

AN EXCITING PLEASURE TRIP.

Although the Pioneer Jubilee has come and gone and the scenes and incidents it commemorated will remain but memories with those who experienced the trials and hardships of the struggles to found a commonwealth in the then American Desert, there are reminiscences not directly connected with the events occurring in those early times but intermediate to our present development the recital of is interesting to those who have had similar experiences and the following narrative of a pleasure trip I once made may attract a casual glance from some of your readers.

In one of my letters I referred to "Ham's" Fork station as being raided by the Indians during the difficulties with them in 1852. The next morning after that occurred eleven of us had collected there and mounted on mules and well armed with pistols, rifles and ammunition from Fort Bridger. We set out under the command of James E. Bromley in pursuit of the Indians, and as there was some wounded men and three families down on the Sweetwater country it was our chief object to search these people in advance of the Indians and defeat any design they might have as to these comparatively defenseless people. The first day out we made Big Sandy, some fifty-five miles, following the Indian's trail and crossing it several times, we arrived at the station in the evening and discovering a small fire off a few miles to the southeast, we recognized it as a signal fire, and being anxious for the safety of the families and wounded men below, Bromley called for a volunteer to go to Pacific Springs that night and warn the people, and inform them that we were coming to their assistance, and Ben Clark, who had been for years a government scout among the Sioux, volunteered to go. It is over forty miles from Big Sandy to the Springs and with the fifty-five miles we had already come he made a hundred miles during the day and portion of the night.

Immediately he was gone we looped-holed the station on the ends and sides, got in a supply of wood and water and barricaded the doors, prepared for a siege and laid down to get some rest, the agent with the two men belonging at the station standing guard in the stable which was also looped-holed and barricaded. And just at daylight the next morning the agent came to the door and called out to us "boys, get your guns, they are on us!" We roused up, gathered our guns and pistols, and rushed out the door and about a mile away we saw twenty-four Indians riding up in single file, but Bromley had exposed our hand, for the moment they saw us they circled in council for a moment and were off at the top of their horses' speed, and it was useless to follow them as our animals were a lot of small mules that had been worn out in its service while they were mounted on some of the best horses that we had on the pony express and which they had stolen, but observing that the Indians' course seemed to be shaped towards Pacific Springs, we immediately saddled up and took the road for that point, leaving two men at Big Sandy to look after the stock and we had been gone but a few hours when the Indians returned and harassed the men for two days, but the men alternately standing guard on top of the station and changing their clothes and disguising themselves as much as they could when relieving each other and when watering the stock at the well deceived the Indians as to the number of men at the station and by this ruse influenced the Indians to abandon their intended attack and withdraw.

Our party reached Pacific Springs the evening of the day we left Sandy,

and after the wounded men mentioned had been pulled over the South Pass on handsleds, we started on our return up the road leaving the springs with two coaches, two bob sleds, the four wounded men, three women and five children. We left the springs at 4 o'clock in the morning and at sundown had made but five miles, as after sunrise the beaten snow remaining in the road became so soft that it was impossible to get through or over it, and we had to pull out onto the hills and ridges where the ground was thawed, and the coaches would sink in to the hubs. We were almost entirely without provisions of any kind as there had been no coaches running for quite a while and the provisions at the station had been consumed in the interval, and the first night out many of us had nothing to eat, what little food there was being reserved for the wounded men and women and children. Three of us stood guard all night and the next morning early we pulled out for Dry Sandy, taking to the hills and ridges as we had done the day before, and early in the evening we reached the station having been two full days in making eighteen miles; and at this station some of us secured a saleratus biscuit and cup of coffee, the first we had had to eat in two days, and as the eleven of us that had left "Ham's Fork" were without bedding and there being but barely room in the station for the wounded men, woman and children and delicate of our party, we had to seek shelter out doors, and I stowed myself away in the remains of the haystack, working my way down feet foremost until under cover and in this position slept until morning when we started for Green river arriving there late in the afternoon, having left the sleds at Dry Sandy, and at Green river we had a biscuit and cup of coffee it being but the second time for some of us in three days.

Early the next morning a few of us that were sleeping near the river were awakened by the roar and swish of the water and discovering that it was rapidly rising we warned the guard and awakened the camp, when we harnessed up and crossed the river and even then it was all the teams could do to ford it, the water running over the lead animals' backs, and another hour's delay would have left us on the east bank of the river, unable to cross it and with a lot of women and children and wounded men, and nothing for ourselves or animals to eat, the nearest provisions twenty-five miles away, with the river between us and that and two hundred miles of abandoned road behind us. But we were fortunate in crossing in safety and arriving at Granger's station we astonished him by the quantities of beef, bread and potatoes we caused to disappear, and his astonishment was mixed with pleasure as he saw in this another figure in his quarterly vouchers. But we could not stay here, so late in the afternoon we hitched up and started for Bridger, taking the west side of Black's Fork as our route, and we had gone but a few miles when we came to what we took to be the Muddy. It was swollen and overflowed the greesewood flats through which it ran. The teams would mire down before they could get to the channel, and even if we could pull through the submerged flats it was considerable too much risk to attempt to cross with the women and children and wounded men, and it was determined to send the animals to Bridger and have some caulked wagon boxes and provisions sent down to enable the outfit to cross the stream, and Mr. Bromley called for volunteers to perform this service, but it was evidently viewed as a forlorn hope as none volunteered and this was the eighth day

of privation and hardship the eleven from Hamm's Fork had experienced, but when nine names were called none declined. We drove the animals up stream to highground and forced them in, and tying our clothes to our saddles and catching our riding animals by the tails, swam across with them, and by this time we were in a heavy hail storm, but elated with the idea that we would soon be at the fort, we urged the animals to a faster gait and after going some two miles we came to the "Muddy," the stream that we had crossed being an old bed or gulch swollen and overflowed from the main stream, and it still hailing and the mules, being cold, we had difficulty in getting them into the water the second time, and we drove them up stream to where a butte ended abruptly on the bank before we could get them into the stream.

By this time it was dark and had begun to snow, and when we had got across and put on our clothes, the band of mules had disappeared and we divided up to hunt them, some going down the stream, some going east towards Black's Fork, some south towards Bridger, while I struck up stream and after riding several miles the snow had collected so I could see their tracks had they come that way, and I did not know if I was on the lower Muddy north of Elliot's station or where I was, but I knew that I was lost and had a suspicion that none of the rest of the boys had any advantage of me, and under these circumstances I called a halt and put a resolution to myself that I had lost no mules, which was carried unanimously. I then turned to the east, knowing that if I rode far enough I would come to the road or to Black's Fork, either of which would enable me to find my way to Bridger, and after awhile I came to the road and when I reached it, having in mind that when I left the Muddy the south was to my right, I turned in that direction and being "mighty glad to get out of the wilderness." I gave vent to my elation at the top of my voice, and was answered by the refrain, "Wah you goin' Ephraim?" and a Senigambian came galloping up to me, an although this descendant of Ham was as black as gross darkness, he was an old hand on the overland and of the kind to have with one under such circumstances, and as we proceeded we were joined by two more of the party, and about 3 o'clock in the morning when we supposed we were in the near vicinity of Bridger, we were astonished at coming to a stream which from its swollen and raging appearance barred our further progress, and we concluded that we were indeed lost.

I was familiar with the country, but this stream was not in my geography, so I dismounted, tied my mule to a scrub mahogany and waited for daylight, and when it came there was Bridger butte and here was an overflowed ravine and low ridge between us and the fort, and although the stream was from the melting snows, it rushed down with a headlong current that made it dangerous to attempt to cross it, but we plunged in and one of our party, Joe Hurley, in raising the opposite bank his mule fell over with him, but he scrambled out and although this was the third ducking that he had received during the storm, he felt no bad effects from it, and in a few minutes we were in the fort, gave our instructions to the proper persons, and all but one of the party of nine that started with the mules got in the same day as we, and he was two days and nights rambling around the country before he found the fort. The storm had driven the mules east across Black's Fork, and they had made their way to Church Buttes station, where they eat up