gate.
Pony Express lore tells that William "Buffalo Bill' Cody exchanged horses at Split Rock Station on a record ride from Red Buttes Station to Rocky Ridge Station and back. Due to another rider's untimely death, Cody was forced to do an extra leg to his normal relay and eventually covered a total distance of 322 miles in 21 hours and 40 minutes, using 21 horses in the process. *(Expedition Utah)*
Most sources generally agree on the identity of this station, probably because it appears on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. A French-Canadian named Plante managed operations at the station, known by the stationkeeper's name or the natural formation off to the northeast. Gregory Franzwa does not specifically list Split Rock Station as a Pony Express site, although he does mark it on his maps. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: 34. August 18, 1860: *25 miles: 7:00 am to 11:00 am:*
Along the winding banks of the Sweetwater. After 4 miles," Alkali Lake" S. of the road . Land dry and stony ; stunted cedars in hills. After 12 miles, the " Devil's Post-office," a singular bluff on the left of the road, and opposite a ranch kept by a Canadian . Mail station " Three Crossings," at Ford No. 3 ; excellent water, wood , grass, game, and wild currants

Burton to Three Crossings: (pg 170-1)

Beyond the Post-office was another ranch belonging to a Portuguese named Luis Silva, married to an Englishwoman who had deserted the Salt Lake Saints. We "staid a piece" there, but found few inducements to waste our time. Moreover, we had heard from afar of an "ole 'ooman," an Englishwoman, a Miss Moore—Miss is still used for Mrs. by Western men and negroes — celebrated for cleanliness, tidiness, civility, and housewifery in general, and we were anxious to get rid of the evil flavor of Canadians, squaws, and "ladies."

At 11 A.M. we reached 'Three Crossings," when we found the "miss" a stout, active, middle-aged matron, deserving of all the praises that had so liberally been bestowed upon her. The little ranch was neatly swept and garnished, papered and ornamented. The skull of a full-grown bighorn hanging over the doorway represented the spoils of a stag of twelve. The table-cloth was clean, so was the cooking, so were the children; and I was reminded of Europe by the way in which she insisted upon washing my shirt, an operation which, after leaving the Missouri, *ca va sans dire*, had fallen to my own lot. In fact, this day introduced me to the third novel sensation experienced on the western side of the Atlantic. 'The first is to feel (practically) that all men are equal; that you are no man's superior, and that no man is yours. The second—this is spoken as an African wanderer—to see one's quondam acquaintance, the Kaffir, laying by his grass kilt and coat of grease, invest himself in broadcloth, part his wool on one side, shave what pile nature has scattered upon his upper lip, chin, and cheeks below a line drawn from the ear to the mouth-corner after the fashion of the times when George the Third was king, and call himself, not Sambo, but Mr. Scott. The third was my meeting in the Rocky Mountains with this refreshing specimen of that far Old World, where, on the whole, society still lies in strata,-as originally deposited, distinct, sharply defined, and rarely displaced, except by some violent upheaval from below, which, however, never succeeds long in producing total inversion. Miss Moore's husband, a decent appendage, had transferred his belief from the Church of England to the Church of Utah, and the good wife, as in duty bound, had followed in his wake whom she was bound to

love, honor, and obey. But when the serpent came and whispered in Miss Moore's modest, respectable, one-idea'd ear that the Abrahams of Great Salt Lake City are mere "sham Abrams"—that, not content with Sarahs, they add to them an unlimited supply of Hagars, then did our stout Englishwoman's power of endurance break down never to rise again. "Not an inch would she budge;" not a-step toward Utah Territory would she take. She fought pluckily against the impending misfortune, and—*à quelque chose malheur est bon!* - she succeeded in reducing her husband to that state which is typified by the wife using certain portions of the opposite sex's wardrobe, and in making him make a good livelihood as station-master on the wagon-line.

After a copious breakfast, which broke the fast of the four days that had dragged on since our civilized refection at Fort Laramie, we spread our buffalos and water-proofs under the ample eaves of the ranch, and spent the day in taking time with the sextant—every watch being wrong—in snoozing, dozing, chatting, smoking, and contemplating the novel view. Straight before us rose the Rattlesnake Hills, a nude and grim horizon, frowning over the soft and placid scene below, while at their feet flowed the little river—splendidior vitro —purling over its pebbly bed with graceful meanderings through clover prairillons and garden-spots full of wild currants, strawberries, gooseberries, and rattlesnakes; while, contrasting with the green River Valley and the scorched and tawny rock-wall, patches of sand-hill, raised by the winds, here and there cumbered the ground. The variety of the scene was much enhanced by the changeful skies. The fine breeze which had set in at 8 A.M. had died in the attempt to thread these heat-refracting ridges, and vapory clouds, sublimated by the burning sun, floated lazily in the empyrean, casting fitful shadows that now intercepted, then admitted, a blinding glare upon the mazy stream and its rough cradle….

We supped in the evening merrily. It was the best coffee we had tasted since leaving New Orleans; the cream was excellent, so was the cheese. But an antelope had unfortunately been brought in; we had insisted upon a fry of newly-killed flesh, which was repeated in the morning, and we had bitterly to regret it. …

Three Crossings Station: Three Crossings on the Sweetwater River, so called because the trail crossed the stream three times within ¼ mile. Located 14 miles from Split Rock Station and 12 miles from Ice Springs Station south of the Sweetwater River. A telegraph and stage station of the 1860′s, it was to this station in 1860 that Bill Cody, 15 year-old Pony Express carrier, rode from Red Buttes on the Platte, 76 miles away. There he found that the rider of the 85-miles stretch to Rocky Ridge had been killed. Cody thereupon, without resting, rode to Rocky Ridge and returned to Red Buttes, with eastbound mail, on time. This 322-mile ride is the longest on the records of the Pony Express. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of this site as a Pony Express station, probably because it appeared on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. However, Gregory Franzwa identifies separate stage and Pony stations at Three Crossings, locating the Pony Express station site west of the stage station. According to one source, an English Mormon couple with the last name of Moore managed station operations at Three Crossings, a home station for both stage lines and Pony Express riders. *(NPS)*

Greeley: It was midnight of the 3d, when we reached the mailroute station known as the Three-Crossings, from the fact that so many fordings of the Sweetwater (here considerably larger than at its mouth, forty miles or more below) have to be made within the next mile. We had been delayed two hours by the breaking away of our two lead-mules, in crossing a deep water-course after dark—or rather by the fruitless efforts of our conductor to recover them. I had been made sick by the bad water I had drank from the brooks we crossed during the hot day, and rose in a not very patriotic, certainly not a joyful mood, unable to eat, but ready to move on. We started a little after sunrise; and, at the very first crossing, one of our lead-mules turned about and ran into his mate, whom he threw down and tangled so that he could not get up; and in a minute another mule was down, and the two in imminent danger of drowning. They were soon liberated from the harness, and got up, and we went out; but just then an emigrant on the bank espied a carpet-bag in the water—mine, of course—and fished it out. An examination was then had, and showed that my trunk was missing—the boot of the stage having been opened the night before, on our arrival at the station, and culpably left unfastened. We made a hasty search for the estray, but without success, and, after an hour's delay, our conductor drove off; leaving my trunk still in the bottom of Sweetwater, which is said to be ten feet deep just below our ford. I would rather have sunk a thousand dollars there. Efforts were directed to be made to fish it out; but my hope of ever seeing it again is a faint one. We forded Sweetwater six times yesterday after that, without a single mishap; but I have hardly yet become reconciled to the loss of my trunk, and, on the whole, my fourth of July was not a happy one.

Burton's Itinerary: 35 . August 19, 1860: *35 miles: 5:45 am to 12:45 pm:*
Up a kanyon of the Sweetwater. Ford the river 5 imes, making a total of 8 . After 16 miles, " Ice Springs" in a swampy valley, and one quarter of a mile beyond " Warm Springs." Then rough descent and waterless stretch . Descend by " Lander's Cut-off " into fertile bottom . " Rocky Ridge Station ;" at Muskrat Creek good cold spring , grass, and sage fuel .

Burton: To the Foot of South Pass, 19th August (pg 174-5)

With renewed spirit, despite a somewhat hard struggle with the musquetoes, we set out at the respectable hour of 5:45 A.M. We had breakfasted comfortably, and an interesting country lay before us. The mules seemed to share in our gayety. Despite a long ringing, the amiable animals kicked and bit, bucked and backed, till their recalcitrances had almost deposited us in the first ford of the Sweetwater. For this, however, we were amply consoled by the greater misfortunes of our consort, the official wagon. After long luxuriating in the pick of the teams, they were today so thoroughly badly "muled" that they were compelled to apply for our assistance.

We forded the river twice within fifty yards, and we recognized with sensible pleasure a homely-looking magpie (*Pica Hudsonica*), and a rattlesnake, not inappropriately, considering where we were, crossed the road. Our path lay between two rocky ridges, which gradually closed inward, forming a regular kanyon, quite shutting out the view. On both sides white and micaceous granite towered to the height of 300 or 400 feet, terminating in jagged and pointed peaks, whose partial disruption covered the angle at their base. Arrived at Ford No.5, we began an ascent, and reaching the summit, halted to enjoy the fine back view of the split and crevassed mountains.

A waterless and grassless track of fifteen to sixteen miles led us to a well-known place —the Ice Springs—of which, somewhat unnecessarily, a marvel is made. The ground, which lies on the right of the road, is a long and swampy trough between two waves of land which permit the humidity to drain down, and the grass is discolored, suggesting the presence of alkali. After digging about two feet, ice is found in small fragments. Its presence, even in the hottest seasons, may be readily accounted for by the fact that hereabouts water will freeze in a tent during July, and by the depth to which the wintry frost extends. Upon the same principle, snow gathering in mountain ravines and hollows long outlasts the shallower deposits. A little beyond Ice Springs, on the opposite side of, and about a quarter of a mile distant from the road, lie the Warm Springs, one of the many alkaline pans which lie scattered over the face of the country. From the road nothing is to be seen but a deep cunette full of percolated water.

Ice Springs Station: Bishop and Henderson, as well as the mail contract of 1861, identify Ice Slough or Ice Springs as a C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. station between Three Crossings and Warm Springs. Other sources do not list the slough as a station, but they mention its nearly year-round ice as a well-known landmark. Franzwa locates Ice Spring and Ice Slough separately in his Oregon Trail maps, but he does not list either site as a Pony Express station. *(NPS)*
Located 12 miles from Three Crossings Station and 12 miles from Warm Springs Station just north of the Old Emigrant Road and South of Ice Springs Creek. *(Expedition Utah)*

Roughing It: (pg 98)

In the night we sailed by a most notable curiosity, and one we had been hearing a good deal about for a day or two, and were suffering to see. This was what might be called a natural ice-house. It was August, now, and sweltering weather in the daytime, yet at one of the stations the men could scape the soil on the hill-side under the lee of a range of boulders, and at a depth of six inches cut out pure blocks of ice—hard, compactly frozen, and clear as crystal!

Warm Springs Station: Several sources identify Warm Springs as a station and Gregory Franzwa specifically names Warm Springs as a Pony Express site. He locates it on the Seminoe Cutoff from the Oregon Trail. *(NPS)*
Located 12 miles from Ice Springs Station and 12 miles from Rocky Ridge Station (St. Mary's Station) above the warm sulphur springs. *(Expedition Utah)*

Greeley: Our road left a southerly bend of Sweetwater after dinner, and took its way over the hills, so as not to strike the stream again till after dark, at a point three miles from where I now write. We passed, on a high divide some miles before we were crossing of the Sweetwater, a low swamp or meadow known as "Ice Springs," from the fact that ice may be obtained here at any time by digging down some two or three feet into the frosty earth. We met several wagon-loads of come-outers from Mormonism on their way to the states in the course of the afternoon; likewise, the children of the Arkansas people killed two years since, in what is known as the mountain-meadows-massacre. We are now nearly at the summit of the route, with snowy mountains near us in several directions, and one large snow-bank by the side of a creek we crossed ten miles back. Yet our yesterday's road was

no rougher, while it was decidedly better, than that of any former day this side of Laramie, as may be judged from the fact that, with a late start, we made sixty miles with one (six mule) team to our heavy-laden wagon. The grass is better for the last twenty miles than on any twenty miles previously ; and the swift streams that frequently cross our way are cold and sweet. But, unlike the Platte, the Sweetwater has scarcely a tree or bush growing on its banks; but up the little stream on which I am writing, on a box in the mail company's station-tent, there is glorious water, some grass, and more wood than I have seen so close together since I emerged from the gold diggings on Vasquer's Fork, five hundred miles away. A snow-bank, forty rods long and several feet deep, Ties just across the brook; the wind blows cold at night; and we had a rain-squall—just rain enough to lay the dust—yesterday afternoon. The mail-agent whom we met here has orders not to run into Salt Lake ahead of time; so he keeps us over here to-day, and will then take six days to reach Salt Lake, which we might reach in four. I am but a passenger, and must study patience.

Burton - Warm Springs to Rocky Ridge: (pg 175-7)

Beyond the Warm Springs lay a hopeless-looking land, a vast slope, barren and desolate as Nature could well make it. The loose sands and the granite masses of the valley had disappeared; the surface was a thin coat of hard gravelly soil. Some mosses, a scanty yellow grass, and, the dark gray artemisia, now stunted and shrunk, were sparsely scattered about. It had already begun to give way before an even hardier creation, the rabbit-bush and the greasewood. The former, which seems to thrive under the wintry snow, is a favorite food with hares, which abound in this region; the latter (*Obione,* or *Atriplex canescens*, the chamizo of the Mexicans) derives its name from the oleaginous matter abundant in its wood, and is always a sign of a poor and sterile soil. Avoiding a steep descent by a shorter road, called "Landers' Cutoff," we again came upon the Sweetwater, which was here somewhat broader than below, and lighted upon good grass and underbrush, willow copses, and a fair halting-place. At Ford No. 6 —three followed one another in rapid succession—we found the cattle of a traveling trader scattered over the pasture-grounds, He proved to be an Italian driven from the low country by a band of Sioux, who had slain his Shoshonee wife, and at one time had thought of adding his scalp to his squaw's. After Ford No. 8, we came upon a camping-ground, usually called in guide-books "River Bank and Stream." The Sweetwater is here twenty-five feet wide. About three miles beyond it lay the "Foot of Ridge Station," near a willowy creek, called from its principal inhabitants the Muskrat. The ridge from which it derives its name is a band of stone that will cross the road during to-morrow's ascent. Being a frontier place, it is a favorite camping-ground with Indians. To-day a war party of Sioux rode in, *en route* to provide themselves with a few Shoshonee scalps. ...

We were all animated with a nervous desire for travel, but there was the rub. The station-master declared that he had no driver, no authority to forward two wagonsful, and no cattle; consequently, that the last comers must be last served, and wait patiently at Rocky Ridge till they could be sent on. ...

The station rather added to than took from our discomfort: it was a terrible unclean hole; milk was not procurable within thirty-five miles; one of the officials was suffering sorely from a stomach-ache; there was no sugar, and the cooking was atrocious. ... We were

not sorry when the night came, but then the floor was knobby, the musquetoes seemed rather to enjoy the cold, and the banks swarmed with ‘‘chinches.” The coyotes and wolves made night vocal with their choruses, and had nearly caused an accident. One of the station-men arose, and, having a bone to pick with the animals for having robbed his beef-barrel, cocked his revolver, and was upon the point of firing, when the object aimed at started up and cried out in the nick of time that he was a federal marshal, not a wolf.

Rocky Ridge Station: Located 12 miles from Warm Springs Station and 12 miles from Rock Creek Station on east side of Silver Creek. Known by many as St. Mary’s Station. This was a Home Station and William Reid was Station Tender. The site of St. Mary’s Stage Station, also called Rocky Ridge Station because of a cliff near by, is marked with a stone tablet. The station was built in 1859 by Russell, Majors and Waddell, and when the transcontinental telegraph line was established in 1861, St. Mary’s was made a depot. In May, 1865, while the 5-man garrison hid in an abandoned well, 150 Cheyenne and Arapaho burned the station and cut 400 yards of telegraph wire. When the ammunition in the buildings exploded, they fled. The station was rebuilt, but nothing remains except old square-cut nails, melted glass, broken pottery, and pieces of telegraph insulators.
(Expedition Utah)
The 1861 Overland Mail Company contract listed this station site as Rocky Ridge, but apparently the station was also known as St. Mary's. Several sources identify Rocky Ridge as a station site. Bishop and Henderson place the station between Warm Springs and Rock Creek, while James Pierson locates it between Rock Creek and South Pass. Franzwa describes Rocky Ridge as a "desolate" summit in his Oregon Trail maps, but he does not identify any station site there. On the other hand, Franzwa does list St. Mary's Station in his Oregon Trail maps, but he does not specifically identify the site as a Pony Express stop. He places St. Mary's between Warm Springs Station and Rocky Ridge. Whereas, James Pierson identifies St. Mary's as a station between Three Crossings and Rock Creek. *(NPS)*

Orion: Saturday, Aug. 3. *Breakfast at Rock Ridge Station, 24 miles from “Cold Spring,” and 871 miles from St. Joseph. A mile further on is “South Pass City” consisting of four log cabins, one of which is the post office, and one unfinished. Two miles further on saw for the first time, snow on the mountains, glittering in the sun like settings of silver. Near the summit of the South Pass appears in sight Fremont’s Peak. The wind river mountains, in which we first saw snow, are about 50 miles distant. About 6 miles beyond the very summit of the South Pass of the Rocky mountains, is Pacific station, in Utah Territory, near the Nebraska line., where we got an excellent dinner. Near this Station are the Pacific Springs, which issue in a branch, taking up its march for the Pacific Ocean. The summit of the Rocky mountains, or the highest point of the South Pass, is 902 miles from St. Joseph.*

Roughing It: (pg 87)

In due time we rattled up to a stage-station, and sat down to breakfast with a half-savage, half-civilized company of armed and bearded mountaineers, ranchmen and station employees. The most gentlemanly- appearing, quiet and affable officer we had yet found along the road in the Overland Company’s service was the person who sat at the head of the table, at my elbow. Never youth stared and shivered as I did when I heard them call him SLADE!

Here was romance, and I sitting face to face with it!—looking upon it—touching it—hobnobbing with it, as it were! Here, right by my side, was the actual ogre who, in fights

and brawls and various ways, had taken the lives of twenty-six human beings, or all men lied about him! I suppose I was the proudest stripling that ever traveled to see strange lands and wonderful people.

He was so friendly and so gentle-spoken that I warmed to him in spite of his awful history. It was hardly possible to realize that this pleasant person was the pitiless scourge of the outlaws, the raw-head-and-bloody- bones the nursing mothers of the mountains terrified their children with. And to this day I can remember nothing remarkable about Slade except that his face was rather broad across the cheek bones, and that the cheek bones were low and the lips peculiarly thin and straight. But that was enough to leave something of an effect upon me, for since then I seldom see a face possessing those characteristics without fancying that the owner of it is a dangerous man.

The coffee ran out. At least it was reduced to one tin-cupful, and Slade was about to take it when he saw that my cup was empty. He politely offered to fill it, but although I wanted it, I politely declined. I was afraid he had not killed anybody that morning, and might be needing diversion. But still with firm politeness he insisted on filling my cup, and said I had traveled all night and better deserved it than he—and while he talked he placidly poured the fluid, to the last drop. I thanked him and drank it, but it gave me no comfort, for I could not feel sure that he would not be sorry, presently, that he had given it away, and proceed to kill me to distract his thoughts from the loss. But nothing of the kind occurred. We left him with only twenty-six dead people to account for, and I felt a tranquil satisfaction in the thought that in so judiciously taking care of No. 1 at that breakfast-table I had pleasantly escaped being No. 27. Slade came out to the coach and saw us off, first ordering certain rearrangements of the mail-bags for our comfort, and then we took leave of him, satisfied that we should hear of him again, some day, and wondering in what connection."

Mark Twain devoted two chapters of his book, Roughing It, to Jack Slade. Orion, in a letter to Sam (March 11, 1871) described how they first became aware of Slade:

I don't think we heard of Slade till after we had left Rocky Ridge Station—the last before reaching South Pass station where the clouds looked so low, where we saw the first snow, and where a spring with waters destined for the Atlantic stood within a man's length (or within sight) of another spring whose waters were about to commence a voyage to the Pacific. There was nothing then in a name to attract us to Slade, and yet I remember something of his appearance while totally forgetting all the others. Perhaps the driver's description caused the difference. We got there (to R R Station) about sun up. There were a lot of fellows, young and rough in a room adjoining that in which we sat. They —if indeed it was not in the same room. They were washing in a tin pan, joking, laughing and chaffing each other, and kept it up at the table. I don't remember what they said, or anything they said, but I believe the subject was their hostelry and silly trifles. I think Slade got to the table after every body else did, and shewed good appetite for the bacon slices, &c. I think he was about your size, if any difference rather shorter and more slender. He had gray eyes, very light straight hair, no beard, and a hard, looking face seamed like a man of 60, though otherwise he did not seem over thirty. I think the sides of his face were wrinkled. His face was thin, his nose straight and ordinarily prominent—lips rather thinner than usual—otherwise nothing unusual about his mouth, except that his smile was attractive and

his manner pleasant. Nothing peculiar about his voice. It does not leave a pleasant recollection.—but I don't know in what respect—it was neither very fine nor very coarse. My impression is that he was a division agent, from Overland City to Salt Lake.—having several conductors under him.—one each The one who wanted us to lend him a pistol, I think had about two hundred miles or 240 miles of the road. Slade was not a conductor. He had the conductors and drivers under him. They were a wild and desperate set, and the contractors on the Butterfield line (It seems to me that was the name of the old weekly or monthly line there and when the new daily line came on that he (Butterfield) took his stock south and ran the southern overland route through Santa Fe.,) kept him a long time after they knew of his infernal deviltry, because he was the only man the conductors, drivers and station men held in awe. It seems to me we had got down off the Rocky mountains—no, now may be it was before we reached the foot of the last ridge on this side, after all, that the driver commenced telling about Slade. ...

Rock Creek Station (Wyoming): Several sources list Rock Creek as a station, which also appears on the 1861 contract. However, these sources disagree about its exact location. Bishop and Henderson place the station between Rocky Ridge (after Warm Springs) and Upper Sweetwater/South Pass. Since Franzwa also places a Pony Express station named Strawberry Station between Rocky Ridge and Upper Sweetwater, it was probably the same site. The Settles identify Rock Creek as a station between Warm Springs and South Pass, while Pierson lists it between St. Mary's and Rocky Ridge. Finally, Loving and Bloss locate Rock Creek between Split Rock and Three Crossings. *(NPS)*
Located 12 miles from Rocky Ridge Station (St. Marys Station) and 12 miles from Upper Sweetwater Station near old Lewiston town site. It was thought that because of station's proximity to Strawberry Creek, it should have Strawberry for a station name. The Station Tender was McAchran. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton's Itinerary: 36. August 20, 1860*: 35 miles: 7:45 am to 3:00 pm:*
Up the bed of the creek , and, ascending long hills, leave the Sweetwater. After 4 miles, 3 alkaline ponds S . of the road. Rough path. After 7miles," Strawberry Creek," 6 feet wide; good camping ground ; willows and poplars. One mile beyond is Quaking-Asp Creek, often dry. Three miles beyond lies M 'Achran 's Branch, 33 x 2. Then " Willow Creek," 10 X2; good camping -ground . At Ford No. 9 is a Canadian ranch and store . A long table-land leads to " South Pass ," dividing trip between the Atlantic and Pacific, and thence 2 miles to the station at " Pacific Springs ;" water, tolerable grass, sage fuel, and musquetoes…

Burton, To the South Pass: (pg 177-8)

We rose with the daybreak; we did not start till nearly 8 A.M., the interim having been consumed by the tenants of our late consort in a vain palaver. We bade adieu to them and mounted at last, loudly pitying their miseries as they disappeared from our ken. But the driver bade us reserve our sympathy and humane expressions for a more fitting occasion, and declared—it was probably a little effort of his own imagination—that those faithless friends had spent all their spare time in persuading him to take them on and to leave us behind. I, for one, will never believe that any thing of the kind had been attempted; a man must be created with a total absence of the bowels of compassion who would leave a woman and a young child for days together at the foot of Ridge Station.

The road at once struck away from Fort Laramie the land is all a sandy and hilly desert where one can easily starve, but here it shows its worst features. During a steep descent a mule fell, and was not made to regain its footing without difficulty. Signs of wolves, coyotes, and badgers were abundant, and the *coqs de prairie* (sage-chickens), still young and toothsome at this season, were at no pains to get out of shot. After about five miles we passed by "Three Lakes," dirty little ponds north of the road, two near it and one distant, all about a quarter of a mile apart, and said by those fond of tasting strange things to have somewhat the flavor, as they certainly have the semblance, of soapsuds. Beyond this point we crossed a number of influents of the pretty Sweetwater, some dry, others full: the most interesting was Strawberry Creek: it supplies plenty of the fragrant wild fruit, and white and red willows fringe the bed as long as it retains its individuality. To the north a mass of purple nimbus obscured the mountains—on Frémont's Peak it is said always to rain or snow—and left no visible line between earth and sky. Quaking-Asp Creek was bone dry. At MacAchran's Branch of the Sweetwater we found, pitched upon a sward near a willow copse, a Provengal Frenchman—by what "hasard que les sceptiques appellent l'homme d'affaires du bon Dieu" did he come here ?—who begged us to stop and give him the news, especially about the Indians: we could say little that was reassuring. Another spell of rough, steep ground placed us at Willow Creek, a pretty little prairillon, with verdure, water, and an abundance of the larger vegetation, upon which our eyes, long accustomed to artemisia and rabbitbush, dwelt with a compound sense of surprise and pleasure. In a well-built ranch at this place of plenty were two Canadian traders, apparently settled for life; they supplied us, as we found it necessary to "liquor up," with a whisky which did not poison us, and that is about all that I can say for it. At Ford No. 9, we bade adieu to the Sweetwater with that natural regret which one feels when losing sight of the only pretty face and pleasant person in the neighborhood; and we heard with a melancholy satisfaction the driver's tribute to departing worth, viz., that its upper course is the "healthiest water in the world." Near this spot, since my departure, has been founded "South-Pass City," one of the many mushroom growths which the presence of gold in the Rocky Mountains has caused to spring up.

Ten miles beyond Ford No. 9, hilly miles, ending in a long champaign having some of the characteristics of a rolling prairie, with scatters of white, rose, and smoky quartz, granite, hornblende, porphyry, marble-like lime, sandstone, and mica slate—the two latter cropping out of the ground and forming rocky ridges—led us to the South Pass, the great *Wasserscheide* between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the frontier points between the territory of Nebraska and the State of Oregon. From the mouth of the Sweetwater, about 120 miles, we have been rising so gradually, almost imperceptibly, that now we unexpectedly find ourselves upon the summit. The distance from Fort Laramie is 820 miles, from St. Louis 1580, and from the mouth of the Oregon about 1400: it is therefore nearly midway between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The dimensions of this memorial spot are 7490 feet above sealevel, and 20 miles in breadth. The last part of the ascent is so gentle that it is difficult to distinguish the exact point where the versant lies: a stony band crossing the road on the ridge of the table-land is pointed out as the place, and the position has been fixed at N. lat. 48° 19', and W. long. 108° 40'. The northern limit is the noble chain of Les Montagnes Rocheuses, which goes by the name of the Wind River; the southern is called Table Mountain, an insignificant mass of low hills.

A pass it is not: it has some of the features of Thermopylee or the Gorge of Killiecrankie; of the European St. Bernard or Simplon; of the Alleghany Passes or of the Mexican *Barrancas.* It is not, as it sounds, a ghaut between lofty mountains, or, as the traveler may expect, a giant gateway, opening through Cyclopean walls of beetling rocks that rise in forbidding grandeur as he passes onward to the Western continent. And yet the word "Pass" has its significancy. In that New World where Nature has worked upon the largest scale, where every feature of scenery, river and lake, swamp and forest, prairie and mountain, dwarf their congeners in the old hemisphere, this majestic level-topped bluff, the highest steppe of the continent, upon whose iron surface there is space enough for the armies of the globe to march over, is the grandest and the most appropriate of avenues.

A water-shed is always exciting to the traveler. What shall I say of this, where, on the topmost point of American travel, you drink within a hundred yards of the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans—that divides: the "doorways of the west wind" from the "portals of the sunrise?" On the other side of yon throne of storms, within sight, did not the Sierra interpose, lie separated by a trivial space the fountain-heads that give birth to the noblest rivers of the continent, the Columbia, the Colorado, and the Yellow Stone, which is to the Missouri what the Missouri is to the Mississippi, whence the waters trend to four opposite directions: the Wind River to the northeast; to the southeast the Sweetwater and the Platte; the various branches of the Snake River to the northeast; and to the southwest the Green River, that finds its way into the Californian Gulf. It is a suggestive spot, this "divortia aquarum:" it compels Memory to revive past scenes before plunging into the mysterious "Lands of the Hereafter," which lie before and beneath the feet. The Great Ferry, which steam has now bridged, the palisaded banks of the Hudson, the soft and sunny scenery of the Ohio, and the kingly course of the Upper Mississippi, the terrible beauty of Niagara, and the marvels of that chain of inland seas which winds its watery way from Ontario to Superior; the rich pasture-lands of the North, the plantations of the semi-tropical South, and the broad cornfields of the West; finally, the vast meadow-land and the gloomy desert-waste of sage and saleratus, of clay and *mauvaise terre,* of red *butte* and tawny rock, all pass before the mind in rapid array ere they are thrust into oblivion by the excitement of a new departure.

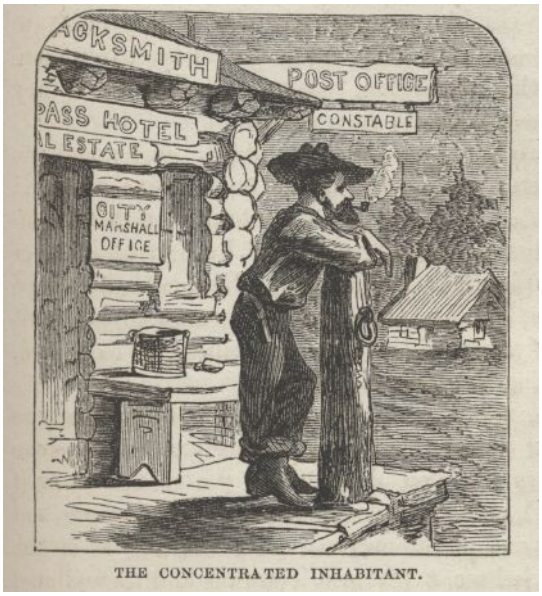
But we have not yet reached our destination, which is two miles below the South Pass ...

South Pass Station: Sources refer to this site as either Upper Sweetwater or South Pass Station but generally they agree on its identity as a station. Two French-Canadians managed station operations at South Pass, near the Continental Divide. Franzwa indicates South Pass in his Oregon Trail maps and specifically identifies Upper Sweetwater Pony Express Station several miles northeast of the pass. *(NPS)*
Located 12 miles from Rock Creek Station and 12 miles from Pacific Springs Station. This location has been known as the "South Pass Station" while it was being used as a military post, as the "Burnt Fork" following the time that it was burned, "Burnt Ranch" and "The Ninth Crossing of the Sweetwater" and Gilbert's Trading Post. Station Tender was Gilbert.
It was used as a Pony Express station, a telegraph station and as a stage station during the period these different enterprises functioned through this area.' South Pass was perhaps the most significant

transportation gateway through the Rocky Mountains. Indians, mountain men, Oregon Trail emigrants, Pony Express riders, and miners all recognized the value of this pass straddling the Continental Divide.
Bounded by the Wind River Range on the north and the Antelope Hills on the south, the pass offered overland travelers a broad, relatively level corridor between the Atlantic and Pacific watersheds. For early travellers passing through South Pass, the gradual incline left them unaware that they were crossing the Continental Divide.
Between 1840 – 1860 an estimated 300,000 settlers traveled through the gap, their wagon wheels leaving deep ruts in the earth. *(Expedition Utah)*
South Pass City This settlement was situated near the place where the overland route left the Sweetwater River. Another town of the same name, still in existence today as a historic site, was founded several miles north in 1867:

Roughing It: (pg 98-99)

Toward dawn we got under way again, and presently as we sat with raised curtains enjoying our early-morning smoke and contemplating the first splendor of the rising sun as it swept down the long array of mountain peaks, flushing and gilding crag after crag and summit after summit, as if the invisible Creator reviewed his gray veterans and they saluted with a smile, we hove in sight of South Pass City. The hotel-keeper, the postmaster, the blacksmith, the mayor, the constable, the city marshal and the principal citizen and property holder, all came out and greeted us cheerily, and wegave him good day. He gave us a little Indian news, and a little Rocky Mountain news, and we gave him some Plains information in return. He then retired to his lonely grandeur and we climbed on up among the bristling peaks and the ragged clouds. South Pass City consisted of four log cabins, one of which was unfinished, and the gentleman with all those offices and titles was the chiefest of the ten citizens of the place. Think of hotel-keeper, postmaster, blacksmith, mayor, constable, city marshal and principal citizen all condensed into one person and crammed into one skin. Bemis said he was “a perfect Allen’s revolver of dignities.” And he said that if he were to die as postmaster, or as blacksmith, or as postmaster and blacksmith both, the people might stand it; but if he were to die all over, it would be a frightful loss to the community.



THE CONCENTRATED INHABITANT.

V. The Overland Trail: West Slope of the Rockies

Burton at Pacific Springs (pg 180-3)

Pacific Springs is our station; it lies a little down the hill, and we can sight it from the road. The springs are a pond of pure, hard, and very cold water, surrounded by a strip of shaking bog, which must be boarded over before it will bear a man. The hut would be a right melancholy abode were it not for the wooded ground on one hand, and the glorious snow-peaks on the other side of the "Pass." We reached Pacific Springs at 3 P.M., and dined without delay, the material being bouilli and potatoes—unusual luxuries. About an hour afterward the west wind, here almost invariable, brought up a shower of rain, and swept a vast veil over the forms of the Wind-River Mountains. Toward sunset it cleared away, and the departing luminary poured a flood of gold upon the majestic pile—I have seldom seen a view more beautiful.

From the south, the barren rolling table-land that forms the Pass trends northward till it sinks apparently below a ridge of offsets from the main body, black with timber—cedar, cypress, fir, and balsam pine. The hand of Nature has marked, as though by line and level, the place where vegetation shall go and no farther. Below the waist the mountains are robed in evergreens; above it, to the shoulders, they would be entirely bare but for the atmosphere, which has thrown a thin veil of light blue over their tawny gray, while their majestic heads are covered with ice and snow, or are hidden from sight by thunder-cloud or the morning mist. From the south, on clear days, the cold and glittering radiance may be seen at a distance of a hundred miles. 'The monarch of these mountains is "Frémont's Peak;" its height is laid down at 13,570 feet above sea level; and second to it is a hoary cone called by the station-people Snowy Peak.

That evening the Wind-River Mountains appeared in marvelous majesty. The huge purple hangings of rain-cloud in the northern sky set off their huge proportions, and gave prominence, as in a stereoscope, to their gigantic forms, and their upper heights, hoar with the frosts of ages. The mellow radiance of the setting sun diffused a charming softness over their more rugged features, defining the folds and ravines with a distinctness which deceived every idea of distance. And as the light sank behind the far western horizon, it traveled slowly up the mountain side, till, reaching the summit, it mingled its splendors with the snow—flashing and flickering for a few brief moments, then wasting them in the dark depths of the upper air. Nor was the scene less lovely in the morning hour, as the first effulgence of day fell upon the masses of dew-cloud—at this time mist always settles upon their brows—lit up the peaks, which gleamed like silver, and poured its streams of light and warmth over the broad skirts reposing upon the plain. ...

The Wind-River Range has other qualities than mere formal beauty. to recommend it. At Horse-shoe Creek I was shown a quill full of large gold-grains from a new digging. Probably all the primitive masses of the Rocky Mountains will be found to contain the

precious metal. The wooded heights are said to be a very paradise of sport, full of elk and every kind of deer; pumas; bears, brown as well as grizzly; the wolverine; in parts the mountain buffalo—briefly, all the noble game of the Continent. The Indian tribes, Shoshonees and Blackfeet, are not deadly to whites. Washiki, the chief of the former, had, during the time of our visit, retired to hilly ground, about forty miles north of the Foot of Ridge Station. This chief—a fine, manly fellow, equal in point of physical strength to the higher race—had been a firm friend, from the beginning, to emigrant and settler; but he was complaining, according to the road officials, that the small amount of inducement prevented his affording good conduct any longer —that he must rob, like the rest of the tribe. Game, indeed, is not unfrequently found near the Pacific Springs; they are visited, later in the year, by swans, geese, and flights of ducks. At this season they seem principally to attract coyotes — five mules have lately been worried by the little villains—huge cranes, chicken-hawks, a large species of trochilus, and clouds of musquetoes, which neither the altitude, the cold, nor the eternal wind-storm that howls through the Pass can drive from their favorite breeding-bed. Near nightfall a flock of wild geese passed over us, audibly threatening an early winter. We were obliged, before resting, to insist upon a smudge, without which fumigation sleep would have been impossible.

The shanty was perhaps a trifle more uncomfortable than the average; our only seat was a

THE SOUTH PASS

kind of trestled plank, which suggested a certain obsolete military punishment called riding on a rail. .The station-master was a *bon enfant*; but his help, a Mormon lad, still in his teens, had been trained to go in a “sorter” jibbing and somewhat uncomfortable “argufying,” “highfalutin’ ” way. He had the furor for fire-arms that characterizes the ingenuous youth of Great Salt Lake City, and his old rattletrap of a revolver, which always reposed by his side at night, was as dangerous to his friends as to himself. His vernacular

was peculiar; like Mr. Boatswain Chucks (Mr. D--- s), he could begin a sentence with polished and elaborate diction, but it always ended, like the wicked, badly. He described himself, for instance, as having lately been “slightly inebriated ;” but the euphuistic periphrasis concluded with an asseveration that he would be “Gord domned” if he did it again.

The night was, like the day, loud and windy, the log hut being somewhat crannied and creviced, and the door had a porcelain handle, and a shocking bad fit—a characteristiccombination. We had some trouble to keep ourselves warm. At sunrise the thermometer showed 35° Fahrenheit.

Roughing It: (pg 99-101)

"Two miles beyond South Pass City we saw for the first time that mysterious marvel which all Western untraveled boys have heard of and fully believe in, but are sure to be astounded at when they see it with their own eyes, nevertheless—banks of snow in dead summer time. We were now far up toward the sky, and knew all the time that we must presently encounter lofty summits clad in the “eternal snow” which was so common place a matter of mention in books, and yet when I did see it glittering in the sun on stately domes in the distance and knew the month was August and that my coat was hanging up because it was too warm to wear it, I was full as much amazed as if I never had heard of snow in August before. Truly, “seeing is believing”—and many a man lives a long life through, thinking he believes certain universally received and well established things, and yet never suspects that if he were confronted by those things once, he would discover that he did not really believe them before, but only thought he believed them.

In a little while quite a number of peaks swung into view with long claws of glittering snow clasping them; and with here and there, in the shade, down the mountain side, a little solitary patch of snow looking no larger than a lady’s pocket-handkerchief but being in reality as large as a “public square.”

And now, at last, we were fairly in the renowned SOUTH PASS, and whirling gayly along high above the common world. We were perched upon the extreme summit of the great range of the Rocky Mountains, toward which we had been climbing, patiently climbing, ceaselessly climbing, for days and nights together—and about us was gathered a convention of Nature’s kings that stood ten, twelve, and even thirteen thousand feet high—grand old fellows who would have to stoop to see Mount Washington, in the twilight. We were in such an airy elevation above the creeping populations of the earth, that now and then when the obstructing crags stood out of the way it seemed that we could look around and abroad and contemplate the whole great globe, with its dissolving views of mountains, seas and continents stretching away through the mystery of the summer haze.

As a general thing the Pass was more suggestive of a valley than a suspension bridge in the clouds—but it strongly suggested the latter at one spot. At that place the upper third of one or two majestic purple domes projected above our level on either hand and gave us a sense of a hidden great deep of mountains and plains and valleys down about their bases which we fancied we might see if we could step to the edge and look over. These Sultans of the

fastnesses were turbaned with tumbled volumes of cloud, which shredded away from time to time and drifted off fringed and torn, trailing their continents of shadow after them; and catching presently on an intercepting peak, wrapped it about and brooded there—then shredded away again and left the purple peak, as they had left the purple domes, downy and white with new-laid snow. In passing, these monstrous rags of cloud hung low and swept along right over the spectator's head, swinging their tatters so nearly in his face that his impulse was to shrink when they came closet. In the one place I speak of, one could look below him upon a world of diminishing crags and canyons leading down, down, and away to a vague plain with a thread in it which was a road, and bunches of feathers in it which were trees,—a pretty picture sleeping in the sunlight—but with a darkness stealing over it and glooming its features deeper and deeper under the frown of a coming storm; and then, while no film or shadow marred the noon brightness of his high perch, he could watch the tempest break forth down there and see the lightnings leap from crag to crag and the sheeted rain drive along the canyon-sides, and hear the thunders peal and crash and roar. We had this spectacle; a familiar one to many, but to us a novelty."

Pacific Springs Station: Pacific Springs is identified as a station in several sources. Located approximately two miles west of the Continental Divide, Pacific Springs served as a relay station for both stage lines and the Pony Express. Franzwa lists Pacific Springs in his Oregon Trail maps, but he does not identify it as any type of station. The British traveler, Richard Burton, in his narrative mentioned that the stage road crossed Pacific Creek two miles below Pacific Springs, and no doubt Pony Express riders followed the same path. *(NPS)*
Located 12 miles from the Upper Sweetwater Station and 12 miles from Dry Sandy Station. Station Tender was Botswain. A favorite camp site for emigrants 'just over the hump.' The water of the spring originates less than 4 miles from the Continental Divide and eventually reaches the Pacific Ocean. Here is the site of a stage and pony express station of the early 1860′s. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton's Itinerary: 37. August 21, 1860: *33 miles: 8:00 am to 12:30 pm:*
Cross Miry Creek . Road down Pacific Creek ; water scarce for 20 miles. After 11 miles, " Dry Sandy Creek ;' water scarce and too brackish to drink ; grass little ; sage and greasewood plentiful. After 16 miles, " Sublette's Cut-off," or the " Dry Drive," turns N . W . to Soda Springs and FortHall : the left fork leads to Fort Bridger and Great Salt Lake City. Four miles beyond the junction is " Little Sandy Creek," 20 -25m2; grass, timber, and good camping-ground. Eight miles beyond-is " Big Sandy Creek," clear, swift, and with good crossing, 110 x 2. The southern route is the best ; along the old road, no water for 49 miles. Big Sandy Creek Station.

Roughing It: (pg 101-2)

We bowled along cheerily, and presently, at the very summit (though it had been all summit to us, and all equally level, for half an hour or more), we came to a spring which spent its water through two outlets and sent it in opposite directions. The conductor said that one of those streams which we were looking at, was just starting on a journey westward to the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean, through hundreds and even thousands of miles of desert solitudes. He said that the other was just leaving its home among the snow-peaks on a similar journey eastward—and we knew that long after we

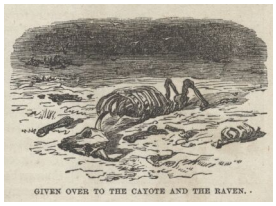
should have forgotten the simple rivulet it would still be plodding its patient way down the mountain sides, and canyon-beds, and between the banks of the Yellowstone; and by and by would join the broad Missouri and flow through unknown plains and deserts and unvisited wildernesses; and add a long and troubled pilgrimage among snags and wrecks and sandbars; and enter the Mississippi, touch the wharves of St. Louis and still drift on, traversing shoals and rocky channels, then endless chains of bottomless and ample bends, walled with unbroken forests, then mysterious byways and secret passages among woody islands, then the chained bends again, bordered with wide levels of shining sugar-cane in place of the sombre forests; then by New Orleans and still other chains of bends—and finally, after two long months of daily and nightly harassment, excitement, enjoyment, adventure, and awful peril of parched throats, pumps and evaporation, pass the Gulf and enter into its rest upon the bosom of the tropic sea, never to look upon its snow-peaks again or regret them.

I freighted a leaf with a mental message for the friends at home, and dropped it in the stream. But I put no stamp on it and it was held for postage somewhere."

Horace Greeley: Passing the Twin Buttes—the distance between the mountains on the north and the hills on the south being not less than thirty miles, and thenceforth westward rapidly widening—we ran down the side of a dry, shallow water-course some five miles, to a wet, springy marsh or morass of fifteen or twenty acres, covered with poor, coarse grass, in which are found the so-called “Pacific Springs.” The water is clear and cold, but bad. Perhaps the number of dead cattle of which the skeletons dot the marsh, made it so distasteful to me. At all events, I could not drink it. This bog is long and narrow; and from its western end issues a petty brook, which takes its way south-westwardly to the Sandy, Green River, the Colorado and the Gulf of California. Hence, toward the south and west, no hills are visible—nothing but a sandy, barren plain, mainly covered with the miserable sage-bush.

Roughing It: (pg 103-4)

We had been climbing up the long shoulders of the Rocky Mountains for many tedious hours—we started down them, now. And we went spinning away at a round rate too.


GIVEN OVER TO THE CAYOTE AND THE RAVEN.

We left the snowy Wind River Mountains and Uinta Mountains behind, and sped away, always through splendid scenery butoccasionally through long ranks of white skeletons of mules and oxen—monuments of the huge emigration of other days—and here and there were up-ended boards or small piles of stones which the driver said marked the resting-place of more precious remains.

It was the loneliest land for a grave! A land given over to the cayote and the raven—which is but another name for desolation and utter solitude. On damp, murky nights, these scattered skeletons gave forth a soft, hideous glow, like very faint spots of moonlight starring the vague desert. It was because of the phosphorus in the bones. But no scientific explanation could keep a body from shivering when he drifted by one of those ghostly lights and knew that a skull held it.

Dry Sandy Station: Sources generally agree on the identity of Dry Sandy as a relay station, although it is not mentioned as a station on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. [61] A young Mormon couple managed station operations at Dry Sandy Station, which Franzwa specifically identifies as a Pony Express site. *(NPS)*
Burton does not mention any stop here but his description of the landscape pertains to this area. There is no mention by Twain of this site.
Located 12 miles from Pacific Springs Station and 15 miles from Little Sandy Station on the west bank of Dry Sandy Creek and just south of the old Emigrant Road. *(Expedition Utah)*

Little Sandy Creek Station: Bishop and Henderson, the U.S. mail contract of 1861, and Pierson identified Little Sandy as a relay station between Dry Sandy and Big Sandy Station. Little Sandy Creek, according to Richard Burton, was near the junction of the Great Salt Lake Road and on the road to Fort Hall, Idaho. *(NPS)*
Located 15 miles from Dry Sandy Station and 13 miles from Big Sandy Station on an elevation west of Little Sandy Creek. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton: To Green River (pg 183-5)

We rose early, despite the cold, to enjoy once more the lovely aspect of the Wind-River Mountains, upon whose walls of snow the rays of the unrisen sun broke with a splendid effect; breakfasted, and found ourselves *en route* at 8 A.M. The day did not begin well: Mrs. Dana was suffering severely from fatigue, and the rapid transitions from heat to cold; Miss May, poor child! was but little better, and the team was re-enforced by an extra mule returning to its proper station: this four-footed Xantippe caused us, without speaking of the dust from her hoofs, an immensity of trouble.

At the Pacific Creek, two miles below the springs, we began the descent of the Western water-shed, and the increase of temperature soon suggested a lower level. We were at once convinced that those who expect any change for the better on the counter-slope of the mountains labor under a vulgar error. The land was desolate, a red waste, dotted with sage and greasebush, and in places pitted with large rain-drops. But, looking backward, we could admire the Sweetwater's Gap heading far away, and the glorious pile of mountains which, disposed in crescent shape, curtained the horizon; their southern and western bases wanted, however, one of the principal charms of the upper view: the snow had well-nigh been melted off. Yet, according to the explorer, they supply within the space of a few miles the Green River with a number of tributaries, which are all called the New Forks. We kept them in sight till they mingled with the upper air like immense masses of thunder-cloud gathering for a storm.

From Pacific Creek the road is not bad, but at this season the emigrant parties are sorely tried by drought, and when water is found it is often fetid or brackish. After seventeen miles we passed the junction of the Great Salt Lake and Fort Hall roads. Near Little Sandy Creek—a feeder of its larger namesake—which after rains is about 2.5 feet deep, we found nothing but sand, caked clay, sage, thistles, and the scattered fragments of camp-fires, with large ravens picking at the bleaching skeletons, and other indications of a

halting-ground, an eddy in the great current of mankind, which, ceaseless as the Gulf Stream, ever courses from east to west. After a long stage of twenty-nine miles we made Big Sandy Creek, an important influent of the Green River; the stream, then shrunken, was in breadth not less than five rods, each = 16.5 feet, running with a clear, swift current through a pretty little prairillon, bright with the blue lupine, the delicate pink malvacea, the golden helianthus, purple aster acting daisy, the white mountain heath, and the green *Asclepias tuberosa*, a weed common throughout Utah Territory. The Indians, in their picturesque way, term this stream Wágáhongopá, or the Glistening Gravel Water. We halted for an hour to rest and dine; the people of the station, man and wife, the latter very young, were both English, and of course Mormons; they had but lately become tenants of the ranch, but already they were thinking, as the Old Country people will, of making their surroundings "nice and tidy."

Beyond the Glistening Gravel Water lies a *mauvaise terre*, sometimes called the First Desert, and upon the old road water is not found in the dry season within forty-nine miles—a terrible *jornada* for laden wagons with tired cattle. We prepared for drought by replenishing all our canteens—one of them especially, a. tin flask, covered outside with thick cloth, kept the fluid deliciously cold—and we amused ourselves by the pleasant prospect of seeing wild mules taught to bear harness. The tricks of equine viciousness and asinine obstinacy played by the mongrels were so distinct, that we had no pains in determining what was inherited from the father and what from the other side of the house. Before they could be hitched up they were severally hustled into something like a parallel line with the pole, and were then forced into their places by a rope attached-to the fore wheel, and hauled at the other end by two or three men. Each of these pleasant animals had a bell: it is sure, unless corraled, to run away, and at night sound is necessary to guide. the pursuer. At last, being "all aboord," we made a start, dashed over the Big Sandy, charged the high stiff bank with an impetus that might have carried us up an otter-slide or a Montagne Russe, and took the right side of the valley, leaving the stream at some distance.

Big Sandy Station: Located 13 miles from Little Sandy Station and 15 miles from Big Timber Station at west edge of the town of Farson and east of Big Sandy Creek. It was burned by Indians in 1862. The Sandy and Little Sandy flow past on the west and south. *(Expedition Utah)*
Several sources identify Big Sandy as a relay station for the Pony Express, including the U.S. mail contract of 1861. When Burton passed through the area, he noted that Big Sandy Creek was a resting stop for the stagecoach and that it was about twenty-nine miles from their previous stop at Pacific Creek. Apparently, a Mormon couple operated Big Sandy Station.*(NPS)*

Roughing It: (pg 104)

At midnight it began to rain, and I never saw anything like it—indeed, I did not even see this, for it was too dark. We fastened down the curtains and even caulked them with clothing, but the rain streamed in in twenty places, notwithstanding. There was no escape. If one moved his feet out of a stream, he brought his body under one; and if he moved his body he caught one somewhere else. If he struggled out of the drenched blankets and sat up, he was bound to get one down the back of his neck. Meantime the stage was wandering about a plain with gaping gullies in it, for the driver could not see an inch before his face nor keep the road, and the storm pelted so pitilessly that there was no keeping the horses

still. With the first abatement the conductor turned out with lanterns to look for the road, and the first dash he made was into a chasm about fourteen feet deep, his lantern following like a meteor. As soon as he touched bottom he sang out frantically:

"Don't come here!"

To which the driver, who was looking over the precipice where he had disappeared, replied, with an injured air: "Think I'm a dam fool?"

The conductor was more than an hour finding the road—a matter which showed us how far we had wandered and what chances we had been taking. He traced our wheel-tracks to the imminent verge of danger, in two places. I have always been glad that we were not killed that night. I do not know any particular reason, but I have always been glad.

Horace Greeley: Twelve miles further on, we crossed Dry Sandy—not quite dry at this point, but its thirsty sands would surely drink the last of it a mile or so further south. Five miles beyond this, the old and well-beaten Oregon Trail strikes off to the northwest, while our road bends to the southwest. We are now out of the South Pass, which many have traversed unconsciously, and gone on wondering and inquiring when they should reach it. Seven miles further brought us to Little Sandy, and eight more to Big Sandy, whereon is the station at which, at four p. m. we (by order), stopped for the night. All these creeks appear to rise in the high mountains many miles north of us, and to run off with constantly diminishing volume, to join the Colorado at the south. Neither has a tree on its banks that I have seen—only a few low willow bushes at long intervals—though I hear that some cotton-wood is found on this creek ten miles above. Each has a "bottom" or intervale of perhaps four rods in average width, in which a little grass is found, but next to none on the high-sandy plains that separate them. Drouth and sterility reign here without rival.

Fort Bridger, Utah, July 8, 1859.

We crossed Big Sandy twice before quitting it—once just at the station where the above was written, and again eighteen miles further on. Twelve miles more brought us to Green River—a stream here perhaps as large as the Mohawk at Schenectady or the Hudson at Waterford. It winds with a rapid, muddy current through a deep, narrow valley, much of it sandy and barren, but the residue producing some grass with a few large cotton-woods at intervals, and some worthless bushes. There are three rope ferries within a short distance, and two or three trading-posts, somewhat frequented by Indians of the Snake tribe.

Burton's Itinerary: 38. August 21, 1860: *32 miles: 1:45 pm to 6:30 pm: Desolate road cuts off the bend of the river ; no grass nor water. After 12 miles, " Simpson 's Hollow ." Fall into the Valley of Green River, half a mile wide, water 110 yards broad . After 201 miles, Upper Ford ; Lower Ford 7 miles below Upper. Good camping-ground on bottom ; at the station in Green River, grocery, stores, and ferry-boat when there is high water.*

Burton: (pg 185-6)

Rain-clouds appeared from the direction of the hills: apparently they had many centres, as the distant sheet was rent into a succession of distinct streamers. A few drops fell upon us as we advanced. Then the fiery sun "ate up" the clouds, or raised them so high that they became playthings in the hands of the strong and steady western gale. The thermometer showed 95° in the carriage, and 111° exposed to the reflected heat upon the black leather cushions. It was observable, however, that the sensation was not what might have been expected from the height of the mercury, and perspiration was unknown except during severe exercise; this proves the purity and salubrity of the air. ... The heat, however, brought with it one evil—a green-headed horsefly, that stung like a wasp, and from which cattle must be protected with a coating of grease and tar. Whenever wind blew, tourbillons of dust coursed over the different parts of the plain, showing a highly electrical state of the atmosphere. When the air was unmoved the mirage was perfect as the sarab in Sindh or Southern Persia; earth and air were both so dry that the refraction of the sunbeams elevated the objects acted upon more than I had ever seen before. A sea lay constantly before our eyes, receding of course as we advanced, but in all other points a complete *lusus naturæ*. The color of the water was a dull cool sky-blue, not white, as the "looming" generally is; the broad expanse had none of that tremulous upward motion which is its general concomitant; it lay placid, still, and perfectly reflecting in its azure depths—here and there broken by projecting capes and bluff headlands—the forms of the higher grounds bordering the horizon.

After twelve miles' driving we passed through a depression called Simpson's Hollow, and somewhat celebrated in local story. Two semicircles of black still charred the ground; on a cursory view they might have been mistaken for burnt-out lignite. Here, in 1857, the Mormons fell upon a corraled train of twenty-three wagons, laden with provisions and other necessaries for the federal troops, then halted at Camp Scott awaiting orders to advance. The wagoners, suddenly attacked, and, as usual, unarmed—their weapons being fastened inside their awnings—could offer no resistance, and the whole convoy was set on fire except two conveyances, which were left to carry back supplies for the drivers till they could reach their homes. On this occasion the *dux facti* was Lot Smith, a man of reputation for hard riding and general gallantry. The old Saint is always spoken of as a good man who lives by "Mormon rule of wisdom." As at Fort Sumter, no blood was spilled. So far the Mormons behaved with temper and prudence; but this their first open act of rebellion against, or secession from, the federal authority nearly proved fatal to them; had the helm of government been held by a firmer hand than poor Mr. Buchanan's, the scenes of Nauvoo would have been acted again at Great Salt Lake City. As it was, all turned out *à merveille* for the saints militant. They still boast loudly of the achievement, and on the marked spot where it was performed the juvenile emigrants of the creed erect dwarf graves and nameless "wooden" tomb-"stones" in derision of their enemies.

Big Timber Station; Bishop and Henderson, as well as the U.S. mail contract of 1861, list Big Timber as a station between Big Sandy Creek and Green River. Gregory Franzwa places this station just east of the Slate Creek Cutoff to the Sublette Cutoff, but he does not specifically identify Big Timber Station as a Pony Express site. Little more is known about this station. *(NPS)*

Located 15 miles from Big Sandy Station and 15 miles from Green River Station probably on north bank of Big Sandy Creek. *(Expedition Utah)*
Google Earth identifies this location as the same as Simpson's Hollow, noted by Richard Burton.

Burton, Simpson' Hollow or Big Timber to Green River: (pg 187-190)

As sunset drew near we approached the banks of the Big Sandy River. The bottom through which it flowed was several yards in breadth, bright green with grass, and thickly feathered with willows and cotton-wood. It showed no sign of cultivation; the absence of cereals may be accounted for by its extreme cold; it freezes there every night, and none but the hardiest grains, oats and rye, which here are little appreciated, could be made to grow. We are now approaching the valley of the Green River, which, like many of the rivers in the Eastern States, appears formerly to have filled a far larger channel. Flat tables and elevated terraces of horizontal strata—showing that the deposit was made in still waters—with layers varying from a few lines to a foot in thickness, composed of hard clay, green and other sandstones, and agelutinated conglomerates, rise like islands from barren plains, or form escarpments that buttress alternately either bank of the winding stream. Such, according to Captain Stansbury, is the general formation of the land between the South Pass and the "Rim" of the Utah Basin. |

Advancing over a soil alternately sandy and rocky—an iron flat that could not boast of a spear of grass—we sighted a number of coyotes, fittest inhabitants of such a waste, and a long, distant line of dust, like the smoke of a locomotive, raised by a herd of mules which were being driven to the corral. We were presently met by the Pony Express rider; he reined in to exchange news, which *de part et d'autre* were simply *nil*. As he pricked onward over the plain, the driver informed us, with a portentous rolling of the head, that Ichabod was an a'mighty fine "shyoot." Within five or six miles of Green River we passed the boundary stone which bears Oregon on one side and Utah on the other. We had now traversed the southeastern corner of the country of Longeared men, and were entering Deserét, the Land of the Honey-bee.

At 6 30 P.M. we debouched upon the bank of the Green River. ... The station had the indescribable scent of a Hindoo village, which appears to result from the burning of *bois de vache* and the presence of cattle: there were sheep, horses, mules, and a few cows, the latter so lively that it was impossible to milk them. The ground about had the effect of an oasis in the sterile waste, with grass and shrubs, willows and flowers, wild geraniums, asters, and various *cruciferæ*. A few trees, chiefly quaking asp, lingered near the station, but dead stumps were far more numerous than live trunks. In any other country their rare and precious shade would have endeared them to the whole settlement; here they were never safe when a log was wanted. The Western man is bred and perhaps born—I believe devoutly in transmitted and hereditary qualities—with an instinctive dislike to timber in general. He fells a tree naturally as a bull-terrier worries a cat, and the admirable woodsman's axe which he has invented only serves to whet his desire to try conclusions with every more venerable patriarch of the forest. Civilized Americans, of course, lament the destructive mania, and the Latter-Day Saints have learned by hard experience the inveterate evils that may arise in such a country from disforesting the ground." We supped comfortably at Green-River Station, the stream supplying excellent salmon trout. The

kichimichi, or buffalo berry, makes tolerable jelly, and alongside of the station is a store where Mr. Burton (of Maine) sells " Valley Tan" whiskey.

The Green River is the Rio Verde of the Spaniards, who named it from its timbered shores and grassy islets: it is called by the Yuta Indians Piya Ogwe, or the Great Water; by the other tribes Sitskidiági, or "Prairie-grouse River." It was nearly at its lowest when we saw it; the breadth was not more than 330 feet. In the flood-time it widens to 800 feet, and the depth increases from three to six. During the inundation season a ferry is necessary, and when transit is certain the owner sometimes nets $500 a week, which is not unfrequently squandered in a day. The banks are in places thirty feet high, and the bottom may average three miles from side to side. It is a swift-flowing stream, running as if it had no time to lose, and truly it has along way to go. Its length, volume, and direction entitle it to the honor of being called the head water of the great Rio Colorado, or Colored River, a larger and more important stream than even the Columbia. There is some grand exploration still to be done upon the line of the Upper Colorado, especially the divides which lie between it and its various influents, the Grand River and the Yaquisilla, of which the wild trapper brings home many a marvelous tale of beauty and grandeur, Captain T. A, Gove, of the 10th Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at Camp Floyd, told me that an expedition had often been projected: a party of twenty-five to thirty men, well armed and provided with inflatable boats, might pass without unwarrantable risk through the sparsely populated Indian country: a true report concerning regions of which there are so many false reports, all wearing more or less the garb of fable—beautiful valleys inclosed in inaccessible rocks, Indian cities and golden treasures—would be equally interesting and important. I cannot recommend the undertaking to the European adventurer: the United States have long since organized and perfected what was proposed in England during the Crimean war, and which fell, as other projects then did, to the ground, namely, a corps of Topographical Engineers, a body of well-trained and scientific explorers, to whose hands the task may safely be committed.

We passed a social evening at Green-River Station. It boasted of no less than three Englishwomen, two married, and one, the help, still single. Not having the Mormonite *retenue*, the dames were by no means sorry to talk about Birmingham and Yorkshire, their birthplaces. At 9 P.M. arrived one of the road-agents, Mr. Cloete, from whom I gathered that the mail-wagon which once ran from Great Salt Lake City had lately been taken off the road. The intelligence was by no means consolatory, but a course of meditation upon the saying of the sage, "in for a penny, in for a pound," followed by another visit to my namesake's grog-shop, induced a highly philosophical turn, which enabled me—with the aid of a buffalo—to pass a comfortable night in the store.

Green River Station: Located 15 miles from Big Timber Station and 20 miles from Ham's Fork Station on the west bank of Green River above the mouth of Big Sandy Creek. McCarthy was Station Tender. *(Expedition Utah)*
Key sources generally agree on the identity of Green River as a station, near an early fording area of the river. Green River served as a home station for both the stage lines and Pony riders. *(NPS)*

Roughing It: (pg 104-5)

In the morning, the tenth day out, we crossed Green river, a fine, large, limpid stream —stuck in it, with the water just up to the top of our mail-bed, and waited till extra teams were put on to haul us up the steep bank. But it was nice cool water, and besides it could not find any fresh place on us to wet.

At the Green river station we had breakfast—hot biscuits, fresh antelope steaks, and coffee—the only decent meal we tasted between the United States and Great Salt Lake City, and the only one we were ever really thankful for. Think of the monotonous execrableness of the thirty that went before it, to leave this one simple breakfast looming up in my memory like a shot-tower after all these years have gone by!

Burton's Itinerary: 39. August 22, 1860: *24 miles: 8:00 am to 12:00 noon: Diagonal ford over Green River ; a good camping ground in bottom . Follow the valley for 4 miles; grass and fuel. Michel Martin 's store and grocery . The road leaves the river and crosses a waterless divide to Black 's Fork, 100 x 2 ; grass and fuel. Wretched station at Ham 's Fork .*

Orion: *Sunday, Aug. 4.—Crossed Green River. It is something like the Illinois, except that it is a very pretty clear river. The place we crossed was about 70 miles from the summit of the South Pass. Uinta mountains in sight, with snow on them, and portions of their summits hidden by the clouds. About 5 P. M arrived at Fort Bridger, on Black's Fork of Green river, 52 miles from the crossing of Green river, about 120 miles from the South Pass, and 1025 miles from St. Joseph.*

Burton: Green River to Michael Martin's (pg 190-2)

After the preliminary squabble with the mules, we forded the pebbly and gravelly bed of the river—in parts it looks like a lake exhausted by drainage—whose swift surging waters wetted the upper spokes of the wheels, and gurgled pleasantly around the bags which contained the mail for Great Salt Lake City. We then ran down the river valley, which was here about one mile in breadth, in a smooth flooring of clay, sprinkled with water-rolled pebbles, overgrown in parts with willow, wild cherry, buffalo berries, and quaking asp. Macarthy pointed out in the road-side a rough grave, furnished with the normal tomb-stone, two pieces of wagon-board: it was occupied by one Farren, who had fallen by the revolver of the redoubtable Slade. Presently we came to the store of Michael Martin, an honest Creole, who vended the staple of prairie goods, Champagne, bottled cocktail, "eye-opener," and other liquors, dry goods—linen drapery—a few fancy goods, ribbons, and finery; brandied fruits, jams and jellies, potted provisions, buckskins, moccasins, and so forth. Hearing that Lieutenant Dana was *en route* for Camp Floyd, he

requested him to take charge of $500, to be paid to Mr. Livingston, the sutler, and my companion, with the obligingness that marked his every action, agreed to deliver the dollars, *sauve* the judgment of God in the shape of Indians, or " White Indians." At the store we noticed a paralytic man. This original lived under the delusion that it was impossible to pass the Devil's Gate: his sister had sent for him to St. Louis, and his friends tried to transport him eastward in chairs; the only result was that he ran away before reaching the Gate, and after some time was brought back by Indians.

Michael Martin's Station: Several notable sources identify Michael Martin's as a station, including Gregory Franzwa, who places it on his Oregon Trail maps as approximately ten or so miles southwest of Green River Station. Michael Martin, a French-Canadian, managed station operations at his trading post, where he sold a wide variety of items. Richard Burton mentions that Michael Martin had a store there, and that in 1860 his stage stopped there for a short rest, making it highly likely that the Pony Express stopped there. However, Bishop and Henderson point out that the 1861 U. S. mail contract did not identify it as a station, indicating it may have been eliminated as a station by March 1861. *(NPS)*

After the preliminary squabble with the mules we forded the pebbly and gravelly bed of the river in parts it looks like a lake exhausted by drainage whose swift surging waters wetted the upper spokes of the wheels and gurgled pleasantly around the bags which contained the mail for Great Salt Lake City

Burton: Michael Martin's to Ham's Fork (pg 192-3***)***

Resuming our journey, we passed two places where trains of fifty-one wagons were burned in 1857 by the Mormon Rangers: the black stains had bitten into the ground like the blood-marks in the palace of Holyrood—a neat foundation for a structure of superstition. Not far from it was a deep hole, in which the plunderers had "cached" the iron-work which they were unable to carry away. Emerging from the river plain we entered upon another *mauvaise terre*, with knobs and elevations of clay and green gault, striped and banded with lines of stone and pebbles: it was a barren, desolate spot, the divide between the Green River and its western influent, the shallow and somewhat sluggish Black's Fork. The name is derived from an old trader: it is called by the Snakes Ongo Ogwe Pa, or "Pine-tree Stream;" it rises in the Bear-River Mountains, drains the swamps and lakelets on the way, and bifurcates in its upper bed, forming two principal branches, Ham's Fork and Muddy Fork.

Near the Pine-tree Stream we met a horse-thief driving four bullocks: he was known to Macarthy, and did not look over comfortable. We had now fallen into the regular track of Mormon emigration, and saw the wayfarers in their worst plight, near the end of the journey. We passed several families, and parties of women and children trudging wearily along: most of the children were in rags or half nude, and all showed gratitude when we threw them provisions. The greater part of the men were armed, but their weapons were far more dangerous to themselves and their fellows than to the enemy. There is not on earth a race of men more ignorant of arms as a rule than the lower grades of English; becoming an emigrant, the mechanic hears that it may be necessary to beat off Indians, so he buys the first old fire-arm he sees, and probably does damage with it. Only last night a father crossed Green River to beg for a piece of cloth; it was intended to shroud the body of his child, which during the evening had been accidentally shot, and the station people seemed to

think nothing of the accident, as if it were of daily recurrence. I was told of three, more or less severe, that happened in the course of a month. The Western Americans, who are mostly accustomed to the use of weapons, look upon these awkwardnesses with a profound contempt. We were now in a region of graves, and their presence in this wild was not a little suggestive.

Presently we entered a valley in which green grass, low and dense willows, and small but shady trees, an unusually vigorous vegetation, refreshed, as though with living water, our eyes, parched and dazed by the burning glare. Stock strayed over the pasture, and a few Indian tents rose at the farther side; the view was probably *pas grand' chose*, but we thought it splendidly beautiful. At midday we reached Ham's Fork, the northwestern influent of Green River, and there we found a station. The pleasant little stream is called by the Indians Turugempa, the 'Blackfoot Water."

Ham's Fork Station: Located 20 miles from Green River Station and 20 miles from Millersville Station at the west boundary of the present day town of Granger (where Ham's Fork flows into the Green River). David Louis was Station Tender. Michael Martin's Station was between Green River Station and Ham's Fork Station and Church Buttes Station was between Ham's Fork Station and Millersville Station. The Granger Pony Express Station was located off US30 just west of Little America on I80. Ruins and a monument now mark the location. *(Expedition Utah)*
Historical sources agree on the identity of Ham's Fork as a station, including the 1861 mail contract. David Lewis, a Scottish Mormon, managed station operations with his two wives and large family. Franzwa lists Ham's Fork Crossing in his Oregon Trail maps, but he does not specifically identify it as any type of station. *(NPS)*

Horace Greeley: Eighteen miles more of perfect desolation brought us to the next mail company's station on Black's Fork, at the junction of Ham's Fork, two-large mill-streams that rise in the mountains south and west of this point, and run together into Green River. They have scarcely any timber on their banks, but a sufficiency of bushes—bitter cottonwood, willow, choke-cherry, and some others new to me —with more grass than I have found this side of the South Pass.

…

We passed yesterday the two places at which a body of Mormons late in 1857, surprised and burned the supply-trains following in the rear of the federal troops sent against them. The wagons were burned in corral, and the place where each stood is still distinctly marked on the ground.

…

We have for the last two days been passing scores of good log or ox-chains—in one instance, a hundred feet together—which, having been thrown away by California emigrants to lighten the loads of their famished, failing cattle, have lain in the road for months, if not years, passed and noted by thousands, but by none thought worth picking up. One would suppose that the traders, the herdsinen, the Indians, or some other of the residents of this region, would deem these chains worth having, but they do not.

...

On the other side of the Pass, we had mainly clear, hot days; on this side, they are cloudy and cool. We had a little shower of rain with abundance of wind night before last, another

shower last night, and more rain is now threatened. Yet all old residents assure me that rain in Summer is very rare throughout this region….
We stop to-night at a point only one hundred miles from Salt Lake, with two rugged mountains to cross, so that we are not to reach that stopping-place till Monday.

Burton's Itinerary: 40. August 22, 1860*: 20 miles: 2:00 pm to 5:15 pm:*
Ford Ham 's Fork . After 12 miles the road forks at the 2d striking of Ham 's Fork , both branches leading to Fort Bridger. Mail takes the left hand path. Then Black 's Fork, 20 x 2 , clear and pretty valley, with grass and fuel, cotton-wood and yellow currants. Cross the stream 3 times. After 12 miles, " Church Butte." Ford Smith 's Fork, 30 feet wide and shallow , a tributary of Black 's Fork. Station at Millersville on Smith 's Fork ; large store and good accommodation

Burton, Ham's Fork to Church Butte (pg 193-5):

The station was kept by an Irishman and a Scotchman— Dawvid Lewis:" it was a disgrace; the squalor and filth were worse almost than the two—Cold Springs and Rock Creek—which we called our horrors, and which had always seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of Western discomfort. The shanty was made of dry stone piled up against a dwarf cliff to save back wall, and ignored. doors and windows. The flies—unequivocal sign of unclean living!—darkened the table and covered every thing put upon it; the furniture, which mainly consisted of the different parts of wagons, was broken, and all in disorder; the walls were impure, the floor filthy. The reason was at once apparent. Two Irish-women, sisters, were married to Mr. Dawvid, and the house was full of "childer," the noisiest and most rampageous of their kind. I could hardly look upon the scene without disgust. ...

A more extended acquaintance with the regions west of the Wasach taught me that the dirt and discomfort were the growth of the land. To give the poor devils their due, Dawvid was civil and intelligent, though a noted dawdler, as that rare phenomenon, a Scotch idler, generally is. Moreover, his wives were not deficient in charity ; several Indians came to the door, and none went away without a "bit" and a "sup." During the process of sketching one of these men, a Snake, distinguished by his vermilion'd hair-parting, eyes blackened, as if by lines of soot or surma, and delicate Hindoo-like hands, my eye fell upon the German-silver handle of a Colt's revolver, which had been stowed away under the blankets, and a revolver in the Lamanite's hands breeds evil suspicions.

Again we advanced. The air was like the breath of a furnace; the sun was a blaze of fire—accounting, by-the-by, for the fact that the human nose in these parts seems invariably to become cherry-red —all the nullahs were dried up, and the dust-pillars and mirage were the only moving objects on the plain. Three times we forded Black's Fork, and then debouched once more upon a long flat. The ground was scattered over with pebbles of granite, obsidian, flint, and white, yellow, and smoky quartz, all water-rolled. After twelve miles we passed Church Butte, one of many curious formations lying to the left hand or south of the road. This isolated mass of stiff clay has been cut and ground by wind and rain into folds and hollow channels which from a distance perfectly simulate the pillars, groins, and massive buttresses of a ruinous Gothic cathedral. The foundation is level, except where masses have been swept down by the rain, and not a blade of grass grows upon any part. An architect of genius might profitably study this work of Nature: upon that subject, however, I

shall presently have more to say. 'The Butte is highly interesting in a geological point of view; it shows the elevation of the adjoining plains in past ages, before partial deluges and the rains of centuries had effected the great work of degradation.

Church Butte Station: James Pierson lists Church Buttes as a relay station, while Gregory Franzwa mentions the Church Butte Stage Station, but makes no connection between it and the Pony Express. Bishop and Henderson note that the 1861 U. S. mail contract does not list Church Butte as a station. *(NPS)*

Burton, Church Butte to Millersville (pg 195-196):

Again we sighted the pretty valley of Black's Fork, whose cool clear stream flowed merrily over its pebbly bed. The road was now populous with Mormon emigrants; some had good teams, others hand-carts, which looked like a cross between a wheel-barrow and a tax-cart. There was nothing repugnant in the demeanor of the party; they had been civilized by traveling, and the younger women, who walked together and apart from the men, were not too surly to exchange a greeting. The excessive barrenness of the land presently diminished; gentian and other odoriferous herbs appeared, and the greasewood, which somewhat reminded me of the Sindhian camel-thorn, was of a lighter green than elsewhere, and presented a favorable contrast with the dull glaucous hues of the eternal prairie sage. We passed a dwarf copse so strewed with the bones of cattle as to excite our astonishment: Macarthy told us that it was the place where the 2d Dragoons encamped in 1857, and lost a number of their horses by cold and starvation. The wolves and coyotes seemed to have retained a predilection for the spot; we saw troops of them in their favorite "location"—the crest of some little rise, whence they could keep a sharp look-out upon any likely addition to their scanty larder.

After sundry steep inclines we forded another little stream, with a muddy bed, shallow, and about thirty feet wide: it is called Smith's Fork, rises in the " Bridger Range" of the Uinta Hulls, and sheds into Black's Fork, the main drain of these parts. On the other side stood Millersville, a large ranch with a whole row of unused and condemned wagons drawn up on one side. We arrived at 5:15 P.M., having taken three hours and fifteen minutes to get over twenty miles. The tenement was made of the component parts of vehicles, the chairs had backs of yoke-bows, and the fences which surrounded the corral were of the same material. The station was kept by one Holmes, an American Mormon, and an individual completely the reverse of genial; he dispensed his words as if shelling out coin, and he was never—by us at least—seen to smile. His wife was a pretty young English woman, who had spent the best part of her life between London and Portsmouth; when alone with me she took the opportunity of asking some few questions about old places, but this most innocent *tête-à-tète* was presently interrupted by the protrusion through the open door of a t*ête de mari au naturel*, with a truly *renfrogné* and vinegarish aspect, which made him look like a calamity. After supplying us with a supper which was clean and neatly served, the pair set out for an evening ride, and toward night we heard the scraping of a violin, which reminded me of Tommaso Scarafageio:

"Detto il sega del villagio
Perché suona il violino."

The “fiddle” was a favorite instrument with Mr. Joseph Smith, as the harp with David; the Mormons, therefore, at the instance of their prophet, are not a little addicted to the use of the bow. We spent a comfortable night at Millersville. After watching the young moon as she sailed through the depths of a firmament unstained by the least fleck of mist, we found some scattered volumes which rendered us independent of our unsocial Yankee host.

Millersville Station (Wyoming): The station received its name from A. B. Miller, a partner of William Russell and William Waddell. Located 20 miles from Ham’s Fork Station and 12 miles from Fort Bridger. Reported to have been at or near where the old Emigrant Road crossed Smith’s Fork. This was formerly Jack Robinson’s Trading Post and the Station Tender was Holmes. An early stage station named for a well known stage driver. *(Expedition Utah)*
Several sources pinpoint Millersville as a station, including the 1861 mail contract. The station received its name from A. B. Miller, a partner of William Russell and William Waddell. A Mormon named Holmes ran a trading post at the site, and also managed station operations there. In his research, Franzwa mentions Millersville Stage Station which shared its facilities with the Pony Express.*(NPS)*

Burton, Millersville to Fort Bridger (pg 196):

We breakfasted early the next morning, and gladly settled accounts with the surly Holmes, who had infected — probably by following the example of Mr. Caudle in later life —his pretty wife with his own surliness. Shortly after starting—at 8:30 A.M.—we saw a little clump of seven Indian lodges, which our experience soon taught us were the property of a white; the proprietor met us on the road, and was introduced with due ceremony by Mr. Macarthy. “Uncle Jack” (Robinson, really) is a well-known name between South Pass and Great Salt Lake City; he has spent thirty-four years in the mountains, and has saved. Some $75,000, which have been properly invested at St. Louis; as might be expected, he prefers the home of his adoption and his Indian spouse, who has made him the happy father of I know not how many children, to good society and bad air farther east.

Our road lay along the valley of Black’s Fork, which here flows from the southwest to the northeast; the bottom produced in plenty luxuriant grass, the dandelion, and the purple aster, thickets of a shrub-like hawthorn (cratœgus), black and white currants, the willow and the cotton-wood. When almost in sight of the military post we were addressed by two young officers, one of them an assistant surgeon, who had been engaged in the healthful and exciting pursuit of a badger, whose markings, by-the-by, greatly differ from the European; they recognized the uniform, and accompanied us to the station.

Burton’s Itinerary: 41. August 23, 1860: *25 miles: 8:30 am to 12:15 pm:*
Road runs up the valley of Black 's Fork . After 12 miles, Fort Bridger, in N . lat.41°18 ' 12", and W . long. 110° 32' 23", on Black 's Fork of Green River. Commands Indian trade, fuel, corn ; little grass. Post - office, sutler's store, grocery, and other conveniences. Thence rough and rolling ground to Muddy Creek Hill ; steep and stony descent. Over a fertile bottom to Big Muddy and Little Muddy Creek, which emptiesinto Black 's Fork below Fort Bridger . At Muddy Creek Station there is a Canadian, provisions, excellent milk ; no stores

Fort Bridger Station: Named after Jim Bridger. The first owner of the fort was perhaps the most picturesque figure in early Wyoming. He was often called the 'Daniel' Boone of the Rockies. Fort Bridger, which he built and Bridger's Pass, which he discovered were named for him. This historical fort has several interesting old buildings still standing; the old pony express barn and the Mormon protective wall are still in existence there, and fitting ceremonies will make this site one of the landmarks for history.
It was located 12 miles from Millersville Station and 12 miles from Muddy Station. Thomas O. King was a rider here. According to "Saddles and Spurs by Settle and Settle" he is credited with making the longest ride, which was from Salt Lake to Hams Fork, a distance of 149 miles.
Fort Bridger was established in 1843 (1842?) by Jim Bridger and Louis (Benito) Vasquez. Strategically located on the Black's Fork River, the fort was second only to Fort Laramie as the most important outfitting point for the emigrants and Mormons travelling the Oregon Trail on the Overland Route between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast.
Some of the buildings constructed during the Army occupation from 1858 – 1890 are in ruins, but many still stand, preserved and maintained as a reminder of Wyoming's past. A museum houses artifacts of Indian cultures and the periods of military occupancy. Living-history interpretive demonstrations on military and pioneer life are presented throughout the summer.
Fort Bridger, Wyoming is situated near Carter's Station, Union Pacific Railroad, Uinta County; now a town of that name. *(Expedition Utah)*
Note: (coordinates given by Expedition Utah differ).
Fort Bridger is identified as a station site by several sources, but these resources disagree about its function as a Pony Express station. Raymond and Mary Settle suggest that the fort did not serve as a Pony or stage station because there was insufficient grazing land on the government's property. According to them, riders probably stopped briefly to get the mail at Judge W. A. Carter's store and post office before heading to Muddy Creek Station. Pierson, however, argues that a station existed in the fort's quartermaster building. In 1857, General A. S. Johnston's Army of Utah established winter quarters at the fort and maintained a supply contract with the freighting firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell's—the same firm that operated the Pony Express. This connection, according to Pierson, provides a logical reason for a Pony Express station to exist at Fort Bridger. Franzwa lists Fort Bridger in his Oregon Trail maps, but the trail historian does not identify it as a stage or Pony Express station. *(NPS)*

Roughing It: (pg 105)

At five P.M. we reached Fort Bridger, one hundred and seventeen miles from the South Pass, and one thousand and twenty-five miles from St. Joseph. Fifty-two miles further on, near the head of Echo Canyon, we met sixty United States soldiers from Camp Floyd. The day before, they had fired upon three hundred or four hundred Indians, whom they supposed gathered together for no good purpose. In the fight that had ensued, four Indians were captured, and the main body chased four miles, but nobody killed. This looked like business. We had a notion to get out and join the sixty soldiers, but upon reflecting that there were four hundred of the Indians, we concluded to go on and join the Indians.

Greeley: Fort Bridger, whence my last was sent, may be regarded as the terminus in this direction of the Great American Desert. Not that the intervening country is fertile or productive, for it is neither; but at Bridger its character visibly changes. The hills we here

approach are thinly covered with a straggling growth of low, scraggy cedar; the sage-bush continues even into this valley, but it is no longer universal and almost alone; grass is more frequent and far more abundant; Black's Fork, which, a few miles below, runs whitish with the clay-wash of the desert, is here a clear, sparkling mountain torrent, divided into half a dozen streams by the flat, pebbly islets on which the little village—or rather post—is located; …

Burton at Fort Bridger (pg 196-9)

Fort Bridger lies 124 miles from Great Salt Lake City ; according to the drivers, however, the road might be considerably shortened. The position is a fertile basin cut into a number of bits by Black's Fork, which disperses itself into four channels about 1.5 mile above the station, and forms again a single bed about two miles below. 'The fort is situated upon the westernmost islet. It is, as usual, a mere cantonment, without any attempt at fortification, and at the time of my visit was garrisoned by two companies of foot, under the command of Captain F. Gardner, of the 10th Regiment. The material of the houses is pine and cedar brought from the Uinta Hills, whose black flanks supporting snowy cones rise at the distance of about thirty-five miles. They are a sanitarium, except in winter, when under their influence the mercury sinks to —20° F., not much less rigorous than Minnesota, and they are said to shelter grizzly bears and an abundance of smaller game.

The fort was built by Colonel James Bridger, now the oldest trapper on the Rocky Mountains, of whom Messrs. Frémont and Stansbury have both spoken in the highest terms. He divides with Christopher Carson, the Kit Carson of the Wind River and the Sierra Nevada explorations, the honor of being the best guide and interpreter in the Indian country: the palm for prudence is generally given to the former; for dash and hard fighting to the latter, although, it is said, the mildest mannered of men. Colonel Bridger, when an Indian trader, placed this post upon a kind of neutral ground between the Snakes and Crows (Hapsaroke) on the north, the Ogalalas and other Sioux to the east, the Arapahoes and Cheyennes on the south, and the various tribes of Yutas (Utahs) on the southwest. He had some difficulties with the Mormons, and Mrs. Mary Ettie Smith, in a volume concerning which something will be said at a future opportunity, veraciously reports his barbarous murder, some years ago, by the Danite band. He was at the time of my visit absent on an exploratory expedition with Captain Reynolds. |

Arrived at Fort Bridger, our first thought was to replenish our whisky-keg: its emptiness was probably due to the "'rapid evaporation in such an elevated region imperfectly protected by timber;" but, however that may be,I never saw liquor disappear at such a rate before. *Par parenthése*, our late friends the officials had scarcely been more fortunate: they had watched their whisky with the eyes of Argus, yet, as the driver facetiously remarked, though the quantity did not diminish too rapidly, the quality lost strength every day. We were conducted by Judge Carter to a building which combined the function of post-office and sutler's store, the judge being also sutler, and performing both parts, I believe, to the satisfaction of every one. After laying in an ample provision of biscuits for Miss May and korn-schnapps for ourselves, we called upon the commanding officer, who introduced us to his officers, and were led by Captain Cumming to his quarters, where, by means of chat, "solace-tobacco," and toddy—which in these regions

signifies “cold with”—we soon worked our way through the short three quarters of an hour allowed us. The officers complained very naturally of their isolation and unpleasant duty, which principally consists in keeping the roads open for, and the Indians from cutting off, parties of unmanageable emigrants, who look upon the federal army as their humblest servants. At Camp Scott, near Bridger, the army of the federal government halted under canvas during the severe winter of 1857-1858, and the subject is still sore to military ears.

We left Bridger at 10 A.M. Macarthy explained away the disregard for the comfort of the public on the part of the contractors in not having a station at the fort by declaring that they could obtain no land in a government reservation; moreover, that forage there would be scarce and dear, while the continual influx of Indians would occasion heavy losses in cattle. At Bridger the road forks: the northern line leads to Soda or Beer Springs, the southern to Great Salt Lake City. Following the latter, we crossed the rough timber bridges that spanned the net-work of streams, and entered upon another expanse of degraded ground, covered as usual with water-rolled pebbles of granite and porphyry, flint and greenstone. On the left was a butte with steep bluff sides, called the Race-course: the summit, a perfect: mesa, is said to be quite level, and to measure exactly a mile round—the rule of the American hippodrome. Like these earth formations generally, it points out the ancient level of the land before water had washed away the outer film of earth’s crust. The climate in this part, as indeed every where between the South Pass and the Great Salt Lake Valley, was an exaggeration of the Italian, with hot days, cool nights, and an incomparable purity and tenuity of atmosphere. We passed on the way a party of emigrants, numbering 359 souls and driving 389 wagons. They were commanded by the patriarch of Mormondom, otherwise Captain John Smith, the eldest son of Hyrum Smith, a brother of Mr. Joseph Smith the Prophet, and who, being a child at the time of the murderous affair at Carthage, escaped being coiffe’d with the crown of martyrdom. He rose to the patriarchate on the 18th of February, 1855; his predecessor was “old John Smith”’—uncle to Mr. Joseph, and successor to Mr, Hyrum Smith—who died the 23d of May, 1854. He was a fair-complexioned man, with light hair. His followers accepted gratefully some provisions with which we could afford to part.

After passing the Mormons we came upon a descent which appeared little removed from an angle of 35°, and suggested the propriety of walking down. There was an attempt at a zigzag, and, for the benefit of wagons, a rough wall of stones had been run along the sharper corners. At the foot of the hill we remounted, and, passing through a wooded bottom, reached at 12:15 P.M.—after fording the Big Muddy—Little Muddy Creek, upon whose banks stood the station. Both these streams are branches of the Ham’s Fork of Green River; and, according to the well-known “rule of contrairy,” their waters are clear as crystal, showing every pebble in their beds.

Muddy Creek Station: Several sources identify Muddy or Muddy Creek as a station, including the 1861 contract. A French-Canadian and his English wife served as stationkeepers. Little more is known about the station. *(NPS)*
Located 12 miles from Fort Bridger and 11 miles from Quaking Aspen Station on north side of Muddy Creek. It was a Home Station. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton: at Little Muddy (pg 199-200)

Little Muddy was kept by a Canadian, a chatty, lively, good-humored fellow blessed with a sour English wife. Possibly the heat—the thermometer showed 95° F', in the shade—had turned her temper; fortunately, it had not similarly affected the milk and cream, which were both unusually good. Jean-Baptiste, having mistaken me for a *Francaise de France*, a being which he seemed to regard as little lower than the angels—I was at no pains to disabuse him—was profuse in his questionings concerning his imperial majesty, the emperor, carefully confounding him with the first of the family; and so pleased was he with my responses, that for the first time on that route I found a man ready to spurn *cet animal feroce qu'on appelle la piéce de cinq francs*—in other words, the "almighty dollar." .

We bade adieu to Little Muddy at noon, and entered a new country, a broken land of spurs and hollows, in parts absolutely bare, in others clothed with a thick vegetation. Curiously shaped hills, and bluffs of red earth capped with a clay which much resembled snow, bore a thick growth of tall firs and pines whose sombre uniform contrasted strangely with the brilliant leek-like, excessive green foliage, and the tall, note-paper-colored trunks of the ravine-loving quaking asp (Populus tremuloides), The mixture of colors was bizarre in the extreme, and the lay of the land, an uncouth system of converging, diverging, and parallel ridges, with deep divisions—in one of these ravines, which is unusually broad and grassy, rise the so-called Copperas Springs—was hardly less striking. We ran winding along a crest of rising ground, passing rapidly, by way of farther comparison, two wretched Mormons, man and woman, who were driving, at a snail's pace, a permanently lamed ox, and after a long ascent stood upon the summit of Quaking-Asp Hill.

Greeley: From Fort Bridger ... the Salt Lake trail rises over a high, broad ridge, then descends a very steep, rocky, difficult hill to Big Muddy, branch of Black's Fork, where—12 miles from Bridger—is the Mail Company's station, at which we had expected to spend the night. But the next drive is 60 miles, and our new conductor wisely decided to cut a piece off of it that evening, as the road at the other end was hazardous in a dark night. So we moved on a little after sundown, rising over another broad ridge, and, after narrowly escaping an upset in a gully dug in the trail by that day's violent shower, camped 15 miles on, a little after 11 p.m.... At daylight we were all astir, and drove down to Bear River, only three or four miles distant, for breakfast.

Quaking Aspen Station: Quaking Aspen or Quaking Asp Springs has been identified as a station in a few sources, probably because it is listed on the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. The Settles mention Quaking Asp, but do not specifically identify it as a station. Most sources place the site between Muddy Creek and Bear River Stations, but for some unknown reason, Roy Bloss identifies Quaking Asp Creek between Horse Creek and South Pass. *(NPS)*
Located 11 miles from Muddy Station and 12 miles from Bear River Station. A Quaking Aspen grove and spring are south of the station site. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton's Itinerary: 42. August 23, 1860: *20 miles: 12:00 noon to 5:30 pm:*
Rough country. The road winds along theridge to Quaking-Asp Hill, 7900 (8400 ?) feet above sea level. Steep descent; rough and broken ground. After 18 miles, Sulphur Creek Valley ; stagnant stream ,

flowing after rain ; ford bad and muddy. Station in the fertile valley of Bear River, which turns northward and flows into the east side of the lake; wood, grass, and water. Poor accommodations at Bear River Station

Burton to Bear River: (pg 200-202)

Quaking-Asp Hill, according to the drivers, is 1000 feet higher than the South Pass, which would exalt its station to 8400 feet;. other authorities, however, reduce it to 7900. The descent was long and rapid—so rapid, indeed, that oftentimes when the block of wood which formed our brake dropped a bit of the old shoe-sole nailed upon it to prevent ignition, I felt, as man may be excused for feeling, that catching of the breath that precedes the first five-barred gate after a night of "heavy wet." The sides of the road were rich in vegetation, stunted oak, black-jack, and box elder of the stateliest stature; above rose the wild cherry, and the service-tree formed the bushes below. The descent, besides being decidedly sharp, was exceedingly devious, and our frequent "shaves"—a train of Mormon wagons was crawling down at the same time—made us feel somewhat thankful that we reached the bottom without broken bones….

As the rays of the sun began to slant we made Sulphur Creek; it lies at the foot of a mountain called Rim Base, because it is the eastern wall of the great inland basin; westward of this point the waters can no longer reach the Atlantic or the Pacific; each 1s destined to feed the lakes,

"Nec Oceani pervenit ad undas."

Beyond Sulphur Creek, too, the face of the country changes; the sedimentary deposits are no longer seen; the land is broken and confused, upheaved into huge masses of rock and mountains broken by deep kanyons, ravines, and water-gaps, and drained by innumerable streamlets. The exceedingly irregular lay of the land makes the road devious, and the want of level ground, which is found only in dwarf parks and prairillons, would greatly add to the expense of a railway. We crossed the creek, a fetid stagnant water, about ten feet wide, lying in a bed of black infected mud: during the spring rains, when flowing, it is said to be wholesome enough. On the southern side of the valley there are some fine fountains, and on the eastern are others strongly redolent of sulphur; broad seams of coal crop out from the northern bluffs, and about a mile distant in the opposite direction are the Tar Springs, useful for greasing wagon-wheels and curing galled-backed horses.

Following the valley, which was rough and broken as it well could be, we crossed a small divide, and came upon the plain of the Bear River, a translation of the Indian Kuiyápá. It is one of the most important tributaries of the Great Salt Lake. Heading in the Uinta Range to the east of Kamas Prairie, it flows with a tortuous course to the northwest, till, reaching Beer Springs, it turns sharply round with a horseshoe bend, and sets to the southwest, falling into the general reservoir at a bight called Bear-River Bay. According to the mountaineers, it springs not far from the sources of the Weber River and of the Timpanogos Water. Coal was found some years ago upon the banks of the Bear River, and more lately near Weber River and Silver Creek. It is the easternmost point to which Mormonism can extend *main forte*; for fugitives from justice "over Bear River" is like

"over Jordan." The aspect of the valley, here half a mile broad, was prepossessing. Beyond a steep terrace, or step which compelled us all to dismount, the clear stream, about 400 feet in width, flowed through narrow lines of willows, cotton-wood, and large trees, which waved in the cool refreshing western wind; grass carpeted the middle levels, and above all rose red cliffs and buttresses of frowning rock.

We reached the station at 5 30 P.M. The valley was dotted with the tents of the Mormon emigrants, and we received sundry visits of curiosity; the visitors, mostly of the sex conventionally termed the fair, contented themselves with entering, sitting down,looking hard, tittering to one another, and departing with Parthian glances that had little power to hurt. From the men we heard tidings of "a massacree" of emigrants in the north, and a defeat of Indians in the west. Mr. Myers, the station-master, was an English Saint, who had lately taken to himself a fifth wife, after severally divorcing the others; his last choice was not without comeliness, but her reserve was extreme; she could hardly be coaxed out of a "Yes, sir." I found Mr. Myers diligently perusing a translation of "Volney's Ruins of Empire;" we had a chat about the Old and the New Country, which led us to sleeping-teme. I had here a curious instance of the effect of the association of words, in hearing a by-stander apply to the Founder of Christianity the "Mr." which is the "*Kyrios"* of the West, and is always prefixed to "Joseph Smith:" he stated that the mission of the latter was "far ahead of" that of the former prophet, which, by-the-by, is not the strict Mormon doctrine.

Bear River Station: Though the U.S. mail contract and several other sources identify Bear River as the next station, the exact location of this site is currently unknown. According to the Settles, a Mormon named Myers managed station operations there. Bear River Station was the last Pony Express station within the state of Wyoming. *(NPS)*
Located 12 miles from Quaking Aspen Station on the Bear River. Bear River Station was the last station in Wyoming with the next station to the west, Needle Rock Station, Utah. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton: Departing Bear River (pg 203)

At 8 15 A.M. we were once more en voyage. ... After fording Bear River—this part of the land was quite a grave-yard—we passed over rough ground, and, descending into a bush, were shown on a ridge to the right a huge Stonehenge, a crown of broken and somewhat lanceolate perpendicular conglomerates or cemented pudding-stones called not inappropriately Needle Rocks.

Greeley: Fording Bear River—here a swift, rocky-bottomed creek, now perhaps forty yards wide, but hardly three feet deep—we rose gradually through a grassy valley, partially inclosed by high, perpendicular stone Buttes, especially on the right. The stone (evidently once clay) outposts of one of the Buttes are known as "The Needles." We thence descended a long, steep hill into the valley of "Lost Creek,"—why "lost," I could not divine, as the creek is plainly there—a fair trout-brook, running through a grassy meadow, between high hills, over which we made our way into the head of "Echo Cañon," down which we jogged some twenty miles to Weber River.

Burton's Itinerary: 43. August 24, 1860: *36 miles: 8:15 am to 2:30 pm: Road runs by Needle Rocks ; falls into the Valley of Egan's Creek . " Cache Cave" on the right hand. Three miles below the Cave is Red Fork in Echo Kanyon ; unfinished station at the entrance. Rough road ; steep ascents and descents along Red Creek Station on Weber River,which falls into Salt Lake south of Bear River*

The Needles Station: Located (NE1/4NW1/4 Section 21, Township 5 North, Range 8 East, Salt Lake Meridian.) just on the Utah side of the border with Wyoming, it lies on Yellow Creek, almost 10 miles south of the town of Evanston, approximately 8 miles from Bear River Station, Wyoming.
Little is known of the station, as none of the contemporary writers left a description. The station is named for a rock formation described by British explorer Sir Richard Burton as "…a huge Stonehenge, a crown of broken and somewhat lanceolate perpendicular conglomerates or cemented pudding stones called not inappropriately Needle Rocks." Two stone foundations remain at the location (N41 10 16.9 W111 02 41.7) of the station. The site is on private land.
The 1869 GLO cadastral plat shows the station location being at Porter's Ranch along the Omaha to Salt Lake Valley Road. The route through this area also was used by the Donner-Reed party in 1846, the Mormon Pioneers in 1847, by General Johnston's Army in 1858, and the transcontinental telegraph in 1861. *(Expedition Utah)*
The Needles/Needle Rock Station is presumably located near the Salt Lake Meridian line. Little is known about this station, other than its identification as Needle Rock in the 1861 mail contract. Other sources also identify this site as a station, variously known as "The Needles," "Needle Rock," and "Needle Rocks." *(NPS)*

Burton to Echo Canyon: (pg 203)

At Egan's Creek, a tributary of the Yellow Creek, the wild geraniums and the willows flourished despite the six feet of snow which sometimes lies in these bottoms. We then crossed Yellow Creek, a water trending northeastward, and feeding, like those hitherto forded, Bear River: the bottom, a fine broad meadow, was a favorite camping-ground, as the many fire-places proved. Beyond the stream we ascended Yellow-Creek Hill, a steep chain which divides the versant of the Bear River eastward from that of Weber River to the west. The ascent might be avoided, but the view from the summit is a fine panorama. The horizon behind us is girt by a mob of hills, Bridger's Range, silver-veined upon a dark blue ground; nearer, mountains and rocks, cones and hog-backs, are scattered about in admirable confusion, divided by shaggy rollers and dark ravines, each with its own little water-course. In front the eye runs down the long bright red line of Echo Kanyon, and rests with astonishment upon its novel and curious features, the sublimity of its broken and jagged peaks, divided by dark abysses, and based upon huge piles of disjointed and scattered rock. On the right, about half a mile north of the road, and near the head of the kanyon, is a place that adds human interest to the scene. Cache Cave is a dark, deep, natural tunnel in the rock, which has sheltered many a hunter and trader from wild weather and wilder men: the wall is probably of marl and earthy limestone, whose whiteness is set off by the ochrish brick-red of the ravine below.

Echo Canyon Station: Head of Echo Canyon or Castle Rock Station site (BLM 1978)
Location: Lot 3, Section 6, Township 4 North, Range 7 East, Salt Lake Meridian.

About 8 miles from Needle Rock Station, this station, the first in Echo Canyon, was named for the large sandstone formation located near the site. The station, made of logs, was sold to a French trapper and moved a mile away in 1867. The station site is located approximately where the old Castle Rock grocery store now stands.
The station at the head of Echo Canyon was also known as Frenchies and Castle Rock. It was a contract station on the Pony Express and Stage route. Jabusch believes that the station originally stood in the abandoned town called Castle Rock, which was located about 1½ miles down the canyon from the present junk yard site known as Castle Rock.
Nothing remains of this site.
Back to the SE, and unfortunately on private land, one finds the well-known trail landmark called Cache Cave. The cave was a popular camping spot on the Emigrant Trail, and, high up on the cave walls where livestock cannot rub, the names of many Mormon Pioneers can still be seen. *(Expedition Utah)*
Richard E. Fike and John W. Headley identify the station as Head of Echo Canyon mentioned in the 1861 mail contract as Castle Rock, and/or Frenchies. Castle Rock refers to a sandstone geological formation near to the head of the canyon. Apparently a man named Frenchie served as stationkeeper at the log structure, which a French trapper purchased and moved to another site in 1867. Other sources identify Echo Canyon as the station site as well. Bishop and Henderson, Loving, and Pierson list Echo Canyon as the first station west of Needle Rock, but give no exact locations. *(NPS)*

Roughing It (pg 105-6)

Echo Canyon is twenty miles long. It was like a long, smooth, narrow street, with a gradual descending grade, and shut in by enormous perpendicular walls of coarse conglomerate, four hundred feet high in many places, and turreted like mediaeval castles. This was the most faultless piece of road in the mountains, and the driver said he would "let his team out." He did, and if the Pacific express trains whiz through there now any faster than we did then in the stage-coach, I envy the passengers the exhilaration of it. We fairly seemed to pick up our wheels and fly—and the mail matter was lifted up free from everything and held in solution! I am not given to exaggeration, and when I say a thing I mean it.

Greeley: This cañon reminded me afresh that evil and good are strongly interwoven in our early lot. Throughout the desolate region which stretches from the Sweetwater nearly or quite to Bridger, we had in the main the best natural road I ever traveled—dusty, indeed, and, in places, abrupt and rough, but equal in the average to the carefully-made and annually-repaired roads of New England. But in this fairly-grassed ravine, hemmed in by steep, picturesque bluffs, with springs issuing from their bases, and gradually gathering into a trout-brook as we neared the Weber, we found the "going decidedly bad," and realized that in the dark it could not but be dangerous. For the brook, with its welcome fringe of yellow, choke-cherry, service-berry, and other shrubs, continually zigzagged from side to side of the cañon, compelling us to descend and ascend its precipitous banks, and cross its sometimes miry bed, often with a smart chance of breaking an axle, or upsetting.

Burton in Echo Canyon (pg 203-4):

Echo Kanyon has a total length of twenty-five to thirty miles, and runs in a southeasterly direction to the Weber River. Near the head it is from half to three quarters of a mile wide, but its irregularity is such that no average breadth can be assigned to it. The height of the buttresses on the right or northern side varies from 300 to 500 feet; they are denuded and water-washed by the storms that break upon them under the influence of southerly gales; their strata here are almost horizontal; they are inclined at an angle of 45°, and the strike is northeast and southwest. The opposite or southern flank, being protected from the dashing and weathering of rain and wind, is a mass of rounded soil-clad hills, or sloping slabs of rock, earth-veiled, and growing tussocks of grass. Between them runs the clear, swift, bubbling stream, in a pebbly bed now hugging one, then the other side of the chasm: it has cut its way deeply below the surface; the banks or benches of stiff alluvium are not unfrequently twenty feet high; in places it is partially dammed by the hand of Nature; and every where the watery margin is of the brightest green, and overgrown with grass, nettles, willow thickets, in which the hop is conspicuous, quaking asp, and other taller trees. Echo Kanyon has but one fault: its sublimity will make all similar features look tame.

We entered the kanyon in somewhat a serious frame of mind; our team was headed by a pair of exceedingly restive mules; we had remonstrated against the experimental driving being done upon our vile bodies, but the reply was that the animals must be harnessed at some time. We could not, however, but remark the wonderful picturesqueness of a scene—of a nature which in parts seemed lately to have undergone some grand catastrophe. The gigantic red wall on our right was divided into distinct blocks or quarries by a multitude of minor lateral kanyons, which, after rains, add their tribute to the main artery, and each block was subdivided by the crumbling of the softer and the resistance of the harder material—a clay" conglomerate. The color varied in places from white and green to yellow, but for the most part it was a dull ochrish red, that brightened up almost to a straw tint where the sunbeams fell slantingly upon it from the strip of blue above. All served to set off the curious architecture of the smaller masses. A whole Petra was there, a system of projecting prisms, pyramids, and pagoda towers, a variety of form that enabled you to see whatever your peculiar vanity might be—columns, porticoes, facades, and pedestals. Twin lines of bluffs, a succession of buttresses all fretted and honeycombed, a double row of steeples slipped from perpendicularity, frowned at each other across the gorge. And the wondrous variety was yet more varied by the kaleidoscopic transformation caused by change of position: at every different point the same object bore a different aspect.

Halfway Station: Location: NW1/4SW1/4 Section 29, Township 4 North, Range 6 East, Salt Lake Meridian.
Approximately 7 miles from Head of Echo Canyon Station, about half way down Echo Canyon was the appropriately named Halfway Station. The 3rd contract station in Utah, it was also called Emory, Daniels (an operator), or sometimes Hanging Rock. Unfortunately, Halfway Station remains obscure in history. An undated photograph published in Fike and Headley's 1979 monograph, and labeled as "Government Creek Telegraph Station," was ascertained by Jabusch and Nardone to actually depict Halfway Station. The photo shows an old log cabin with a covered entry, and a newer structure of sawn lumber. The structure was apparently torn down after the railroad went through in 1868.

Fike and Headley tell an unresearched story that, in the early days of the Pony, rustlers in the area would steal the express horses, then later sell them back to the company. When the horses began to be branded with the XP (Express) brand, the rustling ended. It was likely destroyed when the existing highway was built as nothing can be found. *(Expedition Utah)*
A man named Daniels served as stationkeeper at Halfway Station, which was listed as the third Utah station in the 1861 mail contract. Local people also knew the station as Daniels or Emery. Bishop and Henderson also identify Half Way as a station between Head of Echo Canyon and Weber. *(NPS)*

Burton Through the Canyon to Weber Station (pg 206-8)

After a total of eighteen miles we passed Echo Station [probably Halfway Station], a half-built ranch, flanked by well-piled haystacks for future mules. The ravine narrowed as we advanced to a mere gorge, and the meanderings of the stream contracted the road and raised the banks to a more perilous height. A thicker vegetation occupied the bottom, wild roses and dwarfish oaks contending for the mastery of the ground. About four miles from the station we were shown a defile where the Latter-Day Saints, in 1857, headed by General D. H. Wells, now the third member of the Presidency, had prepared modern Caudine Forks for the attacking army of the United States. 'Little breastworks of loose stones, very like the "sangahs" of the Affghan Ghauts, had been thrown up where the precipices commanded the road, and there were four or five remains of dams intended to raise the water above the height of the soldiers' ammunition pouches. The situation did not appear to me well chosen. Although the fortified side of the bluff could not be crowned on account of deep chasms that separated the various blocks, the southern acclivities might have been occupied by sharpshooters so effectually that the fire from the breastworks would soon have been silenced; moreover, the defenders would have risked being taken in rear by a party creeping through the chapparal in the sole of the kanyon. Mr. Macarthy related a characteristic trait concerning two warriors of the Nauvoo Legion. Unaccustomed to perpendicular fire, one proposed that his comrade should stand upon the crest of the precipice and see if the bullet reached him or not; the comrade, thinking the request highly reasonable, complied with it, and received a yager-ball through his forehead.

Traces of beaver were frequent in the torrent-bed; the "broad-tailed animal" is now molested by the Indians rather than by the whites. On this stage magpies and ravens were unusually numerous; foxes slunk away from us, and on one of the highest bluffs a coyote stood as on a pedestal; as near Baffin Sea, these craggy peaks are their favorite howling-places during the severe snowy winters. We longed for a thunder-storm: flashing lightnings, roaring thunders, stormy winds, and dashing rains—in fact, a tornado—would be the fittest setting for such a picture, so wild, so sublime as Echo Kanyon. But we longed in vain. The day was persistently beautiful, calm and mild as a May forenoon in the Grecian Archipelago. We were also disappointed in our natural desire to hold some converse with the nymph who had lent her name to the ravine—the reverberation is said to be remarkably fine—but the temper of our animals would not have endured it, and the place was not one that admitted experiments. Rain had lately fallen, as we saw from the mud-puddles in the upper course of the kanyon, and the road was in places pitted with drops which were not frequent enough to allay the choking dust. A fresh yet familiar feature now appeared. The dews, whose existence we had forgotten on the prairies, were cold and clammy in the early

mornings; the moist air, condensed by contact with the cooler substances on the surface of the ground, stood in large drops upon the leaves and grasses. As we advanced the bed of the ravine began to open out, the angle of descent became more obtuse; a stretch of level ground appeared in front, where for some hours the windings of the kanyon had walled us in, and at 2 30 P.M. we debouched upon the Weber-River Station. It lies at the very mouth of the ravine, almost under the shadow of lofty red bluffs, called "The Obelisks ;" and the green and sunny landscape, contrasting with the sterile grandeur behind, is exceedingly pleasing.

Weber Station: Known by a variety of names, including Bromley's, Pulpit Rock, Hanging Rock, and Echo, it was Utah's 4th contract station. The appearance of the station and its actual location have been the subject of much debate. Old photographs are available, but as David Jabusch notes, "Interpretation of these old photographs is more an art than the science one might suppose." By the time of the Pony Express, a small village existed here, and it is difficult to determine which of the photographed structures might have served as the station. Modern developments including the building of the railroad, U.S. Highway 30, and later, the Interstate freeways have destroyed much of the original topography, including the Obelisks and Pulpit Rock, making futile any appeal to archaeology. James Bromley settled here in 1854. He was later hired by Russell, Majors, and Waddell as division superintendent for the section of the line between Pacific Springs and Salt Lake City, and his ranch at Weber became the Pony Express and Stage station.

Passing through in 1859, Greeley found "Two 'groceries,' a blacksmith's shop, and a mail station" at the location. Burton also describes the location, saying, "…we debauched upon Weber River Station. It lies at the mouth of the ravine almost under the shadow of the lofty red bluffs, called 'The Obelisks,' and the green and sunny landscape contrasting with the sterile grandeur behind, is exceedingly pleasing…. The station was tolerably comfortable, and the welcome addition of potatoes and onions to our fare was not to be despised."

About 2 miles west of Weber Station, the mail was transported across Forney's Bridge on the Weber River. The bridge was constructed prior to June 1858. From this location, the Express riders traveled up Bachelors Canyon to the top of Dixie Hollow. When the crossing was unsafe or the canyons were snowed in, the rider could go on down the valley to the Brimville Emergency Station or Henneforville, now Henefer and around by Little East Canyon to Dixie Hollow. The pioneer immigrants came part way down Dixie Hollow, turned right, crossed the ridge, and then went south into East Canyon. By the time of the Express, the road was built all the way down the hollow to just south of where it opens into East Canyon. *(Expedition Utah)*

This site appears on the 1861 mail contract. James E. Bromley, division superintendent for stations between Pacific Springs, Wyoming, and Salt Lake City, managed the station operations at Weber Station. The stone station house and other structures there housed a general store, inn, saloon, blacksmith shop, jail, and later, a hotel at this site. In 1868, the Union Pacific Railroad bought the station and surrounding property to establish Echo City. The Settles mention Weber as a stone stage and Pony station, built in 1853, at the mouth of Echo Canyon. The station maintained a large supply of food for man and beast in the form of locally grown vegetables and wild hay. Apparently, the station house stood until 1931, when workers demolished it for safety reasons.

Several other sources identify Weber as a Pony Express station, but they do not agree on its location. Bishop and Henderson locate the site between Half Way and Wheaton Springs (exact location unknown). Bloss places Weber between Needles and Carson House (exact location unknown). Pierson identifies the station between Hanging Rock (exact location unknown) and Henefer (exact location

unknown). Kate B. Carter, of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, also mentions Weber Station at the mouth of Echo Canyon. Pierson identifies Hanging Rock as a station between Echo Canyon and Weber. However, Fike and Headley list Hanging Rock as another name for Weber Station. *(NPS)*

Burton at Weber Station: (pg 208)

After the emotions of the drive, a little rest was by no means unpleasant. 'The station was tolerably comfortable, and the welcome addition of potatoes and onions to our usual fare was not to be despised. The tenants of the ranch were Mormons, civil and communicative. They complained sadly of the furious rain-storms, which the funnel-like gorge brings down upon them, and the cold draughts from five feet deep of snow which pour down upon the milder valley.

Burton's Itinerary: 44. August 24, 1860: *22 miles: 4:30 pm to 7:45 pm:*
Road runs down the Valley of the Weber. Ford the river. After 54 miles is a salt spring,where the road leaves the river to avoid a deep kanyon , and turns to the left into a valley with rough paths, trying to wheels. Then crosses a mountain , and, ascending a long hill,descends to Bauchmin 's Creek , tributary to Weber River. Creek 18 feet wide, swift, pebbly bed , good ford ; grass and fuel abundant. The station is called Carson 's House ; accommodations of the worst

Burton from Weber to Carson's House (pg 208-9)

At 4 30 we resumed our journey along the plain of the Weber or Webber River. It is second in importance only to the Bear River: it heads near the latter, and, flowing in a devious course toward the northwest, falls into the Great Salt Lake a few miles south of its sister stream, and nearly opposite Frémont's Island. The valley resembles that described in yesterday's diary; it is, however, narrower, and the steep borders, which, if water-washed, would be red like the kanyon rocks, are well clothed with grass and herbages. In some places the land is defended by snake-fences in zigzags, to oppose the depredations of emigrants' cattle upon the wheat, barley, and stunted straggling corn within. After fording the river and crossing the bottom, we ascended steep banks, passed over a spring of salt water five miles from the station, and halted for a few minutes to exchange news with the mailwagon that had left Great Salt Lake City this (Friday) morning. Followed a rough and rugged tract of land apparently very trying to the way-worn cattle; many deaths had taken place at this point, and the dead lay well preserved as the monks of. St. Bernard. After a succession of chuck-holes, rises, and falls, we fell into the valley of Bauchmin's Creek. It is a picturesque hollow; at the head is a gateway of red clay, through which the stream passes; the sides also are red, and as the glow and glory of the departing day lingered upon the heights, even artemisia put on airs of bloom and beauty, blushing in contrast with the sharp metallic green of the quaking asp and the duller verdure of the elder (*Alnus viridis*). As the evening closed in, the bottom-land became more broken, the path less certain, and the vegetation thicker: the light of the moon, already diminished by the narrowness of the valley, seemed almost to be absorbed by the dark masses of copse and bush. We were not sorry to make, at 7 45 P.M., the "Carson-House Station" at Bauchmin's Fork—the traveling had been fast, seven miles an hour—where we found a loghut, a roaring fire, two civil Mormon lads, and some few "fixins" in the way of food.. We sat for a time talking about

matters of local importance, the number of emigrants, and horse-thieves, the prospects of the road, and the lay of the land. Bauchmin's Fork, we learned, is a branch of East Kanyon Creek, itself a tributary of the Weber River; from the station an Indian trail leads over the mountains to Provo City. I slept comfortably enough upon the boards of an inner room, not, however, without some apprehensions of accidentally offending a certain skunk (*Mephitis mephitica*), which was in the habit of making regular nocturnal visits. I heard its puppy-like bark during the night, but escaped what otherwise might have happened.

And why, naturally asks the reader, did you not shut the door? Because there was none.

Greeley: We stopped to feed and dine at the site of "General Well's Camp" during the Mormon War of 1857-8, and passed, ten miles below, the fortifications constructed under his orders in that famous campaign. They seem childish affairs, more suited to the genius of Chinese than of civilized warfare. I cannot believe that they would have stopped the Federal troops, if even tolerably led, for more than an hour.

We reached our next station on the Weber, a little after 5, p. m., and did not leave till after an early breakfast next (yesterday) morning. The Weber is, perhaps, a little larger than the Bear, and runs through a deep, narrow, rugged valley, with no cultivation so far as we saw it. Two "groceries," a blacksmith's-shop, and the mail-station, are all the habitations we passed in following down it some four or five miles to the shaky polebridge, on which we crossed, though it is usually fordable.

Between Weber Station and Carson House are listed two possible Pony Express Stations. Neither are mention in any of the three narratives presented here: Brimville Emergency Station, said to be used only during "bad weather"; and East Canyon Station, now under water.

Carson House Station: Bauchmann's/Carson House Station/East Canyon Station/Wheaton Springs Station
Location: SE1/4NE1/4 Section 5, Township 1 North, Range 3 East, Salt Lake Meridian, approximately 8 miles from East Canyon, it was a stop for both the Pony Express and the stagecoach. It was the 6th contract station in Utah. The station was also known as East Canyon and Carson House Station, or sometimes as Dutchman's Flat by riders who could not remember the name of the German, Bauchmann.
The station was a one-room cabin built of squared logs. As it appears today, the building has been extensively remodeled to make an attractive and comfortable summer cabin. It has been moved ~100 yards SW from its original location. The station and site are owned by the Clayton-Macfarlane Ranch. Burton's party stopped for the night at "the 'Carson House Station' at Bauchmin's Fork." Although his stay was not unpleasant, his sleep was somewhat disturbed by a skunk which prowled the grounds at night and threatened to enter the cabin. "And why, naturally asks the reader, did you not shut the door? Because there was none."
The station is on private property and the ranch owners have moved and restored it. USGS maps show a monument location (N40 51 20.0 W111 35 19.0) but it appears to be no longer be there. *(Expedition Utah)*
A few sources identify Carson House as a station. Bloss and the Settles place the site between Weber

and Dixie Creek. According to the Settles, in the summer of 1860, two young Mormons managed station operations at the newly-built station. However, it should be pointed out that this site does not appear on the 1861 mail contract. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: 45. August 25, 1860: *29 miles: 7:00 am to 7:17 pm: Ford Bauchmin's Creek 13 times in 8 miles. After 2 miles along a small water-course ascend Big Mountain , whence first view of Great Salt Lake City, 12 miles distant. After 14 miles, Big Kanyon Creek . Six miles farther the road leaves Big Kanyon Creek, and after a steep ascent and descent makes Emigration Creek. Cross Little Mountain , 2 miles beyond Big Mountain ; road rough and dangerous. Five miles from Emigration Kanyon to Great Salt Lake City. Road through " Big Field" 6 miles square*

Burton over the Wasatch to Mountain Dale (pg 209-212)

To-day we are to pass over the Wasach, the last and highest chain of the mountain mass between Fort Bridger and the Great Salt Lake Valley, and—by the aid of St. James of Compostella, who is, I believe, bound over to be the patron of pilgrims in general—to arrive at our destination, New Hierosolyma, or Jerusalem, alias Zion on the tops of the mountains, the future city of Christ, where the Lord is to reign over the Saints, as a temporal king, in power and great glory.

So we girt our loins, and started, after a cup of tea and a, biscuit, at 7 A.M., ... Following the course of Bauchmin's Creek, we completed the total number of fordings to thirteen in eight miles. The next two miles were along the bed of a water-course, a complete fiumara, through a bush full of tribulus, which accompanied us to the end of the journey. Presently the ground became rougher and steeper: we alighted, and set our beasts manfully against "Big Mountain," which lies about four miles from the station. The road bordered upon the wide arroyo, a tumbled bed of block and boulder, with water in places oozing and trickling from the clay walls, from the sandy soil, and from beneath the heaps of rock—living fountains these, most grateful to the parched traveler. The synclinal slopes of the chasm were grandly wooded with hemlocks, firs, balsam-pines, and other varieties of abies, some tapering up to the height of ninety feet, with an admirable regularity of form, color, and foliage. The varied hues of the quaking asp were there; the beech, the dwarf oak, and a thicket of elders and wild roses; while over all the warm autumnal tints already mingled with the bright green of summer. The ascent became more and. more rugged: this steep pitch, at the end of a thousand miles of hard work and semi-starvation, causes the death of many a wretched animal, and we remarked that the bodies are not inodorous among the mountains as on the prairies. ... The only animal seen on the line, except the grasshopper, whose creaking wings gave forth an ominous note, was the pretty little chirping squirrel. The trees, however, in places bore the marks of huge talons, which were easily distinguished as the sign of bears. The grizzly does not climb except when young: this was probably the common brown variety. At half way the gorge opened out, assuming more the appearance of a valley; and in places, for a few rods, were dwarf stretches of almost level ground. Toward the Pass-summit the rise is sharpest: here we again descended from the wagon, which the four mules had work enough to draw, and the total length of its eastern rise was five miles. Big Mountain lies eighteen miles from the city. The top is a narrow crest, suddenly forming an acute based upon an obtuse angle.

From that eyrie, 8000 feet above sea level, the weary pilgrim first sights his shrine, the object of his long wanderings, hardships, and perils, the Happy Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The western horizon, when visible, is bounded by a broken wall of light blue mountain, the Oquirrh, whose northernmost bluff buttresses the southern end of the lake, and whose eastern flank sinks in steps and terraces into a river basin, yellow with the sunlit golden corn, and somewhat pink with its carpeting of heath-like moss. In the foreground a semicircular sweep of hill-top and an inverted arch of rocky wall shuts out all but a few spans of the valley. These heights are rough with a shaggy forest, in some places black-green, in others of brownish-red, in others of the lightest ash-color, based upon a ruddy soil; while a few silvery veins of snow still streak the bare gray rocky flanks of the loftiest peak.

After a few minutes' delay to stand and gaze, we resumed the footpath way, while the mail-wagon, with wheels rough-locked, descended what appeared to be an impracticable slope. The summit of the Pass was well-nigh cleared of timber; the woodman's song informed us that the evil work was still going on, and that we are nearly approaching a large settlement. Thus stripped of their protecting fringes, the mountains are exposed to the heat of summer, that sends forth countless swarms of devastating crickets, grasshoppers, and blue-worms; and to the wintry cold, that piles up, four to six feet high—the mountain-men speak of thirty and forty—the snows drifted by the unbroken force of the winds. The Pass from November to February can be traversed by nothing heavier than "sleighs," and during the snow-storms even these are stopped. Falling into the gorge of Big Kanyon Creek, after a total of twelve hard miles from Bauchmin's Fork, we reached at 11 30 the station that bears the name of the water near which it is built. We were received by the wife of the proprietor, who was absent at the time of our arrival; and half stifled by the thick dust and the sun, which had raised the glass to 103°, we enjoyed copious draughts—tant soit peu qualified—of the cool but rather hard water that trickled down the hill into a trough by the house side. Presently the station-master, springing from -his light "sulky," entered, and was formally introduced to us by Mr. Macarthy as Mr. Ephe Hanks. I had often heard of this individual as one of the old triumvirate of Mormon desperadoes, the other two being Orrin Porter Rockwell and Bill Hickman—as the leader of the dreaded Danite band, and, in short, as a model ruffian. The ear often teaches the eye to form its pictures: I had eliminated a kind of mental sketch of those assassin faces which one sees on the Apennines and Pyrenees, and was struck by what met the eye of sense. The "vile villain," as he has been called by anti-Mormon writers, who verily do not try to ménager their epithets, was a middle-sized, light-haired, good-looking man, with regular features, a pleasant and humorous countenance, and the manly manner of his early sailor life, touched with the rough cordiality of the mountaineer. "Frank as a bear-hunter" is a proverb in these lands. He had, like the rest of the triumvirate, and like most men (Anglo-Americans) of desperate courage and fiery, excitable temper, a clear, pale blue eye, verging upon gray, and looking as if it wanted nothing better than to light up, together with a cool and quiet glance that seemed to shun neither friend nor foe.

The terrible Ephe began with a facetious allusion to all our new dangers under the roof of a Danite, to which, in similar strain, I made answer that Danite or Damnite was pretty much the same to me. After dining, we proceeded to make trial of the air-cane, to which he took, as I could see by the way he handled it, and by the nod with which he acknowledged the observation, "almighty convenient sometimes not to make a noise, Mister," a great

fancy. He asked me whether I had a mind to “have a slap” at his name-sake, an offer which was gratefully accepted, under the promise that “cuffy” should previously be marked down so as to save a long ride and a troublesome trudge over the mountains. His battery of “ killb’ars” was heavy and in good order, so that on this score there would have been no trouble, and the only tool he bade me bring was a Colt’s revolver, dragoon size. He told me that he was likely to be in England next year, when he had set the “ole woman” to her work. I suppose my look was somewhat puzzled, for Mrs. Dana graciously explained that every Western wife, even when still, as Mrs. Ephe was, in her teens, commands that venerable title, venerable, though somehow not generally coveted.

Roughing It: (pg 106-7)


THE “DESTROYING ANGEL.”

At four in the afternoon we arrived on the summit of Big Mountain, fifteen miles from Salt Lake City, when all the world was glorified with the setting sun, and the most stupendous panorama of mountain peaks yet encountered burst on our sight. We looked out upon this sublime spectacle from under the arch of a brilliant rainbow! Even the overland stage-driver stopped his horses and gazed!

Half an hour or an hour later, we changed horses, and took supper with a Mormon “Destroying Angel.” “Destroying Angels,” as I understand it, are Latter-Day Saints who are set apart by the Church to conduct permanent disappearances of obnoxious citizens. I had heard a deal about these Mormon Destroying Angels and the dark and bloody deeds they had done, and when I entered this one’s house I had my shudder all ready. But alas for all our romances, he was nothing but a loud, profane, offensive, old blackguard! He was murderous enough, possibly, to fill the bill of a Destroyer, but would you have any kind of an Angel devoid of dignity? Could you abide an Angel in an unclean shirt and no suspenders? Could you respect an Angel with a horse-laugh and a swagger like a buccaneer?

There were other blackguards present—comrades of this one. And there was one person that looked like a gentleman—Heber C. Kimball’s son, tall and well made, and thirty years old, perhaps. A lot of slatternly women flitted hither and thither in a hurry, with coffee-pots, plates of bread, and other appurtenances to supper, and these were said to be the wives of the Angel—or some of them, at least. And of course they were; for if they had been hired “help” they would not have let an angel from above storm and swear at them as he did, let alone one from the place this one hailed from.

It should probably be noted the great disparity between Richard Burton’s description of Ephraim Hanks and Twain’s. From the Mark Twain Project’s notes on this portion of Roughing It, *Twain either deliberately switched the identities of William Henry Kimball (1826–1907), eldest son of Heber C. Kimball, with Hanks, or after ten years had confused the two. Kimball had previously self-identified himself as Heber Kimball’s “hell-roaring son”*.

Mountain Dale Station: Mountain Dell/Dale/Ephraim Hanks Station
Location: NE1/4SW1/4 Section 33, Township 1 North, Range 2 East, Salt Lake Meridian, about 8¾ miles from Wheaton Springs. A vandalized monument in the NW1/4 of the NW1/4 of Section 36 presently marks the location of the assumed station site.
The contract lists the 7th Utah station as being in "Mountain Dale." It was also called Big Canyon Creek, and often, Hanks Station for Ephraim Hanks who managed the place. This is another station the exact location of which has been much debated. It stood a distance up the slope from Little Dell Reservoir (The site is owned by SLC and there is an entrance fee to get closer to where the monument is?), but neither study of contemporary accounts nor an extensive archaeological dig conducted by researchers from BYU has answered the question of the actual station site.
Station keeper Ephraim Hanks was a colorful character on the Mormon frontier. It was widely rumored that he was a leading figure among a group of Mormon "hit-men" called the Danites, or Destroying Angels. *(Expedition Utah)*
Fike and Headley suggest two possible locations for this site. The traditional site is located eight and three-fourths miles from Wheaton Springs. A second possible site exists at the mouth of present Freeze Creek. The 1861 mail contract referred to this station as Mountain Dale, but it was also known as Mountain Dell, Big Canyon, and Hanks. Ephraim Hanks served as stationkeeper at the log structure. A vandalized marker stood near the traditional site in 1979.
Several other sources mention Mountain Dell or Mountain Dale as the relay station before Salt Lake City. Bishop and Henderson identify the site as Mountain Dale, while others refer to it as Mountain Dell.
Fike and Headley identify Big Canyon as another name for the Mountain Dell/Dale Station. Several other sources identify Big Canyon as a station. Bloss places Big Canyon Creek between Snyder's Mill and Salt Lake City, while Pierson locates the site between Dixie Creek and Mountain Dell. The Settles, as mentioned earlier, called the station Big Canyon or Snyder's Mill. *(NPS)*

Orion: *Monday, Aug. 5.—52 miles further on, near the head of Echo Canon, were encamped 60 soldiers from Camp Floyd. Yesterday they fired upon 300 or 400 Utes, whom they supposed gathered for no good purpose. The Indians returned the fire, when the soldiers chased them four miles, took four prisoners, talked with and released them, and then talked with their chief. Echo Canon is 20 miles long, with many sandstone cliffs, (red) in curious shapes, and often rising perpendicularly 400 feet. 4 P. M., arrived on the summit of "Big mountain," 15 miles from Salt Lake City, when the most gorgeous view of mountain peaks yet encountered, burst on our sight.*
Arrived at Salt Lake City at dark, and put up at the Salt Lake House,. There are about 15,000 inhabitants. The houses are scattering, mostly small frame, with large yards and plenty of trees. High mountains surround the city. On some of these perpetual snow is visible. Salt Lake City is 240 miles from the South Pass, or 1148 miles from St. Joseph.

> ***Horace Greeley:*** We soon after struck off up a rather steep, grassy water-course which we followed to its head, and thence took over a "divide" to the head of another such, on which our road wound down to "East Cañon Creek," a fair, rapid trout-brook, running through a deep, narrow ravine, up which we twisted, crossing and recrossing the swift stream, until we left it, greatly diminished in volume, after tracking it through a mile or so of low, swampy. timber, and frequent mud-holes, and turned up a little runnel that came feebly brawling down the side of a mountain. The trail ran for a considerable distance exactly in the bed of this petty brooklet—said bed consisting wholly of round, water-worn

granite bowlders, of all sizes, from that of a pigeon's egg up to that of a potash-kettle; when the ravine widened a little, and the trail wound from side to side of the watercourse as chances for a foothold were proffered by one or the other. The bottom of this ravine was poorly timbered with quaking-asp, and balsam-fir, with some service-berry, choke-cherry, mountain currant, and other bushes; the whole ascent is four miles, not very steep, except for the last half-mile; but the trail is so bad, that it is a good two hours' work to reach the summit. But, that summit gained, we stand in a broad, open, level space on the top of the Wahsatch range, with the Uintah and Bear Mountains on either hand, forming a perfect chaos of wild, barren peaks, some of them snowy, between which we have a glance at a part of the Salt Lake Valley, some thirty miles distant, though the city, much nearer, is hidden by intervening heights, and the lake is likewise concealed further to the right. The descent toward the valley is steeper and shorter than the ascent from the side of Bear River—the first half-mile so fearfully steep, that I judge few passengers ever rode down it, though carriage-wheels are uniformly chained here. But, though the southern face of these mountains is covered by a far more luxuriant shrubbery than the northern, among which oaks and maples soon make their appearance for the first time in many a weary hundred miles. None of these seem ever to grow into trees; in fact, I saw none over six feet high. Some quaking-asps, from ten to twenty-five feet high, the largest hardly more than six inches through, cover patches of these precipitous mountain-sides, down which, and over the low intervening mountain, they are toilsomely dragged fifteen or twenty miles to serve as fuel in this city, where even such poor trash sells for fifteen to twenty dollars per cord. The scarcity and wretchedness of the timber—(I have not seen the raw material for a decent ax-helve growing in all my last thousand miles of travel)—are the great discouragement and drawback with regard to all this region. The parched sandy clay, or clayey sand of the plains disappeared many miles back; there has been rich, black soil, at least in the valleys, ever since we crossed Weber River; but the timber is still scarce, small, and poor, in the ravines, while ninety-nine hundredths of the surface of the mountains is utterly bare of it. In the absence of coal, how can a region so unblest ever be thickly settled, and profitably cultivated ? .

Roughing It: (pg 107)

This was our first experience of the western "peculiar institution," and it was not very prepossessing. We did not tarry long to observe it, but hurried on to the home of the Latter-Day Saints, the stronghold of the prophets, the capital of the only absolute monarch in America—Great Salt Lake City. As the night closed in we took sanctuary in the Salt Lake House and unpacked our baggage.

Horace Greeley: The descent of the mountain on this side is but two miles in length, with the mail company's station at the bottom. Here (thirteen miles from the city, twenty-seven from Bear River) we had expected to stop for the night; but our new conductor, seeing that there were still two or three hours of good daylight, resolved to come on. So, with fresh teams, we soon crossed the "little mountain "—steep, but hardly a mile in ascent, and but half a mile in immediate descent—and ran rapidly down some ten miles through the narrow ravine known as " Emigration Cañon," where the road, though much traversed by Mormons as well as emigrants and merchant-trains, is utterly abominable; and, passing

over but two or three miles of intervening plain, were in this city just as twilight was deepening into night.

Burton, Concluding the Route: (pg 212-223)

From Big Kanyon Creek Station to the city, the driver "reckoned," was a distance of seventeen miles. We waited till the bright and glaring day had somewhat burned itself out; at noon heavy clouds came up from the south and southwest, casting a grateful shade and shedding a few drops of rain. After taking friendly leave of the "Danite" chief—whose cordiality of manner had prepossessed me strongly in his favor—we entered the mail-wagon, and prepared ourselves for the finale over the westernmost ridge of the stern Wasach. °

After two miles of comparatively level ground we came to the foot of "Little Mountain," and descended from the wagon to relieve the poor devils of mules. The near slope was much shorter, but also it was steeper far than "Big Mountain." The counterslope was easier, though by no means pleasant to contemplate with the chance of an accident to the brake, which in all inconvenient places would part with the protecting shoe-sole. Beyond the eastern foot, which was ten miles distant from our destination, we were miserably bumped and jolted over the broken ground at the head of Big Kanyon. Down this pass, whose name is a translation of the Yuta name Obitkokichi, a turbulent little mountain stream tumbles over its boulder-bed, girt with the usual sunflower, vines of wild hops, red and white willows, cotton-wood, quaking asp, and various bushes near its cool watery margin, and upon the easier slopes of the ravine, with the shin or dwarf oak (*Quercus nana*), mountain mahogany, balsam, and other firs, pines, and cedars. The road was a narrow shelf along the broader of the two spaces between the stream and the rock, and frequent fordings were rendered necessary by the capricious wanderings of the torrent. I could not but think how horrid must have been its appearance when the stout-hearted Mormon pioneers first ventured to thread the defile, breaking their way through the dense bush, creeping and clinging like flies to the sides of the hills. Even now accidents often occur; here, as in Echo Kanyon, we saw in more than one place unmistakable signs of upsets in the shape of broken spokes and yoke-bows. ...

In due time, emerging from the gates, and portals, and deep serrations of the upper course, we descended into a lower level: here Big, now called Emigration Kanyon, gradually bulges out, and its steep slopes of grass and fern, shrubbery and stunted brush, fall imperceptibly into the plain. The valley presently lay full before our sight. At this place the pilgrim emigrants, like the hajjis of Mecca and Jerusalem, give vent to the emotions long pent up within their bosoms by sobs and tears, laughter and congratulations, psalms and hysterics. It is indeed no wonder that the children dance, that strong men cheer and shout, and that nervous women, broken with fatigue and hope deferred, scream and faint; that the ignorant should fondly believe that the "Spirit of God pervades the very atmosphere," and that Zion on the tops of the mountains is nearer heaven than other parts of earth. In good sooth, though uninfluenced by religious fervor—beyond the natural satisfaction of seeing a bran-new Holy City — even I could not, after nineteen days in a mail-wagon, gaze upon the scene without emotion.

The sublime and the beautiful were in present contrast. Switzerland and Italy lay side by side. The magnificent scenery of the past mountains and ravines still floated before the retina, as emerging from the gloomy depths of the Golden Pass—the mouth of Emigration Kanyon is more poetically so called—we came suddenly in view of the Holy Valley of the West.

The hour was about 6 P.M.; the atmosphere was touched with a dreamy haze, as it generally is in the vicinity of the lake; a little bank of rose-colored clouds, edged with

flames of purple and gold, floated in the upper air, while the mellow radiance of an American autumn, that bright interlude between the extremes of heat and cold, diffused its mild soft lustre over the face of earth.

The sun, whose slanting rays shone full in our eyes, was setting in a flood of heavenly light behind the bold, jagged outline of " Antelope Island," which, though distant twenty miles to the northwest, hardly appeared to be ten. At its feet, and then bounding the far horizon, lay, like a band of burnished silver, the Great Salt Lake, that still innocent Dead Sea. Southwestward also, and equally deceptive as regards distance, rose the boundary of the valley plain, the Oquirrh Range, sharply silhouetted by a sweep of sunshine over its summits, against the depths of an evening sky, in that direction so pure, so clear, that vision, one might fancy, could penetrate behind the curtain into regions beyond the confines of man's ken. In the brilliant reflected light, which softened off into a glow of delicate pink, we could distinguish the lines of Brigham's, Coon's, and other kanyons, which water has traced through the wooded flanks of the Oquirrh down to the shadows already purpling the misty benches at their base. Three distinct and several shades, light azure, blue, and brown-blue, graduated the distances, which extended at least thirty miles.

The undulating valley-plain between us and the Oquirrh Range is 12.15 miles broad, and markedly concave, dipping in the centre like the section of a tunnel, and swelling at both edges into benchlands, which mark the ancient bed of the lake. In some parts the valley was green; in others, where the sun shot its oblique beams, it was of a tawny yellowish-red, like the sands of the Arabian desert, with scatters of trees, where the Jordan of the West rolls its opaline wave through pasture-lands of dried grass dotted with flocks and herds, and fields of ripening yellow corn. Everything bears the impress of handiwork, from the bleak benches behind to what was once a barren valley in front. Truly the Mormon prophecy had been fulfilled: already the howling wilderness—-in which twelve years ago a few miserable savages, the half-naked Digger Indians, gathered their grass-seed, grasshoppers, and black crickets to keep life and soul together, and awoke with their war-cries the echo of the mountains, and the bear, the wolf, and the fox prowled over the site of a now populous city—' has blossomed like the rose."

This valley—this lovely panorama of green, and azure, and gold —this land, fresh, as it were, from the hands of God, is apparently girt on all sides by hills: the highest peaks, raised 7000 to 8000 feet above the plain of their bases, show by gulches veined with lines of snow that even in this season winter frowns upon the last smile of summer.

Advancing, we exchanged the rough cahues and the frequent fords of the ravine for a broad smooth highway, spanning the easternmost valley-bench—a terrace that drops like a Titanic step from the midst of the surrounding mountains to the level of the present valley-plain. From a distance—the mouth of Emigration Kanyon is about 4.30 miles from the city —Zion, which is not on a hill, but, on the contrary, lies almost in the lowest part of the river-plain, is completely hid from sight, as if no such thing existed. Mr. Macarthy, on application, pointed out the notabilia of the scene.

Northward, curls of vapor ascending from a gleaming sheet—the Lake of the Hot Springs—set in a bezel of emerald green, and bordered by another lake-bench upon which

the glooms of evening were rapidly gathering, hung like a veil of gauze around the waist of the mountains. Southward for twenty-five miles stretched the length of the valley, with the little river winding its way like a silver thread in a brocade of green and gold. The view in this direction was closed by "Mountain Point," another formation of terraced range, which forms the water-gate of Jordan, and which conceals and separates the fresh water that feeds the Salt Lake—the Sea of Tiberias from the Dead Sea.

As we descend the Wasach Mountains, we could look back and enjoy the view of the eastern wall of the Happy Valley. A little to the north of Emigration Kanyon, and about one mile nearer the settlement, is the Red Butte, a deep ravine, whose quarried sides show mottlings of the light ferruginous sandstone which was chosen for building the Temple wall. A little beyond it lies the single City of the Dead, decently removed three miles from the habitations of the living, and farther to the north is City-Creek Kanyon, which supplies the Saints with water for drinking and for irrigation. Southeast of Emigration Kanyon are other ravines, Parley's, Mill Creek, Great Cotton-wood, and Little Cottonwood, deep lines winding down the timbered flanks of the mountains, and thrown into relief by the darker and more misty shading of the farther flank-wall.

The "Twin Peaks," the highest points of the Wasach Mountains, are the first to be powdered over with the autumnal snow. When a black nimbus throws out these piles, with their tilted-up rock strata, jagged edges, black flanks, rugged brows, and bald heads gilt by a gleam of sunset, the whole stands boldly out with that phase of sublimity of which the sense of immensity is the principal element. Even in the clearest of weather they are rarely free from a fleecy cloud, the condensation of cold and humid air rolling up the heights and vanishing only to be renewed.

The bench-land then attracted our attention. The soil is poor, sprinkled with thin grass, in places showing a suspicious whiteness, with few flowers, and chiefly producing a salsolaceous plant like the English samphire. In many places lay long rows of bare circlets, like deserted tent-floors; they proved to be ant-hills, on which light ginger-colored swarms were working hard to throw up the sand and gravel that every where in this valley underlie the surface. The eastern valley-bench, upon whose western declivity the city lies, may be traced on a clear day along the base of the mountains for a distance of twenty miles: its average breadth is about eight miles.

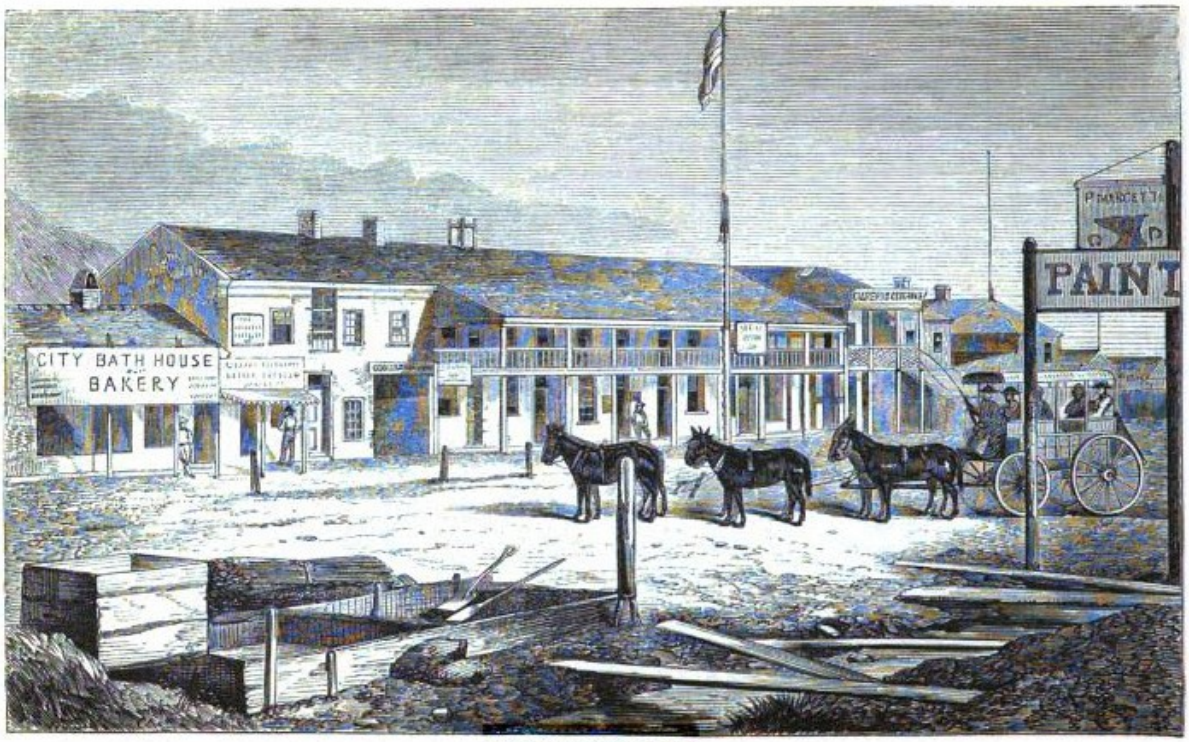
After advancing about 1.50 mile over the bench ground, the city by slow degrees broke upon our sight. It showed, one may readily believe, to special advantage after the succession of Indian lodges, Canadian ranchos, and log-hut mail-stations of the prairies and the mountains. The site has been admirably chosen for drainage and irrigation—so well, indeed, that a "*Deus ex machinâ*" must be brought to account for it. About two miles north, and overlooking the settlements from a height of 400 feet, a detached cone, called Ensign Peak or Ensign Mount, rises at the end of a chain which, projected westward from the main range of the heights, overhangs and shelters the northeastern corner of the valley. Upon this "big toe of the Wasach range," as it is called by a local writer, the spirit of the martyred prophet, Mr. Joseph Smith, appeared to his successor, Mr. Brigham Young, and pointed out to him the position of the New Temple, which, after Zion had "got up into the high mountain," was to console the Saints for the loss of Nauvoo the Beautiful. The city—it is

about two miles broad—runs parallel with the right bank of the Jordan, which forms its western limit. It is twelve to fifteen miles distant from the western range, ten from the debouchure of the river, and eight to nine from the nearest point of the lake—a respectful distance, which is not the least of the position's merits. It occupies the rolling brow of a slight decline at the western base of the Wasach—in fact, the lower, but not the lowest level of the eastern valley-bench; it has thus a compound slope from north to south, on the line of its water supplies, and from east to west, thus enabling it to drain off into the river.

The city revealed itself, as we approached, from behind its screen, the inclined terraces of the upper table-land, and at last it lay stretched before us as upon a map. At a little distance the aspect was somewhat Oriental, and in some points it reminded me of modern Athens without the Acropolis. None of the buildings, except the Prophet's house, were whitewashed. The material—the thick, sun-dried adobe, common to all parts of the Eastern world —was of a dull leaden blue, deepened by the atmosphere to a gray, like the shingles of the roofs. The number of gardens and compounds—each tenement within the walls originally received 1.50 square acre, and those outside from five to ten acres, according to their distance—the dark clumps and lines of bitter cotton-wood, locust, or acacia, poplars and fruit-trees, apples, peaches, and vines—how lovely they appeared, after the baldness of the prairies!—and, finally, the fields of long-eared maize and sweet sorghum strengthened the similarity to an Asiatic rather than to an American settlement. The differences presently became as salient. The farm-houses, with their stacks and stock, strongly suggested the Old Country. Moreover, domes and minarets—even churches and steeples—were wholly wanting, an omission that somewhat surprised me. The only building conspicuous from afar was the block occupied by the present Head of the Church. The court-house, with its tinned Muscovian dome, at the west end of the city; the arsenal, a barn-like structure, on a bench below the Jebel Nur of the valley—Ensign Peak; and a saw-mill, built beyond the southern boundary, were the next in importance.

On our way we passed the vestiges of an old moat, from which was taken the earth for the bulwarks of Zion. A Romulian wall, of puddle, mud, clay, and pebbles, six miles—others say 2600 acres —in length, twelve feet high, six feet broad at the base, and two and three quarters at the top, with embrasures five to six feet above the ground, and semi-bastions at half musket range, was decided, in 1853-54, to be necessary, as a defense against the Lamanites, whose name in the vulgar is Yuta Indians. Gentiles declare that the bulwarks were erected because the people wanting work were likely to "strike" faith, and that the amount of labor expended upon this folly would have irrigated as many thousand acres. Anti-Mormons have, of course, detected in the proceeding treacherous and treasonable intentions. Parenthetically, I must here warn the reader that in Great Salt Lake City there are three distinct opinions concerning, three several reasons for, and three diametrically different accounts of, every thing that happens, viz., that of the Mormons, which is invariably one-sided; that of the Gentiles, which is sometimes fair and just; and that of the anti-Mormons, which is always prejudiced and violent. A glance will show that this much-talked-of fortification is utterly harmless; it is commanded in half a dozen places; it could not keep out half a dozen sappers for a quarter of an hour; and now, as it has done its work, its foundations are allowed to become salt, and to crumble away.

The road ran through the Big Field, southeast of the city, six miles square, and laid off in five-acre lots. Presently, passing the precincts of habitation, we entered, at a slapping



STORES IN MAIN STREET.

pace, the second ward, called Denmark, from its tenants, who mostly herd together. The disposition of the settlement is like that of the nineteenth century New-World cities—from Washington to the future metropolis of the great Terra Australis—a system of right angles, the roads, streets, and lanes, if they can be called so, intersecting one another. The advantages or disadvantages of the rectangular plan have been exhausted in argument; the new style is best - suited, I believe, for the New, as the old must, perforce, remain in the Old World. The suburbs are thinly settled; the mass of habitations lie around and south of Temple Block. The streets of the suburbs are mere roads, cut by deep ups and downs, and by gutters on both sides, which, though full of pure water, have no bridge save a plank at the trottoirs. In summer the thoroughfares are dusty, in wet weather deep with viscid mud.

The houses are almost all of one pattern—a barn shape, with wings and lean-tos, generally facing, sometimes turned endways to the street, which gives a suburban look to the settlement; and the diminutive casements show that window-glass is not yet made in the Valley. In the best abodes the adobe rests upon a few courses of sandstone, which prevent undermining by water or ground-damp, and it must always be protected by a coping from the rain and snow. The poorer are small, low, and hut-like; others are long single-storied buildings, somewhat like stables, with many entrances. The best houses resemble East Indian bungalows, with flat roofs, and low, shady verandas, well trellised, and supported by posts or pillars. All are provided with chimneys, and substantial doors to keep out the piercing cold. The offices are always placed, for hygienic reasons, outside; and some have a story and a half—the latter intended for lumber and other stores. I looked in vain for the

out-house harems, in which certain romancers concerning things Mormon had informed me that wives are kept, like any other stock. I presently found this but one of a multitude of delusions. Upon the whole, the Mormon settlement was a vast improvement upon its contemporaries in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri.

The road through the faubourg was marked by posts and rails, which, as we advanced toward the heart of the city, were replaced by neat palings. The garden-plots were small, as sweet earth must be brought down from the mountains; and the flowers were principally those of the Old Country—the red French bean, the rose, the geranium, and the single pink; the ground or winter cherry was common; so were nasturtiums; and we saw tansy, but not that plant for which our souls, well-nigh weary of hopes of juleps long deferred, chiefly lusted—mint. The fields were large and numerous, but the Saints have too many and various occupations to keep them, Moravian-like, neat and trim; weeds overspread the ground; often the wild sunflower-tops outnumbered the heads of maize. The fruit had suffered from an unusually nipping frost in May; the peach-trees were barren; the vines bore no produce; only a few good apples were in Mr. Brigham Young's garden, and the watermelons were poor, yellow, and tasteless, like the African. On the other hand, potatoes, onions, cabbages, and cucumbers were good and plentiful, the tomato was ripening every where, fat full-eared wheat rose in stacks, and crops of excellent hay were scattered about near the houses. The people came to their doors to see the mail-coach, as if it were the "Derby dilly" of old, go by. I could not but be struck by the modified English appearance of the colony, and by the prodigious numbers of the white-headed children.

Presently we debouched upon the main thoroughfare, the centre of population and business, where the houses of the principal Mormon dignitaries and the stores of the Gentile merchants combine to form the city's only street which can be properly so called. It is, indeed, both street and market, for, curious to say, New Zion has not yet built for herself a bazar or market-place. Nearly opposite the Post-office, in a block on the eastern side, with a long veranda, supported by trimmed and painted posts, was a two-storied, pent-roofed building, whose sign-board, swinging to a tall, gibbet-like flag-staff, dressed for the occasion, announced it to be the Salt Lake House, the principal, if not the only establishment of the kind in New Zion. In the Far West, one learns not to expect much of the hostelry; I had not seen aught so grand for many a day. Its depth is greater than its frontage, and behind it, secured by a porte cochére, is a large yard for corraling cattle. A rough-looking crowd of drivers, drivers' friends, and idlers, almost every man openly armed with revolver and bowie-knife, gathered round the doorway to greet Jim, and "prospect" the "new lot;" and the host came out to assist us in transporting our scattered effects. We looked vainly for a bar on the ground floor; a bureau for registering names was there, but (temperance, in public at least, being the order of the day) the usual tempting array of bottles and decanters was not forthcoming; up stairs we found a Gentile ballroom, a tolerably furnished sitting-room, and bedchambers, apparently made out of a single apartment by partitions too thin to be strictly agreeable. The household had its deficiencies; blacking, for instance, had run out, and servants could not be engaged till the expected arrival of the hand-cart train. However, the proprietor, Mr. Townsend, a Mormon, from the State of Maine—when expelled from Nauvoo, he had parted with land, house, and furniture for $50—who had married an Englishwoman, was in the highest degree civil and obliging, and he attended personally to our wants, offered his wife's services to Mrs. Dana, and put

us all in the best of humors, despite the closeness of the atmosphere, the sadness ever attending one's first entrance into a new place, the swarms of "emigration flies"—so called because they appear in September with the emigrants, and, after living for a month, die off with the first snow—and a certain populousness of bedstead, concerning which the less said the better. Such, gentle reader, are the results of my first glance at Zion on the tops of the mountains, in the Holy City of the Far West.

Our journey had occupied nineteen days, from the 7th to the 25th of August, both included; and in that time we had accomplished not less than 1136 statute miles.

VI. Overland Trail: Salt Lake City to Ruby Valley

Sam and Orion Clemens were in Salt Lake City for less than two days, Richard Burton for nearly a full month. Of course this location was the main focus of his trip to North America, the Mormon Mecca. The Clemens brothers continued on with C. O. C. & P. P. Express whereas Burton arranged other transportation.

Salt Lake City: This station, similar in construction to Brigham Young's Beehive House, stood where the Salt Lake Tribune Building now stands, at 143 South Main. Because of recent street beautification, the monument has been moved to the south. According to Sir Richard Burton, the station was one of the better facilities along the Overland Trail for food and lodging. Horace Greeley and Mark Twain were among the guests. This was a home station for Pony Express riders. It was a long, two-story structure with a veranda in front and a large livestock yard in the rear. A granite monument with bronze plaques marks the location today. *(Expedition Utah)*
Salt Lake City was a home station and the last station in Division Three of the Pony Express. This station was listed in the 1861 mail contract as Salt Lake House. The wood frame structure, kept by A. B. Miller, stood at present 143 South Main, the site of the Salt Lake Tribune offices in 1979. The Salt Lake House served as a home station for both stage lines and Pony Express riders. This building stood on the east side of Main Street, between First and Second South, in Salt Lake City. *(NPS)*

Roughing It: (pg 108-110)

We had a fine supper, of the freshest meats and fowls and vegetables—a great variety and as great abundance. We walked about the streets some, afterward, and glanced in at shops and stores; and there was fascination in surreptitiously staring at every creature we took to be a Mormon. This was fairy-land to us, to all intents and purposes—a land of enchantment, and goblins, and awful mystery. We felt a curiosity to ask every child how many mothers it had, and if it could tell them apart; and we experienced a thrill every time a dwelling-house door opened and shut as we passed, disclosing a glimpse of human heads and backs and shoulders—for we so longed to have a good satisfying look at a Mormon family in all its comprehensive ampleness, disposed in the customary concentric rings of its home circle….

Next day we strolled about everywhere through the broad, straight, level streets, and enjoyed the pleasant strangeness of a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants with no loafers perceptible in it; and no visible drunkards or noisy people; a limpid stream rippling and dancing through every street in place of a filthy gutter; block after block of trim dwellings, built of "frame" and sunburned brick—a great thriving orchard and garden behind every one of them, apparently—branches from the street stream winding and sparkling among the garden beds and fruit trees—and a grand general air of neatness, repair, thrift and comfort, around and about and over the whole. And everywhere were workshops, factories, and all manner of industries; and intent faces and busy hands were to be seen wherever one looked; and in one's ears was the ceaseless clink of hammers, the buzz of trade and the contented hum of drums and fly-wheels.

Roughing It (pg 136)

At the end of our two days' sojourn, we left Great Salt Lake City hearty and well fed and happy—physically superb but not so very much wiser, as regards the "Mormon question," than we were when we arrived, perhaps. We had a deal more "information" than we had before, of course, but we did not know what portion of it was reliable and what was not—for it all came from acquaintances of a day— strangers, strictly speaking. We were told, for instance, that the dreadful "Mountain Meadows Massacre" was the work of the Indians entirely, and that the Gentiles had meanly tried to fasten it upon the Mormons; we were told, likewise, that the Indians were to blame, partly, and partly the Mormons; and we were told, likewise, and just as positively, that the Mormons were almost if not wholly and completely responsible for that most treacherous and pitiless butchery. We got the story in all these different shapes, but it was not till several years afterward that Mrs. Waite's book, "The Mormon Prophet," came out with Judge Cradlebaugh's trial of the accused parties in it and revealed the truth that the latter version was the correct one and that the Mormons were the assassins. All our "information" had three sides to it, and so I gave up the idea that I could settle the "Mormon question" in two days. Still I have seen newspaper correspondents do it in one.

Orion: *Wednesday, Aug. 7. Bathed in the warm spring. Mountains in the morning, Southwest and East enveloped in clouds.*

Burton's Itinerary: 1 and 2. Sept. 20, 1860: *44 miles 10:30 – 9:30*
Road through the south of the city, due south along the rightbank of the Jordan . Cross many creeks, viz., Kanyon Creek , 4 1/4 miles ; Mill Creek , 2 ½, First or Great Cottonwood Creek , 2 ; Second ditto, 4 ; Fork of road , 1 1/4 ; Dry Creek , 3 ½. Willow Creek , 2 3/4.
After 22 - 23 miles, hot and cold springs, and halfway house, the brewery under the point of the mountain . Road across Ash Hollow or Jordan Kanyon , 2 miles. Fords river, knee deep, ascends a rough divide between Utah Valley and Cedar Valley, 10 miles from camp, and finally reaches Cedar Creek and Camp Floyd..

Burton, Last Days at GT. S. L. City: (pg 495-6)

Mr. Kennedy, an Irishman from the neighborhood of Dublin, and an *incola* of California, where evil fate had made him a widower, had "swapped" stock, and was about to drive thirty-three horses and mules to the "El Dorado of the West." For the sum of $150 each he agreed to convey us, to provide an ambulance which cost him $300, and three wagons which varied in price from $25 to $75. We had reason to think well of his probity, concerning which we had taken counsel; and as he had lost a horse or two, and had received a bullet through the right arm in an encounter with the Yuta Indians near Deep Creek on the 8d of July of the same year, we had little doubt of his behaving with due prudence. He promised also to collect a sufficient armed party; and as the road had lately seen troubles—three drivers had been shot and seventeen Indians had been reported slain in action by the federal troops—we were certain that he would keep his word. It was the beginning of the hungry season, when the Indians would be collecting their pine nuts and be plotting onslaughts upon the spring emigrants….

The start in these regions is coquettish as in Eastern Africa. We were to depart on Wednesday, the 19th of September, at 8 A.M.—then 10 A.M.—then 12 A.M.—then, after a deprecatory visit, on the morrow. On the morning of the eventful next day, after the usual amount of "smiling," and a repetition of adieux, I found myself "all aboord," wending southward, and mentally ejaculating *Hierosolymam quando revisam ?*

Trader's Rest Station: Constructed of adobe, in later years, the structure was covered with wood siding and a false front and re-converted into a business. More recently it served as a garage. Located just north of 7200 South street, on the west side of State Street, about 2 miles NNW of Union Fort. Travelers' Rest, or Traders' Rest, the 1st pony express station out of Salt Lake City. The area was called Lovendahl's Corner after Swen Lovendahl, an early settler. This station was probably used only for a short time, and no evidence of its existence can be found at the site. The location (N40 37 15.6 W111 53 26.9) is marked by a granite marker placed by the Pony Express Trail Association. *(Expedition Utah)*
Richard F. Fike and John W. Headley locate this first station site west of Salt Lake City nine miles south of the Salt Lake House. The station once stood on State Street in an area referred to as Lovendahl's Corner. Some sources generally identify this first relay station as Trader's Rest or Traveler's Rest. The 1861 mail contract identified Trader's Rest Station, where Absalom Smith managed station operations. After the Pony Express era, someone added wood siding and a false front to the adobe building to convert it into a business establishment. The building was also used as a garage prior to its destruction sometime before 1979. *(NPS)*

Burton, at the Brewery, (pg 497)***:***

At the Brewery near Mountain Point we found some attempts at a station, and were charged $1.50 for frijoles, potatoes, and bread: among other decorations on the wall was a sheet of prize-fighters, in which appeared the portraiture of an old man, once the champion of the light weights in the English ring, now a Saint in Great Salt Lake City. The day was fine and wondrous clear, affording us a splendid back view of the Happy Valley before it was finally shut out from sight, and the Utah Lake looked a very gem of beauty, a diamond in its setting of steely blue mountains.

Rockwell's Station: The west-bound pony rider proceeded south along today's State Street to the next station which was located just south of the Utah State Prison. This was at Porter Rockwell's Hot Springs Brewery Hotel. The hotel and brewery made this a popular stopping point for travelers. A large adobe barn stood at the site well in to the previous century. A stone monument (N40 29 10.0 W111 54 01.0), largely vandalized of plaques, can be found at the south-east corner of the prison compound and north of the highway.
Orrin Porter Rockwell was one of the most colorful characters on the Mormon frontier. He was a Danite and became a close friend and adherent of Joseph Smith while still in his teens. He served as bodyguard for both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. In Utah, Rockwell served as a territorial law-man, with a reputation for relentless pursuit, and swift and final justice. Whether he was in fact a loyal defender of his Church and its leaders, or a cold blooded murderous villain, Porter is said to have asserted that he "never killed a man who didn't need killing." Photographs and drawings of Porter Rockwell show him with long, flowing hair and beard. It is said that Joseph Smith promised him that as long as he never cut his hair, a bullet would not take his life. Indeed, Porter died of heart failure in

1878, at age 65. *(Expedition Utah)*
Kate B. Carter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers disagrees about Rockwell's role as stationkeeper, arguing that he served as a special agent for the Overland Mail Company during the Pony Express era and then acted as Brigham Young's bodyguard. *(NPS)*

Burton at Joe's Dugout, (pg 497)

After fording the Jordan we were overtaken by Mr. Kennedy, who had been delayed by more last words, and at the dug-out we drank beer with Shropshire Joe the Mormon, who had been vainly attempting to dig water by a divining rod of peach-tree. When moonlight began to appear, Joe the Gentile was ordered by the "boss" to camp out with the horses, where fodder could be found gratis, a commandment which he obeyed with no end of grumbling. It was deep in the night before we entered Frogtown, where a creaking little Osteria supplied us with supper, and I found a bed at the quarters of my friend Captain Heth, who obligingly insisted upon my becoming his guest.

Joe's Dugout Station: Joe's Dugout (aka Dugout, Joe Butcher's, Seven Mile). The site is on the pass between Utah Valley and Cedar Valley. Nothing remains. There is a monument (N40 21 23.0 W111 59 18.0) at the bottom of the pass on the east side.
In conjunction with the Express and stage operation, Joseph Dorton operated a small grocery store. Clients were generally the soldiers from Camp Floyd. He also built a two-room brick home and log barn and provided a dugout for an Indian boy helper. Besides well water, water was hauled from Utah Lake and sold for 25 cents/bucket. Use of the station after 1861 is unknown. It may have continued in use as a stage station. *(Expedition Utah)*
The 1861 mail contract referred to Dugout as a station, but sources also list it as Joe's Dug Out, Joe Dugout, Joe's Dugout, Joes Dugout, and Joe Butchers. Joseph Dorton managed operations there and ran a grocery at the adobe station, which also served as a stop for the stage lines. Station structures also included Dorton's two-room brick home, log barn, and a dugout for Dorton's young Indian helper. Dorton dug a deep well near the site, hoping to find a reliable source of water. According to Kate Carter, the well failed and led to the eventual abandonment of Dugout as a station site. *(NPS)*

Orion: *Thursday, Aug. 8.—Arrived at Fort Crittenden—(Camp Floyd) 8 A.M., 45 miles from Salt Lake City. Arrived at the edge of the desert, 95 miles from Salt Lake City, at 4 P. M.*

Roughing It: (pg 140-142)

The accustomed coach life began again, now, and by midnight it almost seemed as if we never had been out of our snuggery among the mail sacks at all. We had made one alteration, however. We had provided enough bread, boiled ham and hard boiled eggs to last double the six hundred miles of staging we had still to do.

And it was comfort in those succeeding days to sit up and contemplate the majestic panorama of mountains and valleys spread out below us and eat ham and hard boiled eggs while our spiritual natures revelled alternately in rainbows, thunderstorms, and peerless sunsets. Nothing helps scenery like ham and eggs. Ham and eggs, and after these a pipe—an old, rank, delicious pipe—ham and eggs and scenery, a "down grade," a flying coach, a

fragrant pipe and a contented heart—these make happiness. It is what all the ages have struggled for." "

CAMP FLOYD, UTAH, MARCH 3, 1860

At eight in the morning we reached the remnant and ruin of what had been the important military station of “Camp Floyd,” some forty-five or fifty miles from Salt Lake City. At four P.M. we had doubled our distance and were ninety or a hundred miles from Salt Lake. And now we entered upon one of that species of deserts whose concentrated hideousness shames the diffused and diluted horrors of Sahara—an “*alkali*” desert.

Burton: (pg 498)

The five days between the 20th and the 26th of September sped merrily at my new home, Camp Floyd; not pressed for time, I embraced with pleasure the opportunity of seeing the most of my American brothers in arms….

Camp Floyd Station: Identified as Camp Floyd in the 1861 mail contract, this station had various other names including Fairfield, Fort Crittendon or Crittenden, Carson's Inn, and Cedar City. The settlement of Fairfield began in Cedar Valley in 1858, when John Carson, John Williams, William Beardshall, John Clegg, and others built homes and a protective enclosure called Cedar City Fort. John Carson built an adobe inn that same year, which served as a station for both Pony Express riders and stage lines. *(NPS)*

In 1857, President James Buchanan sent an army of U.S. troops under Albert Sidney Johnston to quell a purported uprising in Utah. When the “Mormon War” was settled in 1858 without a battle, Johnston and his army of 3000 Union soldiers built Camp Floyd, named for Secretary of War John B. Floyd. The pastoral village of Fairfield soon became a raucous town of 7000, including 17 saloons, the third largest city in Utah. Then the Civil War broke out and in early summer of 1861, the army, now under Col. Phillip St. George Cooke, was recalled to the United States.

In 1858 James Hervey Simpson was a Captain in the Army Corp of Topographical Engineers, attached to the command of Brigadier General Johnston and sent to Camp Floyd. Soon after arriving he was assigned to make a preliminary reconnaissance into the desert to the west in an effort to find a central route to California. Prior to this time, anyone heading west from Salt Lake City had to go around the

north end of the Great Salt Lake and down the Humboldt River, or follow the Mormon Corridor and the Old Spanish Trail to Las Vegas and Los Angeles. In October of 1858 Simpson, with a small expedition of about 40 men and 5 army wagons left Camp Floyd and headed west. After going about 70 miles, winter weather started closing in and they returned to Camp Floyd. Simpson was optimistic about what he had seen and the following May, he started out again, this time to go all the way to Genoa, just south of Carson City, Nevada, and then to return by another route. This was the opening of the Central Overland Wagon Road. A few emigrants started using it right away and the following year its route was adopted by the Overland Stage and the Pony Express. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton, Departing Camp Floyd: (pg 505)

> We started from Lieutenant Dudley's hospitable quarters, where a crowd had collected to bid us farewell. The ambulance, with 'four mules driven by Mr. Kennedy in person, stood at the door, and the parting stirrup-cup was exhibited with a will. I bade farewell with a true regret to my kind and gallant hosts, whose brotherly attentions had made even wretched Camp Floyd a pleasant *séjour* to me. At the moment I write it is probably desolate, the "Secession" disturbances having necessitated the withdrawal of the unhappies from Utah Territory.

Burton's Itinerary 3. Sept. 27, 1860: *20 miles 10:30 - 9:30 : Leaves Camp Floyd ; 7 miles to the divide of Cedar Valley. Crosses the divide into Rush Valley, after a totalof 18 .2 miles reaches Meadow Creek, good grass and water. Rush Valley mail station I mile beyond ; food and accommodation*

East Rush Valley Station: The first Pony Express station in Tooele County, UT, is located in Rush Valley while heading west from Utah County toward Faust on Faust Road, which is also the original Pony Express Trail. Faust Road begins at Five Mile Pass on the county line between Tooele and Utah Counties, and ends at Faust near Vernon. East Rush Valley Station, built as a dugout, was listed by Howard Egan as being very active even though it is not identified as a contract station. The military road ran just to the south of the station, toward Vernon, and is still quite visible today.
Also called "No Name" or Five Mile Pass, this station's stone monument out on the flats at the site is typical of those found at the location of Pony Express Stations all across western Utah. Not much is known about the structure which was here or its use. It was not listed as a Pony Express contract station.
When in early 1861 Colonel Johnston left the Union to fight for the Confederacy, Colonel Phillip St. George Cook became the new post commander. The name was changed to Ft. Crittenden, but by May of 1861 the Fort was abandoned and ordered destroyed. By September of that year, Fairfield's population had dwindled to about 18 families. *(Expedition Utah)*
Fike and Headley locate this dugout station ten miles southwest of Camp Floyd. Although the 1861 mail contract did not identify East Rush Valley as a station, it apparently received a lot of travelers from the military road just south of the site. Local people also knew the station as Pass and Five Mile Pass. In 1979, a depression identified the site where the dugout stood. Several other sources also list East Rush Valley as Pass Station, the Pass, and Five Mile Pass, located between Camp Floyd (or Fort Crittenden) and Rush Valley. In 1965, a monument with a plaque donated by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers marked the station site. *(NPS)*

Burton, To Meadow Creek: (pg 506)

We rose with the dawn, the cats, and the hens, sleep being impossible after the first blush of light, and I proceeded to inspect the settlement. It is built upon the crest of an earth-wave rising from grassy hollows; the haystacks told of stock, and the bunch-grass on the borders of the ravines and nullahs rendered the place particularly fit for pasturage. The land is too cold for cereals: in its bleak bottoms frost reigns throughout the year; and there is little bench-ground. The settlement consisted of half a dozen huts, which swarmed, however, with women and children. Mr. Kennedy introduced us to a Scotch widow of mature years, who gave us any amount of butter and buttermilk in exchange for a little tea. She was but a lukewarm Mormon, declaring polygamy to be an abomination, complaining that she had been inveigled to a mean place, and that the poor in Mormondom were exceedingly poor. Yet the canny body was stout and fresh, her house was clean and neat, and she washed her children and her potatoes.

We had wandered twenty-five miles out of the right road, and were still distant fifteen to sixteen from the first mail station. For the use of the floor, flies, and permission to boil water, we paid our taciturn Mormon $2, and at noon, a little before the bursting of the dusty storm-gusts, which reproduced the horrors of Sindh, we found ourselves once more in the saddle and the ambulance. We passed by a cattle track on rolling ground dotted with sage and greasewood, which sheltered hosts of jackass-rabbits, and the sego with its beautiful lily-like flowers. After crossing sundry nullahs and pitch-holes with deep and rugged sides, we made the mail station at the west end of Rush Valley, which is about twenty miles distant from Camp Floyd. The little green bottom, with its rush-bordered sinking spring, is called by Captain Simpson “Meadow Creek.” We passed a pleasant day in revolver practice with Al. Huntington, the renowned brother of Lot, who had lately bolted to South California, in attempts at rabbit-shooting—the beasts became very wild in the evening — and in dining on an antelope which a youth had ridden down and pistoled, With the assistance of the station-master, Mr. Faust, a civil and communicative man, who added a knowledge of books and drugs to the local history, I compiled an account of the several lines of communication between Great Salt Lake City and California.

Faust's Station: Rush Valley Station was also known Meadow Creek Station, Doc. Faust’s and, erroneously, as Bush Valley. Although identified in the 1861 mail contract as Bush Valley, it is apparently a typographical error or was copied as a result of a misinterpreted hand-written contract. This station was established originally by George Chorpenning in late 1858. Within Utah (present boundaries), Chorpenning had built two relay stations, the one at Rush Valley called Meadow Creek Mail Station and the other at Smith Springs (Fish Springs). There is a question whether the stone building still standing at Rush Valley is the station house. The 1871 survey plat names this building Faust’s House, while the survey notes call it Faust’s Station. This building also has been called the old Fletcher house. We are told the remains of a depression marked the structure known as the station house. It was apparently evident for many years to the east and north of the present structure. Today, it is commonly called Faust’s Station. It was the first home station west of Salt Lake City for the Pony riders. The station was a large log structure with a low, pitched roof, located in the meadow approximately ¾ of a mile south of the site of the stone monument. The site is on private property owned by Tooele City.
Faust Station was operated by Henry Jacob Faust, who was a native of Germany. He emigrated to the

U.S. at an early age, probably around 1841 and attended medical school, but dropped out and went from Missouri to hunt for gold in California with the 1849 Gold Rush. He wasn't too successful with his endeavour and, since he had joined the Mormon Church, came to Utah in 1851. In 1860 he accepted a position as a station manager and part-time rider with the Pony Express and also raised horses for the Express and the Army. He was probably already there as an employee of George Chorpenning who had the mail contract before Russell, Majors, and Waddell. He and his wife survived a narrow escape with Indians while living at Faust. In 1870 Henry packed up and moved to Salt Lake City where he engaged in the livery stable business. *(Expedition Utah)*
As late as 1978, the stone station house and a cemetery still existed on private land. A misplaced marker also stands north of the site. *(NPS)*

***Burton's Itinerary: 4** . Sept. 28, 1860: 27 miles 9:30 A .M . 4:30: Crosses remains of Rush Valley 7 miles. Up a rough divide called General Johnston's Pass. Spring, often dry, 200 yards on the right of the road . At Point Lookout leaves Simpson 's Road , which runs south. Cross Skull Valley ; bad road. To the bench on the eastern flank of the desert. Station called Egan 's Springs, Simpson 's Springs, or Lost Springs , grass plentiful, water good.....*

Burton to General Johnson's Pass (pg 508-9)

On a cool and cloudy morning, which at 10 AM changed into a clear sunny day, we set out, after paying $3 for three feeds, to make the second station. Our road lay over the seven miles of plain that ended Rush Valley: we saw few rabbits, and the sole vegetation was stunted sage. Ensued a rough divide, stony and dusty, with cahues and pitch holes: it is known by the name of General Johnston's Pass. The hills above it are gray and bald headed, a few bristles of black cedar protruding from their breasts, and the land wears an uninhabitable look. After two miles of toil we halted near the ruins of an old station. On the right side of the road was a spring half way up the hill: three holes lay full of slightly alkaline water, and the surplus flowed off in a black bed of vegetable mud, which is often dry in spring and summer.

Lookout Pass Station: The 1861 mail contract listed this station as Point Lookout, and other sources also identify the site as Lookout Pass and Jackson's. A Mr. Jackson served as stationkeeper at Point Lookout, which saw Pony Express operations halted in June and July of 1860 because of the Pyramid Lake War. In 1876 Horace and Libby Rockwell lived in a log house at the site, which Fike and Headley suggest had possibly served as the station. In 1979, the Rockwells' pet cemetery, enclosed by a metal fence, still existed south of the station site. *(NPS)*
Point Lookout/Lookout Pass Station (N40 07 10.7 W112 34 35.2) (M) vandalized
Location: NW1/4SE1/4 Section 13, Township 8 South, Range 7 West, Salt Lake Meridian, about 8 ¼ miles from Rush Valley.
Also called Point Lookout, General Johnston's Pass and Jackson's, the station is on BLM land. Above a flat on the west side of Lookout Pass (General Johnston's Pass in the days of the Pony Express) you find the marker for the location . A rock alignment and the trace of the old road can be seen between the stone monument and a dam built to catch water from a small spring.
Originally, Lookout Pass was identified by Simpson as General Johnston's Pass. The mail contract called it Point Lookout. From the top of the pass one can look west into the desert at what was to

become known as Piute Hell. In May 1860, the Pah Ute War began, caused apparently because of white encroachment and depredations. For a short time, the Express was completely shut down (June-July). This “war” was finally settled after the Civil War when soldiers were sent west to quell the Indian uprisings.
Dog cemetery or other structure at Point Lookout An Egan employee, Fredrick W. Hurst, chronicles a station near the pass as being “Jackson’s Station” in Brush Hollow. By 1876, the survey records show the site to be settled by Horace Rockwell (O.P. Rockwell’s brother) and his wife, Libby. Reportedly in 1885 and since about 1870, the Rockwells occupied a small log house, possibly the old station house. A small cemetery plot, to the south, with iron railings apparently contains the remains of Rockwell’s pet dogs. No other physical remains can be found at the site.
An employee of Howard Egan stated that Egan built a small two-room log house here in April of 1860, but that the station was in ruins by the following September.
A few years later, Horace Rockwell, brother of Orrin Porter Rockwell, and his wife Libby lived in a small log house at Lookout. They had no children, and Aunt Libby, as she was called, kept several dogs upon which she doted. The stone enclosure a short distance to the south was built to protect the cemetery where her beloved dogs are buried. Three emigrant graves are also said to be found within. An entertaining story is told of a time when one of Aunt Libby’s beloved dogs was sick. She sent to Tooele, about 40 miles away, for the nearest doctor. She sent the message that one of the ranch hands was critically ill, knowing that old Doctor Dodds would never make the trip to treat a dog. When he arrived, late at night, he was nearly apoplectic to find he had rushed out there for a sick dog. Aunt Libby just smiled and gave him a $20 gold piece, and everyone was happy. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton at Lookout Point: (pg 509)

At "Point Lookout," near the counterslope of the divide, we left on the south Simpson's route, and learned by a signpost that the distance to Carson is 533 miles. The pass led to Skull Valley, of ominous sound. According to some, the name is derived from the remains of Indians which are found scattered about a fine spring in the southern parts. Others declare that the mortal remains of bison here lie like pavement stones or cannon balls in the Crimean Valley of Death. Skull Valley stretches nearly southwest of the Great Salt Lake plain, with which it communicates, and its drainage, as in these parts generally, feeds the lake..

Government Creek Station: Although a telegraph relay station, operated by David E. “Pegleg” Davis, was located here in late 1861, the existence of a Pony Express relay station is a matter of debate. No contract or mail company schedule mentions a station at Government Creek. But the distance and topography between Simpson and Lookout would make this a logical location for a change of ponies, and it is speculated that the telegraph station may have been placed there because of buildings already standing. The transcontinental telegraph was in operation through this area until 1869 when it was moved north to parallel the new transcontinental railroad. Nothing remains. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton Leaving Skull Valley: (pg 509)

Passing out of Skull Valley, we crossed the cahues and pitch-holes of a broad bench which rose above the edge of the desert, and after seventeen miles beyond the Pass reached the station which Mormons call Egan's Springs, anti-Mormons Simpson's Springs, and Gentiles Lost Springs.

Simpson's Springs Station: Simpson's Springs/Egan's Springs/Lost Springs Station (N40 02 22.0 W112 47 15.3)

The station now located on BLM land, bears the name of explorer Captain J. H. Simpson who stopped here in 1858 while searching for the overland mail route between Salt Lake City and California. It was one of the most dependable watering points in this desert region. Captain Simpson first named the spring "Pleasant Spring" because of the good water. He later renamed the spring "Simpson Springs" because of the spring's significance as the "last stop for water" for travelers heading west. The water became a necessity for the Pony Express from 1860-1861 and for the Overland Stage from 1861 to 1869. Even before the days of the Pony Express, freighting companies used the springs as a watering stop. George Chorpenning established a mail station at this site in 1858. At the turn of the century, the spring was still being used by freighters hauling supplies from mining towns around Gold Hill to western Utah. It is still a key watering location for livestock.

A number of structures have been built and destroyed in the vicinity of Simpson Springs over the years. It is not known for sure which served as a station for both the mail route and the Pony Express. There is a monument and restored structure (reconstructed in 1974 by the FFA) located on a building site which dates to the period (1860) and closely resembles the original. The site, nature and use of the old buildings were determined by archaeological investigation.

The first east-bound Pony Express courier halted here about 5 p.m. April 7, 1860 and westbound about 2 a.m. April 10, 1860. The last riders passed October 1861. The coming of the Overland Telegraph made it inadvisable to continue this station.*(Expedition Utah)*

The 1861 mail contract listed Simpson's Springs as a route site, which other sources also identify as Pleasant Springs, Egan's Springs, and Lost Springs. Fike and Headley place this station eight miles west of Government Creek. George Chorpenning found the site promising in 1851, with a good source of water, and stone structures were erected soon thereafter. These structures probably housed Pony Express and stage operations, after Russell, Majors, and Waddell and the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company assumed the Chorpenning contract in May 1860. George Dewees managed the station. *(NPS)*

Orion: *Friday, Aug. 9.—Sunrise. Across the desert, 45 miles, and at the commencement of the "little Desert." 2 o'clock, across the little desert, 23 miles, and 163 miles from Salt Lake, being 68 miles across the two deserts, with only a spring at Fish Creek Station to seperate them. They are called deserts because there is no water in them. They are barren, but so is the balance of the route.*

After traveling an estimated 100 miles from Salt Lake City, passing Camp Floyd, Mark Twain describes his trek through the alkali desert to what he called Rocky Canyon, the location of the first Canyon Station. There seems to be two names for this canyon, Blood Canyon and Overland Canyon. Stations were build on either side of the canyon. He does not mention any stations along this section of trail, except unnamed Dugway. He confuses the source of the water hauled to Dugway.

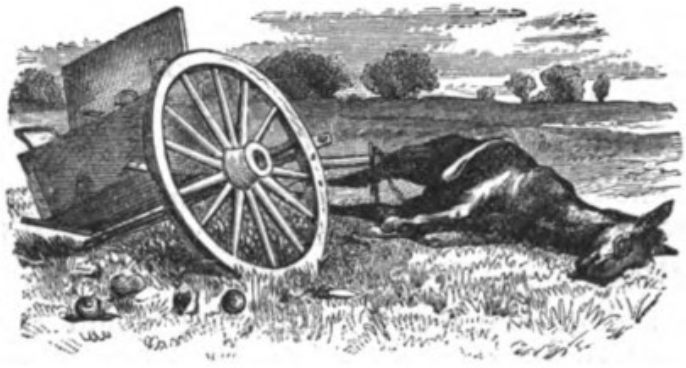
Roughing It: (pg 142-5)

For sixty-eight miles there was but one break in it. I do not remember that this was really a break; indeed it seems to me that it was nothing but a watering depot *in the midst* of the stretch of sixty-eight miles. If my memory serves me, there was no well or spring at this place, but the water was hauled there by mule and ox teams from the further side of the desert. There was a stage station there. It was forty-five miles from the beginning of the desert, and twenty-three from the end of it.

We plowed and dragged and groped along, the whole live-long night, and at the end of this uncomfortable twelve hours we finished the forty-five mile part of the desert and got to the stage station where the imported water was. The sun was just rising. It was easy enough to cross a desert in the night while we were asleep; and it was pleasant to reflect, in the morning, that we in actual person *had* encountered an absolute desert and could always speak knowingly of deserts in presence of the ignorant thenceforward. And it was pleasant also to reflect that this was not an obscure, back country desert, but a very celebrated one, the metropolis itself, as you may say. All this was very well and very comfortable and satisfactory—but now we were to cross a desert in *daylight.* This was fine—novel—romantic—dramatically adventurous—this, indeed, was worth living for, worth traveling for! We would write home all about it.

This enthusiasm, this stern thirst for adventure, wilted under the sultry August sun and did not last above one hour. One poor little hour—and then we were ashamed that we had "gushed" so. The poetry was all in the anticipation—there is none in the reality. Imagine a vast, waveless ocean stricken dead and turned to ashes; imagine this solemn waste tufted with ash-dusted sage-bushes; imagine the lifeless silence and solitude that belong to such a place; imagine a coach, creeping like a bug through the midst of this shoreless level, and sending up tumbled volumes of dust as if it were a bug that went by steam; imagine this aching monotony of toiling and plowing kept up hour after hour, and the shore still as far away as ever, apparently; imagine team, driver, coach and passengers so deeply coated with ashes that they are all one colorless color; imagine ash-drifts roosting above moustaches and eyebrows like snow accumulations on boughs and bushes. This is the reality of it.

The sun beats down with dead, blistering, relentless malignity; the perspiration is welling from every pore in man and beast, but scarcely a sign of it finds its way to the surface—it is absorbed before it gets there; there is not the faintest breath of air stirring; there is not a merciful shred of cloud in all the brilliant firmament; there is not a living creature visible in any direction whither one searches



the blank level that stretches its monotonous miles on every hand; there is not a sound—not a sigh—not a whisper—not a buzz, or a whir of wings, or distant pipe of bird—not even a sob from the lost souls that doubtless people that dead air. And so the occasional sneezing of the resting mules, and the champing of the bits, grate harshly on the grim stillness, not dissipating the spell but accenting it and making one feel more lonesome and forsaken than before.

The mules, under violent swearing, coaxing and whip-cracking, would make at stated intervals a "spurt," and drag the coach a hundred or may be two hundred yards, stirring up a billowy cloud of dust that rolled back, enveloping the vehicle to the wheel-tops or higher, and making it seem afloat in a fog. Then a rest followed, with the usual sneezing and bit-champing. Then another "spurt" of a hundred yards and another rest at the end of it. All day long we kept this up, without water for the mules and without ever changing the team. At least we kept it up ten hours, which, I take it, is a day, and a pretty honest one, in an alkali desert. It was from four in the morning till two in the afternoon. And it was so hot! and so close! and our water canteens went dry in the middle of the day and we got so thirsty! It was so stupid and tiresome and dull! and the tedious hours did lag and drag and limp along with such a cruel deliberation! It was so trying to give one's watch a good long undisturbed spell and then take it out and find that it had been fooling away the time and not trying to get ahead any! The alkali dust cut through our lips, it persecuted our eyes, it ate through the delicate membranes and made our noses bleed and *kept* them bleeding—and truly and seriously the romance all faded far away and disappeared, and left the desert trip nothing but a harsh reality—a thirsty, sweltering, longing, hateful reality!

Two miles and a quarter an hour for ten hours—that was what we accomplished. It was hard to bring the comprehension away down to such a snail-pace as that, when we had been used to making eight and ten miles an hour. When we reached the station on the farther verge of the desert, we were glad, for the first time, that the dictionary was along, because we never could have found language to tell how glad we were, in any sort of dictionary but an unabridged one with pictures in it. But there could not have been found in a whole library of dictionaries language sufficient to tell how tired those mules were after their twenty-three mile pull. To try to give the reader an idea of how *thirsty* they were, would be to "gild refined gold or paint the lily."

Somehow, now that it is there, the quotation does not seem to fit—but no matter, let it stay, anyhow. I think it is a graceful and attractive thing, and therefore have tried time and time again to work it in where it would fit, but could not succeed. These efforts have kept my mind distracted and ill at ease, and made my narrative seem broken and disjointed, in places. Under these circumstances it seems to me best to leave it in, as above, since this will afford at least a temporary respite from the wear and tear of trying to "lead up" to this really apt and beautiful quotation.

From Simpson's Springs:

Greeley: We had to drive the same team (mules of course) all next day, making fifty miles ; but we stopped to rest and feed them at a sub-station, only twenty miles from our starting-point [Dugway]. It was about the forlornest spot I ever saw. Though at the foot of a

low mountain, there was no water near it; that which was given our mules had been carted in a barrel from Simpson's Spring, aforesaid, and so must be for most of each year. An attempt to sink a well at this point had thus far proved a failure. The station-keeper here lives entirely alone —that is, when the Indians will let him—seeing a friendly face but twice a week, when the mail-stage passes one way or the other. He deeply regretted his lack of books and newspapers; we could only give him one of the latter. Why do not men who contract to run mails through such desolate regions comprehend that their own interest, if no nobler consideration, should impel them to supply their stations with good reading matter! I am quite sure that one hundred dollars spent by Major Chorpening in supplying two or three good journals to each station on his route, and in providing for their interchange from station to station, would save him more than one thousand dollars in keeping good men in his service, and in imbuing them with contentment and gratitude. So with other mail-routes through regions like this.

Burton at Simpson's Springs (pg 509-10)***:***

Standing upon the edge of the bench, [Simpson's Springs] I could see the Tophet in prospect for us till Carson Valley: a road narrowing in perspective to a point spanned its grisly length, awfully long, and the next mail station had shrunk to a little black knob. All was desert: the bottom could no longer be called basin or valley: it was a thin fine silt, thirsty dust in the dry season, and putty-like mud in the spring and autumnal rains. The hair of this unlovely skin was sage and greasewood : it was warted with sand-heaps; in places mottled with bald and horrid patches of salt soil, while in others minute crystals of salt, glistening like diamond-dust in the sunlight, covered tracts of moist and oozy mud. Before us, but a little to the right or north, and nearly due west of Camp Floyd, rose Granite Mountain, a rough and jagged spine or hog's-back, inhabited only by wolves and antelopes, hares and squirrels, grasshoppers, and occasionally an Indian family. Small sweet springs are found near its northern and southern points. The tradition of the country declares it to be rich in gold, which, however, no one dares to dig. Our road is about to round the southern extremity, wheeling successively S. and S.E., then W. and N.W., then S.W. and S.E., and S.W. and N.W.—in fact, round three quarters of the compass; and for three mortal days we shall sight its ugly frowning form. A direct passage leads

An unidentified Goshute Indian who lived in Skull Valley, photographer and date unknown. (Courtesy Utah State Historical Society—USHS)

between it and the corresponding point of the southern hill: we contemplate, through the gap, a blue ridge where lies Willow-Spring Station, the destination of our party after to-morrow; but the straight line which saves so much distance is closed by bogs for the greater part of the year, and the size of the wild sage would impede our wagon-wheels.

The great desert of Utah Territory extends in length about 300 miles along the western side of the Great Salt Lake. Its breadth varies: a little farther south it can not be crossed, the water, even where not poisonous, being insufficient. The formation is of bottoms like that described above, bench-lands, with the usual parallel and perfectly horizontal water-lines, leaving regular steps, as the sea settled down, by the gradual upheaval of the land. They mark its former elevation upon the sides of the many detached ridges trending mostly N. and S. Like the rim of the Basin, these hills are not a single continuous mountain range which might be flanked, but a series of disconnected protrusions above the general level of the land. A paying railway through this country is as likely as a profitable canal through the Isthmus of Suez: the obstacles must be struck at right angles, with such assistance as the rough kanyons and the ravines of various levels afford.

We are now in a country dangerous to stock. It is a kind of central point, where Pávant, Gosh Yuta (popularly called Gosh Ute), and Panak (Bannacks) meet. Watches, therefore, were told off for the night. Next morning, however, it was found that all had stood on guard with unloaded guns.

Burton's Itinerary: *5. Sept. 29, 1860 20 miles: 12 5:30 P.M.: New station ; road forks to S. E., and leads, after 5 miles, to grass and water. After 8 miles, river bottom , 1 mile broad. Long line over desert to express station, called Dugway ; no grass, and no water .*

Burton from Simpson's Springs to Dugway (pg 512-13)***:***

We set out about noon, on a day hot as midsummer by contrast with the preceding nights, for a long spell of nearly fifty miles. Shortly after leaving the station the road forks. The left-hand path leads to a grassy spring in a dwarf kanyon near the southern or upper part of a river bottom, where emigrants are fond of camping. The hills scattered around the basin were of a dark metallic stone, sunburnt to chocolate. The strata were highly tilted up and the water-lines distinctly drawn. After eight miles we descended into the yellow silty bed of a bald and barren fiumara, which was not less than a mile broad. The good judge sighed when he contrasted it with Monongahela, the "river of the falling banks." It flows northward, and sinks near the western edge of the lake. At times it runs three feet of water. The hills around are white-capped throughout the winter, but snow seldom lies more than a week in the bottoms.

Riverbed Station: After Simpson Springs is the River Bed Pony Express Station. The road drops into the old bed of the Sevier River and the site of Riverbed Station. It was built near the end of the Pony Express era, and is not mentioned in the mail contracts or schedules. Because of flash flooding, little evidence today remains of the station's existence. It is mentioned that it was hard to keep a station keeper at Riverbed because the area was supposedly haunted by "desert fairies." *(Expedition Utah)* Sources generally agree on the identity of the site, listed as Riverbed in the 1861 mail contract, although for an unknown reason William F. Horsepool, Oscar Quinn, and George Wright managed

operations at the vertical log structure, named for its location in a dry riverbed. *(NPS)*

Burton at Dugway (pg 513)***:***

After twenty miles over the barren plain we reached, about sunset, the station at the foot of the Dugway. It was a mere "dug-out"—a hole four feet deep, roofed over with split cedar trunks, and provided with a rude adobe chimney. The tenants were two rough young fellows—station-master and express rider—with their friend, an English bull-dog. One of them had amused himself by decorating the sides of the habitation with niches and Egyptian heads. Rude art seems instinctively to take that form which it wears on the banks of Nilus, and should some Professor Rafinesque discover these traces of the aborigines after a sepulture of a century, they will furnish materials for a rich chapter on anti-Columbian immigration. Water is brought to the station in casks. The youths believe that some seven miles north of the "Dugway" there is a spring, which the Indians, after the fashion of that folk, sensibly conceal from the whites. Three wells have been sunk near the station. Two soon led to rock; the third has descended 120 feet, but is still bone dry. It passes first through a layer of surface silt, then through three or four feet of loose, friable, fossilless, chalky lime, which, when slaked, softened, and, mixed with sand, is used as mortar. The lowest strata are of quartz gravel, forming in the deeper parts a hard conglomerate. The workmen complained greatly of the increasing heat as they descend. Gold now becomes uppermost in man's mind. The youths, seeing me handle the rubbish, at once asked me if I was prospecting for gold.

Dugway Station: Water for Dugway Station had to be hauled from Simpson's Springs. Although three wells were dug over several years, one reaching a depth of 120 feet, no water was found. Noted as a "substation" by Horace Greeley, nothing very permanent was ever constructed at the site. In 1860 a shelter was placed over a dugout and an adobe chimney installed. In the 1890′s, the location was utilized as a halfway stop by the Walters and Mulliner Stage Co. on the route between Fairfield and Ibapah. A monument is located at the site today. Physical evidence at the station site is limited to a disturbed area containing poorly preserved metal objects (possibly from a corral or blacksmithing area north of the wash) and some concentrated stone.

Also known as Shortcut Pass, it is located on BLM land east of Dugway Pass, which connects the Dugway mountain range to the north and the Thomas range on the south. The station was located ~1½ mile south of the modern road, about 8¼ miles west of Riverbed. Burton says that the station was simply a dugout roofed over with split cedar logs, with a crude adobe chimney. Three wells were attempted, the deepest being dug to a depth of more than 153 feet. All were dry, and water had to be hauled from Simpson or Riverbed. Nothing remains but a monument.*(Expedition Utah)*

Most sources agree on the identity of this station, listed as Dugway in the 1861 mail contract. Fike and Headley place this site ten and one-half miles from River Bed Station. A dugout with an adobe chimney probably served as the main structure at the station, noted for its three deep wells and lack of water. Someone hauled water from Simpson's Springs to Dugway on a regular basis. Dugway also experienced some activity in the 1890s as a stopping point for the Walters and Mulliner Stage Line from Fairfield to Ibapah. As late as 1979, a monument marked the station site area.*(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: 6 *. Sept. 29, 1860 28 miles: 6:30 P.M.. 3:30.A.M.: Steep road 2 1/2 miles to the summit of Dugway Pass. Descend by a rough incline ; 8 miles beyond the road forks to Devil's Hole,*

90 miles from Camp Floyd on Simpson 's route, and 6 miles S. of Fish Springs. Eight miles beyond the fork is Mountain Point, road winds S. and W ., and then N . to avoid swamp, and crosses 3 sloughs. Beyond the last is Fish Spring Station, on the bench, poor place, water plentiful but bad . Cattle here drink for the first time after Lost Springs, distant 48 miles

Greeley: We drove on that day thirty miles further, to Fish Springs station, just before reaching which we passed one of the salt wells which are characteristic of this country, though not absolutely peculiar to it. This one is about six or eight feet in diameter, and perhaps an equal distance from the surface of the surrounding earth to that of the water, which has a whitish green aspect, is intensely salt, and said to be unfathomable, with a downward suction which a man could hardly or not at all resist. I had no desire to try, badly as I needed ablution.

Burton to the area around Blackrock: (pg 513-4):

After roughly supping we set out, with a fine round moon high in the skies, to ascend the "Dugway Pass" by a rough dusty road winding round the shoulder of a hill, through which a fiumara has burst its way. Like other Utah mountains, the highest third rises suddenly from a comparatively gradual incline, a sore formation for cattle, requiring draught to be at least doubled. Arriving on the summit, we sat down, while our mules returned to help the baggage-wagons, and amused ourselves with the strange aspect of the scene. To the north, or before us, and far below, lay a long broad stretch, white as snow — the Saleratus Desert, west of the Great Salt Lake. It wore a grisly aspect in the silvery light of the moon. Behind us was the brown plain, sparsely dotted with shadows, and dewless in the evening as in the morning. As the party ascended the summit with much noisy shouting, they formed a picturesque group—the well-bred horses wandering to graze, the white-tilted wagons with their panting mules, and the men in felt capotes and huge leather leggins. In honor of our good star which had preserved every hoof from accident, we "liquored up" on that summit, and then began the descent.

Having reached the plain, the road ran for eight miles over a broken surface, with severe pitch-holes and wagon-tracks which have lasted many a month; it then forked. The left, which is about six miles the longer of the two, must be taken after rains, and leads to the Devil's Hole, a curious formation in a bench under "High Mountain," about ninety miles from Camp Floyd, and south, with a little westing, of the Great Salt Lake. The Hole is described as shaped like the frustrum of an inverted cone, forty feet in diameter above, twelve to fifteen below. As regards the depth, four lariats of forty feet each, and a line at the end, did not, it is said, reach the bottom. Captain Simpson describes the water as brackish. The drivers declare it to be half salt. The Devil's Hole is popularly supposed to be an air-vent or shaft communicating with the waters of the Great Salt Lake in their subterraneous journey to the sea (Pacific Ocean). An object cast into it, they say, is sucked down and disappears; hence, if true, probably the theory.

We chose the shorter cut, and, after eight miles, rounded Mountain Point, the end of a dark brown butte falling into the plain. Opposite us and under the western hills, which were distant about two miles, lay the station, but we were compelled to double, for twelve miles, the intervening slough, which no horse can cross without being mired. The road hugged the

foot of the hills at the edge of the saleratus basin, which looked like a furrowed field in which snow still lingers. In places, warts of earth tufted with greasewood emerged from hard, flaky, curling silt-cakes; in others, the salt frosted out of the damp black earth like the miniature sugar-plums upon chocolate bonbons. We then fell into a saline resembling freshly-fallen snow. The whiteness changes to a slaty blue, like a frozen pond when the water still underlies it; and, to make the delusion perfect, the black rutted path looked as if lately cut out after a snow-storm. Weird forms appeared in the moonlight. A line of sand-heaps became a row of railroad cars; a raised bench was mistaken for a paling; and the bushes were any thing between a cow and an Indian. This part of the road must be terrible in winter; even in the fine season men are often compelled to unpack half a dozen times.

Blackrock Station: Also known as Butte, or Desert Station, it was named for the black basalt outcropping just to the north of the road and the monument. Sharp says it was also known as Rock House. Initially called Butte or Desert Station, the rock structure was constructed as part of trail improvements undertaken by the Overland Mail Company after acquiring the Express in July 1861. Little is known about Blackrock station, or its usage possibly due to it being a non-contract station. A structure of native black stone was apparently built here in 1861, while other structures in the area are suggested. Reconnaissance and infrared photographs have also failed to produce any evidence. Only a vandalized monument marks its general location.

Informants say the station site lies west and north of the volcanic outcrop known geographically as Blackrock. The old Lincoln Highway (1913-1927) first encountered and utilized the old Overland Route about ¼ mile east of the monument. This routing was used as an alternate to the main road during wet weather. *(Expedition Utah)*

Fike and Headley list this station thirteen and three-fourths miles from Dugway. Several sources identify Black Rock or Blackrock as a station between Dugway and Fish Springs, although Fike and Headley add Butte and Desert Station as alternative names. The exact location of the station, originally known as Butte or Desert, remains unknown. The Overland Mail Company may have erected a stone structure near the Blackrock volcanic formation after July 1861, but its connection with the Pony Express is uncertain because it did not appear on the 1861 mail contract. A damaged monument marks the general area of the station site. *(NPS)*

Burton to Fish Springs (pg 514-5)***:***

After ascending some sand-hills we halted for the party to form up in case of accident, and Mr. Kennedy proceeded to inspect while we prepared for the worst part of the stage—the sloughs. These are three in number, one of twenty and the two others of 100 yards in length. The tule, the bayonet-grass, and the tall rushes enable animals to pass safely over the deep slushy mud, but when the vegetation is well trodden down, horses are in danger of being permanently mired. The principal inconvenience to man is the infectious odor of the foul swamps. Our cattle were mad with thirst; however, they crossed the three sloughs successfully, although some had nearly made Dixie's Land in the second. |

Beyond the sloughs we ascended a bench, and traveled on an improved road. We passed sundry circular ponds garnished with rush; the water is sulphury, and, according to the season, is warm, hot, or cold. Some of these debord, and send forth what the Somal would call Biya Gora, "night-flowing streams." About 8 A.M., cramped with cold, we

sighted the station, and gave the usual “Yep! yep!” A roaring fire soon revived us; the strong ate supper and the weak went to bed, thus ending a somewhat fatiguing day.

Fish Station: J.H. Simpson placed two mail stations in this area: the one at Fish Springs first used by Chorpenning and another about 3 ¼ miles north at Warm Springs. The station at Warm Springs was apparently abandoned because of bad water.

The original Chorpenning trail went south and west from Blackrock to where the salt-mud desert could be traversed. The trail then turned north to Fish Springs and passed Devil’s Hole, a local landmark. Later a better route was constructed across the flats on much the same route as the present road. This new route was used by the Express, stage and telegraph. From Fish Springs the Express rider would go over the pass just southwest of the station site, making the distance to Boyd’s Station about 9 miles. The stage freight, telegraph and Express (in bad weather) went around the north end of the Fish Springs Range making the trip about 14 miles. Through the years, Fish Springs, being about half-way between Rush Valley and Deep Creek, became a very prominent stop. In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, John Thomas established a ranch near the station site and continued to serve the public. The Thomas Ranch buildings were torn down in the 1930′s and today only a foundation remains to mark the location of the ranch house. The site is located on the Fish Springs National Wildlife Refuge.

Fish Springs was the 21st contract station in Utah. Sharp mentions it as a home station. The area, named for the numerous small fish found in the abundant warm springs, has been an important oasis in the Great Basin desert since prehistoric times. Although the monument (N39 50 53.0 W113 24 39.0) was built adjacent to the road, the station stood a distance to the east, near the present-day camp ground. The best estimate places the old station just south and west of the big trees visible to the east, near what is called the House Spring. Simpson described a thatch-roofed shed on the site in 1859, but extensive development and activity at Fish Springs since the days of the Pony have rendered difficult any accurate interpretation of the its early appearance. Today, the station site and the surrounding area are a part of Fish Springs National Wildlife Refuge, administered by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The Refuge, established in 1959, covers almost 18,000 acres, including approximately 10,000 acres of marsh land. It serves as an important stop on the migration routes of thousands of birds from dozens of species, as well as a prime location for a variety of fields of wildlife research. *(Expedition Utah)*

Fike and Headley identify this station ten miles from Black Rock Station. Sources generally list the station as Fish Springs, including the 1861 mail contract. Fike and Headley also add Smith Springs and Fresh Springs as alternative names. Named for the abundant small fish that lived in the warm mineral springs nearby, Raymond and Mary Settle list two men at the station, whereas Fike and Headley identify a Mr. Smith as the stationkeeper at the stone station. In later years John Thomas owned a ranch that included the station site. The ranch buildings stood until the 1930s, and the site existed in 1979 as part of the Fish Springs National Wildlife Refuge. The station's present-day status and condition are not known. *(NPS)*

Greeley: Fish Springs form quite a large pool at the north end of a low mountain range, and send off a copious stream to be drank up in the course of three or four miles by the thirsty clay of the plain. The water is brackish, and I think sulphurous, as that of a spring in the adjacent marsh near the station clearly is. There are many fish in the pool and stream, and they are said to be good. I should have liked to verify the assertion; and if they bite a hundredth part so freely as the musketoes do hereabout, it were an easy matter to

afford the stage passengers here a change from their usual rations of pork, bread and coffee; which, when the flour, or the pork, or the coffee, happens to be out, as it sometimes is, renders the diet unsatisfactory, even to those who would seem to have been seasoned to the like by a passage across the plains and the Rocky Mountains. Fish Springs are just fifty miles from living water on either side, and the stages have to run at least ten miles out of their course to strike them. There is some coarse grass here.

Burton at Fish Springs (pg 515-16)***:***

On this line there are two kinds of stations—the mail station, where there is an agent in charge of five or six "boys," and the express station—every second—where there is only a master and an express rider. 'The boss receives $50—$75 per mensem, the boy $35. It 1s a hard life, setting aside the chance of death—no less than three murders have been committed by the Indians during this year—the work is severe; the diet is sometimes reduced to wolf-mutton, or a little boiled wheat and rye, and the drink to brackish water; a pound of tea comes occasionally, but the droughty souls are always "out" of whisky and tobacco. At "Fish Springs," where there is little danger of savages, two men had charge of the ten horses and mules; one of these was a German Swiss from near Schaffhausen, who had been digging for gold to little purpose in California.

A clear cool morning succeeding the cold night aroused us betimes. Nature had provided an ample supply of warm water, though slightly sulphury, in the neighboring pot-holes, and at a little distance from the station was one conveniently cool. The fish from which the formation derives its name is a perch-like species, easily caught on a cloudy day. The men, like the citizens of Suez, accustom themselves to the "rotten water," as strangers call it, and hardly relish the purer supplies of Simpson's Springs or Willow Springs: they might have built the station about one mile north, near a natural well of good cool water, but apparently they prefer the warm bad.

The saleratus valley looked more curious in daylight than in moonlight. The vegetation was in regular scale; 'smallest, the rich bunch-grass on the benches; then the greasewood and the artemisia, where the latter can grow; and largest of all, the dwarf cedar. All was of lively hue, the herbage bright red, yellow, and sometimes green, the shrubs:were gray and glaucous, the cedars almost black, and the rim of hills blue-brown and blue. ...After a breakfast which the water rendered truly detestable, we hitched up about 10 A.M., and set out *en route* for Willow Springs.

Burton's Itinerary: 7*. Sept. 30, 1860 22 miles: 10 A.M. 3:30: Road passes many pools. Halfway forks S .to Pleasant Valley (Simpson 's line). Road again rounds the swamp, crossing S. end of Salt Plain. After 21miles, " Willow Creek ;" water rather brackish . Station " Willow Springs" on the bench below hills at the W . end of desert; grass and hay plentiful*

Burton departs Fish Springs for Boyd's(pg 516-7)***:***

About an hour after our departure we met the party commanded by Lieutenant Weed, two subaltern officers, ninety dragoons, and ten wagons; they had been in the field since May, and had done good service against the Gosh Yutas. We halted and "liquored up," and, after American fashion, talked politics in the wilderness. Half an hour then led us to what we christened "Kennedy's Hole," another circular bowl, girt with grass and rush, in the plain under a dark brown rock, with black bands and scatters of stone. A short distance beyond, and also on the right of the road, lay the "Poison Springs," in a rushy bed: the water was temptingly clear, but the bleached bones of many a quadruped skeleton bade us beware of it. After turning a point we saw in front a swamp, the counterpart of what met our eyes last night; it renewed also the necessity of rounding it by a long southerly sweep. The scenery was that of the Takhashshua near Zayla, or the delicious land behind Aden, the Arabian sea-board. Sandheaps—the only dry spots after rain—fixed by tufts of metallic green salsole, and guarded from the desert wind by rusty canegrass, emerged from the wet and oozy plain, in which the mules often sank to the fetlock. The unique and snowy floor of thin nitre, bluish where deliquescent, was here solid as a sheet of ice; there a net-work of little ridges, as if the salt had expanded by crystallization, with regular furrows worked by rain. After heavy showers it becomes a soft, slippery, tenacious, and slushy mud, that renders traveling exceeding laborious; the glare is blinding by day, and at night the refrigerating properties of the salt render the wind bitterly cold, even when the mercury stands at 50° F.

We halted to bait at the half-way house, [Boyd's] the fork of the road leading to Pleasant Valley, an unpleasant place, so called because discovered on a pleasant evening. As we advanced the land improved, the salt disappeared, the grass was splendidly green, and, approaching the station, we passed Willow Creek, where gophar holes and snipes, willows and wild roses, told of life and gladdened the eye. The station lay on a bench beyond the slope. The express rider was a handsome young Mormon, who wore in his felt hat the effigy of a sword; his wife was an Englishwoman, who, as usual under the circumstances, had completely thrown off the Englishwoman. The station-keeper was an Irishman, one of the few met among the Saints. Nothing could be fouler than the log hut; the flies soon drove us out of doors; hospitality, however, was not wanting, and we sat down to salt beef and bacon, for which we were not allowed to pay. The evening was spent in setting a wolf-trap, which consisted of a springy pole and a noose: we strolled about after sunset with a gun, but failed to bag snipe, wild-fowl, or hare, and sighted only a few cunning old crows, and black swamp-birds with yellow throats. As the hut contained but one room, we slept outside. The Gosh Yuta are apparently not a venturesome people; still, it is considered advisable at times to shift one's sleeping quarters, and to acquire the habit of easily awaking.

Boyd's Station: Although Boyd Station is not identified in the 1861 mail contract, it was named by

Howard Egan as an Express Station. The structure was small, built of stone and contained gun-ports. Boyd Station survives as one of the best preserved Express Stations in Utah. This preservation is probably due to the fact that Bid Boyd, station master, continued to occupy the site into the current century.
The station may also have been known as Butte or Desert Station. It does not appear on the 1861 mail contract, but a description of a stop here exists, and Egan mentioned it as a Pony Express station. It was built by and named for station keeper George Washington Boyd in about 1855. George W. died in Salt Lake City in 1903. "Bid" Boyd, a relative of George, lived at the station until around the turn of the century. According to local resident and Pony Express historian David Bagley, he didn't do much but hang out there and enjoy the solitude. There was apparently a small spring of very brackish water near Boyd Station. A well was dug to try to improve the water supply, but all that was found was brine so strong they used it to cure meat, according to Sharp. A poison spring was found a distance to the north, marked by numerous bones of dead animals. At this juncture the Express diverted from the old Chorpenning trail and headed straight west to Callao and Willow Springs Station. Chorpenning had gone south into Pleasant Valley and then around the south end of the Deep Creek Mountains. *(Expedition Utah)*

> ***Greeley: July 23d.***—We traveled this forenoon over a plain nearly surrounded by mountains. Said plain is very level to the eye, but the rapid traveler's sense of feeling contradicts this, for he finds it full of dry-water-courses, which give him most uncomfortable jolts. Before noon, we came to the spot, where the stage-mules are turned out to feed .and rest, by the side of a sink or depression in the plain, which is covered with coarse grass and reeds or bulrushes. By digging in the side of this sink, water has been easily obtained, but so sulphurous, and generally bad, as to be barely drinkable. Even the mules, I noticed, practice great moderation in the use of it. At one, we harnessed up, and were soon rising over a long mountain-pass, hardly less than ten miles from the level plain to its summit, where a light thunder-shower—that is, a light rain with heavy thunder—overtook us. We drove rapidly down its western declivity, and, a little after 5, p. m., reached our next station in "Pleasant Valley," a broad ravine, which descends to the south-west. Here we found water—bright, sweet, pure, sparkling, leaping water—the first water fit to drink that we had reached in a hundred miles; if Simpson's Spring ever dries up, the distance will then be at least a hundred and twenty. We were now across what is here technically known as "the desert"—that is to say, we had crossed the north-east corner of it. I believe it extends at least two hundred miles south from this point, and is at least as far from east to west across its center. If Uncle Sam should ever sell that tract for one cent per acre, he will swindle the purchaser outrageously.

Greeley followed Simpson's original route from Boyd's Station, as mentioned in the *Expedition Utah* note: *At this juncture the Express diverted from the old Chorpenning trail and headed straight west to Callao and Willow Springs Station. Chorpenning had gone south into Pleasant Valley and then around the south end of the Deep Creek Mountains.* Greeley's route would rejoin the C.O.C & P.P. Express route at Shell Creek.

Willow Springs Station (Utah): A great deal of controversy has arisen over the location of the Willow Springs Station. Descriptions given by Nick Wilson (an Express rider) and Sir Richard Burton do not describe the location of the place now claimed to be the station site. A foundation, identified

tentatively as dating to the proper period and similar to the structure depicted in the sketch from an 1868 photograph, has been found at the spot where an 1882 survey plat locates the Willow Springs Stable. This structure, located on the Dorcey Sabey property, is approximately 100 feet northeast of F. J. Kearney's boarding house . This facility is about 3/4 mile east of the structure popularly known as the station house. Further archaeological investigations are necessary to establish the true location of the station.This station is on private land in the small ranching community of Callao. There is a monument next to the road. The locals are sure that it is on the Bagley ranch and still stands. Originally an adobe structure, it was covered with wood to keep it from washing away. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton's Itinerary: 8*. Oct. 1, 1860: 28 miles: 8 A.M. 4 P.M.: Road ascending the bench ,turns N . to find the pass. After 6 miles, Mountain Springs; good water, grass, and fuel. Six miles beyond is Deep Creek Kanyon, a dangerous ravine 9 miles long. Then descends into a fertile and well watered valley, and after 7 miles enters Deep Creek mail station . Indian farm.*

Burton to Mountain Springs (pg 517-8)***:***

A "little war" had been waging near Willow Springs. In June the station was attacked by a small band of Gosh Yuta, of whom three were shot and summarily scalped; an energetic proceeding, which had prevented a repetition of the affair. The savages, who are gathering their pine-nut harvest, and are driven by destitution to beg at the stations, to which one meal a week will attach them, are now comparatively peaceful: when the emigration season recommences they are expected to be troublesome, and their numbers — the Pa Yutas can bring 12,000 warriors into the field —render them formidable. "Jake," the Shoshonee, who had followed us from Lost Springs, still considered his life in danger; he was as unwilling to wend his way alone as an Arab Bedouin or an African negro in their respective interiors. With regard to ourselves, Lieutenant Weed had declared that there was no danger; the station people thought, on the contrary, that the snake, which had been scotched, not killed, would recover after the departure of the soldiers, and that the work of destruction had not been carried on with sufficient vigor.

At 6 A.M. the thermometer showed 45° F.; we waited two hours, till the world had time to warm. After six miles we reached "Mountain Springs," a water-sink below the bench-land, tufted round with cotton-wood, willow, rose, cane, and grass. On our right, or eastward, lay Granite Rock, which we had well-nigh rounded, and through a gap we saw Lost-Springs Station, distant apparently but a few hours' canter. Between us, however, lay the horrible salt plain—a continuation of the low lands bounding the western edge of the Great Salt Lake—which the drainage of the hills over which we were traveling inundates till June.

Willow Creek Station: The 1875 cadastral survey plat, locates a cabin, springs, and connecting roads at a location along Six-Mile Creek. This, coupled with historic written accounts and knowledge that Pete Joyce built and occupied a log cabin at this location, suggests its use as a station house. It is on private land next to the road but nothing remains and no monument as well. *(Expedition Utah)*
Fike and Headley locate this controversial station six miles from Willow Springs. They and the Settles are the only sources to list Willow Creek as a Pony Express stop. If it was a stop, then Pete Joyce's

cabin on Six-Mile Creek possibly served as the station. Little more is known about the station. *(NPS)*

***Burton* to the Mouth of Deep Creek Kanyon** (pg 518):

After twelve miles over the bench we passed a dark rock, which protects a water called Reading's Springs, and we halted to form up at the mouth of Deep-Creek Kanyon. This is a dangerous gorge, some nine miles long, formed by a water-course which sheds into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Here I rode forward with "Jim," a young express rider from the last station, who volunteered much information upon the subject of Indians. He carried two Colt's revolvers, of the dragoon or largest size, considering all others too small. I asked him what he would do if a Gosh Yuta appeared. He replied that if the fellow were civil he might shake hands with him, if surly he would shoot him; and, at all events, when riding away, that he would keep a "stirrup eye" upon him: that he was in the habit of looking round corners to see if any one was taking aim, in which case he would throw himself from the saddle, or rush on, so as to spoil the shooting—the Indians, when charged, becoming excited, fire without effect. He mentioned four Red Men who could 'draw a, bead" against any white; usually, however, they take a minute to load; they require a long aim, and they stint their powder. He pointed out a place where Miller, one of the express riders, had lately been badly wounded, and lost his horse. Nothing, certainly, could be better fitted for an ambuscade than this gorge, with its caves and holes in snow-cuts, earth-drops, and lines of strata, like walls of rudely-piled stone; in one place we saw the ashes of an Indian encampment; in another, a whirlwind, curling, as smoke would rise, from behind a projecting spur, made us advance with the greatest caution.

Orion: *Saturday, Aug 10. Arrived in the forenoon at the entrance of "Rocky Canon," 255 miles from Salt Lake City.*

Canyon Station: This station has had two names as there was two apparent attempts at a Pony Express station in Overland Canyon were destroyed by fire. The first was built in the mouth of Blood Canyon near available water, and seems to have been rather short-lived . The second Canyon Station was located just west of the monument (N40 04 37.0 W113 50 44.0) which is visible across a deep wash west of the road. The station is said to have consisted of a log house with adjoining stable, and a dugout where meals were cooked and served. 5 express employees and 2 soldiers were killed when Canyon Station was burnt in July of 1863. Looking to the west across Clifton Flat, you will see a 2-track which is probably the remnant of the old stagecoach and pony express road. Both are on BLM land and nothing remains.

Canyon Station was strategically built in 1863 high above the mouth of Overland Canyon to replace an earlier, indefensible station located up Overland Canyon about 2-3 miles. Indians had beseiged and burned the original Canyon Station earlier the same year.

The original Canyon Station, also known as Burn't Station, had been built by Howard Egan as an Express Station and was first described in August of 1861. A marker built and placed by the Civilian Conservation Corp (C.C.C.) is apparently located improperly in Township 9 South, Range 18 West, Section 2 (SE1/4NW1/4). The station is believed to have been in the form of a dugout located at the mouth of Blood Canyon, so named because of the Indian attack in 1863. Other evidence indicates the site may be to the west on Clifton Flat. Descriptions vary on structural features. Apparently a dugout with stable or barn was built and possibly a log house.

Locally called Round Station (N40 02 40.5 W113 48 15.0), this recent connotation originates because prior to archaeological investigations in 1974, the only discernible feature was a round, relatively complete, fortified rock structure, which included gunports. This had been interpreted as the station house. Excavations revealed the actual station house foundation (as well as the corral area) to be east of the round fortification. The Gale Parker's recall their grandfather having spoke of a roof being on the fortification. This stabilized fortification, was built in 1863 to serve the Overland Stage. It was probably the third incarnation of Canyon Station, the first 2 having been burned by Indians. *(Expedition Utah)*

In 1863, two years after the Pony Express ended, Indians attacked Canyon Station, killing the residents, and burning the buildings. That same year, workers built a round, fortress-like structure above the mouth of Overland Canyon to replace the burned station. Local people distinguished between the two stations by referring to the burned station site as Burnt or Burnout, and the replacement as Round Station. Confusion occasionally arises from the reference to Canyon Station, but the second station, built after 1863, had nothing to do with the Pony Express. *(NPS)*

Mark Twain has a reputation as a staunch critic of "racism". This reputation is almost entirely based on his relationship with black African-Americans. It does not hold true for his relationship with Native Americans, with whom he held a life-long hatred. At this point in his book, "Roughing It", he displays this aversion in detail.

Roughing It (Twain's Racism Exposed) (pg 146-7)***:***

On the morning of the sixteenth day out from St. Joseph we arrived at the entrance of Rocky Canyon, two hundred and fifty miles from Salt Lake. It was along in this wild country somewhere, and far from any habitation of white men, except the stage stations, that we came across the wretchedest type of mankind I have ever seen, up to this writing. I refer to the Goshoot Indians. From what we could see and all we could learn, they are very considerably inferior to even the despised Digger Indians of California; inferior to all races of savages on our continent; inferior to even the Terra del Fuegans; inferior to the Hottentots, and actually inferior in some respects to the Kytches of Africa. Indeed, I have been obliged to look the bulky volumes of Wood's "Uncivilized Races of Men" clear through in order to find a savage tribe degraded enough to take rank with the Goshoots. I find but one people fairly open to that shameful verdict. It is the Bosjesmans (Bushmen) of South Africa. Such of the Goshoots as we saw, along the road and hanging about the stations, were small, lean, "scrawny" creatures; in complexion a dull black like the ordinary American negro; their faces and hands bearing dirt which they had been hoarding and accumulating for months, years, and even generations, according to the age of the proprietor; a silent, sneaking, treacherous looking race; taking note of everything, covertly, like all the other "Noble Red Men" that we (do not) read about, and betraying no sign in their countenances; indolent, everlastingly patient and tireless, like all other Indians;

prideless beggars—for if the beggar instinct were left out of an Indian he would not "go," any more than a clock without a pendulum; hungry, always hungry, and yet never refusing anything that a hog would eat, though often eating what a hog would decline; hunters, but having no higher ambition than to kill and eat jack-ass rabbits, crickets and grasshoppers, and embezzle carrion from the buzzards and cayotes; savages who, when asked if they have the common Indian belief in a Great Spirit show a something which almost amounts to emotion, thinking whiskey is referred to; a thin, scattering race of almost naked black children, these Goshoots are, who produce nothing at all, and have no villages, and no gatherings together into strictly defined tribal communities—a people whose only shelter is a rag cast on a bush to keep off a portion of the snow, and yet who inhabit one of the most rocky, wintry, repulsive wastes that our country or any other can exhibit.

For a full accounting of Mark Twain's relationship with Native Americans see Kerry Driscoll's "*Mark Twain Among the Indians"*.

Burton to Deep Creek Station (pg 518-9)***:***

As we progressed the valley opened out, and became too broad to be dangerous. Near the summit of the pass the land is well lined with white sage, which may be used as fodder, and a dwarf cedar adorns the hills. The ground gives out a hollow sound, and the existence of a spring in the vicinity is suspected. Descending the western water-shed, we sighted, in Deep-Creek Valley, St. Mary's County, the first patch of cultivation since leaving Great Salt Lake. The Indian name is Aybâ-pá, or the Clay-colored Water; pity that America and Australia have not always preserved the native local terms. It is bisected by a rivulet in which three streamlets from the southern hills unite; like these features generally, its course is northward till it sinks: fields extend about one mile from each bank, and the rest of the yellow bottom is a tapestry of wire grass and wheat grass. An Indian model farm had been established here; the war, however, prevented cultivation; the savages had burned down the house, and several of them had been killed by the soldiers. On the west of the valley were white rocks of the lime used for mortar: the hills also showed lias and marble-like limestones. The eastern wall was a grim line of jagged peaks, here bare with granite, there black with cedar; they are crossed by a short cut leading to the last station, which, however, generally proves the longest way, and in a dark ravine Kennedy pointed out the spot where he had of late nearly left his scalp. Coal is said to be found there in chunks, and gold is supposed to abound; the people, however, believing that the valley can not yet support extensive immigration, conceal it probably by "counsel."

At 4 P.M. we reached the settlement, consisting of two huts and a station-house, a large and respectable-looking building of unburnt brick, surrounded by fenced fields, water-courses, and stacks of good adobe. We were introduced to the Mormon station-master, Mr. Sevier, and others. They are mostly farm-laborers, who spend the summer here and supply the road with provisions: in the winter they return to Grantsville, where their families are settled. ...

The station was dirty to the last degree: the flies suggested the Egyptian plague; they could be brushed from the walls in thousands; but, though sage makes good brooms, no one cares to sweep clean. This, I repeat, is not Mormon, but Western: the people, like the

Spaniards, apparently disdain any occupation save that of herding cattle, and will do so till the land is settled. ... We were glad to receive permission to sleep upon the loose wheat in an inner room: at 8 A.M. the thermometer had shown 59° F., but on this night ice appeared in the pails.

Deep Creek Station: Deep Creek was the home of Howard Egan, the division superintendent for service between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Roberts Creek (near Eureka, Nevada). This well-equipped and service functioning facility was the most westerly station located within the present boundaries of Utah. The western boundary of the Utah Territory at this time was the California state line and Genoa the most westerly Utah Territory station.
Harrison Sevier was the station master. Buildings included an adobe station, house, and barn. The telegraph established a repeater station at this location in 1861 with George Ferguson being the telegrapher. The station site is presently on the ranch of Sidney (DeVerl) Nichols, Jr. Incidentally, Joan and Hilda Erikson paid for the last telegraph message to be sent from this station in 1869.
Located at the Ibapah Trading Post (which, at times, has fuel). Eagan laid out the road for that stretch and supervised its construction. Nothing remains. A monument (N40 01 47.0 W113 59 12.0) is a couple of miles south on the trail. This was the last station in the state. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of this station, sometimes known as Egan's. Major Howard Egan, Division Superintendent of stations from Salt Lake City to Roberts Creek, apparently maintained a home ranch at Deep Creek, which produced hay, grain, beef, and mutton for other stations along the route. Substantial structures at Deep Creek Station included Egan's home, a barn, and an adobe station, kept by Howard Egan, Mathew Orr, and Harrison Sevier. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary 9. *Oct. 3, 4, 1860: 30 miles 8A.M . 4 P.M : Along Willow Creek . After 8 miles, " Eight-Miles Springs ;" water, grass, and sage fuel. Kanyon after 2 1/2 miles, 500 yards long and easy. Then 19 miles through Antelope Valley to the station of the same name, burnt in June 1860 by Indians. Simpson's route from Pleasant Valley, distant 12.5 miles, falls into the E . end of Antelope Valley , from Camp Floyd 151 miles ..... .*

Burton to Eight Mile Springs (pg 520-1):

The severity of the last night made us active; the appearance of deep snow upon the mountains and of ice in the valleys was an intelligible hint that the Sierra Nevada which lay before us would be by no means an easy task. Despite, therefore, the idleness always engendered by a halt, and the frigid blasts which poured down from the eastern hills, where rain was falling in torrents, we hitched up, bade adieu to our Mormon host, and set out about 4.P.M. Antelope Springs, the next station, was 30 miles distant; we resolved, therefore, to divide it, after the fashion of Asia and Africa, by a short forenoon march.

The road runs to the southwest down the Deep-Creek Valley, and along the left bank of the western rivulet. Near the divide we found a good bottom, with plenty of water and grass; the only fuel was the sage-bush, which crackled merrily, like thorns, under the pot, but tainted the contents with its medicinal odor. The wagons were drawn up in a half circle to aid us in catching the mules; the animals were turned out to graze, the men were divided into watches, and the masters took up their quarters in the wagons. ... At 8 P.M. a storm of wind and rain burst upon us from the S.W.: it was so violent that the wagons rocked before

the blast, and at times the chance of a capsize suggested itself. The weather was highly favorable for Indian plundering, who on such nights expect to make a successful attack.

We awoke early in the frigid S.W. wind, the thermometer showing 89° F. After a few hundred yards we reached "Eight-mile Springs," so called from the distance to Deep Creek. The road, which yesterday would have been dusty to the hub, was now heavy and viscid; the rain had washed out the saleratus, and the sight and scent, and the country generally, were those of the environs of a horse-pond. An ugly stretch of two miles, perfectly desert, led to Eight-mile-Spring Kanyon, a jagged little ravine about 500 yards long, with a portaled entrance of tall rock. It is not, however, considered dangerous.

Prairie Gate Station: Several notable sources list Prairie Gate or Eight Mile Station as a Pony Express station, even though it was not listed on the 1861 mail contract station, and its exact location remains unknown. The station possibly existed on the present-day Goshute Indian Reservation, and/or it may have been at Eight-Mile Springs, so-called because of its distance to Deep Creek. It is thought that this station was probably erected after July of 1861 and was part of the Pony Express route for approximately three months. *(NPS)*
Prairie Gate Station The final Nevada station (or first for westbound riders) was built a couple months after the trail opened to break up the long ride between Utah's westernmost station, Deep Creek, to Antelope Springs in Nevada. The premature end of Antelope Springs also made Prairie Gate an integral stop. The station was also referred to as Eight Mile Station. *Nevada Magazine*

Burton to Antelope Springs (pg 521)***:***

Beyond the kanyon lay another grisly land, if possible more deplorable than before; its only crops were dust and mud. On the right hand were turreted rocks, around whose base ran Indian trails, and a violent west wind howled over their summits. About 1 30 P.M. we came upon the station at Antelope Springs: it had been burned by the Gosh Yutas in the last June, and had never been rebuilt. "George," our cook, who had been one of the inmates at the time, told us how he and his *confréres* had escaped. Fortunately, the corral still stood: we found wood in plenty, water was lying in an adjoining bottom, and we used the two to brew our tea.

Antelope Springs Station: The Antelope Springs Station, which was listed on the 1861 mail contract, has been identified by several sources as a Pony Express stop. In 1859, George Chorpenning constructed this station, that later served the Pony Express. On June 1, 1860, Indians reportedly attacked the station and burned the structures. ... A new station went up sometime after Burton's visit. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: 10. *Oct. 5, 1860: 18 miles 6 A.M. 11 P.M.: Road over the valley for 2 miles to the mouth of Shell-Creek Kanyon, 6 miles long. Rough road ; fuel plentiful. Descends into Spring Valley, and then passes over other divides into Shell Creek, where there is a mail station ; water, grass, and fuel abundant.*

Burton Over the Antelope Range (pg 521-2)***:***

Beyond Antelope Springs was Shell Creek, distant thirty miles by long road and eighteen by the short cut. We had some difficulty in persuading Kennedy to take the latter; property not only sharpens the intellect, it also generates prudence, and the ravine is a well-known place for ambush. Fortunately two express riders came in and offered to precede us, which encouraged us. About 3 P.M. we left the springs and struck for the mouth of the kanyon, which has not been named; Sevier and Farish are the rival claimants. Entering the jagged fir and pine-clad breach, we found the necessity of dismounting. The bed was dry—it floods in spring and autumn—but very steep, and in a hole on the right stood water, which we did not touch for fear of poison. Reaching the summit in about an hour we saw below the shaggy foreground of evergreens, or rather ever-blacks, which cast grotesque and exaggerated shadows in the last rays of day, the snowy-white mountains, gloriously sunlit, on the far side of Shell Creek. Here for the first time appeared the piñion pine (*P. Monophyllus)*, which forms the principal part of the Indian's diet; it was no beauty to look upon, a dwarfish tree, rendered shrub-like by being feathered down to the ground. The nut is ripe in early autumn, at which time the savages stow away their winter provision in dry ravines and pits. The fruit is about the size of a pistachio, with a decided flavor of turpentine, tolerably palatable, and at first laxative. The cones are thrown upon the fire, and when slightly burnt the nuts are easily extracted; these are eaten raw, or like the Hindoo's toasted grains. The harvest is said to fail every second year. Last season produced a fine crop, while in this autumn many of the trees were found, without apparent reason but frost, dead. ,

We resumed the descent along a fiumara, which presently sank." and at 5 P.M. halted in a prairillon somewhat beyond. Bunch-grass, sage-fuel, and water were abundant, but the place was favorable for an attack. It is a golden rule in an Indian country never to pitch near trees or rocks that can mask an approach, and we were breaking it in a place of danger. However, the fire was extinguished early, so as to prevent its becoming a mark for Indians, and the pickets, placed on both sides of the ravine, were dirécted to lie motionless a little below the crest, and to fire at the first comer. I need hardly say we were not murdured; the cold, however, was uncommonly piercing.

Spring Valley Station: Though Spring Valley Station was not listed on the 1861 mail contract as a station, and its exact location remains unknown, sources generally agree on its identity as a Pony Express station. This station did not exist when Richard Burton traveled through the area on October 5, 1860, however, the Pony Express did stop at a site somewhere in the valley. Constant Dubail or a man named Reynal possibly served as stationkeepers at Spring Valley. When Pony Express rider Elijah N. "Uncle Nick" Wilson stopped at the station for something to eat, he found two young boys managing operations. While Wilson was there, several Indians stole the station's horses. Wilson reportedly was killed when he tried to stop them.
The Overland Mail Company line maintained a station in Spring Valley until 1869, which also possibly served as a Pony Express stop after July 1861. The Overland station stood on property owned by Reed Robinson in 1976. Foundations exist near a turn-of-the century stone house on the property. Townley locates the Overland station site within the corrals, southwest of the stone house. Another theory suggests that the station stood on the present Henroid Ranch, an area that provided a shorter route to Antelope Springs Station through the Antelope Mountains. *(NPS)*

Burton through Schellbourne Pass to Schell Creek (pg 522-3):

We set out at 6 A.M. the next morning, through a mixture of snow and hail and howling wind, to finish the ravine, which was in toto eight miles long. The descent led us to Spring Valley, a bulge in the mountains about eight miles broad, which a sharp divide separates from Shell Valley, its neighbor. On the summit we fell into the line of rivulet which gives the low lands a name. At the foot of the descent we saw a woodman, and presently the station. Nothing could more want tidying than this log hut, which showed the bullet-marks of a recent Indian attack. 'The master was a Francais de France, Constant Dubail, and an ex-Lancier: his mother's gossip had received a remittance of 2000 francs from a son in California, consequently he had torn himself from the *sein of sa pauvre mére*, and with three others had started in search of fortune, and had nearly starved. The express riders were three roughs, of whom one was a Mormon. We passed our time while the mules were at bait in visiting the springs. There is a cold creek 200 yards below the station, and close by the hut a warm rivulet, said to contain leeches. The American hirudo, however, has a serious defect in a leech—it will not bite; the faculty, therefore, are little addicted to hirudination ; country doctors rarely keep the villainous bloodsuckers, and only the wealthy can afford the pernicious luxury, which, imported from Spain, costs $12 per dozen, somewhat the same price as oysters at Nijni Novgorod.

Schell Creek Station: Sources generally agree on the identity of Schell Creek, also known later as Schellbourne or Fort Schellboure. George Chorpenning and Howard Egan established a station at the site in late 1859, which served the Pony Express during its existence and the Overland Mail Company line until 1869. English traveler Richard Burton stopped at Schell Creek on October 5, 1860, and identified Francais de France Constant Dubail as stationkeeper at the bullet-scarred log structure. Several months earlier, on June 8, 1860, Indians attacked the station. According to one source, they scared away the station's residents and destroyed the building. Another source claims that Indians killed three people at the station before scattering the station's livestock.
After the Pony Express ended, the Overland Mail Company established its Utah-to-central Nevada district headquarters at Schell Creek in 1862-1863. Stone and log structures housed craftsmen who kept the coaches and other equipment in good repair, and the station compound grew into Fort Schellbourne, a town of 500 by the 1870s. Two log structures, as well as other buildings, remain from the old fort. Local belief suggests that one of them served as the Pony Express station, but no actual proof exists. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: 11. *Oct. 5, 1860: 18 miles 2 P.M. 6 P.M. : Descends a rough road . Crosses Steptoe Valley and bridged creek . Road heavy, sand or mud. After 16 miles, Egan 's Kanyon, dangerous for Indians. Station at the W . mouth burned by Indians in October, 1860*

Burton through Steptoe Valley (pg 523-4)***:***

The weather, which was vile till 10 A.M., when the glass showed 40° (F.), promised to amend, and as the filthy hole—still full of flies, despite the cold—offered no attraction, we set out at 2 P.M. for Egan's Station, beyond an ill-omened kanyon of the same name. We descended into a valley by a regular slope—in proportion as we leave distance between us and the Great Salt Lake the bench formation on this line becomes less distinct—and

traversed a barren plain by a heavy road. Hares and prairie-hens seemed, however, to like it, and a frieze of willow thicket at the western end showed the presence of water. We in the ambulance halted at the mouth of the kanyon; the stock and the boys had fallen far behind, and the place had an exceedingly bad name. But the cold was intense, the shades of evening were closing in, so we made ready for action, looked to the priming of gun and revolver, and then en avant! After passing that kanyon we should exchange the land of the Gosh Yuta for those of the more friendly Shoshonee.

An uglier place for sharp-shooting can hardly be imagined. The floor of the kanyon is almost flush with the bases of the hills, and in such formations, the bed of the creek which occupies the sole is rough and winding. The road was vile—now winding along, then crossing the stream—hedged in with thicket and dotted with boulders. Ahead of us was a rocky projection which appeared to cross our path, and upon this Point Dangerous every eye was fixed.

Suddenly my eye caught sight of one fire—two fires under the black bunch of firs half way up the hill-side on our left, and as suddenly they were quenched, probably with snow. Nothing remained but to hear the war-whoop, and to see a line of savages rushing down the rocks. We loosed the doors of the ambulance, that we might jump out, if necessary, and tree ourselves behind it; and knowing that it would be useless to return, drove on at our fastest speed, with sleet, snow, and wind in our faces. Under the circumstances, it was cold comfort to find, when we had cleared the kanyon, that Egan’s Station at the farther mouth had been reduced to a chimney-stack and a few charred posts. The Gosh Yutas had set fire to it two or three days before our arrival, in revenge for the death of seventeen of their men by Lieutenant Weed's party. We could distinguish the pits from which the wolves had torn up the corpses, and one fellow’s arm projected from the snow. After a hurried deliberation, in which Kennedy swore, with that musical voice in which the Dublin swains delight, that “shure we were all kilt”—the possession of property not only actuates the mind, and adds industry to its qualities, it also produces a peculiar development of cautiousness—we unhitched the mules, tethered them to the ambulance, and planted ourselves behind the palisade, awaiting all comers, till the boys could bring re-enforcement. The elements fought for us: although two tongues of high land directly in front of us would have formed a fine mask for approach, the snow lay in so even a sheet that a prowling coyote was detected, and the hail-like sleet which beat fiercely on our backs would have been a sore inconvenience to a party attacking in face. Our greatest disadvantage was the extreme cold; it was difficult to keep a finger warm enough to draw a trigger. Thomas, the judgeling, so he was called, was cool as a cucumber, mentally and bodily: youths generally are. Firstly, they have their *“preuves”* to make; secondly, they know not what they do.

Egan's Canyon Station: The canyon was named for Howard Egan who had been in the area since the 1850s. He later became a Pony Express agent. Egan Canyon was the site of many Indian ambushes. In July 1860, U.S. troops travelling from Fort Ruby to Schell Creek came upon an Indian attack at the station barely saving the lives of the 2 station masters. Indian survivors of that skirmish took revenge on the next Pony Express stop, Schell Creek Station, killing the stationmaster and 2 assistance and running off all of the livestock. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of this station site, known as Egan Canyon or Egan's Station,

which also appeared on the 1861 mail contract. Howard Egan and others established the station in Egan Canyon in the spring of 1860. On July 15 or 16, 1860, approximately eighty Indians arrived at the station, took stationkeeper Mike Holten and a Pony Express rider named Wilson as prisoners, and helped themselves to station food supplies. Rider William Dennis, enroute from Ruby Valley Station to Egan Station, saw the Indians and slipped away before they discovered him. He found Lieutenant Weed and sixty soldiers, whom he had passed shortly before reaching Egan, and returned with them to the station. The soldiers killed about seventeen or eighteen Indians and freed the two captives. In early October of that same year, Indians returned to the station, killed the men there, and burned the buildings, according to Burton, "in revenge for the death of seventeen of their men by Lieutenant Weed's party." When Richard Burton arrived on October 5, he found part of the chimney, a few pieces of burned wood, and evidence of partially buried bodies.
Sometime later, workers rebuilt the station, which served as an Overland Mail Company stop until 1869. In 1979, the station's stone foundations existed in a dense tangle of rabbit-brush. *(NPS).*

Burton's Itinerary: 12. *Oct. 6, 1860: 18 miles 8 P.M. 3 A.M.: Pass the divide, fall into Butte Valley, and cross its N . end . Bottom very cold. Mail station half way up a hill; a very small spring; grass on the N. side of the hill. Butte Station*

Burton through Cherry Creek Range to Bate's Station (pg 524)***:***

After an hour's freezing, which seemed a day's, we heard with quickened ears the shouts and tramp of the boys and the stock, which took a terrible load off the exile of Erin's heart. We threw ourselves into the wagons, numbed with cold, and forgot, on the soft piles of saddles, bridles, and baggage, and under heaps of blankets and buffalos, the pains of Barahut. About 3 A.M. this enjoyment was brought to a close by arriving at the end of the stage, Butte Station. The road was six inches deep with snow, and the final ascent was accomplished with difficulty. The good station-master, Mr. Thomas, a Cambrian Mormon, who had, he informed me, three brothers in the British army, bade us kindly welcome, built a roaring fire, added meat to our supper of coffee and doughboy, and cleared by a summary process among the snorers places for us on the floor of "Robber's Roost," or " Thieves' Delight," as the place is facetiously known throughout the country-side.

Bate's Station: Bates' station is mentioned in the 1861 mail contract, and sources generally agree on the identity of this station as either Bates' or Butte Station, which they locate between Egan and Mountain Springs. The station began in 1859 as part of George Chorpenning's mail route and continued to serve the Pony Express. In the spring of 1860, Indians burned Butte Station. When Richard Burton visited the site on October 5, 1860, an English Mormon named Thomas managed the rebuilt station. At that time, Burton described life at this station in great detail during his travel account. Burton described a 15 x 30 feet, two-room structure, built of sandstone, wood, and mud. Parts of the fireplace, a wall, and other stone foundations still mark the site of Butte Station as late as 1979. *(NPS)*
There is still what is either the remains of a rock wall or a large rock fireplace standing. But there isn't any signs or markers or anything and it's pretty hard to see if you aren't really looking for it (I had driven past it half a dozen times over a period of years before finally noticing it). There are also some very old building remains at the mouth of the canyon (coming from the East), which are even harder to see, even if you know exactly where to look, and another site a few miles away further up the

mountain, but I'm pretty sure the station site is the one with the stone remains noted above. *Expedition Utah*

Burton: Halt at "Robber's Roost." 6th October. (pg 524-7)

The last night's sound sleep was allowed to last through the morning. This day was perforce a halt: the old white mare and her colt had been left at the mouth of the kanyon, and one of the Shoshonee Indian servants of the station had been persuaded by a bribe of a blanket and some gunpowder to return for them. About noon we arose, expecting a black fog, and looked down upon Butte Valley, whose northern edge we had traversed last night. Snow still lay there—that bottom is rarely without frost —but in the fine clear sunny day, with the mercury at 48° F. in the shade, the lowest levels re-became green, the hill cedars turned once more black, earth steamed like a garment hung out to dry, and dark spots here and there mottled the hills, which were capped with huge turbans of muslin-like mist. While the Shoshonee is tracking and driving the old mare, we will glance around the "Robber's Roost," which will answer for a study of the Western man's home.

It is about as civilized as the Galway shanty, or the normal dwelling-place in Central Equatorial Africa. A cabin fronting east and west, long walls thirty feet, with port-holes for windows, short ditto fifteen; material, sandstone and bog ironstone slabs compacted with mud, the whole roofed with split cedar trunks, reposing on horizontals which rested on perpendiculars. Behind the house a corral of rails planted in the ground; the inclosed space a mass of earth, and a mere shed in one corner the only shelter. Outside the door—the hingeless and lockless backboard of a wagon, bearing the wounds of bullets—and resting on lintels and staples, which also had formed parts of locomotives, a slab acting stepping-stone over a mass of soppy black soil strewed with ashes, gobs of meat offals, and other delicacies. On the right hand a load of wood; on the left a tank formed by damming a dirty pool which had flowed through a corral behind the "Roost." There was a regular line of drip distilling from the caked and hollowed snow which toppled from the thick thatch above the cedar braces.

The inside reflected the outside. The length was divided by two perpendiculars, the southernmost of which, assisted by a halfway canvas partition, cut the hut into unequal parts. Behind it were two bunks for four men: standing bedsteads of poles planted in the ground, as in Australia and Unyamwezi, and covered with piles of ragged blankets. Beneath the frame-work were heaps of rubbish, saddles, cloths, harness, and straps, sacks of wheat, oats, meal, and potatoes, defended from the ground by underlying logs, and dogs nestled where they found room. The floor, which also frequently represented bedstead, was rough, uneven earth, neither tamped nor swept, and the fine end of a spring oozing through the western wall kept part of it in a state of eternal mud. A redeeming point was the fireplace, which occupied half of the northern short wall: it might have belonged to Guy of Warwick's great hall; its ingle nooks boasted dimensions which one connects with an idea of hospitality and jollity; while a long hook hanging down it spoke of the bouillon-pot, and the iron oven of hot rolls. Nothing could be more simple than the furniture. The chairs were either posts mounted on four legs spread out for a base, or three-legged stools with reniform seats. The tables were rough-dressed planks, two feet by two, on rickety trestles. One stood in the centre for feeding purposes; the other was placed as buffet in the corner near the fire,

with eating apparatus—tin coffee-pot and gamelles, rough knives, “pitchforks,” and pewter spoons. The walls were pegged to support spurs and pistols, whips, gloves, and leggins. Over the door, in a niche, stood a broken coffee-mill, for which a flat stone did duty. Near the entrance, on a broad shelf raised about a foot from the ground, lay a tin skillet and its “dipper.” Soap was supplied by a handful of gravel, and evaporation was expected to act towel. Under the board was a pail of water with a floating can, which enabled the inmates to supply the drainage of everlasting chaws. There was no sign of Bible, Shakspeare, or Milton; a Holywell-Street romance or two was the only attempt at literature. *En revanche*, weapons of the flesh, rifles, guns, and pistols, lay and hung all about the house, carelessly stowed as usual, and tools were not wanting—hammers, large borers, axe, saw, and chisel. An almost invariable figure in these huts is an Indian standing cross-legged at the door, or squatting uncomfortably close to the fire. He derides the whites for their wastefulness, preferring to crouch in parties of three or four over a little bit of fuel than to sit before a blazing log. These savages act, among other things, as hunters, bringing home rabbits and birds. We tried our revolvers against one of them, and beat him easily; yet they are said to put, three times out of four, an arrow through a keyhole forty paces off. In shooting they place the thumb and forefinger of the right hand upon the notch, and strengthen the pull by means of the second finger stretched along the bowstring. The left hand holds the whipped handle, and the shaft rests upon the knuckle of the index.

From Mr. Thomas we heard an account of the affair which took place near Egan’s Kanyon. In the last August, Lieutenant Weed happened to be “on a scout,” with seventeen mounted riflemen, after Indians. An express rider from the West had ridden up to the station, which, being in a hollow, can not be seen from afar, and found it surrounded by Gosh Yuta Indians. The fellows had tied up the master and the boy, and were preparing with civilized provisions a good dinner for themselves, to be followed by a little treat in the form of burning down the house and roasting their captives. The Indians allowed the soldiers brought up by the express rider to draw near, thinking that the dust was raised by fresh arrivals of their own people; and when charged, at once fled. The mounted riflemen were armed with revolvers, not with sabres, or they would have done considerable execution; as it was, seventeen of the enemy remained upon the field, besides those who were carried off by their friends. The Indian will always leave a scalped and wounded fellow-tribesman in favor of an unscalped corpse.

In the evening the Shoshonee returned, bringing with him the white mare and her colt, which he had recovered *selon lui* from the hands of two Gosh Yutas. The weather still held up; we had expected to be snowed up in five days or so; our departure, therefore, was joyfully fixed for the morrow.

Burton’s Itinerary: 13 . *Oct. 7, 1860: 22 miles 8 A.M. 1:45 P.M.: Ascend the long divide ; 2 steep hills and falls. Cross the N . end of Long Valley, all barren . Ascend the divide, and descend into Ruby Valley ; road excellent; water, grass, and bottom, fuel distant. Good mail station .....*

Burton: To Ruby Valley. 7th October. (pg 527)

A frosty night was followed by a Tuscan day: a cold tramontana from the south, and a clear hot sun, which expanded the mercury at 10 A.M. to 70° F. After taking leave of the

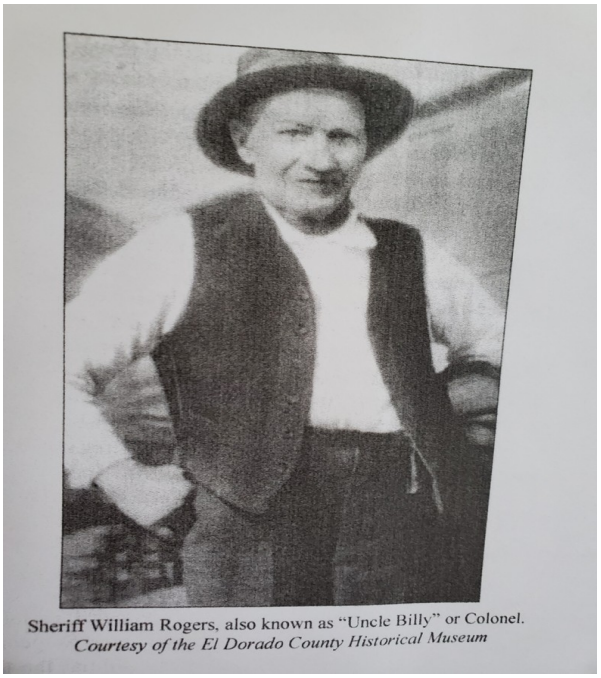
hospitable station-master, we resumed the road which ran up the short and heavy ascent, through a country here and there eighteen inches deep in snow, and abounding in large sage and little rabbits.

Mountain Springs Station: The Mountain Spring(s) Station is mentioned in the 1861 mail contract, and most sources generally agree on the identity of Mountain Springs as a station site. This station, probably built in July 1861, served the Pony Express during its last few months of the year and the Overland Mail Company line until 1869. No original buildings stand on the site. *(NPS)*

Burton at Ruby Valley Station (pg 527-30)***:***

A descent led into Long Valley, whose northern end we crossed, and then we came upon a third ascent, where, finding a sinking creek, a halt was called for lunch. 'The formation of the whole country is a succession of basins and divides. Ensued another twelve miles' descent, which placed us in sight of Ruby Valley, and a mile beyond carried us to the station.

Ruby Valley is a half-way house, about 300 miles from Great Salt Lake City, and at the same distance from Carson Valley. It derives its name from the small precious stones which are found like nuggets of gold in the crevices of primitive rock. The length of the valley is about 100 miles, by three or four broad, and springs are scattered in numbers along the base of the western mountains. The cold is said to be here more severe than in any place on the line of road, Spring Valley excepted. There is, however, excellent bench-land for grazing. In this season the scenery is really pretty. The white peaks tower over hill-land black with cedar, and this looks down upon the green bottom scattered over with white sage —winter above lying by the side of summer below.


Sheriff William Rogers, also known as "Uncle Billy" or Colonel.
Courtesy of the El Dorado County Historical Museum

We were received at the Ruby-Valley Station by Colonel Rogers, better known as "Uncle Billy." He had served in the troublous days of California as marshal, and has many a hairbreadth escape to relate. He is now assistant Indian agent, the superintendent of a government model farm, and he lives *en gargon*, having left his wife and children at Frogtown. We were soon introduced to the chief of the country, Chyukupĭchyă (the "old man"), a word of unpronounceable slur, changed by whites into Chokop ("earth"). His lands are long to the north and south, though of little breadth. He commands about 500 warriors, and, as Uncle Billy is returning to Frogtown, he is collecting a large hunting-party for the autumnal battue. In 1849 his sister was wantonly shot by emigrants to California. He attacked the train, and slew in revenge five men, a fact with which we were not made acquainted till after our departure. His father and

grandfather are both alive, but they have abdicated under the weight of years and infirmities, reserving their voices for the powwow.

We dined in the colonel's stone hut, and then saw the lions feed; after us, Chokop and five followers sat down with knife and fork before a huge tureen full of soft pie, among which they did terrible execution, champing and chewing with the noisiness of wild beasts, and eating each enough for three able-bodied sailors. The chief, a young man twenty-five years old, had little to denote the Indian except vermilion where soap should have been; one of his companions, however, crowned with eagle's feathers disposed in tulip shape, while the claws depended gracefully down his back, was an object worthy of Guinea. All were, however, to appearance, happy, and for the first time I heard an Indian really laugh outright. Outside squatted the common herd in a costume which explains the prevalence of rheumatism. The men were in rags, yet they had their coquetry, vermilion streaked down their cheeks and across their foreheads—the Indian fashion of the omnilocal rouge. The women, especially the elders, were horrid objects, shivering and half dressed in breech-cloths and scanty capes or tippets of wolf and rabbit skin: the existence of old age, however, speaks well for the race. Both are unclean; they use no water where Asiatics would; they ignore soap, and rarely repair to the stream, except, like animals, in hot weather.

We then strolled about the camp and called upon the two Mistresses Chokop. One was a buxom dame, broad and strong, with hair redolent of antelope marrow, who boasted of a "wikeap" or wigwam in the shape of a conical tent. The other, much her junior, and rather pretty, was sitting apart in a bower of bushes, with a newly-born pappoose in a willow cage to account for her isolation: the poor thing would have been driven out even in the depth of winter, and were she to starve, she must do without meat. As among the Jews, whenever the Great Father is angry with the daughters of Red Men, they sit apart; they never touch a cooking utensil, although it is not held impure to address them, and they return only when the signs of wrath have passed away. The abodes of the poorer clansmen were three-quarter circles of earth, sticks, and sage-bush to keep off the southerly wind. A dog is usually one of the occupants. Like the African, the Indian is cruel to his brute, starves it and kicks it for attempting to steal a mouthful: "Love me, love my dog," however, is his motto, and he quarrels with the stranger that follows his example. The furniture was primitive. Upon a branch hung a dried antelope head used in stalking: concerning this sport Uncle Billy had a story of his nearly being shot by being mistaken for the real animal; and tripods of timber supporting cloths and moccasins, pans, camp-kettles, stones for grinding grass-seed, and a variety of baskets. The material was mostly willow twig, with a layer of gum, probably from the pine-tree. Some were watertight like the "Han" of Somaliland; others, formed like the Roman amphora, were for storing grain; while others, in giant cocked-hat shape, were intended for sweeping in crickets and the grass-seeds upon which these Indians feed. The chief gramineæ are the atriplex and chenopodaceous plants. After inspecting the camp we retired precipitately: its condition was that of an Egyptian army's last nighting-place.

About two miles from the station there is a lake covered with water-fowl, from the wild swan to the rail. I preferred, however, to correct my Shoshonee vocabulary under the inspection of Mose Wright, an express rider from a neighboring station. None of your '"one-horse" interpreters, he had learned the difficult dialect in his youth, and he had

acquired all the intonation of an Indian. Educated beyond the reach of civilization, he was in these days an oddity; he was convicted of having mistaken a billiard cue for a whip handle, and was accused of having mounted the post supporting the electric telegraph wire in order to hear what it was saying. The evening was spent in listening to Uncle Billy's adventures among the whites and reds. He spoke highly of his *protégés*, especially of their affection and fidelity in married life: they certainly appeared to look upon him as a father. He owed something to legerdemain; here, as in Algeria, a Houdin or a Love would be great medicine-men with whom nobody would dare to meddle. Uncle Billy managed to make the post pay by peltries of the mink, wolf, woodchuck or ground-hog, fox, badger, antelope, black-tailed deer, and others. He illustrated the pecullarities of the federal government by a curious anecdote. The indirect or federal duties are in round numbers $100,000,000, of which $60,000,000 are spent, leaving a surplus of forty for the purpose of general corruption: the system seems to date from the days of the "ultimus Romanorum," President Jackson. None but the largest claimants can expect to be recognized. A few years ago one of the Indian agents in --- was asked by a high official what might be about the cost of purchasing a few hundred acres for a government farm. After reckoning up the amount of beads, wire, blankets, and gunpowder, the total was found to be $240. The high official requested his friend to place the statement on paper, and was somewhat surprised the next morning to see the $240 swollen to $40,000. The reason given was characteristic: "What great government would condescend to pay out of £8,000,000 a paltry £48, or would refuse to give £8000?"

Ruby Valley Station: Most sources acknowledge Ruby Valley as a Pony Express station. The station began in 1859 as part of George Chorpenning's mail route and later served the Pony Express and Overland Mail Company line. William "Uncle Billy" Rogers and Frederick William Hurst managed station operations at Ruby Valley. Rogers served as stationkeeper when Richard Burton visited the site on October 7, 1860. When Burton visited the station, it was considered a half-way point between Salt Lake City and the Carson Valley.
The area's rich soil provided excellent opportunities to raise food and hay for the other stations along the route. A band of Shoshone and the army also established camps near the station at various times. Camp Floyd's Company B of the 4th Artillery Regiment arrived at Ruby Valley in May 1860 to protect the mail route during the Pyramid Lake War and remained there until October. Thereafter, the station's name appeared on the 1861 mail contract list. *(NPS)*

Horace Greeley had taken the original Simpson route from Boyd's Station, through Pleasant Valley, arriving at Schell Creek. From Ruby Valley, Greeley would then follow the original route along the Humboldt River.

Greeley: At Shell Creek, forty-five miles from Pleasant Valley, where we spent our next night, there is a little garden—the first I had seen since Camp Floyd—and at Ruby Valley, fifty miles or so further on, the government has a farm in crop, intended for the benefit, and partly cultivated by the labor of the neighboring Indians. The mail-station also has its garden, and is cutting an abundance of hay. From this station, it is expected that the new cut-off, saving one hundred miles or more in distance to Carson Valley, will be made, so soon as those now scrutinizing it shall have pronounced it practicable.

At Ruby, the stage usually stops for the night; but we had been six days making rather less than three hundred miles, and began to grow impatient. The driver had his own reasons for pushing on, and did so, over a road partly mountainous, rough and sideling; but, starting at eight p. m., we had reached the next (Pine Valley) station, forty miles distant, before sunrise. Here we were detained three or four hours for mules—those we should have taken being astray—but at nine we started with a new driver, and were soon entangled in a pole-bridge over a deep, miry stream—a drove of a thousand head of cattle (the first ever driven over this road) having recently passed, and torn the frail bridge to pieces. Our lead-mules went down in a pile, but were got up and out and the wagon ran over, after a delay of an hour. We soon rose from Pine Valley by a long, irregular, generally moderate ascent, to a mountain divide, from which our trail took abruptly down the wildest and worst cañon I ever saw traversed by a carriage.

VII. Overland Trail: Ruby Valley to Carson City

***Burton's Itinerary: 14** . Oct. 8, 9, 1860: 22 miles: 8 A.M. 1:45 P.M.: Long divide ; fuel plenty ; no grass nor water. After 10 miles the road branches to the right hand to Gravelly Ford of Humboldt River. Cross a dry bottom . Cross Smith 's Fork of Humboldt River in Huntingdon Valley ; a little stream ; bunch-grass and sage fuel on the W . end . Ascend Chokop's Pass, Dugway, and hard hill ; descend into Moonshine Valley. Station at Diamond Springs; warm water, but good.....*

Burton: To "Chokop's" Pass. 8th October, 1860. (pg 538)

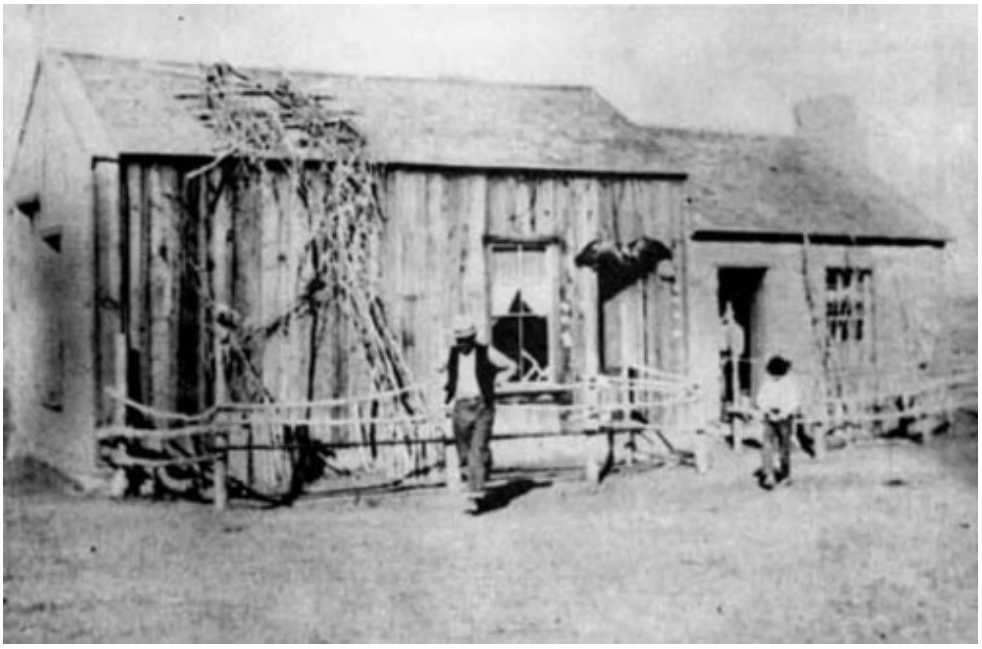
The morning was wasted in binding two loose tires upon their respective wheels; it was past noon before we were en route. We shook hands cordially with Uncle Billy, whose generosity—a, virtue highly prized by those who, rarely practicing, expect it to be practiced upon them—has won for him the sobriquet of the "Big-hearted Father." He had vainly, however, attempted to rescue my silver pen-holder, whose glitter was too much for Indian virtue. Our route lay over a long divide, cold but not unpicturesque, a scene of light-tinted mountain mahogany, black cedar, pure snowy hill, and pink sky. After ten miles we reached the place where the road forks; that to the right, passing through Pine Valley, falls into the gravelly ford of the Humboldt River, distant from this point eighty to eighty-five miles. After surmounting the water-shed we descended over bench-land into a raw and dreary plain, in which greasewood was more plentiful than sage-bush. 'Huntingdon Valley" is traversed by Smith's Fork, which flows northward to the Humboldt River; when we crossed it it was a mere rivulet. Our camping-ground was at the farther end of the plain, under a Pass called after the chief Chokop; the kanyon emitted a cold draught like the breathing caves of Kentucky. We alighted at a water near the entrance, and found bunch-grass, besides a little fuel. After two hours the wagon came up with the stock, which was now becoming weary, and we had the usual supper of dough, butter, and coffee. I should have slept comfortably enough upon a shovel and a layer of carpet-bags had not the furious south wind howled like the distant whooping of Indians.

Jacob's Well Station: Jacob's Well is often included in published lists of Pony Express Stations. However there was no station at the site in October of 1860, 7 months after the inception of the Pony, as documented by Sir Richard Burton. Today nothing remains but a few old stones from which the old well has long since caved in with rock and dirt. It was not only was a change station for the Pony Express until its demise as well as the Overland Stage Line until 1869, but it later served the Hill Beachy Road to Hamilton and the White Pine Mines. *(Expedition Utah)*

Burton: To the Wilderness again. 9th October. (pg 538-9)

The frosty night was followed by a thaw in the morning. We hastened to ascend Chokop's Pass [known today as Overland Pass] by a bad, steep dugway: it lies south of 'Railroad Kanyon," which is said to be nearly flat-soled. A descent led into "Moonshine," called by the Yutas Pahannap Valley, and we saw with pleasure the bench rising at the foot of the pass. The station is named Diamond Springs, from an eye of warm, but sweet and

beautifully clear water bubbling up from the earth. A little below it drains off in a deep rushy ditch, with a, gravel bottom, containing equal parts of comminuted shells: we found it an agreeable and opportune bath. Hard work had begun to tell upon the temper of the party. The judge, who ever preferred monologue to dialogue, aweary of the rolling prairies and barren plains, the bald and rocky ridges, the muddy flats, saleratus ponds, and sandy wastes, sighed monotonously for the woodland shades and the rustling of living leaves near his Pennsylvanian home. The marshal, with true Anglo-American impetuosity, could not endure Paddy Kennedy's "slow and shyure" style of travel; and after a colloquy, in which the holiest of words were freely used as adjectives, participles, and exclamations, offered to



fight him by way of quickening his pace. The boys—four or five in number—ate for breakfast a quarter of beef, as though they had been Kaffirs or Esquimaux, and were threatened with ration-cutting. The station folks were Mormons, but not particularly civil: they afterward had to fly before the savages, which, perhaps, they will be pleased to consider a "judgment'' upon them.

Diamond Springs Station – Nevada: Today the site of the station sits on private land owned by Olive Thompson. The limestone slab section of the original Pony Express station that Edna Patterson spoke of in her narrative is still partially standing among large cottonwoods at the mouth of Telegraph Canyon. Diamond Springs, overgrown with cat tail and salt grass, is located in the meadow nearby. There is another stone dugout among the trees, but no one knows how long it has been there. The structures are visible from the country road on the west side of the Diamond Mountains. There is a brass Pony Express centennial plaque mounted in a stone and concrete monument near the ranch house just one mile south of the actual station site. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of Diamond Springs Station as a Pony Express station, although for no apparent reason Mabel Loving cites it as Drumong Springs. Richard Burton visited the station on October 9, 1860, and noted its Mormon stationkeepers and the site as a water source. According to Burton, the station was named after the "warm, but sweet and beautifully clear water

bubbling up from the earth." Another source mentions that Diamond Springs received its name from Jack Diamond, a miner and prospector. Edna Patterson lists the stationkeeper as William Cox during the Pony Express era. Cox remained at Diamond Springs when the Overland Telegraph arrived and served as a telegraph operator and maintenance man for stations between Cherry Creek and Roberts Creek, Nevada. *(NPS)*

Burton Departs Diamond Springs: (pg 539)

Shortly after noon we left Diamond Springs, and carried on for a stretch of seven miles to our lunching-ground, a rushy water, black where it overlies mud, and bluish-green where light gravel and shells form the bottom: the taste is sulphury, and it abounds in confervæ and animalculæ like leeches and little tadpoles.

Sulphur Springs Station: Sulphur Springs is commonly listed as a Pony Express Station. However, it could not have been one of the original stations built in the spring of 1860. In reviewing the literature, there is no mention of this station prior to the Overland Stage and Mail Express maps of 1863. Sulphur Springs was probably built in July of 1861 to facilitate the opening of the Overland Stage. Since it was on, or at least near, the Pony Express Route it was probably used as a way station for horse changes from the time of the station's inception to the demise of the Pony. It was used as an Overland stop until 1869. *(Expedition Utah)*

Many sources generally agree on the identity of Sulphur Springs as a station. However, a station probably did not exist at Sulphur Springs until July 1861, when the Overland Mail Company began running its stage through the area. The station may have served as a stop for the Pony Express during the last few months of the enterprise's existence. Ruins of a log wall, stone foundations, and pieces of various artifacts in an area near Sulphur Springs possibly served as the station site. There were still evident as late as 1979. *(NPS)*

Burton Through Sulphur Springs Mountains: (pg 539)

After playing a tidy bowie-knife, we remounted, and passed over to the rough divide lying westward of Moonshine Valley. As night had closed in, we found some difficulty in choosing a camping-place: at length we pitched upon a prairillon under the lee of a hill, where we had bunch-grass and fuel, but no water. The wind blew sternly through the livelong night, and those who suffered from cramps in cold feet had little to do with the "sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Burton's Itinerary: 15. *Oct. 10, 1860: 28 miles 8 A.M. 1:45 P.M.: Cross Moonshine Valley. After 7 miles a sulphurous spring and grass. Twelve miles beyond ascend the divide ; no water ; fuel and bunch -grass plentiful. Then a long divide. After 9 miles, the station on Roberts' Creek , at the E . end of Sheawit, or Roberts' Springs Valley .....*

Burton to Roberts Creek (pg 539)***:***

At 6 A.M. the mercury was sunk only to 29° F., but the elevation and rapid evaporation, with the fierce gusty wind coursing through the kanyon, rendered the sensation of cold painful. As usual on these occasions, "George," our chef, sensibly preferred

standing over the fire, and enwrapping himself with smoke, to the inevitable exposure incurred while fetching a coffee-pot or a tea-kettle. A long divide, with many ascents and descents, at length placed in front of us a view of the normal " distance'—heaps of hills, white as bridal cakes, and, nearer, a sand-like plain, somewhat more yellow than the average of those salt-bottoms: instinct told us that there lay the station-house. From the hills rose the smokes of Indian fires: the lands belong to the Tusawichya, or White-Knives, a band of the Shoshonees under an independent chief. This depression is known to the Yutas as Sheawit, or Willow Creek: the whites call it, from Mr. Bolivar Roberts, the Western agent, "Roberts' Springs Valley." It lies 286 miles from Camp Floyd: from this point "Simpson's Road" strikes off to the S.E., and as Mr. Howard Egan's rule here terminates, it 1s considered the latter end of Mormondom. Like all the stations to the westward, that is to say, those now before us, it was burned down in the late Indian troubles, and has only been partially rebuilt. One of the employés was Mr. Mose Wright, of Illinois, who again kindly assisted me with correcting my vocabulary.

Roberts Creek Station: This was one of the original Pony Express stations built in the spring of 1860. It is difficult to say whether Bolivar Roberts or Howard Egan built Robert's Creek. Some accounts say Bolivar Roberts and his crew built stations as far east as Robert's Creek. However, Burton says Robert's Creek was the western most extent of Egan's division. It seems that the station was still intact around May, 1860. After this time it is thought that the station was destroyed by Indians and Bolivar Roberts set out to rebuild destroyed stations and restock them. This time the buildings were better constructed and men left to occupy each one until the Indian troubles were over. On June 16 they met Howard Egan at Robert's Creek.

Robert's Creek Station was a telegraph station as well as an Overland Stage Station. It was an Overland stop until 1869. The site of the station is now on the Robert's Creek Ranch owned by Filbert Etcheverry of Bakersfield, California. Peter Damele noted the old Pony Express station, a log structure, has long since been obliterated by the owners. There is a log dugout very near the Express site he described, but no one knows if it is part of the original station or not. Robert's Creek is 15 miles north of Highway 50. *(Expedition Utah)*

The final station in Division Four was known as Roberts or Roberts Creek, a fact that all sources agree upon. The Roberts Creek Station existed as one of the original Pony Express stations. It was built in the spring of 1860 by either Bolivar Roberts' or Howard Egan's men. Other stations faced Indian troubles in May 1860, but it remains unclear whether any harm came to the Roberts Creek Station. Richard Burton definitely stated that Indians had burned the station, and workers had rebuilt only part of it by his October 10, 1860, visit. The site at Roberts Creek also later served as a station for the telegraph and the Overland stage line, and the station appeared on the 1861 mail contract with the Overland Mail Company.

The station's original log structure no longer exists. A log dugout stood near the site in 1981, but its relationship to the Roberts Creek Station remained unknown at that time. *(NPS)*

Burton at Roberts Creek Station (pg 540)***:***

About the station loitered several Indians of the White-Knife tribe, which boasts, like the old Sioux and the modern Flatheads, never to have stained its weapons with the blood of a white man. They may be a respectable race, but they are an ugly: they resemble the Diggers, and the children are not a little like juvenile baboons. The dress was the usual medley of rags and rabbit furs: they were streaked with vermilion; and their hair—contrary

to, and more sensibly than the practice of our grandfathers —was fastened into a frontal pigtail, to prevent it falling into the eyes. These men attend upon the station and herd the stock for an occasional meal, their sole payment. They will trade their skins and peltries for arms and gunpowder, but, African-like, they are apt to look upon provisions, beads, and tobacco in the light of presents.

Burton's Itinerary: 16. *Oct. 11, 1860: 35 miles: 6:30 A.M. 12:30 P.M.: Down the valley to the west; good road ; sage small ;no fuel. After 12 miles,willows and water-holes; 3 miles beyond there are alkaline wells. Station on the bench ; water below in a dry creek, grass must be brought from 15 miles.....*

Burton: To Dry Creek *(pg 542)*

We arose early, and found that it had not "frosted ;" that flies were busy in the station-house; and that the snow, though thick on the northern faces, had melted from the southern shoulders of the hills—these were so many indices of the St. Martin's, or Indian summer, the last warm glow of life before the cold and pallid death of the year. At 6 A.M. we entered the ambulance, and followed a good road across the remains of the long, broad Sheawit Valley. After twelve miles we came upon a water surrounded by willows, with dwarf artemisia beyond—it grows better on the benches, where the subsoil is damper than in the bottoms—and there we found our lazy boys, who, as Jim Gilston said, had been last night 'on a drunk." Resuming our way, after three miles we reached some wells whose alkaline waters chap the skin.

Grubb's Well Station: Camp Station/Grub(b)s Well Station (N39 37 24.8 W116 28 33.4)
Grubb's Well is commonly mentioned in the published lists of Pony Express stations, and is also listed with Overland Stage stations, however there was no station at the site in the fall of 1860.
It was in existence by August 1861, and the Pony ran until October 1861. In July 1861, John Butterfield began his Overland Mail and Stage Express and Freight Service just prior to the demise of the Pony Express. He ran his stage fairly closely along the Pony Express route, but he built some additional stations along the route. Grubb's Well was probably built in July 1861 for the Overland Stage.
Since it was right on the Pony Express Trail it was probably used as a way station for the last few months of the Pony. Its use by the Overland continued until 1869. In 1861 the station was a tepee-like structure of rough poles covered by rushes and grass. There was fresh milk from a rare milk cow kept by the hostler. The well here was only 10′ deep and was open to anyone who would haul the harshly alkaline water. *(Expedition Utah)*
The first station west of Roberts Creek was Camp Station or Grub(b)'s Well. Many historical sources generally agree that this station existed, but that it may not have existed until about July 1861, when it was probably built as an Overland Mail Company stage stop. Riders probably used the station during the last few months of the Pony Express' existence to breakup the thirty-five mile ride between Roberts Creek and Dry Creek Stations. *(NPS)*

Burton at Dry Creek (pg 542-3)***:***

Twenty miles farther led to the west end of the Sheawit Valley, where wé found the station on a grassy bench at the foot of low rolling hills. It was a mere shell, with a

substantial stone corral behind, and the inmates were speculating upon the possibility of roofing themselves in before the winter. Water is found in tolerable quantities below the station, but the place deserved its name, "Dry Creek."…

Dry-Creek Station is on the eastern frontier of the western agency; as at Roberts' Creek, supplies and literature from Great Salt City east and Carson City west are usually exhausted before they reach these final points. After a frugal feed, we inspected a grave for two, which bore the names of Loscier and Applegate, and the date 21st of May. These men, employés of the station, were attacked by Indians — Panaks or Shoshonees, or possibly both: the former was killed by the first fire; the latter, when shot in the groin, and unable to proceed, borrowed, under pretext of defense, a revolver, bade good-by to his companions, and put a bullet through his own head: the remainder then escaped. Both these poor fellows remain unavenged. The Anglo-American, who is admirably protected by the officials of his government in Europe, Asia, and Africa, is systematically neglected—teste Mexico—in America. The double grave, piled up with stones, showed gaps where the wolves had attempted to tunnel, and blue-bottle flies were buzzing over it in expectation. Colonel Totten, at our instance, promised that it should be looked to.

The night was comfortably passed at Dry Creek, under the leeward side of a large haystack. The weather was cold, but clear and bright. We slept the sleep of the just.

Dry Creek Station: This being the last of the original Pony Express stations on Bolivar Roberts division, was most likely built by his crew in the spring of 1860. The Transcontinental Telegraph was rapidly being constructed in 1861. As fast as outer stations were established, the important news of the day was sent to them by wire and transferred to the Pony Express. This meant that, so far as telegraphic communications were concerned, the Pony Express was playing a constantly lessening role. The newspapers, in introductory lines which were significantly descriptive, told of the progress of the telegraph across the country. Thus the San Francisco Bulletin of August 13, 1861 said the Pony Express rider was leaving his dispatches for the Bulletin and other Pacific Coast newspapers at Dry Creek station.

Dry Creek was used by the Overland Stage & Mail Company as a way stop from 1861 to 1869. It was from Dry Creek west that the stage route and Pony Express route differed slightly. The Pony traveled almost directly westward from here to the north of Eagle butte and on to Simpson Park. The stage went south around Cape Horn and then west. An additional station on the Overland, Cape Horn Station, was built on this longer route, that was not needed by the Pony. *(Expedition Utah)*

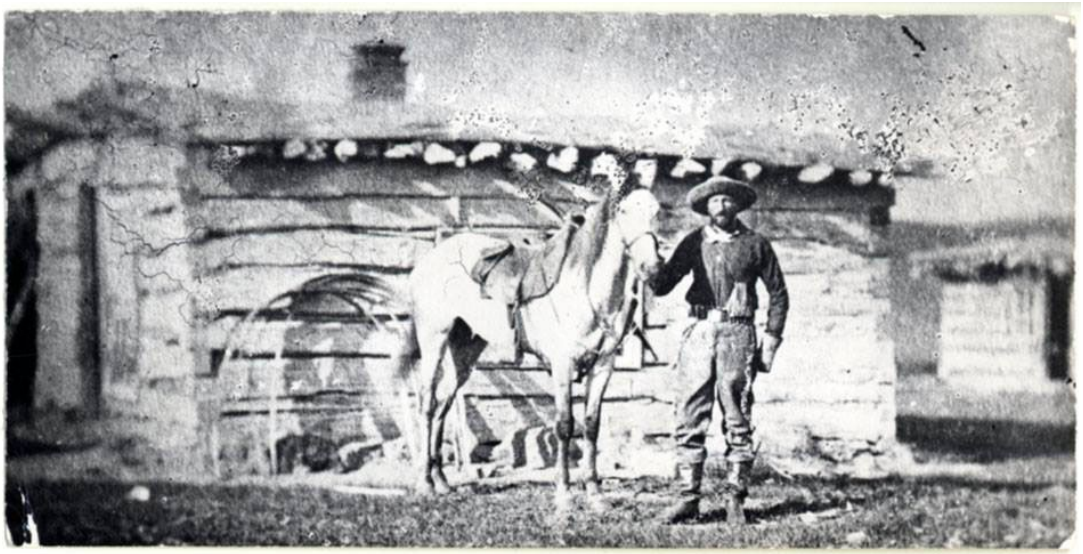
Sources generally agree on the identity and use of this station by the Pony Express during its entire existence. Men under Bolivar Roberts probably established Dry Creek in the spring of 1860, which possibly served as a home station as well. Dry Creek, like several other stations, experienced Indian troubles in May 1860. Indians killed Ralph Rosier, the stationkeeper, and badly wounded his partner, John Applegate, who soon thereafter committed suicide. Two other men escaped to the next station. On October 11, 1860, when Richard Burton visited Dry Creek, he noted the grave of Rosier (a.k.a. Loscier) and Applegate and identified the stationkeeper as Col. Totten. Hubert Howe Bancroft indicated that because of Indian troubles, every station as far east as Dry Creek and Simpson Park, were broken up during the Pyramid Lake War.

The Overland Mail Company stage line also stopped at Dry Creek from 1861-1869 but reportedly used a separate structure from the Pony Express station. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: ***17****. Oct. 12, 1860: 25 miles: 8:15 A.M. 2:25 P.M. : Cross a long rough divide to Smoky Valley. At the northern end is a creek called " Wanahonop," or " Netwood," i. e., trap . Thence a long rough kanyon to Simpson 's Park ; grass plentiful; water in wells 10 feet deep. Simpson's Park in Shoshonee country, and, according to Simpson 's Itinerary, 348 miles from Camp Floyd.*

Burton at Simpson's Park (pg 543-4) ***:***

At the time of the cold clear dawn, whose gray contrasted strongly with the blush of the most lovely evening that preceded it, the mercury stood at 45° F. Shortly after 8 A.M. we were afield, hastening to finish the long divide that separates Roberts' Creek Valley from its western neighbor, which, as yet unchristened, is known to the b'hoys as Smoky Valley. The road wound in the shape of the letter U round the impassable part of the ridge. Crossing the north end of Smoky Valley, we came upon rolling ground, with water-willows and cedars "blazed"—barked with a gash—for sign-posts. Ensued a long kanyon, with a flat sole, not unlike Egan's, a gate by which the swift shallow stream had broken through the mountains: in places it was apparently a cul de sac; in others, shoulder after shoulder



rose in long perspective, with points and projections behind, which an enemy might easily turn. The granite walls were of Cyclopean form, with regular lines of cleavage, as in the Rattlesnake Hills, which gave a false air of stratification. The road was a mere path along and across the rivulet bed, and the lower slopes were garnished with the pepper-grass and the everlasting bunch-grass, so truly characteristic of the "Basin State." Above us, in the pellucid sky, towered the eagle in his pride of place; the rabbit ran before us from the thicket; the ground-squirrel cached himself in the sage-bush; and where distance appeared, smokes upcurling in slow, heavy masses told us that man was not far distant. A second divide, more abrupt than the former, placed us in sight of Simpson's Park—and such a park! a circlet of tawny stubble, embosomed in sage-grown hills, the "Hiré" or "Look-out," and others, without other tree but the deformed cedars. The bottom is notorious for cold; it freezes even in June and July; and our night was, as may be imagined, none of the pleasantest.

The station-house in Simpson's Park was being rebuilt. As we issued from Mormondom into Christendom, the civility of our hosts perceptibly diminished; the judge, like the generality of Anglo-Americans, did unnecessary kow-tow to those whom republicanism made his equals, and the "gentlemen," when asked to do any thing, became exceedingly surly. Among them was one Giovanni Brutisch, a Venetian, who, flying from conscription, had found a home in Halifax: an unfortunate fire, which burned down his house, drove him to the Far West. He talked copiously of the Old Country, breathed the usual aspirations of *Itala una*, and thought that Garibaldi would do well *"se non lo molestano"* — a euphuism accompanied by a look more expressive than any nod. The station was well provided with good miniés, and the men apparently expected to use them; it was, however, commanded by the neighboring heights, and the haystacks were exposed to fire at a time of the year when no more forage could be collected. The Venetian made for us some good light bread of wheaten flour, started or leavened with hop-water, and corn-bread " shortened" with butter, and enriched with two or three eggs. A hideous Pa Yuta and surly Shoshonee, whom I sketched, loitered about the station: they were dressed in the usual rabbit-skin cape, and carried little horn bows, with which they missed small marks at fifteen paces. The boys, who were now aweary of watching, hired one of these men for a shirt—tobacco was not to be had, and a blanket was too high pay—to mount guard through the night. Like the Paggi or Ramoosee of Western India, one thief is paid to keep off many: the Indian is the best of wardens, it being with him a principle not to attack what the presence of a fellow-tribesman defends.

Simpson Park Station: Located on private land approximately 15 miles NE of Austin. This was one of the original Pony Express stations having been built in the spring of 1860. This area was named for Captain J.H. Simpson who first visited here on May 27, 1859 and spent the night in the vicinity. Simpson Park was probably used by the Overland Mail and Stage Line from July 1861 to 1862 or 1863, when the run was changed to go through Austin.
George Washington Perkins or "Wash" was a rider on the run between this station and Ruby Valley. In 1861 William James was hired on the run from here to Cold Springs. At 18, he was one of the best Pony Express riders in the service. He rode only 60 miles each way but covered his round trip of 120 miles in 12 hours including all stops. He always rode California mustangs, using 5 of these animals each way. His route crossed the summits of 2 mountain ridges, lay through the Shoshone Indian country and was one of the loneliest and most dangerous divisions on the line. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources, including a 1979 BLM report, generally agree on the identity of this station, known as Simpson or Simpson's Park. The crew of Captain J. H. Simpson, who camped overnight here while surveying a wagon road in May 1859, gave his name to the area. In the spring of 1860, the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company or Pony Express established a station at Simpson Park, known for its abundant wood, water, and grass. On May 20, 1860, the day before the attack on Dry Creek Station, Indians raided Simpson Park, killed James Alcott, the stationkeeper, scattered the livestock, and burned the station. When Richard Burton arrived at Simpson Park on October 13, 1860, he found an incomplete new station house. During the last few months of the Pony Express, riders shared the station with the Overland Mail Company line, which stopped its stagecoaches at Simpson Park during most of the 1860s, until company officials shifted the route to include Austin. *(NPS)*

Orion: *Sunday, Aug 11.—Passed points declared by the driver to be the highest we had crossed. Saturday and Sunday nights were very cold, though the days were very warm.*

Roughing It: (pg 150)

On the seventeenth day we passed the highest mountain peaks we had yet seen, and although the day was very warm the night that followed upon its heels was wintry cold and blankets were next to useless.

On the eighteenth day we encountered the eastward-bound telegraph- constructors at Reese River station and sent a message to his Excellency Gov. Nye at Carson City (distant one hundred and fifty-six miles).

Burton's Itinerary 18. *Oct. 13, 1860: 15 miles 10 A.M. 2 P.M.: Cross Simpson 's Park, Ascend Simpson 's Pass, a long kanyon, with sweet " Sage Springs" on the summit ; bunch - grass plentiful. Descend to the fork of the road ; right hand to the lower, left hand to the upper ford of Reese's River. Water perennial and good ; food poor .....*

Burton To Reese River (pg 544-5):

Simpson's Park lies 195 miles from Carson City, where we might consider the journey at an end; yet the cold of night did not allow us to set out before 10 A.M. Our route lay across the park, which was dotted with wheat-grass and broom-like reeds rising from a ground saupoudré like salt. Presently we began to ascend Simpson's Pass, a long kanyon whose sloping sides and benches were dotted with the green bunch-grass. At the divide we found the "Sage Springs," whose position is too elevated for the infiltration of salt: they are consequently sweet and wholesome. Descending by a rugged road, we sighted every where on the heights the fires of the natives. They were not symbols of war, but signals—for which smokes are eminently adapted—made by tribes telegraphing to one another their being *en route* for their winter quarters. Below us, "Reese's River" Valley might have served for a sketch in the African desert: a plain of saleratus, here yellow with sand or hay, there black with fire, there brown where the skin of earth showed through her garb of rags, and beyond it were chocolate-colored hills, from whose heads curled blue smokes of volcanic appearance. |

Bisecting the barren plain ran a bright little stream, whose banks, however, had been stripped of their "salt grass:" pure and clear it flows over a bed of gravel, sheds in a northerly direction, and sinks at a distance of about twenty miles. From afar we all mistook the course, deceived, as travelers often are, by the horizontality of the lines. Leaving on the right the road which forks to the lower ford, we followed that on the left hand leading to the station. There can not be much traveling upon these lines: the tracks last for years, unaffected by snow: the carcasses of animals, however, no longer mummified us as in the Eastern prairies, are readily reduced to skeletons.

The station-house in the Reese-River Valley had lately been evacuated by its proprietors and burnt down by the Indians: a new building of adobe was already assuming a comfortable shape. The food around it being poor and thin, our cattle were driven to the mountains. At night, probably by contrast with the torrid sun, the frost appeared colder than

ever: we provided against it, however, by burrowing into the haystack, and, despite the jackal-like cry of the coyote and the near tramping of the old white mare, we slept like tops.

Reese River Station: Stations were set up at Simpson Park, just east of the sub-basin, and Jacobs Springs, about 2 miles east of Reese River. The latter station was named after Washington Jacobs, district agent in charge there; Jacobsville, the first town in the sub-basin grew up at the station. After Jacobsville was abandoned as the Lander county seat in favor of Austin in 1863, the stage station there was moved 2 miles westward, to the east bank of Reese River.
The Overland Stage and Mail Company used this as a way stop at least until the discovery at Austin in May 1862.
But after it began to boom, the stage and mail stop was moved to Austin. Rock foundations on the west side of the Reese River just north of the highway mark the site of the Overland Stage station. These ruins are on patented land owned by Paul Inchauspe of Austin. However, the Pony Express station ruins are all but gone. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources give this site several names, but generally they agree on its identity as a Pony Express station. Named for stationkeeper George Washington Jacobs, the station possibly began on the site of one of George Chorpenning's 1859 mail posts near the Reese River. In the summer of 1860, Indians burned the station and a new, incomplete adobe structure greeted Richard Burton when he arrived on October 13 of that same year. The Overland Mail Company and other stage lines also operated a station at the site, which grew into the promising little town of Jacobsville. When the silver boom began in Austin, Nevada, the Overland shifted its operations to that settlement about 1864. In 1986, the ruins of the adobe Pony Express station still existed northwest of Jacobsville. (NPS)

Burton's Itinerary: 19. *Oct. 14, 1860: 28 miles 7:20 A.M. 2:45 P.M.: Through the remainder of Reese's River Valley. After a long divide, the Valley of Smith's Creek, saleratus; no water nor grass. At last, the station, near a kanyon , and hidden from view . The land belongs to the Pa Yutas.*

Burton past Dry Wells (pg 545)***:***

Before 8 A.M. we were under way, bound for Smith's Creek. Our path stretched over the remainder of Reese's River Valley, an expanse of white sage and large rabbit-bush which affords fuel even when green.

Dry Wells Station: This station was probably built in the summer of 1861 for the Overland Stage Route which went through this way until late 1862 or early 1863 when this part of the route was then moved northward to run over New Pass (Ream). Today there is no sign of where the station may have been situated in the canyon. There are old telegraph poles still standing but no sign of insulators or wire. The canyon is on public land located just north of Railroad Pass in the Shoshone Mountains. *(Expedition Utah)*
Several sources pinpoint Dry Wells or Dry Well as a station. Historical sources do not mention Dry Wells as an early Pony Express station, which suggests that it possibly began in the summer of 1861 as an Overland Mail Company stage stop. Without this station, the distance between Reese River and Smith's Creek was a long stretch for both horse and rider. The station possibly existed in Dry Wells Canyon, north of Railroad Pass in the Shoshone Mountains, but no ruins remain to mark its exact location. The Overland Mail Company used the station until about 1862 or 1863, when it shifted to a more northerly route that included Mount Airey, New Pass, and Edwards Creek. *(NPS)*

Burton at Smith's Creek (pg 545-6)***:***

After a long and peculiarly rough divide, we sighted the place of our destination. It lay beyond a broad plain or valley, like a huge white "splotch" in the centre, set in dirty brown vegetation, backed by bare and rugged hills, which are snow-topped only on the north; presently we reached the "splotch," which changed its aspect from that of a muddy pool to a yellow floor of earth so hard that the wheels scarcely made a dent, except where a later inundation had caused the mud to cake, flake, and curl—smooth as ice without being slippery. Beyond that point, guided by streams meandering through willow-thickets, we entered a kanyon—all are now wearying of the name —and presently sighted the station deep in a hollow. It had a good stone corral and the usual haystack, which fires on the hill tops seemed to menace. Among the station-folks we found two New Yorkers, a Belfast man, and a tawny Mexican named Anton, who had passed his life riding the San Bernardino road. The house was unusually neat, and displayed even signs of decoration in the adornment of the bunks with osier-work taken from the neighboring creek. We are now in the lands of the Pa Yuta, and rarely fail to meet a party on the road: they at once propose "shwop," and readily exchange pine nuts for "white grub," i.e. biscuits. I observed, however, that none of the natives were allowed to enter the station-house, whereas in other places, especially among the Mormons, the savages squeezed themselves into the room, took the best seats near the fire, and never showed a symptom of moving.

Smith's Creek Station: Remains of this station are on the present day Smith Creek Ranch located 14 miles north of State Highway 2 on the east side of the Desatoya Mountains. There is one adobe building with a willow thatch roof and a second building with one section of adobe and another section of rock also with a thatch roof. The first building has been identified as the location of the corral. The adobe section of the second building is the original Pony Express Station house. *(Expedition Utah)*

A number of sources identify Smith's Creek as a station, including the 1861 Overland Mail Company contract. John M. Townley lists the site as a home station. On October 14, 1860, the English traveler Richard Burton visited Smith's Creek and recorded his unusually favorable impressions of the station house and stone corral. Two 1860 shootings remain associated with Smith Creek. One involved the stationkeeper, H. Trumbo, who shot rider Montgomery Maze in the hip after an argument. In the second shooting, rider William Carr quarreled with Bernard Chessy at Smith Creek. Carr later killed Chessy and was hanged at Carson City. *(NPS)*

Burton's Itinerary: 20*. Oct. 15, 1860: 25 miles: 8:15 A.M. 4:15 P.M.: Ascend a rough kanyon, and descend to a barren and saleratus plain . Toward the south of the valley over bench -land, rough with rock and pitch -hole. " Cold Springs Station " half built, near stream ; fuel scarce.....*

Burton to Cold Springs (pg 546)***:***

After a warmer night than usual—thanks to fire and lodging —we awoke, and found a genial south wind blowing. Our road lay through the kanyon, whose floor was flush with the plain; the bed of the mountain stream was the initiative of vile traveling, which, without our suspecting it, was to last till the end of the journey. The strain upon the vehicle came near to smashing it, and the prudent Kennedy, with the view of sparing his best animals,

gave us his worst—two aged brutes, one of which, in consequence of her squealing habits, had won for herself the title of “ole Hellion.” The divortia aquarum was a fine water-shed to the westward, and the road was in V shape, whereas before it had oscillated between U and WW. As we progressed, however, the valleys became more and more desert, the sage more stunted, and the hills more brown and barren. After a midday halt, rendered compulsory by the old white mare, we resumed our way along the valley southward, over a mixture of pitch-hole and boulder, which forbids me to forget that day’s journey. At last, after much sticking and kicking on the part of the cattle, and the mental refreshment of abundant bad language, self-adhibited by the men, we made Cold-Springs Station, which, by means of a cut across the hills, could be brought within eight miles of Smith’s Creek.

East Gate / Cold Springs Station: In March of 1860, the station was built by Superintendent Bolivar Roberts, J.G. Kelly and others. It was put to use by the Pony Express in early April. Jim McNaughton was the station keeper at Cold Springs until he became a rider. J. G. Kelly was assistant station keeper at Cold Springs for a while.

The 1860 structure was built of large native rocks and mud. It was a large station, measuring 116′ x 51′. The walls were 4-6′ high and up to 3′thick. There were 4 distinct rooms — storage area, barn, corral, and living quarters.

The horse corral was located next to the living quarters primarily as a safety measure to guard the valuable animals. This location also took full advantage of the animals’ body heat during cold Nevada winters. The only other source of heat was from one small fireplace.

Station keepers and riders were continually changing. Another rider that stayed at Cold Springs was William James. He rode in 1861 between Simpson Park and Cold Springs. Today at Cold Springs a substantial fortress still stands out on the trail. Living quarters and corral are easily recognized as well as windows, gun holes, and a fireplace. The “rivulet of good water from the neighboring hills, that Burton found so refreshing is still running by the old ruins. *(Expedition Utah)*

Sources generally agree on the identity of Cold Springs as a station, and Raymond and Mary Settle give Cold Springs the status of a home station.

Bolivar Roberts, J. G. Kelly, and their crew erected Cold Springs Station in March 1860 for the C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. as they prepared for the beginning of the Pony Express the next month. Several men managed station operations at Cold Springs, including Jim McNaughton, John Williams, and J. G. Kelly. In May 1860, Indians attacked the station, killed the stationkeeper, and took the horses. They raided the station again a few weeks later. When Richard Burton reached Cold Springs on October 15, 1860, he found a roofless, partially built station house. Townley notes that the Overland Mail Company line dropped Cold Springs from its route about July 1861 in favor of a site west of present U. S. 50.

Much of the station's stone ruins still exist today. Thick walls, complete with windows, gunholes, and a fireplace, identify the station, and the remains of a corral stand nearby. As in Burton's visit in 1860, the structure has no roof. *(NPS)*

Burton at Cold Springs (pg 546-7)***:***

The station was a wretched place, half built and wholly unroofed; the four boys, an exceedingly rough set, ate standing, and neither paper nor pencil was known among them, Our animals, however, found good water in a rivulet from the neighboring hills, and the promise of a plentiful feed on the morrow, while the humans, observing that a “beef” had been freshly killed, supped upon an excellent steak. The warm wind was a pleasant contrast

to the usual frost, but, as it came from the south, all the weather-wise predicted that rain would result. We slept, however, without such accident, under the haystack, and heard the loud howling of the wolves, which are said to be larger on these hills than elsewhere.

Burton's Itinerary: 21*. Oct. 16, 1860: 35 miles: 9:50 A.M. 2:30 P.M.: At the west gate, 2 miles from the station , good grass. After 8 miles, water. Two miles beyond is the middle gate ; water in fiumara, and grass near. Beyond the gate are 2 basins, long divides, winding road to " Sand Springs Valley ;" bad water ; little grass.*

Burton at Middle Gate (pg 547)***:***

In the morning the wind had shifted from the south to a more pluvial quarter, the southeast—in these regions the westerly wind promises the fairest—and stormy cirri mottled the sky. We had a long stage of thirty-five miles before us, and required an early start, yet the lazy b'hoys and the weary cattle saw 10 A.M. before we were *en route.* Simpson's road lay to our south; we could, however, sight, about two miles distant from the station, the easternmost formation, which he calls Gibraltar Gate. For the first three miles our way was exceedingly rough; it gradually improved into a plain cut with nullahs, and overgrown with a chapparal, which concealed a few "burrowing hares." The animals are rare; during the snow they are said to tread in one another's trails after Indian fashion, yet the huntsman easily follows them. After eight miles we passed a spring, and two miles beyond it came to the Middle Gate, where we halted from noon till 5:15 P.M. Water was found in the bed of a river which fills like a mill-dam after rain, and a plentiful supply of bunch-grass, whose dark seeds it was difficult to husk out of the oat-like capsules. We spent our halt in practicing what Sorrentines call *la caccia degl' uccelluzzi,* and in vain attempts to walk round the uncommonly wary hawks, crows, and wolves.

Middle Gate Station: The site location is unknown. There are two likely areas for this station. One is at White Rock Springs, a ½ mile south of US 50 and about 1½ miles east of Middlegate Butte. Another would be anywhere along the 4 miles between Middlegate and Westgate along an arroyo that often has seeps or short lengths of running water. The meadows between Middlegate and Westgate also would attract an Overland station because of the native hay ripe after June each year. (Expedition Utah)
Several sources, including the mail contract of 1861, list Middle Gate as a station. The exact location of Middle Gate or Middlegate remains unknown, but a station in this area would serve as a logical place to divide the thirty-five mile stretch between Sand Springs and Cold Springs. Richard Burton mentions Middle Gate as a stopping place during his journey. *(NPS)*

Burton at West Gate (pg 547***):***

Hitching to as the sun neared the western horizon, we passed through the Gate, narrowly escaping a "spill" down a dwarf precipice. A plain bounded on our left by cretaceous bluffs, white as snow, led to the West Gate, two symmetrical projections like those farther eastward.

West Gate Station: Bishop and Henderson identify West Gate as a station between Middle Gate and Sand Springs. According to John Townley, from West Gate, the trail split into a northern and southern

route. Pony riders used the southern route, which continued on a relatively straight course through Sand Springs, Carson Sink, Hooten Wells, Buckland's, and Fort Churchill, until sometime between March and July 1861. After these months, the Overland Mail Company added a route ran northwest of the old Pony trail and included such new stations as Fairview, Mountain Well, Stillwater, Old River, Ragtown, and Desert Wells. Stagecoaches could travel more easily along the northern route, and riders may or may not have switched to the new trail during the waning months of the Pony Express. The two routes joined again near Miller's or Reed's Station. Richard Burton only mentions West Gate as a geographical location rather than a station. (NPS)

It is at this point that Burton’s trail separates from Mark Twain’s. The Overland Route, in 1861, would follow the newer stations, referred to as the Dogleg Route.

VIII. The Dogleg Route and the Pyramid Lake Indian War:

Pony Express and the Overland Stage service was rerouted to the Stillwater Dogleg route was followed by the Clemens brothers in August of 1861. The rerouting has generally been attributed to Indian attacks on stations during the Pyramid Lake Wars, also called the Paiute Wars. Hostilities are noted to have originated with incidents at the Williams Station, later known as Honey Lake Smith's Station, a combination saloon, general store and stagecoach station on the Carson River at present-day Lahontan Reservoir. On May 6, a raiding party led by a Bannock warrior, Mogoannoga, attacked the station, killing five Americans and burning down the establishment. There are conflicting accounts as to the party's motivation. One account claimed the raid was made without cause by a renegade band from the north. Another account, given by a Paiute member in an 1880 interview, claimed the incident originated when two proprietors of Williams Station deceived a young Native, persuading him to trade his pony for a bad gun, and captured two Paiute children. In an argument to back out of the deal, the settlers' dog bit the boy, and the men laughed at him. The young Native then reported to the tribe how he had heard two missing Paiute children in the settlers' root cellar. When a Paiute party found the settlers at Williams Station, they claimed the boy only heard the dog yelp and not any missing children. Ultimately, the party killed the men and found the two children tied up. When Williams, owner of the station, returned on May 8, he found his two brothers' bodies mutilated and three patrons of the saloon murdered. Passions were aroused, and stories escalated to include tales of 500 Indians who killed every person in the vicinity of Williams Station. A third account claimed the kidnapped children were two 12-year-old girls who were sexually assaulted before being hidden. According to this account, the band who attacked Williams Station was a rescue party that included the girls' father. When the news of the situation reached Numaga, a Paiute chief, he allegedly said, "There is no longer any use for counsel; we must prepare for war."

A militia was quickly formed from volunteers in Virginia City, Silver City, Carson City, and Genoa to apprehend the marauders. The volunteer force consisted of about 105 men and Major William Ormsby, who was chosen to lead the group. They did not believe that the Indians would fight back.

Each group of riders constituted no more than an undisciplined, leaderless mob of more than one hundred poorly armed riders with few rifles between them. One man in the group, Samuel Buckland, later stated the men were full of whiskey and without discipline. While Ormsby assumed a leadership position as being the first to arrive at the station, the five different groups never selected an overall commander and were disorganized in battle.

The Carson City Rangers arrived first at the ruins of Williams Station, stopping to rest and wait for the other volunteer groups. All the men met at the Williams Station to bury the dead and gather and stay the night. That night, Judge John Cradlebaugh of the Carson City Rangers told his men that he did not come to wage a war to defend white civilization, but rather to protect threatened communities. He

advised his men that the Williams brothers had a bad reputation for shady dealings with both Whites and Natives, and that the Natives probably had a good reason for their attack. Come morning, he, his men, and a few others from the other groups, returned to Carson City. The remaining men proceeded north to the Truckee River, and then along that river towards Pyramid Lake.

On May 12, the Whites were attacked and routed by Paiute forces under the command of Chief Numaga, approximately five miles south of Pyramid Lake. The party first encountered a small band of Paiutes, whom they attacked. The band fled after returning a few shots, continuing to fire sporadically as they retreated into a ravine with the Whites in pursuit. Once in the ravine, a larger group of Natives appeared, closing the escape route and firing on the settlers from all sides. The Whites were poorly armed, badly mounted, and almost completely unorganized. The survivors escaped into a patch of woods and were pursued for some 20 miles. Seventy-six settlers were dead, including Ormsby, and many of the others were wounded. According to History of Nevada, three Natives were killed in the battle. Paiute Johnny Calico, who was 12 at the time, told a historian in 1924 that only three were injured and no one died.

Natives interviewed in 1880 for historian Angel Myron's History of Nevada reported that the Whites panicked when the assault began and threw down their guns, surrendering, but instead were killed. Among them was Major Ormsby.

In response to the First Battle of Pyramid Lake, settlers called upon Texas Ranger Colonel John C. Hays, who organized a militia of local volunteers dubbed the "Washoe Regiment". It was composed of 13 companies from the areas surrounding Carson City, Virginia City, Nevada City, and Sacramento. In addition to the volunteers under Hays, the US Army responded by sending a detachment of artillery and infantry from Fort Alcatraz, California. This contingent, known as the "Carson River Expedition", was led by Captain Joseph Stewart. Hays' volunteers went into action at the Battle of Williams Station and were joined by Stewart's regulars.

After the second battle of Pyramid Lake, the federal forces built a small fort at the southern end of Pyramid Lake to deny that area to the Paiutes. Small skirmishes and raids continued until August, when an informal cease-fire between Numaga and white surveyors working in the area north of Pyramid Lake was achieved during a meeting at Deep Hole, Nevada. In 1861 the fort at Pyramid Lake was abandoned in favor of Fort Churchill, further south on the Carson River. The disruption to food gathering activities, especially fishing in Pyramid Lake, may have killed more from starvation.

Orion: *Tuesday, Aug 13.—Arrived at Carson Sink where Carson river loses itself. It is a beautiful lake, 25 miles long by 15 wide, and 60 miles from Carson City.*

The Northern Route was established and used during the final seven to eight months of the Pony Express. Several stations were established but there are no ruins still in existence nor can the route of the trail be determined with any accuracy. It crossed the Carson Sink and became known as the Stillwater Dogleg.

Historians are not in complete agreement about how many stations were used on this Northern Route or exactly where most of them were located. Record keeping during this time was sporadic and incomplete due to the Indian threat, the intense activity developing the Comstock mines and a rush to get the trans-continental telegraph lines completed.

Stagecoach routes and the Carson branch of the Old California trail passed through this area. It was a relatively simple matter to construct adobe or willow structures to serve as stations for the waning days of Pony Express service. At Millers/Reed's Station, the route merged with the earlier "Southern Route"

Fairview Station: "1 1/2 miles south of this location is the Ghost town of Fairview (1905-1917). Fairview was part of the renewed interest in mining. triggered by the strikes in Tonopah and Goldfield. Discoveries in 1905 and 1907. A substantial town that boasted 27 saloons, hotels, banks, assay offices, a Newspaper, post office and a miner's union hall soon came into being. By 1908, the boom had passed and production leveled out. During 1911, the Nevada Hills mining company began an era of profitable milling that lasted until 1917. Production amounted to 3.8 million dollars in silver values.
George Wingfield and George Nixon, prominent Nevada mining promoters at the time, bought some of the first claims in Fairview to give impetus to a boom."
A few sources identify Fairview or Fair View as a station. Fairview began as an Overland Mail Company stage station in the summer of 1861 and served as the first stop on the northern branch of the trail from Westgate. According to some sources, the Pony Express stopped at Fairview during the last few months of its existence. Little exists about Fairview in historical and/or contemporary sources, and its exact location remains unknown. *(NPS)*

Mountain Well Station: A few sources list Mountain Well as the second west-bound station on the Overland Mail Company's "Stillwater Dogleg" route. Pony Express riders may have stopped at Mountain Springs from July to October 1861, where they could find an abundant source of fresh water and plenty of hay and fresh vegetables from area farmers. After the Pony Express ended, the Overland Mail Company stage and telegraph continued to use the station for several years. Remnants of the station still exist, and in 1986 were included as part of a cattle camp. *(NPS)*

Stillwater Station: Several sources identify Stillwater or Still Water as a potential Pony Express station. This station also began about July 1861 as part of the Overland Mail Company stage line and the telegraph route. The Pony Express may also have stopped at the station during the last several months of its existence. Ranchers kept the station and the neighboring mining areas well-supplied with beef, grain, and hay. In 1868, before the mail and telegraph operations transferred to the Central Pacific Railroad, Stillwater served as the county seat and had 100 residents. No identifiable station remains existed in 1986. *(NPS)*

Old River Station: A few sources also identify Old River as a station. Like other stations along this route, Old River began about July 1861 as a stop on the Overland Mail Company line. The station stood between Stillwater and Bisby's, and the Pony Express reportedly may also have stopped at Old River during the last several months of its existence. *(NPS)*

Ragtown Station: Townley identifies Ragtown as a station between Old River and Desert Wells. Like other stations on the "Stillwater Dogleg," Ragtown probably functioned briefly as a Pony Express station in the summer and fall of 1861 and as an Overland Mail Company stage stop from 1861 to 1868. L. Kenyon and his family managed station operations at the site for nearly fifty years. The

station's name supposedly came from the common site of freshly washed travelers' clothing spread out to dry on surrounding bushes.*(NPS)*
In 1854, A. L. Kenyon established a trading post on his ranch at Ragtown, on the path of the California Trail. He dug a well 11 miles to the north, and is credited with saving the lives of many immigrants coming across the Forty Mile Desert. This would place the well, presumably, on or near the California trail somewhere near the Upsal Hogback. Temporary pole and canvas dwellings and stores were thrown up on this site in the late 1850's to take advantage of emigrant traffic. In 1861 Ragtown became a station on the Overland Mail and Stage route. Sam Clemens- better known as Mark Twain- passed through in that year. The rival Community of Centerville sprung up one and a half miles to the north, boasting of a hotel and a ranch.
In 1862 Ragtown experienced a flood, which disturbed many of the emigrant graves. In 1863 Ragtown became an important stop on the road to the Reese River mining area, but with the arrival of the Central Pacific Railroad its importance diminished somewhat. A post office finally opened in 1864, only to close in 1867. The 1880 census lists A.L. Kenyon as "stock raiser" and his wife Kate as "station keeper." It opened again in 1884 until 1887, after which mail was sent to the St. Clair post office. A farming community developed, and was known as Leeteville. Nevada Post Offices claims that Leeteville post office was in operation from 1895 until 1907, after which the mail went to Hazen. We won't even go into the old story that Ragtown got its name from all the clothes drying on the bushes. Everyone has heard it before. Suffice to say, after crossing the forty mile desert and almost dying of thirst, Ragtown looked mighty fine in them there days. *(Forgotten Nevada)*

Desert Wells Station: Loving and Carter identify Desert Wells as a station between Ragtown and Dayton. Pierson locates Desert Wells after Reed's Station, between Nevada and Dayton. Desert Wells existed sometime after July 1861, when it began to serve as a relay station for the Overland Mail Company line. During the last few months of its existence, the Pony Express also used the Desert Wells station facilities. *(NPS)*

Roughing It (pg 150-1)***:***

On the nineteenth day we crossed the Great American Desert—forty memorable miles of bottomless sand, into which the coach wheels sunk from six inches to a foot. We worked our passage most of the way across. That is to say, we got out and walked. It was a dreary pull and a long and thirsty one, for we had no water. From one extremity of this desert to the other, the road was white with the bones of oxen and horses. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that we could have walked the forty miles and set our feet on a bone at every step! The desert was one prodigious graveyard. And the log-chains, wagon tyres, and rotting wrecks of vehicles were almost as thick as the bones. I think we saw log-chains enough rusting there in the desert, to reach across any State in the Union. Do not these relics suggest something of an idea of the fearful suffering and privation the early emigrants to California endured?

At the border of the Desert lies Carson Lake, or The “Sink” of the Carson, a shallow, melancholy sheet of water some eighty or a hundred miles in circumference. Carson River empties into it and is lost—sinks mysteriously into the earth and never appears in the light of the sun again—for the lake has no outlet whatever.

There are several rivers in Nevada, and they all have this mysterious fate. They end in various lakes or “sinks,” and that is the last of them. Carson Lake, Humboldt Lake, Walker Lake, Mono Lake, are all great sheets of water without any visible outlet. Water is always flowing into them; none is ever seen to flow out of them, and yet they remain always level full, neither receding nor overflowing. What they do with their surplus is only known to the Creator.

On the western verge of the Desert we halted a moment at Ragtown. It consisted of one log house and is not set down on the map.

Roughing It: (pg 157)

We were approaching the end of our long journey. It was the morning of the twentieth day. At noon we would reach Carson City, the capital of Nevada Territory. We were not glad, but sorry. It had been a fine pleasure trip; we had fed fat on wonders every day; we were now well accustomed to stage life, and very fond of it; so the idea of coming to a stand-still and settling down to a humdrum existence in a village was not agreeable, but on the contrary depressing.

IX. The Southern Route

Burton West Gate to Carson Sink (pg 547-8)***:***

...after that began a long divide broken by frequent chuck-holes, which, however, had no cunette at the bottom. An ascent of five miles led to a second broad basin, whose white and sounding ground, now stony, then sandy, scattered over with carcass and skeleton, was bounded in front by low dark ranges of hill. Then crossing a long rocky divide, so winding that the mules' heads pointed within a few miles to N., S., E., and W., we descended by narrow passes into a plain. The eye could not distinguish it from a lake, so misty and vague were its outlines: other senses corrected vision, when we sank up to the hub in the loose sand. As we progressed painfully, broken clay and dwarf vegetation assumed in the dim shades fantastic and mysterious forms. I thought myself once more among the ruins of that Arab village concerning which Lebid sang,

"Ay me! ay me! all lone and drear the dwelling-place, the home—
On Mina, o'er Rijam and Ghool, wild beasts unheeded roam."

Tired out and cramped with cold, we were torpid with what the Bedouin calls El Rakl—la Ragle du Désert, when part of the brain sleeps while the rest is wide awake. At last, about 2:30 A.M., thoroughly "knocked up"—a phrase which I should advise the Englishman to eschew in the society of the fair Columbian—we sighted a roofless shed, found a haystack, and, reckless of supper or of stamping horses, fell asleep upon the sand.

Sand Springs Station: About 20 miles east of Fallon on US 50 an unimproved road leads to Sand Mountain and Sand Springs Pony Express Station. The station has a number of interpretive signs. In March of 1860 Bolivar Roberts, J.G. Kelley and others built the station. James McNaughton was station keeper for a while before he became a rider.
The striking sand dune known as Sand Mountain is highly visible from a distance. The mountain of clean, white sand is a single dune 500′ high and 1½ miles long surrounded by lesser dunes. The mountain is formed as sand blown by the prevailing SW wind is dropped at the end of the valley, where the terrain forces the wind upward. The dunes began forming about 4000 years ago after the vast, ancient Lake Lahonton receded from the valleys of the Truckee, Carson and Walker Rivers. *(Expedition Utah)*
Several sources identify Sand Springs as a station, including the 1861 mail contract. Like Cold Springs, this station existed due to the construction efforts of Bolivar Roberts, J. G. Kelly, and their crew in March of 1860 for the C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. James McNaughton managed station operations for a time. On October 17, 1860, Richard Burton recorded his negative views of the roofless, dirty structure and its staff, stating that it was "roofless and chairless, filthy and squalid, with a smoky fire in one corner, and a table in the centre of an impure floor, the walls open to every wind, and the interior full of dust." Travelers found a reliable source of water at Sand Springs, but its poor quality often poisoned animals and probably made people ill.
In addition to the Pony Express, other individuals and businesses utilized Sand Springs until World

War Two. The telegraph came through the area, and the site served as a freight, milling, and ranching center. Structural ruins from many of these activities still exist around the springs. In 1976, the site was determined eligible for the National Register. By 1981, the station was listed on the National Register of Historic Places and was structurally stabilized. This source locates the station's ruins near Sand Mountain, about three-fourths of a mile north of Highway 50. *(NPS)*

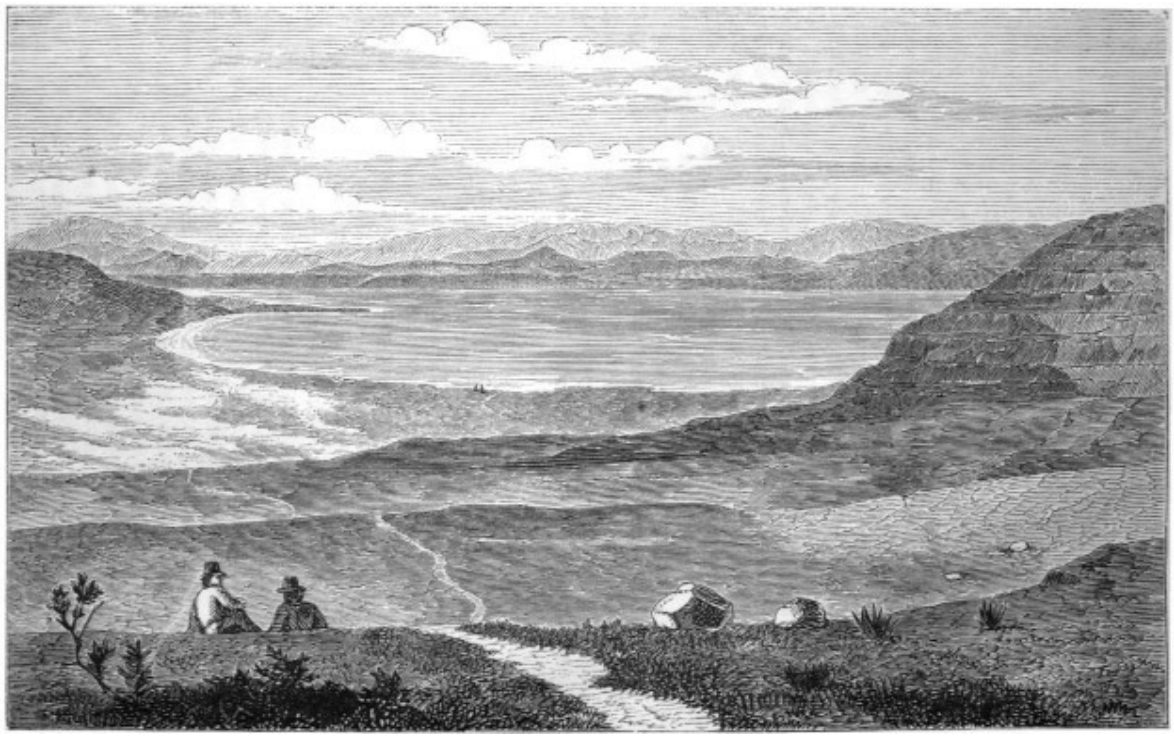
Burton at Sand Springs (pg 548)***:***

Sand-Springs Station deserved its name. Like the Brazas de San Diego and other *mauvaises terres* near the Rio Grande, the land is cumbered here and there with drifted ridges of the finest sand, sometimes 200 feet high, and shifting before every gale. Behind the house stood a mound shaped like the contents of an hour-glass, drifted up by the stormy S.E. gale in esplanade shape, and falling steep to northward or against the wind. The water near this vile hole was thick and stale with sulphury salts: it blistered even the hands. The station-house was no unfit object in such a scene, roofless and chairless, filthy and squalid, with a smoky fire in one corner, and a table in the centre of an impure floor, the walls open to every wind, and the interior full of dust. Hibernia herself never produced aught more characteristic. Of the *employés*, all loitered and sauntered about *desœuvrés* as cretins, except one, who lay on the ground crippled and apparently dying by the fall of a horse upon his breast-bone.

Simpsons Pass/ Sand Hill Station: NPS reference 148. SAND HILL STATION, Bishop and Henderson, as well as the government mail contract of 1861, identify Sand Hill as a station between Sand Spring and Carson Sink. Little else is known about this isolated station.

Burton's Itinerary: 22. *Oct. 17, 1860: 25 miles 11 A.M. 9 P.M.: Cross the valley, 10 miles to the summit, over slough inundations and bad road. Summit shifting sand. Descend 5 miles to Carson Lake; water tolerable ; tule abundant. Round the S . side of the lake to the sink of Carson River Station ; no provisions; pasture good ; fuel scarce.....*

Burton (pg 548-550) About 11 A.M. we set off to cross the ten miles of valley that stretched between us and the summit of the western divide still separating us from Carson Lake. The land was a smooth saleratus plain, with curious masses of porous red and black basalt protruding from a ghastly white. 'The water-shed was apparently to the north, the benches were distinctly marked, and the bottom looked as if it were inundated every year. It was smooth except where broken up by tracks, but all off the road was dangerous ground: in one place the horses sank to their hocks, and were not extricated without difficulty. After a hot drive—-the glass at 9 A.M. showed 74° F.—we began to toil up the divide, a sand formation mixed with bits of granite, red seeds, and dwarf shells, whose lips were for the most part broken off. Over the fine loose surface was a floating haze of the smaller particles, like the film that veils the Arabian desert. Arrived at the summit, we sighted for the first time Carson Lake, or rather the sink of the Carson River. It derives its name from the well-known mountaineer whose adventurous roamings long anticipated scientific exploration. Supplied by the stream from the eastern flank of the Sierra Nevada, it is just such a lake as might be formed in any of the basins which we had traversed—a shallow



sheet of water, which, in the cloudy sky and mitigated glare of the sun, looked pale and muddy. Apparently it was divided by a long, narrow ruddy line, like ochre-colored sand; a near approach showed that water on the right was separated from a saleratus bed on the left by a thick bed of tule rush. Stones imitated the sweep of the tide, and white particles the color of a wash.

Our conscientious informant at Sand-Springs Station had warned us that upon the summit of the divide we should find a perpendicular drop, down which the wagons could be lowered only by means of lariats affixed to the axle-trees and lashed round strong "stubbing- posts." We were not, however, surprised to find a mild descent of about 30°. From the summit of the divide five miles led us over a plain too barren for sage, and a stretch of stone and saleratus to the watery margin, which was troublesome with sloughs and mud. 'The cattle relished the water, although tainted by the rush; we failed, however, to find any of the fresh-water clams, whose shells were scattered along the shore.

Remounting at 5:15 P.M. we proceeded to finish the ten miles which still separated us from the station, by a rough and stony road, perilous to wheel conveyances, which rounded the southern extremity of the lake. After passing a promontory whose bold projection had been conspicuous from afar, and threading a steep kanyon leading toward the lake, we fell into its selvage, which averaged about one mile in breadth. The small crescent of the moon soon ceased to befriend us, and we sat in the sadness of the shade, till presently a light glimmered under Arcturus, the road bent toward it, and all felt "jolly." But,

"Heu, heu! nos miseros, quam totus homuncio nil est !"

A long dull hour still lay before us, and we were approaching civilized lands. “Sink Station” looked well from without; there was a frame house inside an adobe inclosure, and a pile of wood and a stout haystack promised fuel and fodder. The inmates, however, were asleep, and it was ominously long before a door was opened. At last appeared a surly cripple, who presently disappeared to arm himself with his revolver. The judge asked civilly for a cup of water; he was told to fetch it from the lake, which was not more than a mile off, though, as the road was full of quagmires, it would be hard to travel at night. Wood the churl would not part with: we offered to buy it, to borrow it, to replace it in the morning; he told us to go for it ourselves, and that after about two miles and a half we might chance to gather some. Certainly our party was a law-abiding and a self-governing one; never did I see men so tamely bullied; they threw back the fellow’s sticks, and cold, hungry, and thirsty, simply began to sulk. An Indian standing by asked $20 to herd the stock for a single night. At last, George the Cordon Blue took courage; some went for water, others broke up a wagon-plank, and supper after a fashion was concocted. |

I preferred passing the night on a side of bacon in the wagon to using the cripple’s haystack, and allowed sleep to steep my senses in forgetfulness, after deeply regretting that the Mormons do not extend somewhat farther westward.

Carson Sink Station: In March of 1860, Bolivar Roberts, J.G. Kelly and others built this station. Today very little remains of this once busy station. 2 adobe walls of the corral are visible, but they are rapidly melting back into the alkali. In 1960, Walt Mulcahy found faint ruins of 4 – maybe five – buildings beside the corral. He said all of them faced north with 3 in a small flat just north of the dunes and 2 partially in the dunes. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of this station, known as Carson Sink or Sink of the Carson. Townley suggests the station, which had a good source of water nearby, began as a few brush shelters on George Chorpenning's mail route in 1859. In March 1860, Bolivar Roberts, J. G. Kelly, and their crew built an adobe station and made other improvements there. When Richard Burton visited Carson Sink on October 17, 1860, he found a "frame house inside an adobe enclosure," inhabited by at least one grumpy, half-asleep station tender. After the end of the Pony Express, the station functioned as a rest stop for travelers in the 1860s, and then as a hay ranch until its abandonment before the turn of the century. Portions of the corral's adobe walls remain visible in 1979. *(NPS*)

Burton’s Itinerary: 23. *Oct. 18, 1860: 25 miles 9:30 A.M. 7:15 P.M.: Cross a long plain . Ascend a very steep divide, and sight Sierra 50 miles distant. Descend to Carson River. Fort Churchill newly built. Sutler's stores, etc. ...…*

Burton : To Fort Churchill, 18th October. (pg 551-2)

The b’hoys and the stock were doomed to remain near the Carson Lake, where forage was abundant, while we made our way. To Carson Valley—an arrangement not effected without excessive grumbling. At last the deserted ones were satisfied with the promise that they should exchange their desert quarters for civilization on Tuesday, and we were permitted to start. Crossing a long plain bordering on the Sink, we “snaked up” painfully a high divide which a little engineering skill would have avoided. From the summit, bleak with west wind, we could descry, at a distance of fifty miles, a snowy saddle-back—the Sierra Nevada. When the deep sand had fatigued our cattle, we halted for an hour to bait in

a patch of land rich with bunch-grass. Descending from the eminence, we saw a gladdening sight: the Carson River, winding through its avenue of dark cotton-woods, and afar off the quarters and barracks of Fort Churchill. The nearer view was a hard-tamped plain, besprinkled with black and red porous stones and a sparse vegetation, with the ruddy and yellow autumnal hues; a miserable range of low, brown, sunburnt rocks and hills, whose ravines were choked with white sand-drifts, bounded the basin. The farther distance used it as a foil; the Sierra developed itself into four distinct magnificent tiers of snow-capped and cloud-veiled mountain, whose dissolving views faded into thin darkness as the sun disappeared behind their gigantic heads.

While we admired these beauties night came on; the paths intersected one another, and, despite the glow and gleam of a campfire in the distance, we lost our way among the tall cotton-woods. Dispersing in search of information, the marshal accidentally stumbled upon his predecessor in office, Mr. Smith, who hospitably insisted upon our becoming his guests. He led us to a farm-house already half roofed in against the cold, fetched the whisky for which our souls craved, gave to each a peach that we might be good boys, and finally set before us a prime beefsteak.

Hooten Wells Station: Rock ruins (including the Strong house and parts of the stone corral wall) remain 12 east of US 95 alternate at a point 2 miles south of Buckland's Station. Hooten Wells was probably used by the Pony Express for its last few months and later during freight and staging efforts. The site of Desert Station is located near Hooten Wells on the Rafter D Ranch. This station site was not used since August 1861, when the route was moved further to the north. *(Expedition Utah)*
L.C. Bishop and Paul Henderson, as well as the mail contract of 1861, list Desert as a station between Carson Sink and Fort Churchill. This obscure station probably housed telegraph activities and possibly served as a Pony Express station during the last few months of its existence. A good source of water later made the station a popular stopping point for travelers, miners, and teamsters in the 1860s.
A few sources identify Hooten Wells as a Pony Express station. The site possibly functioned as a Pony Express station during the last few months of its existence and later served freight and stage operations. Rock ruins exist two miles south of Buckland's Station and twelve miles east of present Highway 95 alternate. Townley lists the route from U.S. Alternate 95 to Hooten Wells as 11.5 miles and places Hooten Well slightly northeast of Desert Station. *(NPS)*

Burton to Buckland (pg 553-)

This day will be the last of my diary. We have now emerged from the deserts of the Basin State, and are debouching upon lands where coaches and the electric telegraphply.

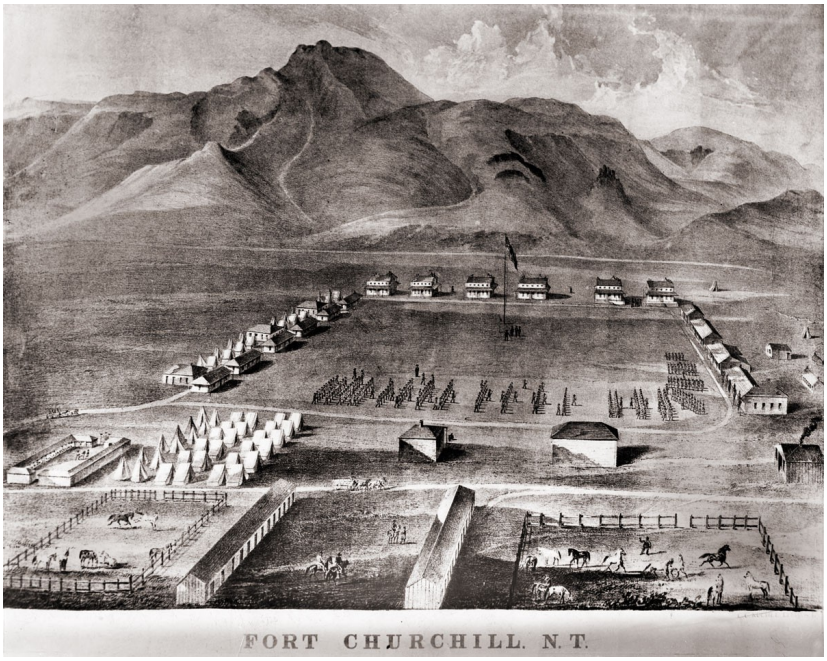
After a cold night at the hospitable Smith's, and losing the cattle, we managed to hitch to, and crossed, not without difficulty, the deep bed of the Carson River, which runs over sands glittering with mica. A little beyond it we found the station-house, and congratulated ourselves that we had escaped a twelve hours' durance vile in its atmosphere of rum, korn schnapps, stale tobacco, flies, and profane oaths, not to mention the chance of being "wiped out" in a "difference" between a soldier and a gambler, or a miner and a rider.

Buckland's Station: Located across the Carson River from what was to be the future site of Fort

Churchill, Buckland's Station consisting of a log cabin and saloon was established by Samuel S. Buckland who had come to California in 1850 via the Isthmus of Panama. During the cold winter of 1859-60, Buckland constructed a toll bridge across the Carson River, and set the following fees for its use: $2.00 for heavy wagons, $1.50 for light wagons, $1.00 for buggies, and $.25 for pedestrians.
A bridge across the river, supplies for sale, extra livestock to replace trail-weary animals, and a good supply of gut-warming whiskey made Buckland's Station a natural stopping place for men who had crossed the Great Basin, or who were headed into the desert wilderness.
In March of 1860, Bolivar Roberts made arrangements with Samuel Sanford Buckland to use his "good-sized cabin" as a station. Apparently the rancher declined employment as keeper, for this position was taken by W.C. Marley. The place served as a rider-relay, or home station, until the establishment of Fort Churchill in the summer of 1860.
Prior to the establishment of the fort, several memorable events took place at Buckland's Station including Johnson Richardson's refusal to relieve Bob Haslarn forcing the latter to make his famous ride. "Pony Bob" Haslam, one of the most famous riders of the Pony Express, rode regularly from Lake Tahoe to Buckland's Station near Fort Churchill. Perhaps his greatest ride, 120 miles in 8 hours and 20 minutes while wounded, was an important contribution to the fastest trip ever made by the Pony Express — the message carried, Lincoln's Inaugural Address.
On May 11, 1860 men on their way to battle at Pyramid Lake stayed at Buckland's. They took Pony Express horses with them, and four days later, the survivors of the battle straggled back to Buckland's. By the end of the summer of 1860, Indian troubles had forced the establishment of Fort Churchill. From then until the end of the Pony Express, the headquarters building at the fort was used as a stopping station instead of Buckland's. Today the original log cabin used by the Pony Express is gone,but a house built later marks the spot. It is located 8½ miles south of Silver Springs on US 95 Alternate. *(Expedition Utah)*
A number of sources identify Buckland's as a station. Townley and the Bureau of Land Management suggest that Buckland's Station functioned as a home station. In 1859, Samuel S. Buckland established a log ranch and trading post and he made an agreement with Bolivar Roberts in March 1860 for his ranch to serve as a Pony Express home station. In the summer of 1860, due to the Pyramid Lake Indian War, soldiers established Fort Churchill a few miles west of Buckland's Station. The Pony Express then moved its station to the fort's protective headquarters. On October 19, 1860, when Richard Burton visited Buckland's, he described the station, as usual, in negative terms.
The station's original log cabin no longer remains. By 1979, a house stood on the station site, eight and one-half miles south of Silver Springs, on Alternate Highway 95. *(NPS)*

Burton Walks to Fort Churchill (pg 553)***:***

From the station-house we walked, accompanied by a Mr. O.—who, after being an editor in Texas, had become a mail-rider in Utah Territory —to the fort. It was, upon the principle of its eastern neighbors, a well-disposed cantonment, containing quarters for the officers and barracks for the men. Fort Churchill had been built during the last few months: it lodged about two companies of infantry, and required at least 2000 men. Captain F, F. Flint (6th Regiment) was then commanding, and Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Swords, a deputy quarter-master general, was on a tour of inspection. We went straight to the quarter-master's office, and there found Lieutenant Moore, who introduced us to all present, and supplied us with the last newspapers and news. The camp was Teetotalist, and avoided cards like good Moslems: we were not, however, expected to drink water except in the form of strong waters, and the desert had disinclined us to abstain from whisky. Finally, Mr.



Byrne, the sutler, put into our ambulance a substantial lunch, with a bottle of cocktail, and another of cognac, especially intended to keep the cold out.

Fort Churchill: In 1860 a band of Paiutes and Bannocks attacked Williams Station along the Carson River in retaliation for the kidnap and rape of two young Paiute girls by the proprietors of the station. In retaliation a small group of volunteer soldiers and vigilantes led by Maj. William Ormsby attacked the Native Americans, starting the so-called Pyramid Lake War. Ormsby's force was defeated and in response Colonel John C. Hays and Captain Joseph Stewart led a larger force of volunteers and U.S. Regulars to defeat the Natives at the Second Battle of Pyramid Lake.
Captain Stewart, leading the Regular contingent, afterward established a permanent U.S. Army fort along the Carson River near the location of where the hostilities began at Williams Station. The post was named Fort Churchill for Sylvester Churchill, Inspector General of the U.S. Army. Construction on the fort began on July 20, 1860 and was completed in 1861. Built to provide protection for early settlers and the mail route along the Pony Express, the fort became an important supply depot for the Union Army during the American Civil War. Average strength during this time was 200 soldiers, but the post was abandoned in 1869, four years after the conclusion of the Civil War. The abandoned buildings were sold at an auction for $750 after the state of Nevada declined to take possession of the property.[

Burton to Miller's Station: (pg 553-554)

The dull morning had threatened snow, and shortly after noon the west wind brought up cold heavy showers, which continued with intervals to the end of the stage. Our next station was Miller's, distant 15 to 16 miles. The road ran along the valley of Carson River, whose trees were a repose to our eyes, and we congratulated ourselves when we looked down the stiff clay banks, 30 feet high, and wholly unfenced, that our journey was by day. The desert was now "done." At every few miles was a drinking "calaboose:" where sheds were not a kettle hung under a tree, and women peeped out of the log huts. They were

probably not charming, but, next to a sea voyage, a desert march is the finest cosmetic ever invented. We looked upon each as if

"Her face was like the Milky Way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

X. Into Carson City

It is at this point that the route followed by Richard Burton and that followed by the Clemens brothers converge. They continue on from this point to Carson City**.**

Burton at Miller's Station: (pg 554)

At Miller's Station, which we reached at 2:30 P.M., there really was one pretty girl—which, according to the author of the Art of Pluck, induces proclivity to temulency. While the rain was heavy we sat round the hot stove, eating bread and cheese, sausages and anchovies, which Rabelais, not to speak of other honest drinkers, enumerates among provocatives to thirst. When we started at 4 P.M. through the cold rain, along the bad road up the river bed, to "liquor up" was manifestly a duty we owed to ourselves. And, finally, when my impatient companions betted a supper that we should reach Carson City before 9 P.M., and sealed it with a "smile," I knew that the only way to win was to ply Mr. Kennedy, the driver, with as many pocula as possible.

Miller's Station: Today the site of Miller's or Reed's Station is on private land ~8 miles from Dayton down the Old River Road. Nothing remains because the lumber in the building was used elsewhere. It was originally one of the 20 or so stations along the Carson River branch of the California Emigrant Trail in 1849 and 1850. It became a relay station when the Pony Express started in 1860. It became known as Reed's Station when G.W. Reed purchased it on July 1, 1861. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of this station as a C.O.C. & P.P. Express Co. station, possibly located near the area where the north and south branches of the original Pony Express and Overland Mail Company trails rejoined. Bloss lists Miller's and Reed's as separate stations, but other sources agree that the two names represent the same station. The station began about 1849 or 1850 as a stopping point on the California Emigrant Trail, and the Pony Express included the site as one of its original relay stations in 1860. On July 1, 1861, the station passed into the hands of G. W. Reed. Even though Reed owned the station after that date, some people knew it as Miller's Station. On October 19, 1860, Richard Burton stopped at "Miller's Station" for about one and one-half hours, where he and his companions had a snack and waited for a heavy rain shower to end. A letter written by an employee, C.H. Ruffing, on May 31, 1860, from Miller's Station to W.W. Finney stated:
"I have just returned from Cold Springs-was driven out by the Indians, who attacked us night before last. The men at Dry Creek Station have been killed and it is thought the Roberts Creek Station has been destroyed. The Express turned back after hearing the news from Dry Creek. Eight animals were stolen from Cold Springs on Monday. Hamilton is at the Sink of the Carson, on his way in with all the men and horses. He will get to Buckland tomorrow."
Nothing remains of the station's structures, but a well still exists on the site. *(NPS)*

Burton at Chinatown: (pg 554)

Colder waxed the weather and heavier the rain as, diverging from the river, we ascended the little bench upon which Chinatown lies. The line of ranches and frame houses,

a kind of length-without-breadth place, once celebrated in the gold-digging days, looked dreary and grim in the evening gloom. At 5 30 P.M. we were still fourteen miles distant from our destination. The benches and the country round about had been turned topsy-turvy in the search for precious metal, and the soil was still burrowed with shaft and tunnel, and crossed at every possible spot by flumes, at which the natives of the Flowery Land still found it worth their while to work. Beyond China-town we quitted the river, and in the cold darkness of night we slowly began to breast the steep ascent of a long divide.

Dayton Station: One of the first settlements in Nevada, was first known as a stopping place on the Carson River for California-bound pioneers. Coming in from the desert they rested here before continuing westward. In 1849, gold was found at the mouth of Gold Canyon and prospecting began in the canyons to the west leading to the discovery of the fabulous ore deposits of Gold Hill and Virginia City in 1859. The first Pony Express stop was at Spafford Hall's Station, which is now a gravel pit. The Union Hotel now occupies the 2nd site for the remount station. The free-standing rock wall is the original wall of the Overland Stage Station and Pony Express stop. *(Expedition Utah)*
Many historical sources generally agree on the identity of Dayton as a Pony Express stop. In 1859 the Comstock Lode attracted 2,500 people to Dayton and made it a prosperous small town. Dayton had two Pony Express stations. The first existed in a building known as Spafford's Hall Station, which had opened in 1851. Soon after the Pony Express began, the station moved to a new building that also housed stage activities. When Richard Burton visited Dayton on October 19, 1860, he described a town that had already lost the gold-rush excitement of the previous year. A gravel pit now occupies the site of Spafford's Hall Station, and the Union Hotel stands at the second Pony Express station site. (NPS)

Burton's Itinerary: 24 *. Oct. 19, 1860: 35 miles: 11 A.M. 10:30 P.M. : Carson City ..... Carson City lies on the eastern foot of the Sierra Nevada, distant 552 statute miles, according to Captain Simpson , from Camp Floyd . The present itinerary reduces it to 544, and,adding 44 miles, to a total of 588 from Great Salt Lake City.*

Burton Arrives Carson City (pg 554-5):

We had been preceded on the way by a young man, driving in a light cart a pair of horses, which looked remarkable by the side of the usual Californian teams, three pair with the near wheeler ridden. Arriving at a bad place, he kindly called out to us, but before his warning could be taken a soft and yielding sensation, succeeded by a decided leaning to the right, and ending with a loud crash, announced an overturn. In due time we were extricated, the pieces were picked up, and, though the gun was broken, the bottle of cocktail fortunately remained whole. 'The judge, probably and justly offended by my evil habit of laughing out of season, informed us that he had never been thrown before, an announcement which made us expect more "spills." The unhappy Kennedy had jumped off before the wheels pointed up hill; he had not lost a hoof, it is true, on the long march, but he wept spirits and water at the disappointing thought that the ambulance, this time drawn by his best team, and laden with all the dignities, had come to grief, and would not be fit to be seen. After 100 yards more another similar series of sensations announced a repetition of the scene, which deserved the epitaph,

"Hic jacet amphora vini."

This time, however, falling down a bank, we "came to smash;" the bottle (eheu!) was broken, so was the judge's head, while the ear of the judgeling—serve him right for chaffing!—was cut, the pistols and powder-flasks were half buried in the sand, a variety of small objects were lost, and the flying gear of the ambulance was a perfect wreck. Unwilling to risk our necks by another trial, we walked over the rest of the rough ground, and, conducted by the good Croly, found our way to "Dutch Nick's," a ranch and tavern apparently much frequented by the teamsters and other roughs, who seemed, honest fellows! deeply to regret that the accident had not been much more serious.

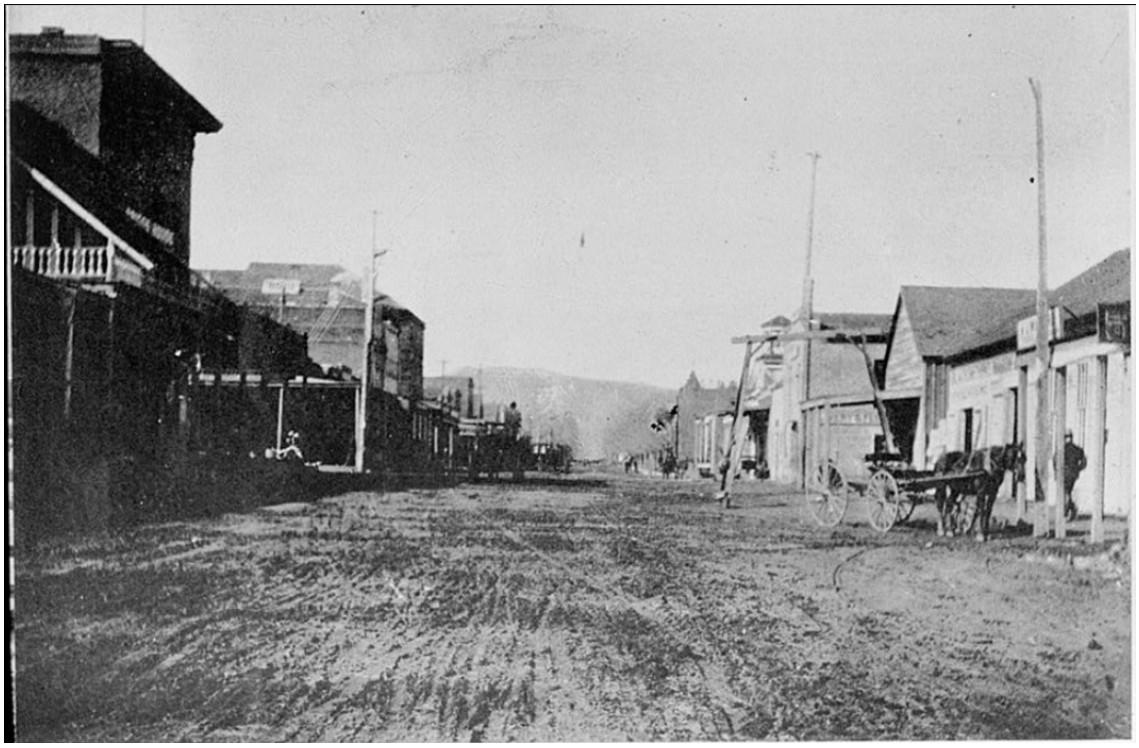
Remounting after a time, we sped forward, and sighted in front a dark line, but partially lit up about the flanks, with a brilliant illumination in the centre, the Kursaal of Mr. Hopkins, the local Crockford. Our entrance to Penrod House, the Fifth Avenue of Carson City, was by no means of a triumphal order; Nature herself seemed to sympathize with us, besplashing us with tears heavier than Mr. Kennedy's. But after a good supper and change of raiment, a cigar, "something warm," and the certainty of a bed, combined to diffuse over our minds the calm satisfaction of having surmounted our difficulties *tant bien que mal.*

Tales told at Buckland's: (pg 552-3)

Before sleeping we heard a number of "shooting stories." Where the corpse is, says the Persian, there will be the kites. A mining discovery never fails to attract from afar a flock of legal vultures—attorneys, lawyers, and judges. As the most valuable claims are mostly parted with by the ignorant fortunate for a song, it is usual to seek some flaw in the deed of sale, and a large proportion of the property finds its way into the pockets of the acute professional, who works on half profits. Consequently, in these parts there is generally a large amount of unscrupulous talent. One gentleman judge had knived a waiter and shot a senator; another, almost as "heavy on the shyoot," had in a single season killed one man and wounded another. My informants declared that in and about Carson a dead man for breakfast was the rule; besides accidents perpetually occurring to indifferent or to peace-making parties, they reckoned per annum fifty murders. In a peculiar fit of liveliness, an intoxicated gentleman will discharge his revolver in a ballroom, and when a "shyooting" begins in the thin-walled frame houses, those not concerned avoid bullets and splinters by jumping into their beds. During my three days' stay at Carson City I heard of three murders. A man "heavy on the shoulder," who can "hit out straight from the hip," is a valuable acquisition. The gambler or professional player, who in the Eastern States is exceptionably peaceful, because he fears the publicity of a quarrel, here must distinguish himself as a fighting-man. A curious story was told to illustrate how the ends of justice might, at a pinch, in the case of a popular character, be defeated. A man was convicted of killing his adversary after saying to the bystanders, "Stoop down while I shoot the son of a dog (female)." Counsel for the people showed malice prepense; counsel for defense pleaded that his client was rectus in curia, and manifestly couldn't mean a man, but a dog. The judge ratified the verdict of acquittal.

Such was the state of things, realizing the old days of the Californian gold-diggings, when I visited in 1860 Carson City. Its misrule, or rather want of rule, has probably long since passed away, leaving no more traces than a dream. California has been transformed

by her Vigilance Committee, so ignorantly and un-justly declaimed against in Europe and in the Eastern States of the Union, from a savage autonomy to one of the most orderly of the American republics, and San Francisco, her capital, from a den of thieves and prostitutes, gamblers and miners, the offscourings of nations, to a social status not inferior to any of the most favored cities.



Roughing It (pg 157-9)***:***

Visibly our new home was a desert, walled in by barren, snow-clad mountains. There was not a tree in sight. There was no vegetation but the endless sage-brush and greasewood. All nature was gray with it. We were plowing through great deeps of powdery alkali dust that rose in thick clouds and floated across the plain like smoke from a burning house.

We were coated with it like millers; so were the coach, the mules, the mail-bags, the driver—we and the sage-brush and the other scenery were all one monotonous color. Long trains of freight wagons in the distance enveloped in ascending masses of dust suggested pictures of prairies on fire. These teams and their masters were the only life we saw. Otherwise we moved in the midst of solitude, silence and desolation. Every twenty steps we passed the skeleton of some dead beast of burthen, with its dust-coated skin stretched tightly over its empty ribs. Frequently a solemn raven sat upon the skull or the hips and contemplated the passing coach with meditative serenity.

By and by Carson City was pointed out to us. It nestled in the edge of a great plain and was a sufficient number of miles away to look like an assemblage of mere white spots in the shadow of a grim range of mountains overlooking it, whose summits seemed lifted clear

out of companionship and consciousness of earthly things. We arrived, disembarked, and the stage went on. It was a “wooden” town; its population two thousand souls. The main street consisted of four or five blocks of little white frame stores which were too high to sit down on, but not too high for various other purposes; in fact, hardly high enough. They were packed close together, side by side, as if room were scarce in that mighty plain. The sidewalk was of boards that were more or less loose and inclined to rattle when walked upon. In the middle of the town, opposite the stores, was the “plaza” which is native to all towns beyond the Rocky Mountains—a large, unfenced, level vacancy, with a liberty pole in it, and very useful as a place for public auctions, horse trades, and mass meetings, and likewise for teamsters to camp in. Two other sides of the plaza were faced by stores, offices and stables.

The rest of Carson City was pretty scattering.

We were introduced to several citizens, at the stage-office and on the way up to the Governor’s from the hotel—among others, to a Mr. Harris, who was on horseback; he began to say something, but interrupted himself with the remark:

“I’ll have to get you to excuse me a minute; yonder is the witness that swore I helped to rob the California coach—a piece of impertinent intermeddling, sir, for I am not even acquainted with the man.”

Then he rode over and began to rebuke the stranger with a six-shooter, and the stranger began to explain with another. When the pistols were emptied, the stranger resumed his work (mending a whip-lash), and Mr. Harris rode by with a polite nod, homeward bound, with a bullet through one of his lungs, and several in his hips; and from them issued little rivulets of blood that coursed down the horse’s sides and made the animal look quite picturesque. I never saw Harris shoot a man after that but it recalled to mind that first day in Carson.

Carson City Pony Express Station: Founded in 1858, it was named for Kit Carson. As the social and supply center for the nearby mining settlements of the Comstock Lode in the mid-1800′s, Carson City prospered. In 1864 it was designated the state capital. In 1860. there was only one street that was little more than a double row of saloons, a few assay offices, a general store, and the hotel that was the relay station for the Pony Express located between 4th and 5th Streets, near the original Ormsby House. *(Expedition Utah)*
Sources generally agree on the identity of Carson City as a station. Little information is available about the Carson City Station site, which was located on what is now Carson Street between Fourth and Fifth. Bolivar Roberts, division superintendent, used Carson City as a base in March 1860 to hire riders and stationkeepers. Since he worked as part of a team to build or acquire other stations along the route, Roberts probably established the Carson City station as well. *(NPS)*

XI. Conclusion:

Orion: *Wednesday, Aug 14.—Arrived at Carson City 580 miles from Salt Lake, or 1700 miles from St. Joseph.*

Sam Clemens arrived in Carson City, August 14, 1861, expecting to strike it rich on gold and silver. By September of 1862 he'd determined that mining for riches was too much work for too little return and he accepted a job as a reporter for the Territorial Enterprise in Virginia City. He began using a *nom de plume*, Mark Twain, as his byline. By June of 1864 he had relocated to San Francisco. March of 1866 found him in the Sandwich Islands, writing letters for publication in the Sacramento Union. It was this visit to the islands and from his correspondences that he crafted a lecture that would result in a new life for Mark Twain aka Sam Clemens.

Richard F. Burton lingered in Carson City three days before moving on to San Francisco. From there he returned to England via Panama. He married Isabel Arundell January 22, 1861. February 13, 1886 he was appointed Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by Queen Victoria.

Stagecoach/ Pony Express Stations

Richard F. Burton's Itinerary: St. Joseph to Salt Lake City

# 1. August 7, 1860	20-24 miles,	9:30 A.M. - 3 P.M.	8
# 2. August 7, 1860	22-23 miles,	4 P.M. - 8 P.M.	9
# 3. August 7 & 8, 1860	25 miles,	9 P.M. - 1 A.M.	10
# 4. August 8, 1860	18 miles,	3 A.M. - 6 A.M.	11
# 5. August 8, 1860	20 miles,	8 A.M. - 12 NOON,	14
# 6. August 8, 1860	25 miles,	1 P.M.- 6 P.M.,	16
# 7. August 8, 1860	26 miles,	6 P.M. - 11 P.M.,	18
# 8. August 9, 1860	23 miles,	12 P.M. - 4 A.M.,	19
# 9. August 9, 1860	19 miles,	6 A.M. - 10 A.M.,	22
# 10. August 9, 1860	25 miles,	11 A.M. - 3 P.M.,	23
# 11. August 9, 1860	24 miles,	4 P.M. - 9 P.M.,	24
# 12. August 10, 1860	34 miles,	10:30 P.M. - 8 A.M.,	33
# 13. August 10, 1860	21 miles,	9:30 A.M. - 1:15 P.M.,	34
# 14. August 10, 1860	25 miles,	2:30 P.M. - 8 P.M.,	36
# 15. August 11, 1860	27 miles.	9 P.M. - 1:45 A.M.,	37
# 16. August 11, 1860	30 miles,	6:15 A.M. - 11 A.M.,	38
# 17. August 11, 1860	25 miles,	12 Noon – 5 P.M.,	39
# 18. August 11, 1860	25 Miles,	6 P.M. - 10:15 P.M.	40
# 19. August 12, 1860	25 miles,	11 P.M. - 3:15 A.M.,	41
# 20. August 12, 1860	35 miles,	6:30 A.M. - 12:45 P.M.,	44
# 21. August 12, 1860	25 miles,	3 P.M. - 5:45 P.M.,	49
# 22. August 13, 1860	25 miles,	8 A.M. - 12:30 P.M.,	52
# 23. August 13, 1860	24 miles,	1:30 P.M. - 5:30 P.M.	55

# 24.	August 13, 1860	16 miles,	6:30 P.M. - 8:30 P.M.	57
# 25.	August 14, 1860	26 miles,	6 A.M. - 10:20 P.M.(A.M.?)	60
# 26.	August 14, 1860	18 miles,	12:15 P.M. - 4 P.M.	61 & 64
# 27.	August 14, 1860:	25 miles,	5:00 PM to 9:30 PM	65
# 28.	August 15, 1860:	25 miles:,	10:45 AM to 2:45 AM (PM ?)	68
# 29.	August 15, 1860:	25 miles:	4:00 PM to 9:00 PM	71
# 30.	August 16, 1860:	20 miles:	8:30 AM to 12:00 NOON	73
# 31.	August 16, 1860:	18 miles:	1:15 PM to 4:15 PM	74
# 32.	August 17, 1860:	28 miles:	6:30 AM to 12:50 PM	76
# 33.	August 17, 1860:	33 miles:	2:30 PM to 9:15 PM	78
# 34.	August 18, 1860:	25 miles:	7:00 AM to 11:00 AM	85
# 35.	August 19, 1860:	35 miles:	5:45 AM to 12:45 PM	87
# 36.	August 20, 1860:	35 miles:	7:45 AM to 3:00 PM	92
# 37.	August 21, 1860:	33 miles:	8:00 AM to 12:30 PM	99
# 38.	August 21, 1860:	32 miles:	1:45 PM to 6:30 PM	103
# 39.	August 22, 1860:	24 miles:	8:00 AM to 12:00 NOON	107
# 40.	August 22, 1860:	20 miles:	2:00 PM to 5:15 PM	110
# 41.	August 23, 1860:	25 miles:	8:30 AM to 12:15 PM	112
# 42.	August 23, 1860:	20 miles:	12:00 NOON to 5:30 PM	116
# 43.	August 24, 1860:	36 miles:	8:15 AM to 2:30 PM	119
# 44.	August 24, 1860:	22 miles:	4:30 PM to 7:45 PM	124
# 45.	August 25, 1860:	29 miles:	7:00 AM to 7:17 PM	126

Richard F. Burton's Itinerary: Salt Lake City to Carson City

# 1 & 2. September 20, 1860	44 miles	10:30 to 9:30	140
# 3. September 27, 1860	20 miles	10:30 to 9:30	144
# 4. September 28, 1860	27 miles	9:30 A .M . to 4:30	146
# 5. September 29, 1860	20 miles	12 to 5:30 P.M.	152
# 6 . September 29, 1860	28 miles	6:30 P.M. to 3:30.A.M.	153
# 7. September 30, 1860	22 miles	10 A.M. to 3:30	158
# 8. October 1, 1860	28 miles	8 A.M. to 4 P.M.	160
# 9. October . 3 & 4, 1860	30 miles	8A.M . to 4 P.M .	164
# 10. October 5, 1860	18 miles	6 A.M. to 11 P.M.	165
# 11. October 5, 1860	18 miles	2 P.M. to 6 P.M.	167
# 12. October 6, 1860	18 miles	8 P.M. to 3 A.M.	169
# 13 . October 7, 1860	22 miles	8 A.M. to 1:45 P.M.	171
# 14 . October 8 & 9, 1860	22 miles	8 A.M. to 1:45 P.M.	176
# 15. October 10, 1860	28 miles	8 A.M. to 1:45 P.M.	178
# 16. October 11, 1860	35 miles	6:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.	180
# 17. October 12, 1860	25 miles	8:15 A.M. to 2:25 P.M.	182
# 18. October 13, 1860	15 miles	10 A.M. to 2 P.M.	184
# 19. October 14, 1860	28 miles	7:20 A.M. to 2:45 P.M.	185
# 20. October 15, 1860	25 miles	8:15 A.M. to 4:15 P.M.	186
# 21. October 16, 1860	35 miles	9:50 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.	188
# 22. October 17, 1860	25 miles	11 A.M. to 9 P.M.	196
# 23. October 18, 1860	25 miles	9:30 A.M. to 7:15 P.M.	198
# 24 . October 19, 1860	35 miles	11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.	204