AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MOUNTAIN CHARLEY

OR THE

Adventures of Mrs. E. J. Guerin,

Who was Thirteen Years in Male Attire.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPRISING A PERIOD OF THIRTEEN YEARS

LIFE IN THE STATES, CALIFORNIA, AND PIKE'S PEAK.

DUBUQUE:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1861.

AN22492

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MOUNTAIN CHARLEY,

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF MRS. E. J. GUERIN,

WHO WAS THIRTEEN YEARS IN MALE ATTIRE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPRISING A PERIOD OF THIRTEEN YEARS LIFE IN THE STATES, CALIFORNIA, AND PIKE'S PEAK.

DUBUQUE:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1861.

PREFACE.

The Autobiography given in the following pages is literal actual fact, except so far as the conversations and incidents of one or two dramatic scenes are concerned. Hundreds of people who knew Mrs. Adams in Pike's Peak, (where the secret of her sex was first discovered) can bear witness to the truthfulness of what would otherwise seem an exaggerated fiction.

"MOUNTAIN CHARLEY."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

In about the year 1830, there lived near Baton Rouge a planter in comfortable circumstances. His ancestry were of French origin and he, himself, although thoroughly Americanized, possessed a mixture in his character of French blood, which harmonized well with, while it tamed down the peculiarities which distinguish those who are born and bred under the influences of our free institutions.

This gentleman as I have said was a planter in comfortable circumstances—better than this, he was young, honorable, influential. His name I dare not give for reasons which will shortly appear, and it will answer my purpose and satisfy the legitimate curiosity of my readers if I call him Vereau.

With this hasty introduction of a gentleman, I pass to introduce one of an opposite sex.

She of whom I speak was at that time aged about twenty years, and was the daughter of a clergyman living in the glorious Empire State. Of her looks, it matters little—she was neither beautiful, nor was she the opposite. A plain countenance marked more by an expression of sweetness than brilliancy—an intelligent countenance—and one that possessed as its most remarkable feature, the peculiarity of becoming handsome only as the soul within was developed—was her possession. A well developed healthy form, of medium proportions, a well cultivated understanding and one possessing more than an average share of originality and force were the main points characterizing this lady of whom I am writing.

She too, must I, as in the case of the gentleman whose likeness preceded hers, introduce under a borrowed name, and for the same reason. Let me simply call her Anna Baldwin.

Having introduced my two characters separately, let me present them together. Why not? He, young, wealthy, honorable; she also young, also intelligent—why not bring them together? There is an eternal fitness in all things, and nothing more so than in the case of man and woman.

This being admitted, I will act in accordance with its conclusions.

It is a beautiful evening in September, and a magnificent steamer is parting swiftly the turbid waters of the Mississippi, with her prow turned towards the Gulf. At the time of which I speak, the boat is not far above New Orleans. Seated upon the hurricane deck, are a gentleman and lady. They are near enough together to indicate a more than ordinary familiarity, a conclusion more fully shown in the circumstance that the gentleman in converse, bows his head close to that of the lady, and his words are lower than those in which people speak whose subject is an indifferent one. She listens too with a deeper interest seemingly, than would one whose ears were simply filled with commonplaces about the weather, the moonlight, or the peculiarities of the passing scenery.

"When I return from Kentucky," said he, "then shall I claim you as my wife. I would that ere I leave you we could be united, and thus place beyond the remotest doubt any danger of an exposure. But this cannot be for reasons I have shown you."

"But, oh! Henry, suppose something *should* happen—that you should be killed or should be overtaken by one of the thousand accidents that waylay the traveler, and thus prevent you making the only reparation in human reach; suppose—"

"Oh, you are too fearful, Anna. You allow yourself to be afflicted by the faintest of suppositions. There is not the slightest chance of my being absent more than two months at farthest, and then——"

"God grant it! for should you fail me, there is but one remedy for my coming shame, and that, though terrible, would then be desirable."

"Do not doubt anything dearest, you have no reason to doubt my faith, for God knows I love only you, and to save you a single pang I would esteem no sacrifice too great. And in this case have I not every reason to fulfil my pledges? Are we not now man and wife by the solemnest ties that can bind man to woman? To be sure we lack that outward ceremonial which custom and society demand, yet lacking this, I would esteem myself a thousand times a villain did I do aught than fulfil to the letter, the holy relations which we in all truth and honesty now sustain, as much as if the priest had cemented our union with his blessing."

"I believe you my own husband, yet like a timid woman I tremble at a shadow—a something of which I know nothing."

"I cannot, nor do I blame you, yet be assured that I shall do only that which shall prove your fears to be groundless."

From this conversation the reader will obtain some insight into the character of the relations existing between the two individuals. I need add but a few words to fully explain it all.

A few months before, Anna Baldwin had left her home in New York to

visit some relations at the South, among whom was a sister living at Baton Rouge. While there, she made the acquaintance of Vereau, and the acquaintance soon ripened into a warm attachment, as honorable on his side as it was devoted on hers.

And yet at one unlucky moment in their intercourse, Passion had usurped the domain of affection.

Circumstances which I need not particularize, as it is not necessary to the developement of the subsequent history which I am about to relate, prevented him at once making the reparation which he desired, and the only one that the world will accept; and thus the matter had passed along until the time at which they are found on the passage to New Orleans.

He had shortly before received a letter from Kentucky informing him that he had become a co-heir in some property left by a deceased relative The matter required his immediate attendance, and it was arranged that during his absence, she should visit New Orleans. He was to visit Frankfort, attend to his business, and upon his return they were to be united.

Leaving her at New Orleans, he set out for Kentucky. In a week or so after his departure, Miss Baldwin received a letter from her sister at Baton Rouge informing her that she was dangerously ill, and imploring her to return immediately. She did so, but upon her arrival found her sister convalescing rapidly.

I mention this circumstance for the reason that it had an important bearing upon Miss Baldwin's entire future. Hitherto twice or thrice each week the mail had brought her letters from Vereau, in which she was informed of the progress of his journey, his safe arrival at Frankfort and the rapid approach to completion of his business affairs, and all filled with protestations of earnest love and anticipations of a happy future. She had been in Baton Rouge but a little over two weeks, when suddenly his letters ceased. She awaited in anxious suspense a whole week—no letter. Another week dragged heavily, and her anxiety became a terrible fear. Was he sick and unable to write—was he dead—or, still more terrible thought, had he proved false? This last suggestion came like a mocking devil, and was at first repulsed, but again and again it made its appearance as time wore away. If sick, he would have directed some one else to write and inform her or his friends of the fact; if dead, the circumstance would have become known in a community in which he was so well known. There was but one conclusion at last, and that was that he had proved a traitor to his oaths and his manhood.

I will not dwell upon the agony, the despair, the fearful tortures that assailed the soul of Anna Baldwin as this fearful surmise finally grew into a fixed conclusion. The pages of fiction have a thousand times embodied such sad facts, and skilful writers have a thousand times dissected such

minds and laid their secrets open to the inspection of the world. I will only say that in the frenzy of agony, rage and shame that accompanied the sad conviction that she was ruined and betrayed, she listened to the addresses of an overseer on a neighboring plantation, and within a month from the time Vereau's correspondence ceased, she married him. The overseer was a drunken, worthless vagabond, who was only too glad to obtain so respectable a prize, even though encumbered as it was—a point on which he had been informed, but which he very willingly overlooked in consideration of getting a wife from a sphere so much above the one in which he moved.

There was the usual amount of wonderment at so unequal a match and much mortification among many of the gentlemen who had been indirectly suitors for Miss Baldwin's hand. There was the usual amount of tea-table talk and scandal among the ladies of her acquaintance, but heedless of it all, she buried herself and her sad secret in the indifferently comfortable home to which she was carried by her husband.

Just one week from the day that she was united in marriage with the overseer, she was wandering listlessly a short distance from her home. Buried in her sad thoughts, she did not perceive a traveling carriage which was coming toward her, and proceeding rapidly in the direction of the city. It came opposite to her, drove a little past and halted, a gentleman descended from the vehicle, and the next instant she was clasped in the arms of—— Vereau!

"Henry!"

"Anna!"

The next instant she laid lifeless in his arms. Carrying her to a stream close by, he sprinkled her face with water, and soon she opened her eyes.

"Dear Henry," she murmured as she hid her face close upon his bosom, "Oh! are you alive? I have had such a terrible dream. I thought you were dead, and I thought myself married!"

"Oh, nonsense darling, here I am all right, and only surprised to find you away out here."

"Is it really you Henry?" said she, raising her head and passing her hand across her brow with a bewildered air. "I really thought or dreamed that you had left me forever, and that I had married a man whom I despised. Where are we—how came we here—did we ride out from the city?" said she as her eye fell upon the carriage.

"No, darling. You know I left Frankfort to go to Virginia, and was detained there some weeks longer than I expected. I returned by way of C—— and took a private carriage from there to the city. Right here, I found you, and—— you know the rest."

Growing consciousness was returning to her soul as she listened to and in part comprehended what he was saying. But Miss Baldwin possessed a

mind of more than common force. She did not faint as the iron entered her soul—as the conviction come upon her that there was a fearful mystery somewhere—but above all, that she was utterly lost. She did not even quiver as the conclusion came upon her like a white hot dagger being driven slowly into her warm heart. Only her countenance grew paler and her heart seemed about to burst, so fierce were its throbbings as she asked in a very low tone:

"Did you write me that you were going to leave Frankfort?"

"I did, didn't you get the letter? But—good God! what makes you look so pale!"

"Nothing—I'll tell you all in a moment—let me sit here." And she withdrew herself entirely from his arms, where she had lain, and staggered to a little mound a few feet off.

Then, with the only sign of life about her being the movement of her colorless lips and a convulsive twitching of her fingers, she told him all. Told him how all at once his letters had ceased—how day by day surprise had grown into anxiety, anxiety into suspense, this into despair, and finally, despair into desperation. And at last she was nearing the conclusion. She hesitated—the words would *not* come, but she forced them out—

"I—I—am—married!"

He sprang to his feet as if thrown there by an electric shock, and stood for an instant as if turned to stone, gazing at her who sat looking so mournfully at him.

"Treachery, by G—d!" at length burst from his lips, and turning upon his heel he strode toward the carriage. A deep groan from Anna caused him involuntarily to look around. She had allen lifeless to the ground—her rigid, marble countenance turned upward. He returned, bent over her and impressed one passionate kiss upon her lips, and then walked to the carriage, entered and was driven away.

Some two or three hours after Auna was aroused by a rough voice—

"What in h—ll are you layin' out here for? Get up and get some supper, can ye, or will ye lay there all night?"

Anna arose, and without replying went back to the cabin.

The next day a city paper contained the following:

PERSONAL—We regret to announce that our fellow citizen, HENRY VEREAU, Esq., left last evening with the intention of visiting France. He only returned yesterday from a prolonged absence East, and found here upon his arrival, intelligence which determined him to leave immediately. The length of his absence is not certain. While all will join us in regrets at his departure, they will none the less unite with us in wishing him a prosperous voyage, happy visit and a speedy return.

I will close this chapter by adding one more item of a "personal" character, and that is, that I am the daughter of Henry Vereau and her who was once named Anna Baldwin.

CHAPTER II.

The circumstances I have related in the foregoing chapter. I became acquainted with many years after the occurrence, and at a time when I too had begun to play a comparatively important part on life's stage. So also did I learn of the events of the four or five years which followed—a portion of which I shall now proceed to relate.

My first recollections are of a handsome residence situated in the country, of negroes—and one in particular, an old negress whom I called Mama—and of a tall, dark, melancholy gentleman whom I always termed Uncle. My remembrances of the place and its people are misty—all about it seem more like something I once saw in a dream, but whose characters time has effaced.

My uncle, as I can remember, was retiring in his disposition, scarcely ever visiting any one and not more frequently receiving any visitors. He was always taciturn, yet, when he did speak to me, it was always kindly and sometimes even tenderly. I can remember that I loved him very dearly, yet always stood somewhat in awe of him—he seemed so distant from anything that I could love or understand.

I also remember that sometimes an odd-looking wagon drawn by an old bony, melancholy horse, used to, at long intervals, drive up the long lane that led to the house from the main road. Then an old negro would assist out a pale sickly woman, who, invariably, would clasp me in her arms and covering me with kisses, call me her "dear child." She always brought me some little trifle—a bright piece of calico for a new apron for my doll, or some such childish gift. As long as she would stay, she would hold me in her lap and talk to me very kindly. On such occasions I was often surprised to find her eyes filled with tears, while her voice would be choked with sobs. When she came she never seemed to have any business except to see and talk with me, for I never knew her to ask any one else any questions unless I was absent.

During her visits, my uncle seemed always to be absent, for only upon one or two occasions did he ever make his appearance, and then he scarcely spoke, but hurried through the room into his office.

Sometimes I would get into the rough old wagon and drive away with this pale, strange woman, whom, at her request, I always called Aunt Anna. After a long drive, we would stop at a poor little cabin a good ways from a beautiful house on a little hill, and there I have sometimes

stayed two or three days. There was a rough man there who always spoke in a savage manner to Aunt Anna; he had red, fierce eyes, and he used terrible oaths sometimes, and a great many times a day he would go to an old wooden chest in the corner and drink something out of an old dirty jug with a string tied around it for a handle. Aunt Anna never seemed to speak to him, never replied when he cursed her as he used to sometimes, and in short, seemed to pay no more attention to him than if he had been a post. Sometimes when I would return into the cabin after he had left, I would find her crying, but she would always say, when I asked what was the matter, that she was sick—her heart pained her, she said.

And thus passed the time until I was five years of age, and then I was then sent away down the river to a great city—as it seemed then—New Orleans, where I was put to school.

These recollections of my earlier life which I have just attempted to give, are scarcely distinct enough in my memory to be recorded as facts. Yet sometimes in looking back, I see, as if surrounded by a mist, the scenes which I have attempted to describe, and a thousand others which I have not space to speak of, or which merge from the stronger outlines into indistinctness, so that I shall not attempt to speak of them. The last thing in this portion of my life that I remember from its vividness, was, that the day before I left for school, Aunt Anna came to see me, and cried over me at parting as if her heart were breaking. She gave me a small gold piece attached to a ribbon (I have it yet) as she left me, and made me promise between her sobs, not to forgot Aunt Anna. I never saw her again—but, while at school, I received every month a letter full of earnest love, which, for awhile, was read to me by my teacher; but I soon became able to read them for myself. I remember one peculiarity in the letters, and that was, that when I was ten and twelve years of age, her letters were of precisely the same character that they were in the beginning. That is, she always seemed to write as if I were still a little girl with the same thoughts and capacity that I was at the time I left her, or as if she always regarded me as being the same as when I left her.

My uncle wrote me at longer intervals in a letter which was enclosed in one to the principal, Madame T——. They always contained some good advice and were generally kind, but sometimes merely formal. He always enclosed me some money for my own private use, but the expenses of my tuition and clothing were given to the Principal. About once in each year, generally in the winter, he would come to New Orleans to spend a few weeks, and then he always called to see me, took me out riding and to places of amusement, and seemed much interested in my progress in study.

My life passed without much variation till I reached the age of twelve years, at which time an event occurred that had a marked bearing on my

whole life, and gave it a direction never before traveled by any other woman. I had developed with a rapidity marvelous even in that hot-bed, the South, and upon reaching the age of twelve, I was as much a woman in form, stature and appearance as most women at sixteen. My mind was, perhaps, not so much in advance of my years, yet, it was not of a character to do discredit to my appearance of maturity.

Without dwelling upon my peculiarities of character to an extent that would justify people in calling me egotistical, I would say that from the fact of my being so long thrown among strangers and all along accustomed to depend upon myself, I had attained a strength of character, a firmness, and self-reliance that amounted to almost masculine force. In addition to this I was impetuous, self-willed—traits induced by the peculiarities of my surroundings, and whose existence will account for much of the strangeness of my subsequent career.

The important event to which I have made reference, is my marriage. I became acquainted with a gentleman whose appearance pleased me. He sought an introduction, obtained it, and as he could not visit the school, our communications were necessarily clandestine. I will not stop at the details of this portion of my life—suffice it to say, that it did take long for him to win the heart of an inexperienced girl, and after that point was gained the next step was an easy one. He did not persuade me long ere I consented, and one morning the boarders at Madame T——'s numbered one less. I had packed up everything I could conveniently carry, made my exit through a window, and soon after was standing before a clergyman and was united for better or worse, to him to whom I had given the first fruits of my affections.

I subsequently ascertained that my husband was a pilot on the Mississippi—a fact of which I had never thought to inquire prior to our marriage. He was a noble fellow, and well repaid the sacrifice I had made for him. We made a pleasant trip to various cities in the South, and at the end of a month or so, came to St. Louis and determined to settle there permanently. My husband rented a small, comfortable house, and I was installed as its mistress.

Life flowed on in quiet, uninterrupted beauty. I wrote to my uncle, and also to Aunt Anna, informing them of the step I had taken, assuring them that I did not regret it, and that I was happy beyond my most sanguine expectations. My happiness was, if possible, made greater when at the end of about a year after my marriage, I found a breathing likness of my husband laid by my side. Three years after my marriage, another stranger came among us—this time a daughter.

I believe that now the circle of my enjoyment was complete. My husband, though much absent, was unremitting in his love—I had two bright, healthy children, and what more could woman ask?

Some three months after the birth of my last child, a thunder-bolt fell into my Eden and destroyed its beauty forever.

My husband left one day to pilot the Lady Poole up the Ohio. The day after I was engaged in a frolic with my son, when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it, and a stranger stood there with a countenance so full of evil tidings, that a shadow fell instantly upon my heart.

"You are Mrs F——? he enquired.

"I am," replied I.

"I have some bad news for you."

"For me! Good Heavens, what has happened? My husband, is he—" I stopped, not daring to pronounce the fearful word that forced itself upon my tongue.

"— Badly hurt," said he concluding my question. And then as if desirous to relieve himself of an imperative but unpleasant task, he proceeded

"It was three miles above Cairo, early this morning, that it happened. He had some difficulty with his mate, a man named Jamieson, about some old grudge, and Jamieson shot him, wounding him badly."

My brained whirled as he went on, but yet there was a fearful impression that the worst was not told.

"Are you sure he is only hurt?" I found strength to ask. "Is he not—dead?"

"He is!"

I remember no more.

Then followed a dream-like succession of days and nights. I remember as one recalls realities that he has seen when under the influence of opium. A collection of sombre events—a hearse—funeral trappings—the rigid body of my husband—meaningless words of comfort—whispered directions—until finally I was left alone with my children.

I will not dwell upon the keen agony that took possession of my soul as remembrance came back, as the stunning effects of the first shock slowly departed, leaving my faculties to their full exercise. It was terrible, so much so that I wonder it did not drive me to insanity.

Scarcely a week had passed when I received a letter dated at Baton Rouge; I opened it, and found it enclosed one from Aunt Anna. In a few lines the writer informed me that she had died the day previous, and in accordance with her last request, he forwarded me the enclosed.

Another shock—but, in the condition of my mind, it did not affect me greatly. My soul was so filled with a great grief, that the presence of a smaller one was scarcely felt.

I opened the letter from Aunt Anna. I have this old letter yet, and would gladly give its contents entire, were it not that I have learned to revere it with a feeling akin to worship. It was a letter in which a MOTHER had poured out the pent up love of a life-time.

She revealed to me the sad secret of my birth, but told it such loving words, that it took away the sting of its illegitimacy. She told too about her early love, and how, in after years, she discovered that it was her own sister, with whom she was visiting at Baton Rouge, who had intercepted her letters from Vereau, prompted to the act by jealousy. And after revealing to me all her sad history, she implored a thousand blessings on my head, and assured me that her last breath would be used in wafting my name to the throne of Eternal Goodness.

One more shock, and the storm passed. A day or two after my attorney called upon me, and gave me a statement of my affairs. My husband, with the profusion of men in his business, had never thought of the future, but had spent his entire income as it was earned. The result was, in short—there was not a dollar remaining after his affairs were settled. I was completely a beggar. Even the house I lived in must be sacrificed—there remained to me absolutely nothing.

It may by naturally imagined that this new misfortune completely prostrated me. It did not, but on the contrary it had an opposite effect.

Upon what principle this effect was produced, I know not. It may have been that of *similia similibus curantur*—or that thrusting one grief upon soul permeated with sorrow, they will reciprocally lighten each other by each in its turn attracting the attention from dwelling too long upon its fellow.

Whatever the *rationale*, the result I know. By the application of a new sorrow, I grew in a day or two, less regardless of, and borne down by the others. And then, thoughts of bitter hatred began to lodge in my soul, as I reflected upon the ruin around me, and could not but revert to its cause. And who was it that had done all, or nearly all this—who had made me a widow, my children orphans, and all of us beggars? Jamieson! And as these thoughts grew more frequent, so did my hatred of him assume a more definite form, while desires for revenge began to assume shape. It was long before such desires assumed a character as to render them mischievous, yet at the time, they were instrumental in shaping considerably the course I soon after adopted.

CHAPTER III.

As my financial condition became more desperate, my desire for revenge increased in an inverse proportion. Each privation that I endured served to make Jamieson more prominent as its author, and one upon whom I was bound to visit a terrible reparation. But how was I best to accomplish this? This puzzled me for awhile—I could conceive of no means by which I could reach him. At the same time my condition as to pecuniary affairs daily grew worse. I pawned, as my necessities drove me to it, successively, articles of jewelry, furniture, dresses, etc., until finally this resource was exhausted, and I knew not what to do.

At length, after casting over in my mind everything that presented itself as a remedy, I determined upon a project, which, improbable as it may appear to my sex and to those who have followed my life thus far, I actually soon after put in execution. It was to dress myself in male attire, and seek for a living in this disguise among the avenues which are so religiously closed against my sex.

I was driven to this for many reasons. I would not, or did not dare to apply to my uncle or rather, Father, as since my marriage I had held no correspondence with him, and presumed him to be offended at my elopement and marriage. I had learned no trade, and thus could not avail myself of any such means for a support, and besides this, I knew how great are the prejudices to be overcome by any young woman who seeks to earn an honest livelihood by her own exertions.

And more in force than all these, was the consideration that in this apparel I should be better prepared to carry out my design of some day returning upon Jamieson, with interest, the heavy misfortune he had cast upon me.

Speaking of my husband's murderer, I will say that he had been arrested, tried and convicted, but escaped under some technicality. The matter had been carried into several courts, and ended by his being set free under some informality, and at the time I was arranging my plans for assuming a masculine dress, it was rumored that he had gone to Texas. This proved however to be false, as an event which I shall shortly relate will evince.

But to return. After I had fully determined to seek a living in the guise of a man, I went to a friend of my late husband, and laid the plan before him with a view of securing his co-operation. At first he flatly refused to have anything to do with it, conceiving that such a plan would only lead

to exposrue aund disgrace. But I persevered—showed him that it was the only resort from starvation or worse, and he finally consented, and procured for me a handsome and substantial suit of boy's clothes. This point gained, I put my children with the Sisters of Charity, and prepared to commence operations. I cut off my hair to a proper length and donning my suit, endeavored by constant practice to accustom myself to its peculiarities and to feel perfectly at home. Although not tall, my general appearance did not differ materially from that of any boy of fifteen or sixteen years—while a slight asthmatic affection which had visited me while at school, had left a slight hoarseness in my voice that assisted materially in completing my disguise. I at first ventured abroad in my new dress only in the evening, and by degrees; as I saw that I attracted no particular attention, I made short excursions by daylight, and so rapidly did I progress, that at the end of three weeks I went anywhere and everywhere without the slightest fear of suspicion or detection.

I may state here, that although reduced to almost penury and obliged at times to dispose of almost everything portable in my possession, I was at no time reduced to absolute suffering, owing to assistance received at intervals from a Masonic Chapter or Lodge, of which my husband was a member. In all, they gave me over seventy dollars, besides burying, at their own expense, my deceased husband.

My first essay at getting employment was fruitless; but after no small number of mortifying rebuffs from various parties to whom I applied for assistance, I was at last rewarded by a comparative success. In my assumed character, I made the acquaintance of some River men, and among others, that of the captain of the Alex. Scott—a steamer plying between St. Louis and New Orleans. I made known my desire of obtaining a situation, and he offered me that of cabin boy, at a salary of $35 per month.

The many rebuffs I had met with in searching for a situation though bitter at the moment, were in the end of benefit, for they removed to a large extent that timidity which accompanied my advent as a member of the stronger sex. I found myself able after a little, to address people without that tell tale blush that at first suffused my countenance, and also to receive a rude reply without that deep mortification which in the beginning assailed me with terrible force. In short, I found myself able to banish almost wholly, the woman from my countenance. I buried my sex in my heart and roughened the surface so that the grave would not be discovered—as men on the plains *cache* some treasure, and build a fire over the spot so that the charred embers may hide the secret.

And thus, when I accepted the offer of the worthy captain, I had no fear that any of the ordinary occurrences of everyday life—such as I might

naturally expect to meet in the position I was about to fill—would betray my secret.

The duties of my new position, although menial in their character, were light. The captain, if he ever suspected my secret, as I have some reason for believing, respected it and never treated me with any degree of harshness, such as is too frequently to be found in the relations between the head and inferiors of a Mississippi steamboat. I quietly attended to my own business, and although never shunning to a marked extent the company and conversation of others, I avoided them when it could be done without exciting remark.

Once a month I visited my children; which I accomplished by going to the house of my friend of whom I obtained the suit, and changing my dress for a natural garb, in *propria personæ*, visiting the place at which they were being cared for. All mothers will appreciate the anxiety with which these monthly visits were waited for, the exuberant joy that filled my soul as I clasped the sad remembrances of a happy Past to my heart, and the keen sorrow with which I parted from them to resume my unwomanly character. For the first few months these absences were keen tortures. My children would haunt my dreams and play about me in my waking hours—the separation seemed intolerable, and for the first month an eternity.

I remained on the Alex. Scott nearly a year, and at the end of that time I obtained a situation on the Champion as second pantryman. At the end of six months I changed to the Bay State, plying between St. Louis and Memphis; and labored in the capacity of second waiter. I did not remain long on this boat, for an opportunity soon offered itself for me to procure a situation under my old captain on the Alex. Scott, and of this I gladly availed myself. I occupied a position differing only in degree from that which I had at first.

My friend the captain, died soon after my return, and not caring to remain under any other, I left the boat anc determined to try my fortune on the land. With this view, I engaged a situation as brakesman, on the Illinois Central Railroad. This was in the spring of 1854, and I had been on the river nearly four years. It is needless for me to deny that during this time I heard and saw much entirely unfit for the ears or eyes of woman, yet whenever tempted to resume my sex, I was invariably met with the thought—what then? I was obliged to pay a certain amount weekly for the education and support of my children; and the chances were but few in case I resumed my other character, that I would be able to command the amount necessary for their support, without at all having reference to my own living. Besides this, as the sensitiveness which greeted my new position wore away, I began to rather like the freedom of my new charac-

ter. I could go where I chose, do many things which while innocent in themselves, were debarred by propriety from association with the female sex. The change from the cumbersome, unhealthy attire of woman to the more convenient, healthful habiliments of a man, was in itself almost sufficient to compensate for its unwomanly character.

This portion of my life, notwithstanding its humble character, has not been, in all, the least pleasant portion of my somewhat eventful life. It was quiet, so far as I was concerned, and at the same time, there was a constant succession of incidents of a character sufficiently exciting to draw my thoughts from dwelling too much upon my sorrows. I might fill a dozen books of the size of this with the incidents connected with this portion of my life, but as my space is limited, I can only give in this, as in all other portions of my life, the barest outlines. I will add in respect to my River life, that during all that time my sex was never discovered, except, perhaps, in the case of the captain of the Alex. Scott; I never received an insult of any character, and when I left I had a handsome sum of money. My expenses outside of those required for the support of my children, were merely nominal, as I had no costly habits. I had regularly deposited my wages, and at the time of my leaving the River, the total with interest accumulations, was considerably over a thousand dollars.

I was some months on the Railroad, and easily adapted myself to my new position. The conductor under whom I served was a man of about thirty-five or forty years of age, named W——. For some time he paid no particular attention to me, further than is usual in the relations existing between such classes of employees on a railroad. I noticed however, that all at once he became very friendly, and when in Chicago he became generous in a certain sense, in his friendship. He invariably when we arrived there, proposed a ride in the country or upon the Lake, or a supper. During these occasions he was particularly inquisitive as to my past life, where I was born, who were my parents, what business I had followed, and a thousand other questions of a like nature.

So long had I lived in the disguise of the stronger sex, that I was far from suspecting that the motive for his curiosity had any other foundation than inquisitiveness. I therefore readily answered such questions as I could without compromising myself, and evaded such others as I could not truthfully answer without danger of exposure.

One night he proposed a champagne supper, to which, he said, he had invited a friend of his. I consented without hesitation, and soon after we proceeded to an eating house and seating ourselves in a private box, ordered supper. While it was being prepared, W—— excused himself for a little while and left, telling me to wait for him. Soon after he had left, I looked

around for a newspaper, and not finding one I passed out; seeing one in a box at a little distance, I entered, and dropping the curtain, was soon absorbed it its perusal. I had been reading but a short time when my attention was attracted to the next box by a conversation which was, from its lowness, evidently intended not to be heard.

This was a sufficient inducement for one who had not yet wholly eradicated her feminine characteristics, to listen, and accordingly I laid my ear close to the partition. The very first words I heard did not diminish my curiosity in the least:

"I tell you I havn't a doubt as to his being a woman—I'll bet my life on it!"

"Well suppose he is—what're you going to do about it?"

"I'll tell you what I propose. You are a police can officer and help the matter along, and by way of compensation you'll have your share of the fun."

"Bully! Go ahead now, and let's hear how you're goin' to work it."

"Well, in the first place, you'll go into supper with me and get acquainted with him or her, and you'll be able to spot the gentleman! I next propose that we take a few bottles of champagne—result, he or she gets a little elevated—I propose a hack ride. We all get into a hack—ride out to see my aunt and cousins—nice people, my virtuous aunt and my chaste and beautiful cousins—he! he!—glad to see so good looking a young gentleman as Charley. Well, once there, the thing is all right—if it aint, I can just introduce her to your amiable self in your true character of a police officer, and give her the choice between the jug and—and—you know!"

"Gad, you're a stunner, ain't you! You're a beauty, you are, every time!"

"Well I reckon I am—maybe I aint!"

"I guess not, oh no, not a bit of it!" exclaimed the other in ironical admiration.

"Well, I reckon supper is about ready. We'd better go in and make you acquainted with my 'female buccaneer.'"

I quietly slipped out and took my position in the box where W—— had left me. In a few moments he returned and introduced an individual of about his own age, who seemed to be a cross between a rat terrier and a bull-dog, so exactly blended in his countenance and general appearance were the evidences of cunningness, activity and ferocious strength. W—— introduced him as his friend Mr. Rice, a gentleman engaged in the dry goods line.

"Yes sir, dry goods—that's me!" said Mr. Rice as he scanned my countenance with a pair of fierce, blood-shot eyes that I knew would da-

guerreotype my appearance indellibly and faithfully upon his mind. "Yes, dry goods, crinolines, and them fixins, you know young 'un!" concluded he, his stare changing into an intensely lecherous expression, as he concluded his remarks by a wink whose capacity wrinkled the whole side of face, including his grizzly scalp.

My feelings during the conversation which I had heard and upon being presented to Rice, were a mixture of deadly shame and fear. I managed, however, to outwardly preserve my equanimity, and answered the remarks of Rice in a jocular tone, choosing my words from the slang vocabulary in order that my conversation might accord with his, and thereby not excite their suspicions.

Supper was served, discussed, and then champagne was ordered.

"We may as well make a night of it," said W——, as at the conclusion of the first bottle he ordered a couple of fresh ones.

"There's where you hit me right where I live!" said Rice, "say that jest as often as you're a mind to, and you wont derange my affection for you not in the least! Oh, no! I should imagine not!"

Not to give rise to suspicion, I drank when they were looking, and when able to do it unperceived, I quietly deposited the contents, by installments, under the table.

"Here's to ye my dear," said Rice after the lapse of an hour or so, the liquor beginning to affect his brain—"here's to our speedy and more intimate acquaintance."

I heard W—— give him a savage kick beneath the table.

I drank the proffered toast with him, and simply thanked him for the honor expressed in his wish.

I saw W—— watching me closely, evidently with a view of observing the effect of the liquor upon me. It suddenly occurred to me that by feigning intoxication, affairs might take a different turn and allow me an opportunity to effect my escape. I therefore after a little, began gradually to increase in the number and loudness of my remarks.

"Here's at you old hoss!" hiccupped I, with a friendly pitch in the way of a nod at Rice.

"Go it, young grampus, that's me! Here's till ye, my infant progidy!" replied he, as he clinked his glass against mine. W—— exchanged a meaning look with Rice, and then proposed ,, a little turn around among things."

"All right my chicken!" said Rice, "count me in on that air arrangement. I know who's got a nelephant up town, tail, trunk and horns. I want to visit that animal, I do!"

A waiter was dispatched for a hack, and soon returned with the desired vehicle.

"Boys just hold on to your Dry Goods a half a second and I'll be with you!" said I, rising with apparent difficulty and staggering towards the rear entrance. I fumbled for a long time at the door as if too intoxicated to open it, and Rice who saw my efforts and my apparent drunkenness banished all suspicion, if any existed, opened the door for me, and with the remark—"You ain't much set up, oh, no! I guess not my charmer." he closed the door and I passed out. The instant I reached the back yard, which happened fortunately to adjoin an alley, I sprang over the wall, and started on a run towards our lodgings. Entering my room I put a few articles of wearing apparel in a carpet sack, and taking all my money—I had some two hundred dollars with me—I started down stairs. As I nearly reached the top I heard voices below, and had hardly time to step within a doorway leading to a side-room when Rice and W—— entered and passed on a run towards my room.

"Given us the slip nicely, by G——d!" said W—— as he passed me so closely that the skirts of his coat grazed against my person.

"Never mind. If we don't fetch her to-night I will to-morrow, if she's in Chicago, as sure as h——l!" replied Rice.

The instant they turned into the hall leading to my room I stepped quietly down stairs and walked off, I knew and cared not whither. My course happened to lead me to the river, and I saw a steamer lying there, and from the bustle on her decks and the clankings from her engine room, I concluded that she was making preparations for a start somewhere. I entered, gave my baggage to the porter and seated myself in the cabin. When daylight dawned Chicago had disappeared and I found myself on the good steamer Star of the West, bound for Detroit.

CHAPTER IV.

I reached Detroit in safety, and after spending a few days in that city, I went on to Niagara Falls through Canada, stopping at all places of note or interest along the route. Having viewed to my satisfaction the various points including the magnificent natural beauties of the world-renowned Falls, I concluded to return west, and with this view started for St. Joseph by way of St. Louis.

I may here remark that I filled the situation of brakesman on the Illinois Central Railroad for some eight months, and had it not been for the unfortunate difficulties inaugurated by my quondam friend conductor W——, I might have staid there for twice or thrice the same period.

What became of him or his excellent confrere, Rice, I do not know. Since that time, I have not been favored with a glimpse of either—a circumstance that I consider not the least unhappy of the many which before and since have surrounded me. I am no prophet, yet am not unwilling to say that if he has not yet graced a hempen cravat, he either will at some future time, or his deserts will not be meted out to him.

During all these years that had elapsed since my husband's death, I had not been unmindful of its cause, or unthoughtful as to means whereby I could apply that punishment, which I religiously believed myself called upon to administer. I ventured upon forming a thousand different plans, a majority of which would have been wholly impracticable had I met him, while the balance were equally useless for the reason that in none of my travels did I ever meet him or learn a syllable of his whereabouts. One thing however, I finally settled upon—and that was, if I ever *did* meet him that I would shoot him precisely as I would a mad dog. In order to make this plan available, I had soon after my *debut* in the guise of a man armed myself with a revolver, in the use of which I finally reached a certain degree of expertness from frequent practice.

Upon reaching St. Louis, on my way to St. Joseph, I determined to stop at the former city a few weeks, with a view to rest myself awhile and also that I might enjoy the companionship of my children. With this view I put up at the house of the gentleman who procured me my original suit of clothes, and dressing myself in my natural garments, resumed my feminine character and occupations.

I need not speak of the unalloyed happiness which filled the cup of my existence for a short time time. Each day I visited my children and spent

some hours in their company, mingling in their frolics, learning their childish secrets, sympathising with their young sorrows, admiring their development, and in short doing all such things, and enjoying them, as would any mother who for nearly five years has been separated from her fatherless children with but rare interruptions. I found them all I could wish and progressing rapidly under the truly maternal care of the kind Sisters who cared for their education.

As I look back over life, I see other periods, which possibly may have been more crowded with ecstatic enjoyment but none in which there was more pure, equable, chastened happiness, than those few weeks I spent with my children. I had risen by no other aid than my own exertions from the severest poverty to comparative wealth, and from this sprang an exultation known only to those whose elevation is owing wholly to their strong arms and unyielding resolution. I was in perfect health, had the undivided love of my children, I could give them an honorable education, the future was promising, and in view of all these facts, why need I have been other than happy? I *was*—and as I daily drank in deep draughts of joy, I thanked Fate for the gift.

Although I had resumed my womanly dress and habits, I could not wholly eradicate many of the tastes which I had acquired during my life as one of the stronger sex. Accordingly, at intervals I would put on my masculine habiliments, and in this shape wander around St. Louis. Sometimes I visited the Theatre, at others I strolled on the decks of in-coming or out-going steamboats, or mingled freely in gatherings of men at hotels, saloons or in short in any and all places to which my curiosity led me.

It was upon an occasion like this that I made the acquaintance of a gentleman, with a result, severe it not disastrous.

I was sitting one afternoon in the rotunda of King's Hotel, watching idly the throng that poured in and out, or was scattered in groups indulging in discussing the topics of the day. Two or three individuals were seated close by me engaged in conversation, the tenor of which I did not learn as I paid no particular attention to it. I was suddenly startled into listening by hearing one of the persons behind me say:

"I say, boys, suppose we go up to Schell's, and have a little game of 'draw.' Won't you go up Jamieson—you've had a few turns with the tiger, I reckon?"

The blood rushed through my veins as if propelled by electricity as I heard the name pronounced, of him whom I had hoped to meet for nearly five years. It was some seconds before I could command my tumultuous feelings sufficiently to look around; and at length as my heart ceased a little its fierce throbbings, I turned slowly in the direction of the group. I easily recognized Jamieson in the person of a medium sized, swarthy

individual, for I had enquired concerning him, till each of his features was burned indellibly in my mind. Pulling my hat down over my eyes, so as to hide somewhat the emotions which thronged my countenance, I took a long look at the man whom I so long had sought. He was not a bad looking man naturally, but his appearance was that of one who has all his life yielded himself to the indulgence of fierce passions. He was haggard and careworn in appearance, I thought, which must have been the result of reflecting upon the friend he had slaughtered, and the widow and orphans he had made.

My fingers immediately sought and closed about the butt of my revolver and my thumb spasmodically forced the hammer upwards. In another instant I would have drawn it and sent a bullet into his murderous heart, which lay directly in front of me, but a thought rushed through my brain that the act would be too cowardly, while it would end the sweet anticipations of revenge which filled my soul.

The confession that I entertained such thoughts as these last ones, may cause many to esteem me less a woman than a devil, yet now I believe them in a measure excusable, as constant brooding over my sorrows had made me, I believe, a monomaniac upon this point. I had come to believe that it was a duty that I owed to my husband's ashes, to myself, to my children and to society, to revenge the wrong inflicted by Jamieson upon all of them.

As the thought occurred to me, I replaced the hammer and drew my hand from the pistol. I need not hurry—he was here, he would not, could not escape me. And so I folded my arms and gazed somewhat curiously upon him, wondering what would be his feelings did he know that the wife of his poor victim sat within two yards of him—if he knew that his deadliest foe sat close before him, and only hesitated as a matter of policy from sending him instantly into that awful Unknown, whither he had driven a few years before, a husband, father and citizen.

These thoughts did not occupy ten seconds ere he had risen to leave and I had resumed my outward composure and had also risen to follow him. He passed out, and a few paces in the rear came one whose soul was raging like a tempest-tost ocean, with the emotions which his presence gave rise to—one whose search of long weary years was rewarded by the finding its object.

The party passed along, reached Vine street and soon after reached Schell's establishment, entered one of the numerous rooms devoted to gambling in all its departments, and calling for cards was soon deep in the excitement of a game of Draw Poker. I followed them in, and as there were others in and about the room, my presence excited no remark. I seated myself in a position to front Jamieson, and watched him closely as the game proceeded.

CHAPTER V.

It might prove interesting, were I to analyze my feelings as I sat, and watched the party before me—yet I have not the time or space. It might easily fill a volume were the record of my thoughts written—were I to speak in detail of all the bitterness which filled my soul, as recollection went back to the days which preceded the murder of my husband—of his being hurried, without a moment's warning, into the dread Unknown, and at a time when life was most attractive, when he had most to live for—of the terrible height down which he had precipitated me. I thought of my once happy life, up to the hour when he had crossed my path, and of my being suddenly thrown out from all this—compelled to unsex myself, to wander an outcast from the companionship and sympathy of my own sex, to labor as a menial for the pittance which stood between myself and starvation. I thought of these and wondered if he who sat before me had but known the effects of the murderous blow before he had given it, whether he would in pity have withheld it.

But I cannot dwell longer on this portion of my experience. Suffice it, that I sat there till long after midnight, watching and waiting, and indulging in gloomy revery, which was strangely softened, so to speak, by the thought that ere long I should call him to a stern and bloody account.

It was a little after midnight when the party broke up, and Jamieson arose considerable of a winner. He asked the party to take some liquor, they all drank and went out. I followed close behind them, although at a sufficient distance not to attract attention. A few squares distant the party separated, three of them turning a corner, and the fourth, Jamieson, keeping on directly towards the River. I quickened my step until I walked by his side. It was a bright moonlight night, and as I came up he turned and looked at my countenance, but seeing no one whom he recognized he said nothing.

"I wish to speak a word with you," said I, as he concluded his scrutiny.

"With me?"

"Yes. I have followed you for that purpose from Schell's, and I may truly say, I have followed you a good deal further in order to speak with you!"

"You have, eh? Well, what can I do for you youngster?" said he, as he carelessly glanced at me, evidently supposing that I wanted some ordinary matter.

"You have done a good deal for me already, and I have come to thank you for it."

"Done a good deal for you! You're mistaken, I reckon—I don't know you!"

"Yes you do, or will in a minute. You have indeed done a good deal for me, so much so that I have for years been in search of you that I might return you the obligation!"

He gazed at me searchingly as if not hardly liking my words, they were spoken so seriously. But seeing the countenance of an entire stranger he concluded that I was intoxicated and had mistaken him for somebody else.

"Suppose we go somewhere and take a smile?" said he, "perhaps I shall then know you as well as you now know me—that is, if we can find any place open at this time of night."

"I can refresh your memory more easily than by such means."

"Can you? Go ahead then—I should be most happy to make your acquaintance!" said he, with a sort of mock politeness.

"Listen! A few years ago there lived in a city on the Mississippi a happy family, consisting of a husband, wife and two children. They were in comfortable circumstances—he able to earn a competence—kind, affable, affectionate, a loving husband and an indulgent father—the young mother trusting and happy in her maternal duties and the love of her husband."

"What's all that got to do with me?" broke in Jamieson, gazing at me with a singularly curious look. My strange language induced in him the belief that I was insane, while perhaps his conscience hinted to him that my conversation had reference to the act which had made him a murderer.

"Wait a moment and you'll see what it has to do with you. Suddenly the atmosphere of happiness which surrounded the family was overclouded. In one wretched hour the wife was made a widow, the children orphans, the husband hurried to an early grave!"

We stopped—he stood facing me and there was in his look an enquiring horror indicating that he very nearly, if not quite, appreciated the subject upon which I spoke.

"What of all that?"

"I'll tell you. The wife, hurled from happiness so high into misery so profound, swore to be avenged upon him who had drawn her into this ruin. For this she foreswore her sex, she mingled with rough men, and sank her nature in the depths to which associations with rude characters plunged her. Through all these she persistently pursued the object of her mission. Her search lasted for long weary years—she followed it unweariedly, till at length she was rewarded. This night she followed him

to a gambling hell, and when he left she met him, harrowed up his guilty soul with a narration of her wrongs, and then she did as I do now"—and I drew my revolver and cocked it—"and sent his black soul to the devil who gave it!"

Jamieson sprang backwards as I pressed the trigger, and instantly drew his revolver and fired at me. His shot like mine was harmless, and quicker than thought he cocked his revolver and fired at me again—this time with better aim, for a sharp pain shot through my thigh and I felt myself wounded. I braced myself with all my resolution and almost instantly fired at him again, when with a yell of pain he dropped his left arm dangling at his side and then bounded away.

I met him some years afterwards when his departure was not so speedy or self-sustaining.

From the time that I first fired at him till he disappeared, scarcely five seconds had elapsed, yet sufficient to create intense alarm in the neighborhood, for I heard windows raised in various directions and voices and approaching footsteps. I had fallen and I dragged myself a short distance down an alley, and fortunately some obstacle hid me from the crowd which speedily gathered. Some one had seen Jamieson run around the corner, and the intelligence being communicated, the whole posse started in pursuit. I remember no more, for at this point I fainted.

When I recovered I found myself lying on a clean, comfortable bed, while there bent over me a physician and an elderly woman. I learned that I had been found early in the morning in the rear of the house in a state of insensibility, and that the owner of the place—a widow woman named Anderson, as I soon after ascertained—had caused me to be brought in and placed on the bed. A physician had been summoned who had arrived just as my senses returned. The blood upon my pantaloons revealed the fact that I had been wounded. Before allowing the physician to make an examination of my wound, I requested that I might have a few moments private conversation with the benevolent looking lady who bent over me.

This was complied with, and in as brief a manner as possible, for I was suffering most intensely from the wound, I gave her the outline of my life up to the moment at which she found me. I will not dwell upon her surprise in finding that I was one of her own sex, but will only add that she implicitly believed what I told her, and in a few moments had arrayed me in garments suitable to my condition.

I will add that my thigh was found to be broken, and it was nearly six months before I again returned into the joyous outer world. During my sickness I was constantly and tenderly cared for by Mrs. Anderson, and at short intervals I received visits from both my children, so that

upon the whole, I do not regard this as the least unpleasant portion of my life. I had the fullest sympathy of my kind entertainer—a blessing which had been denied me for many long years.

When I recovered sufficiently to be able to walk without lameness I found that a considerable hole had been made in my finances, and not wishing to encroach upon them further, I began to look around for some thing to do.

Finding myself unable to obtain anything in my own proper character, I determined to return to that in which I had succeeded best, and accordingly soon after resumed my boy's suit and was again ready to battle with life's ruder events. Just then the California fever had not fully subsided and I determined to gratify my curiosity by a visit to the Land of Gold. A company was about forming to proceed thither, and I, upon becoming acquainted with some of the men composing the party, determined to form one of them. I invested a portion of my means in an outfit and left St. Louis to go to California by the overland route in the spring of 1855. Our party was composed of sixty men, one six mule team, fifty oxen, ten cows, fifteen saddle horses and mules. There were among us a doctor, carpenter, blacksmith, and the balance were miners and armers, exclusive of three passengers accompanied by their negro servants.

Of my parting with my children I will say but little. That my soul was filled with poignant grief at thus leaving them to penetrate the dangers of a distant State, can be readily imagined by any one, and particularly a parent. But I believed it for the best, and steeled myself against all pleading made by my maternal nature to remain. I was tired of my life on the River, not pleased with its somewhat menial character, and fully believed that the course I had determined upon, severe as it might be to my paternal love, was the best one I could adopt. If I met with ordinary success I might be sure of a competence in a little while, and then I could retire into more private life, resume my proper dress, and thereafter in company with my children enjoy life to the full extent that circumstances would permit.

Influenced by these and similar considerations, I made up my mind finally to the step, and was soon after pursuing my way, the only woman in a party of sixty men, over the plains across which lay the distant land of gold.

CHAPTER VI.

A journey by the overland route, which at the time when I first crossed the Plains was not so well known, is now almost as familiar to everybody as is the route to Washington, so much has there been written and said in relation to the matter. However as it may not prove entirely uninteresting I will give a few extracts from a journal I kept of the route.

May 31. At Fort Kearney. Many thousands of emigrants have passed here till date. The Fort is situated on an eminence on the south bank of the Platte River. River very high, two and a half miles wide and a rapid current of six or more miles an hour. It is destitute of timber along its banks, but there are here and there islands which are well timbered.

June 3. Water fine—traveled sixteen miles to-day—antelopes plenty. The plains are full of emigrants, many of whom are returning or preparing to return to the States. On every side are old plows, trunks, feather and straw beds, and a great variety of articles which have been thrown away by emigrants. Met to-day some trappers and hunters with a team laden with buffalo robes and furs, on their way to St. Joseph. Saw for the first time that curious little animal, the Prairie Dog. They live in colonies and are a little larger than a grey squirrel. No Indians to be seen, although much talked of. They do not visit much the line of emigration; although hunters report seeing them at a distance.

June 4th. In camp to-day and were passed by over one hundred emigrant teams. A Government train reported as approaching. Hear and see wolves in great quantities.

June 5th. Passed to-day a large number of emigrant teams. Overtook a merchant train from Lexington, Mo., which left there April 1st. It had twenty wagons and thirty-five to forty hundred pounds to each wagon. Seen no Buffalo yet, as it is too early in the season, although later, as we learn, thousands make their appearance here every year. Learn that the reason why we see no Indians, is because the Government Agents have forbidden them to visit the line of emigration. Traveling very unpleasant as clouds of dust roll up from the trains that in front and rear are slowly creeping along. On the Platte bottom we find gold wherever we dig for it, but not in quantities that would indicate profitable working. We have made eighteen miles to-day, and hear that a company from Burlington, Iowa, is just in advance.

June 6th. Pass many trains to day. In the evening a tremendous thun-

der storm, accompanied by wind and rain. It is my watch and I find it a terrible time to act as sentry.

June 7th. Crossed to-day the North Fork of the Platte. The ford is wide but shallow. Twenty teams crossed at one time and there were, at least, one hundred teams in sight from either bank. Eight miles from the Ford we came across an Indian village of some two hundred lodges, and five hundred inhabitants. The chief called together some of his people and demanded of us some presents which were given. They do not understand English, but make themselves very well understood by the use of signs. There is apparently a good deal of aristocracy amoug them—some being handsomely dressed, others ragged and poor. Encamped within two miles of the village, and experienced during the night no interruption. Made sixteen miles to-day.

June 8th. The plains are white with the bones of Buffalos, upon the skulls of which are written the names of many passing companies.

June 9th. Remain all day at Cedar Bluffs—have the best water we have had since commencing our journey. The next day we reached Ark Hollow.

June 12th. Cloudy and cold. Hunters are out in every direction, and are so thick that they have driven the game all away from the line of emigration. Road very sandy and no timber.

June 13th. One wagon broke down and had to leave it. Are encamped to-night opposite the Court House and in sight of the Chimney Rock spoken of by Fremont. Traveled 10 hours to-day. We are four miles from the Court House and about ninety miles from the Chimney Rock. To attempt a description of the former at this distance would be useless. However, from where we are encamped it has the appearance of regular architecture. It has a wing and I should suppose it to be sixty feet high, and probably it is not less than five hundred feet around its base.

June 14th. Are near Chimney Rock. It presents a very singular appearance, is probably two hundred feet high, broad at the base, and for the last one hundred feet of its height, it does not appear to be over fifteen feet thick. We are within fifteen miles of a place known as Scott's Bluffs—so called from the fact that a man named Scott perished there some time before, having been taken sick and left there by his companions.

June 15th. Crossed to-day Horr Creek, which is some 70 yards in width, shallow and muddy. Roads heavy, white sand—traveled seventeen miles.

June 16th and 17th. Very warm—passed a solitary grave. One of four brothers was to-day drowned in the Platte, near our camp. Many large trains pass us.

June 18th. Very warm and dust flying in vast clouds. Crossed the

Laramie, a swift stream, three feet in depth and almost one hundred yards in width, and camped within two miles of Fort Laramie and Fort Platte which are directly opposite each other at the junction of the Laramie and Platte Rivers. All kinds of goods are offered for sale at Fort Laramie.

June 19th. Left Fort Laramie and proceeded to the North Fork of the Platte, eight miles from the Fort, and then left the River, and struck across a high rolling plain to the Black Hills which commence at the Laramie Peak. The plain was very sandy and dusty, without water. We made fourteen miles in nine hours. Passed a hot spring, soon after found water and camped on a rocky declivity. Plenty of eagles and no grass.

June 20th. Water plenty, roads good, weather cool and fine for traveling. Along here are distributed thousands of dollars worth of property. I saw left along the road here eight broken down wagons, and an almost infinite quantity of beans, flour, stoves, cheese, kegs of nails, spades, shovels, racks, log chains, water kegs, barrels, and in short every possible kind of property used in an emigrant's outfit, including a large amount of valuable clothing. There were also many worn out mules and horses which had been turned out to die. Found about 11 o'clock a spring of pure cold water—a luxury which can be appreciated only by those who come upon one after being for hours parched with dust. Saw two graves, one that of an infant. The Government Troops are said to be close behind us. We are a little North of Laramie Peak, which seems from this distance to be at least five thousand feet high. The scenery is hilly and as far as the eye can reach is dotted with pine and cedar.

June 21st. Came again to a stream of good water, a tributary of the Platte which we have crossed already nine times. Have been six weeks on our journey. Timber along the route of a superior quality. Regretted that I had not provided myself with goggles, as the road is so constantly traveled that the dust became a most serious nuisance. One yoke of cattle became so foot sore that they were unserviceable, and we were obliged to drive them behind the wagon. Have crossed to-day the hills, known as the Black Range. Grass abundant and of an excellent quality. Wild sage grows very abundantly, so much so that in many place it crowds out everything else. It resembles the common garden sage very much in appearance, except that the leaf is narrower and smaller. We also found along here numberless insects resembling grasshoppers without wings.

June 22d. Very hot and dusty. Crossed a rapid mountain stream this forenoon. No savannahs within fifty miles. The high, rocky and clayey hills present in many instances the appearances of grotesque cities. This afternoon we entered a region volcanic in its character. We pass through deep hollows surrounded on all sides by huge masses of rocks, evidently

piled in their present position during some convulsion of nature. The earth is of a color red as brick.

June 23d. Passed several pure springs and mountain streams—one of the latter is known as Beaver Creek. Road better but grass poor—drive as fast as we can with the hope of reaching again the Platte in order to obtain better food.

June 24th. Encamped on Deer Creek. A man was drowned this morning in attempting to cross the Platte on horseback. Thirty men are reported to have lost their lives there this year—it being unusually high.

June 26th. Start early and after traveling ten miles reach a Ferry kept by the Mormons. They charge us $3 per wagon for taking us over. They have a large store of goods at this place for which they charge most exhorbitant prices—however they were very polite and kind to us.

June 27th. Staid at the Ferry till 5 P. M., and then crossed our wagons on the boat and swam over our teams, and then camped. Lost one team during the night and some mining tools. At this point the cactus is very plenty. It grows from two to six feet in height.

June 28th. To-day we leave the Platte and hope, for good. We pass over a barren, sterile country, destitute of water. Saw the alkali springs and streams which are fatal to cattle. Traveled all day and night so as to get to good grass and water, which we reached.

June 30th. Leave early this morning and reach Sweet Water River in the evening, near Independence Rock. This is distant from the Platte forty six miles. Independence Rock is an isolated rock six hundred and fifty yards in length, forty high, and free from vegetation. Five miles from it is the Devil's Gate, at which point the Sweet Water has cut through a ridge of rocks. The gap is thirty-five yards in width and three hundred in length, and has a depth of some four hundred feet. The walls upon each side are perpendicular. From here mountains rise upon mountains till they seem to meet the sky, forming a scenery of the most majestic and beautiful character. Upon Independence Rock are cut and written the names of thousands of emigrants, and my own was added to the rest.

July 1st. Sunday.

July 2nd. Air very impure, owing to the large number of dead cattle along the route. We passed some thirty to-day. Encamped this evening near Saltpetre Lake. Here for the first time saw the sage hen—an animal somewhat resembling the prairie chicken. Game plenty seemingly not very fearful of the presence of man. This proceeds from the fact that along here emigrants are more anxious to care for their teams than to secure game. Pasture very poor—traveled sixteen miles. Every one we meet has got the blues—many have lost their all or nearly all. Some who set out with heavy trains have abandoned all except one team and two

wheels of a wagon, upon which they have constructed a rude box, and in this way are getting along the best way they can. Picked up two women who had inhumanly been left to starve by some train in advance, and took them along to cook and thus work their passage through.

July 3d. Cold, with west wind which feels as if it came from snow. Scenery here magnificent beyond all conception.

July 4th. Very cold—the water in one of the vessels was found frozen an inch thick at sun rise. We can now discover snow-capped mountains in the distance. Slight fall of snow. The country is barren, sterile and timberless. We are now on the trail of the Snake Indians, but they have not as yet visited us. Are now in sight of the snow. Crossing Wind River mountains we travel seventeen miles and cross the Sweet Water four times.

July 5th. Left our camp early this morning. Saw many dead cattle along the road—their numbers would average at least twenty-five per day. Here I shot an antelope—my first essay at killing game with a rifle. I found at first the carrying of a heavy piece rather awkward, but in the present instance acquitted myself so well the company said I did well for a green boy of eighteen.

July 6th. We are in camp all day as we have found grass and water.

July 7th. Here we commenced crossing a high rolling, and in many points, rocky plain, about seventeen miles in width. Here we met three men who stated that they had got lost from their train and had been thirty six hours without food. They had killed, they said, the first day plenty of game, but it made them wretchedly sick to eat it without salt. Fed them and they left in pursuit of their train. To-day we reach snow after having been in sight of it for eight days. We passed an immense bank some ten or twelve feet in depth. We crossed the Sweet Water for the last time as we are now near its head.

CHAPTER VII.

On the 8th of July we had preaching in one of the trains, and so rare an event excited no little curiosity. It was the first sermon I had heard since leaving civilization, and it brought back to me forcibly the events and people of my Eastern home. But enough—I will not sentimentalize over this incident, although it is ample opportunity. I will at least say that no grander tabernacle than that in which we heard the words of Divine truth that day, ever echoed the words of worshipers. It was one of nature's own rearing—its columns the eternal mountains—its dome the blue sky above.

Up to this date we had been gradually ascending the Rocky Mountains, but upon the day of which I speak we reached the dividing point, and thenceforward the streams ran westward. Two miles from the summit is the spring from which the Colorado River takes its rise. At this point we were eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and about one thousand miles from St. Joseph.

The next day we traveled some four miles and reached the Big Sandy, and at this point we halted for two days in order to better prepare for a journey of forty miles over a desert that fronted us. Here the trains diverged—some of the party turned off to go by "Swift's cut off"—others started by way of Salt Lake City, while many determined to go by Witch Outlet, which, although the worst route in the mountains, is shorter than any of the others. We made the entire distance across the desert on the 14th, and encamped that night, very much fatigued, on the green shores of the Colorado. The next day we traveled more slowly and reached Mosquito Creek. About this time our journey began to be pleasant again. The weather warm, yet not disagreeably so, the grass abundant and of an excellent quality, the road not greatly precipitous, the scenery enchanting. I made frequent side excursions to such points as appeared of interest, and was always rewarded by finding something new in the scenery, or some beautiful specimens of flowers or other species of vegetation. Pine and spruce were abundant, and the trees in some instances grew to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. In this manner we traveled along pleasantly enough, and on the 19th we camped on Bear River, near its junction with Green River, and in the immediate vicinty of the Fort at that point.

The next day we proceeded down Bear River and forded in the course of the day Tonnous Fork—a rapid mountain stream with high bluffs. The

scenery along here was delightful, although destitute of all timber save the willow, wood-bine and gooseberry. We made thirty-two miles on that day and encamped that night on Smith's Fork. The next day we were visited by two Indians direct from California, who were on their way with some dispatches to the troops in our rear. They gave us some interesting news from the land of gold, and among other things spoke of troubles existing in California on account of some order of the Government in relation to foreign miners.

On the 21st, we reached once more Bear River, and found plenty of good grass. At this place, for the first time, I saw one of those terrible monsters—a grizzly bear. It was killed by one of our party by a lucky shot which passed through its eye into the brain. It weighed some twelve hundred pounds, and had a foot whose breadth was six inches. At this place we also saw another characteristic of the county, and that was a dead Indian in the fork of a tree. His body had been wrapped in a Buffalo robe and placed there to prevent his being devoured by wolves. No sort of a house, such as can be constructed from the materials in that country, would be proof against their ravages, for they will open almost any grave with the expertness of a sexton.

On the 31st we arrived at the Big Willow, a respectable stream, and soon after crossed in quick succession the Little Willow, Willow Branch and Langley Creek. The last was named by our party in honor to the memory of one of our number who died as we reached the place. The next day at noon we reached Soda Spring, and soon after I started on a visit to some neighboring objects of interest. Among others, I examined, in a little space, no less than ten of what had probably at some time been craters. The whole country for miles around was covered with a sulphurous deposit. Near there, I counted some eight or ten boiling springs, of which some were warm, others cold, and many of them strongly impregnated with soda. We encamped that night a short distance from Soda Creek, and were honored during our stay by being visited by some squaws with their pappooses slung over their backs, on boards to keep them straight.

On the 25th, we passed an extinct volcano whose crater is some hundred feet deep and as many wide. The rocks around presented a singular appearance, they being perforated with numberless holes like a honeycomb. What produced this singular result I do not know. We found mountain sheep, as they are called, plenty hereabouts, and their chase afforded some members of our party a good deal of sport under all sorts of difficulties. In the afternoon we crossed a snow mountain, and two miles beyond camped on a fine stream called Camp Creek. The next day we ascended and descended another mountain, from thence to Indian Creek, and then a march across a country unevenly broken into hills and incipi-

ent mountains, till we reached Deep Creek, and there we camped. At this point we saw any quantity of poor-looking Indians, who came to our Camp to beg or steal something, or to trade with us some of their possessions. There were also hosts of mosquitos, who gave quite as much annoyance as the thieving red-skins who accompanied them.

The next day another of our party died. He had been sick with consumption, and was in hopes that the trip would prove beneficial to him. He had bettered somewhat till we got among the mountains, when the air proved too chilling, and he sank rapidly. I know nothing of his history—whether he left wife, children, or mother, in the distant east, to look hourly with anxious solicitude for news of the absent invalid. He yielded up his last breath amid the sublime solitudes of the mountains, and we buried him upon an eminence, and raised a rude cairn over the mound that covered him.

In the two or three days following, we crossed Panock Creek, over a high, rolling country, and then made our tedious way through a narrow gorge, which would admit but one wagon at a time, and whose sides rose perpendicularly full a thousand feet. On the 29th we passed into the territory of the Panock Indians—a tribe of hunters, who find an abundant subsistence in the myriads of mountain sheep, antelopes, prairie dogs, and other animals, with which the country abounds. We also met, the same day, a company of Indian traders, who had been away from the settlements about a year. On the 30th we crossed another mountainous range and found the weather so cold that the water froze in our vessels.

On the 31st of July, the company halted to allow the cattle to graze, and I took the opportunity to ascend a neighboring mountain to get a view of the surrounding coentry. I was rewarded by obtaining a glance at Salt Lake, 75 miles from where I stood. I had been told that the place was much infested with grizzly bears, and it was not without considerable trepidation that I took my ride. Fortunately, none of these monsters made their appearance and I soon after gained the camp unharmed.

August 2d, we crossed a stretch of fourteen miles, from which, by volcanic action, had been stripped every vestige of vegetation.

We got along very well for a few days after this—finding water and grass at convenient intervals—hearing news from Salt Lake City of a great dinner given to several hundred emigrants by the Mormons—and on the 13th of August we had not yet issued from the mazes of the mountains. That night our camp was fired into by a band of prowling Indians, but upon receiving a few shots from the sentries, they made off.

In the afternoon we struck the head waters of the Humboldt River—a stream of some twenty feet in width—fringed with exeellent grass.

CHAPTER IX.

On the 23d of August we passed over a desert sixteen miles in width, and that night had some mules and cattle stolen by the Indians. The affair was done so silently, or our sentries were so sleepy, that we never missed them till morning. We were unable to obtain any trail of them, and as the number was not large it was concluded, after deliberation, not to institute a pursuit, as it was thought that the chances were too largely against our meeting with success.

The next day we only made some eight miles, as the road was heavy beyond all belief. It lay through a desert region of country which was ancle-deep in soda and alkali dust. A slight shower on the evening previous had served to render the traveling a little less intolerable, as it kept down what otherwise would have been clouds of insufferable dust. At the same time a cold west wind was blowing that rendered overcoats and gloves a very comfortable part of our attire. The 26th of August was still colder than the day previous. Ice formed in all our water-vessels, and one was necessitated to the brisker kind of exercise in order to keep warm. After traveling a couple of miles we left the Humbolt, and passed through a dry canon eight miles, when we again reached the river. At this point the weather exhibited great extremes—at night the thermometer stood at from 20 to 32°, and at noon it would range at from 70 to 80°. We met a train of twenty-seven wagons on their way from San Francisco to Salt Lake city laden heavily with goods and provisions. The escort gave us some most encouraging news relative to the gold mines, and we pushed ahead with vigor. On the 31st we remained in camp all day cutting grass in order to supply our cattle in crossing a desert of seventy-five miles just before us.

Our journey across this desert was not the most pleasant portion of our journey. Many of our cattle died on the way, and on every side we saw evidences that a similar fate had befallen not a few of those which had preceded us. In crossing we came to the Boiling Springs, of which there is nearly a hundred, one of which is almost or quite a hundred yards in diameter. The thermometer in the water, in some cases, indicated 160°. It was warm enough to make tolerable good coffee, and we were also enabled to "do up" some washing without the trouble of making a fire.

We saw many cases of destitution along the road, many of which were of the most heart-rending character. All along were the carcasses of cattle,

and at intervals a rudely rounded hillock would show where slept som unfortunate whose search for wealth had ceased forever. One day I had ridden somewhat in advance of our train, when, in passing a rude tent my attention was attracted to it by a faint moaning. I rode up and dismounted when I was shocked to find within, a woman lying on some dirty blankets, and by her, two little children. All were emaciated to the last degree, and were most pitable objects. The woman could scarcely find strength to inform me of her trouble, but she managed in the faintest of tones to tell me that several days before her husband had gone on to find feeding ground, and their team had died the day he left. He had intended to return in two or three days at farthest, and had left them provisions for only that time. He had now been gone a week and she had not tasted food in four days. As soon as our train came up we relieved them and took them in one of our wagons. Not many miles distant we came across the body of a man, who had evidently died from fatigue and inanition. The woman recognized it with a faint but agonizing shriek, for in the wasted form before her she saw her husband. My readers can but feebly imagine the terrible sorrow that seized upon her soul—a sorrow, it seems to me, heightened by every circumstance that could give it depth or strength. Thousands of miles from home—in the midst of a terrible desert—property all gone—a widow and two helpless children—the body of the husband and father lying lifeless upon the sands—what more fearful combination of circumstances could there be to give poignancy to her grief, or add horror to the event? I longed to disclose to her my sex, and minister to her in that manner in which only one woman can to another—yet I did not dare to, and I was forced to give her only that rough consolation which befitted my assumed character. Heaven preserve me from ever witnessing another scene so harrowing as that in which the poor woman recognized her dead husband.

On the 3d day of September we were still in the desert and traveled only some three miles when some of our cattle gave out. We halted at a spot where there was some poor grass, and staid there till 5 o'clock, and then started some of the men ahead to hunt for feed. They returned towards morning with the glad tidings of success. We pushed on a few miles and our guide soon brought us to a place where was both grass and water. We remained here until the 8th recruiting the cattle and then made a push of a few miles and found ourselves clear of the desert in which we had so long wandered and suffered. I have, for want of space, excluded nearly all the details of this portion of our journey, but I will say that it was fearful beyond all belief. Not only were our own sufferings intense and those of our cattle, but they were augmented by passing at short intervals emigrants whose teams had given out, and whom we were unable to relieve.

On the 9th of September we made Mud Bank, a beautiful marshy meadow of some 500 acres, abounding in the finest of grass and water.

Oct. 4th, we reached the head of Feather River, and heard at this point of the death of Capt. Warren. He was chief of an exploring expedition that we met some time before on Gore Lake. At this point I met a woman entirely alone. She was mounted on a mule, had a good stock of provisions and was bound on a journey of some fifty miles to reach some friends. She had started for California by the overland route in company with her husband but he had been killed a short time before. She had taken one mule, abandoned the other, and packing as much provisions as she could conveniently, had started alone. She did not seem to think the undertakjng as in any way remarkable, and I presume reached her friends in safety.

Oct. 8th, we crossed two streams and reached a beautiful meadow some ten miles in length and six in width. There was plenty of excellent grass and water, and we remained here three days to recruit our teams.

I will hasten over a space of several days and say that on the 23d we camped on Deer Creek near Lawson's Ranch where we obtained the first sight of civilization that we had had in four months.

On the 29th we reached the Sacramento Valley and here purchased provisions for the Mines. Flour was 50 cents a pound, Beef 25 cents, Bacon 50 cents, Pickles 25 cents each, and everything in proportion. Board the the poorest and cheapest was three dollars a day.

We first made our attempts in the mines at Feather River mine. The attempt however did not prove very successful. It was in the rainy season, provisions were high and I did not find my strength sufficient for the business. Accordingly I left, and proceeding to the city of Sacramento, I endeavored to get a situation.

There were more applicants for situations than vacancies, and nothing better or more congenial to my taste offerng, I accepted a place in a Saloon. The salary was $100 per month, which was somewhat of an offset against the peculiarities of the position.

At the end of six months, I became so much reconciled to the business that I went in as partner paying for my share $500 down, with a balance of $500 to be paid in three months. I remained in the Saloon eight months longer and then disposed of my share and went into the speculation of buying pack mules.

I was so successful in this that I soon after received an offer of $2,50, for my business, and disposed of it.

I next bought some mules and went to packing goods and provisions to the mountains. I was successful in this, but soon after determined to return to the States and visit my children.

I came back by way of the Isthmus and proceeded to New Orleans, and from thence to St. Louis where my children were still remaining.

I will not stop to dwell upon the joy I experienced on again meeting them after so long and perilous a journey—any parent, and especially a mother, can appreciate it without particular detail on my part. I staid with them a few months and then determined to return to see to my business in California. I determined not to go back empty handed, and accordingly I started out and bought up a drove of cattle.

Almost exactly two years from the time I had first started to California, I started again, this time at the head of a train of fifteen men, twenty mules and horses, and my cattle.

The success that had all along attended me, seemed about to desert me, upon this trip. When we reached the Alkali waters I lost 110 head of cattle, which our best efforts could not prevent from drinking of the fatal water.

My next reverse met us near the Humbolt River, when one night we were attacked by a prowling band of Snake Indians. We repulsed them after some sharp fighting in which I took my part by shooting one Indian and stabbing another. We had one man killed and several wounded, besides which they shot one of our mules and run off some two or three others.

I received a severe wound in the arm, which disabled it for a time. Three of the Indians were killed, and they left and we saw no more of them.

Nothing more of special interest occurred to break the monotony of the journey over the Plains, and we in due season reached the end of our journey.

At Shasta Valley I bought a small Ranch in order to keep my stock until I could dispose of them.

After all was properly arranged I left for Sacramento to look after my business. I found that during my absence the man had done well for me, and that my mule packing investment had proved a pecuniary success.

I assumed the charge of it for a short time, when thinking I had made money enough, I sold out at a handsome profit. I also disposed of my Stock and Ranch. I then visited a majority of the places of any note in California and finally determined to return to the States. I sent by Express about $30,000 to St. Louis, and set out to return by the overland route.

I reached home in safety, but after staying awhile in St. Louis, I grew tired of the inactivity of my life and determined to seek adventure in some new direction.

I got in with the American Fur Company and set out for another tramp to trade with the Indians on the North and South Platte Rivers.

CHAPTER X.

I staid in this country till the Pike's Peak fever broke out, when I came back to the States, and spent a few weeks with my children. I then started for Pike's Peak, going by the Sante Fe Mail route, and reached Pike's Peak in the spring of 1859. At that time it was but an incipient place, there being but one log cabin in the place. I immediately went to prospecting for gold, and continued at that for about three months and met with no success. About this time gold was discovered by Gregory in the mountains, and following in the wake of the excitement which the event produced, I went thither and located myself about forty-two miles from Denver City. Finding nothing better to do I opened a Bakery and Saloon. I met with good success, and was making money rapidly, when in the Fall I was taken sick with the mountain fever, and was most unwillingly obliged to give up my business and go back to Denver. After getting better I rented a saloon known as the "Mountain Boys Saloon," which I kept during the winter. I also took up several claims but never made anything in particular out of them. In the Spring of 1859 I grew somewhat tired of the Saloon, and went to Tarry All—a place about one hundred miles from Denver, on the Blue River. I here worked a claim with six hands, and made during that summer about two hundred dollars, clear of all expenses. I then left Tarry All and went to Cache Le Poud, a place on a River of the same name, at the mouth of the Platte. I was there some two months, but meeting with no particular success I determined to leave. I did so, and returned to Denver City and bought my old Saloon and kept it during the winter of 1859. During all this time that I had been in Pike's Peak, I was known by the *soubriquet* of "Mountain Charley"—a name that will probably be not unfamiliar to many residents in Denver City and other places in which I resided.

The second spring I was there I had a rencontre that in the end proved disastrous to at least one of the parties engaged in it, and was also instrumental in revealing what had never yet been discovered, or suspected, since my adventure in Chicago—viz, the secret of my sex.

I was in the habit of making frequent excursions to various portions of the mountains—sometimes for exercise, at others for the purpose of prospecting, or to visit some sick miner. I was riding along on my mule one day, on one of these excursions and was almost three miles from Denver City, and when passing through a place where the road was narrowed

walls of rock I discovered a stranger approaching, riding a mule. As we neared each other I thought his countenance was familiar, and as he got closer to me I found that I was face to face with—Jamieson. He recognized me at the same moment, and his hand went after his revolver almost that instant mine did. I was a second too quick for him, for my shot tumbled him from his mule just as his ball whistled harmlessly by my head. Although dismounted, he was not prostrate and I fired at him again and brought him to the ground. I emptied my revolver upon him as he lay, and should have done the same with its mate had not two hunters at that moment come upon the ground and prevented any further consummation of my designs. Jamieson was not dead, and the hunters constructing a sort of litter carried him to Denver.

I followed them along, assuring them that they need not concern themselves as to my appearance, for I was fully able to justify the whole transaction. Jamieson was taken to his boarding house and his wounds examined. The examination showed that three balls had entered his body, producing severe but not fatal wounds. He was cared for and soon after recovered enough to bear a journey across the Plains. He went to New Orleans but died almost immediately after his arrival with Yellow Fever.

Before his departure he revealed my sex, and told the whole story of my past life so far as he knew it, and exculpated me wholly from any blame in the attempts on his life. The story soon got out, and I found myself famous—so much so that Greeley, in his letters from Pike's Peak to the New York *Tribune*, makes some allusion to my story and personal appearance.

I continued in my male attire notwithstanding the knowledge of my sex, and kept my saloon during the winter of 1859–60. I had a bar-keeper, named H. L. Guerin, whom I married, and in the spring we sold out the saloon and went into the mountains where we opened a boarding house and commenced mining. We left in the fall with a view of returning to the States. We did so, and reached St. Joseph in safety where my husband now resides.

My children are at school in Georgia.

My father still lives on his plantation near Baton Rouge, and has written me to come home and live with him, but I shall not as I wish to devote myself to selling this work.

I conclude with a few words relative to Pike's Peak.

CHAPTER XI.

The discovery of Pike's Peak is attributed to two individuals — Dr. Russell and Mr. Gregory. I append a statement of each of the gentlemen, which has been kindly furnished me by a gentleman for sometime a resident of Pike's Peak.

DR. RUSSELL'S STATEMENT.

As the future historian may seek for material for the archives of his country, and as already there exists come controversy in relation to the priority of the discovery of gold, the public may be prepared to decide after hearing the statements of both claimants of the discovery.

These statements are reliable, having been obtained from Dr. Russell (brother of Green,) and from Mr. Gregory, and as they do not conflict in any important respect, may be considered authentic.

Dr. Russell states that a band of Cherokees left Georgia in 1849 for California, and in passing Cherry, and Ralston's Creeks, discovered gold, and from them, my brother Green and myself heard of the deposit.

On the 9th February, 1858, we left Georgia, came through Arkansas to Western Kansas, and arrived on the east bank of the Platte on the 23d of June, and to our knowledge no other white man was in the country other than ourslves. Our company consisted of Whites and Cherokees and num- one hundred and three.

We remained in camp until the 5th of July when we separated and all left the country but 13, and after passing up the Platte four or five miles, we commenced prospecting, and found there the first gold, it prospecting from 15 to 25 cents to the pan. We went thence to Dry Creek and took out $49 from 100 buckets of dirt; thence we traversed the valley of the Platte until near its head, and found gold all the way, but not in paying quantities. From thence we went to the head of Cherry Creek and Dry Creek, and found gold on both, and after some delay we crossed the Platte and took a bee line for the Medicine Bow Mountains, 200 miles distant, prospecting everywhere, and found traces of gold everywhere except on Cache La Poude and Lorimier Creeks. (gold has been found on both—ED.)

After leaving the Mountains, we returned to Cherry Creek and parted, some returning to Georgia and the remainder went to New Mexico. We found gold almost everywhere except on the Huerfano. (gold since found there—ED.) After some delay in New Mexico we returned to the mouth of

Cherry Creek and laid out Auraria, and in three weeks after, a company from Leavensworth laid out Denver.

We spent the winter in Auraria, and left for the mountains in May, and discovered Russell's Gulch 1st of June. During all this time we had no trouble with the Indians and found them entirely ignorant of any deposit of minerals, or at least, they professed to be. We went to work on our Gulch and during that season took out $60,000.

We never worked a Lode, and never more than 12 hands, never ground sluiced, and worked only the Tom. The second season here, (last summer) we took out $68,000 up to October 15th. We have gone to the bed rock as far as we have worked, and propose to ground sluice the whole of this Gulch next summer, and expect about what we we have already obtained.

We first saw Gregory on the 1st of February, 1859.

GREGORY'S STATEMENT.

Left Leavensworth 20th of August, 1858, for Fort Larimier and reached there in November, driving a mule team at $25 per month. We found the snow five or six inches in depth and we were obliged to abandon the expedition, and after putting 350 mules in a Kenyon to winter, we were all discharged except ten men. I was discharged, and remained two months prospecting and found gold in Larimier River. I left the last of January, to prospect the three forks of this river and had with me a Mr. Jackson, and a small spanish mule.

We skirted the mountains as they were inaccessable owing to the depth of snow, and reached Arraposa, 15 miles from the present city of Denvers, and afterwards left there for the head waters of the North Clear Creek.—We had then four pounds of bread, and on the day of our arrival the mule gave out, and I left Jackson with him, and alone followed down the creek to the mouth of what is now called Gregory Gulch. Snow covered the entire country, and after scraping it away and sinking a hole 2½ feet deep, I found 16 cents to the pan, and returned to Jackson that night and told him I had correlled the gold. I was certain the gold came from the contiguous mountains, and determined to explore the Gulch from its mouth. After three days hard labor, sleeping under a rock, I found the Gregory Lode.

Some parties came here from the valley, and from them I heard a party were on South Clear Creek, and went over and found them to get flour. The parties were the Russells, and they came over with me and we have been here ever since, they working for themselves, I for everybody but myself. I believe I am the only living being who has not been benefitted by this discovery, but feel there is a good time coming.

The time did come, for two months after Mr. Gregory left in the express for Georgia with $42,000 in his carpet bag.

A better, braver, more liberal and gentlemanly rough looking, kind hearted and true man never had a being, and the time is coming when men will show their gratitude for his many acts of kindness and attention by other than words. Had the government acted fairly, instead of the name of Colorado given the territory it should have been Territory of Gregory, as his name, perseverance and kindness, not only discovered, but his made it what it is and what it will be.