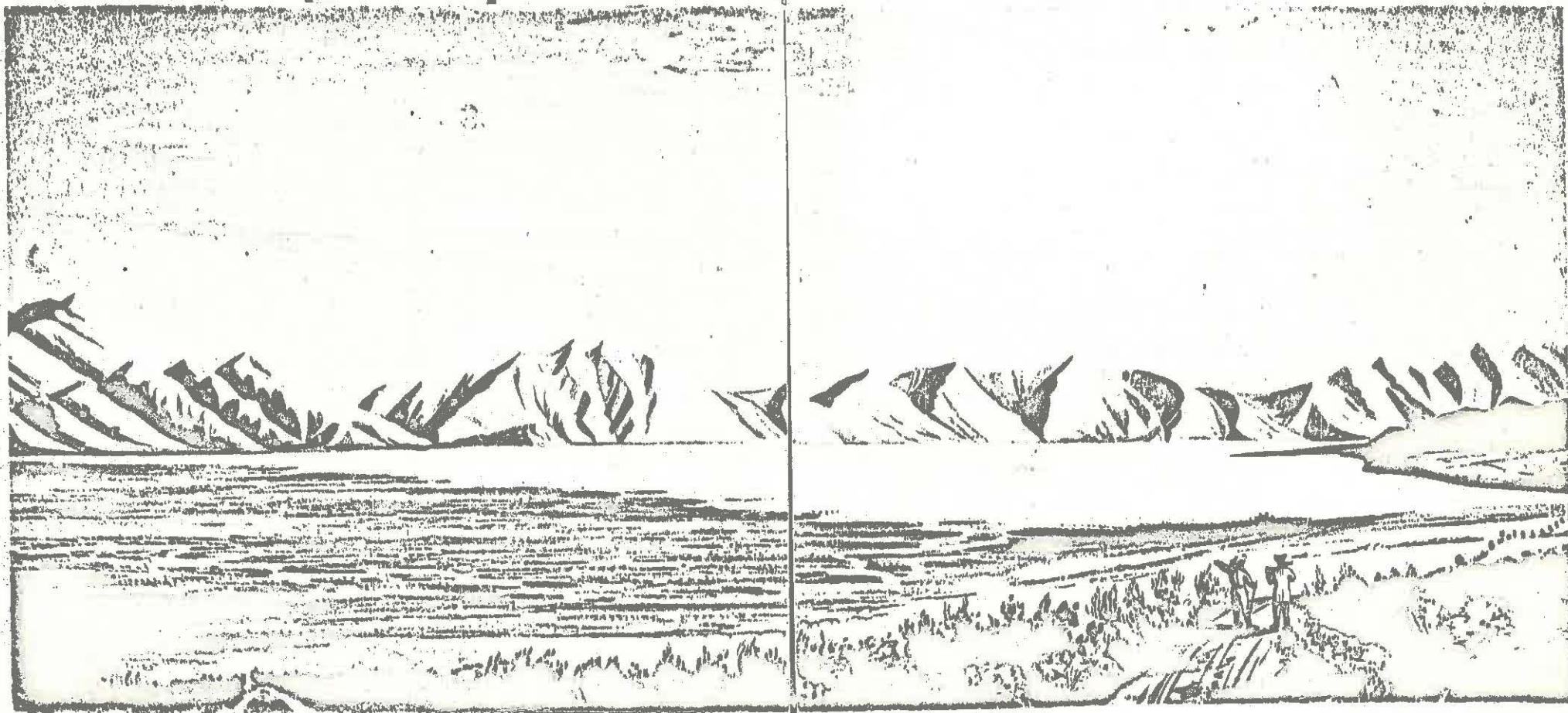


JACKSON'S (THE "PIONEER PHOTOGRAPHER") ORIGINAL  
MANUSCRIPT OVERLAND NARRATIVE, 1866.

JACKSON (WILLIAM H.). The Original Manuscript Account of his Journey Across the Plains by Ox Team in 1866, from the set-Out at Nebraska City to his arrival at Great Salt Lake. 8 x 2+ cross written pages. With original oblong folio COLORED VIEW of the "Sawatch" Range, signed and dated: W.H. Jackson, Dec. 24, 1866. Great Salt Lake, 1866. 350.

A highly interesting and important historical manuscript and of great sentimental value. Jackson has now passed from the scene



Colorado Historical Society  
Matter Collection

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT ACCOUNT  
of the  
JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS  
BY OX TEAM IN 1866  
FROM THE SET-OUT AT NEBRASKA CITY  
TO THE ARRIVAL AT GREAT SALT LAKE

of

WILLIAM H. JACKSON

"The Pioneer Photographer"

LETTER FROM WILLIAM JACKSON TO HIS PARENTS

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O. S. L. City, Oct. 30th '66

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W. D. S. Lord. Oct 30th 18

My Dear Father & Mother:

Thank you for the money you have sent me. I have not been able to obtain any more money in another way. I have not been able to obtain any more money in another way. I have not been able to obtain any more money in another way.

As I have been in the city for some time, I have not been able to obtain any more money in another way. I have not been able to obtain any more money in another way. I have not been able to obtain any more money in another way.

and sends him "kiting" into the herd. You hang on manfully, and are  
made a good "right smart", get into a fair position, and have  
to jump on some of these backs to escape being squeezed to a jelly.  
Then take all the kicks you get, and contrary signs who will  
"go" when they should "hold", & who won't stop when told to. But go  
panning right on, ~~forward~~ into the train - a piece of the  
Bougainville for a good deal more. A good many of the  
cattle on board to Laramie, and pass them right down to a place  
& then back. There was some queer dining that first day out.  
There was only a few tongues broken human. The first few days  
on board but on an air a way. But afterwards always made two-  
parting up in the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see  
and coming well, but when we would unyoke, work breakfast.  
graze up wavy when little jobs, and yoke up again about  
them & drive till sundown. One average time after we got started  
was 10 miles a day. The roads on the plains are most constant.  
In fact in some places better. Board land, & smooth, & get them  
has more than the first journey depended upon them. While  
in stretch the Plate, some 10 miles this side of Kearney, this  
road lay was the rolling prairie, along the Plate it was very  
level & smooth with some, a single rise or descent along the whole  
route. One greatest affliction was the dust. It was fine & some-  
times thick that it was impossible to see more than a single rod.  
Then we arrived at night we were welcomed Egyptian humors than  
living things. At Kearney I managed to "put" two or three lectures  
as I have before said. I made no stop there, driving right through  
and going some 11 or 12 miles beyond. (After this commenced we came  
as a constant "Bull. M. & Co." Great times I have with about 6  
yoke of cattle. But before I got through I had them broken into  
about as good a team as there was in the whole train. Had man-  
trouble at first in making them keep up, couldn't use my whip effectively.  
The whips they use on the plains are enormous things made of raw  
hide flattened, about 12 ft. long, or more and an inch or a half in  
diameter at the belly, with a stock about 14 inches or two feet in length.

The "Bull. M. & Co." takes great pride in his proficiency with his whip. The  
"poppet" consists of a thin strip of buckskin. I wish that they would  
make a report equal to mustard any time, and draw blood from  
the cattle at my strokes. It was some time before I could "pop"  
or whip scientifically. During my time, as first, was hard on  
they require constant attention, had to be at them continually  
with whip & voice. The first week out many of our boys were so  
tired that they could hardly speak. For the first two or three  
weeks my feet troubled me a great deal. They aren't broken,  
but were tender and sore, and ached a good deal nights.  
I used to come in at times that I would bunk right in as soon  
as I had eat my bread & bacon & drank my coffee. The  
programme for one day at his time will give you some idea as  
to how I relished this kind of life. In the morning just as dawn  
breaks and before my sleep is half out, the night watch goes  
around paddling on the wagons and crying "Roll out! Roll  
out! the bulls are coming", and, as they come crowding and  
bellowing into the corral I always mentally & sometimes quite  
anxiously sit on the bulls. But then they are & I must get  
up. Sometimes there is a desperate resolution to lie still & let  
and let the consequences be what they may - but I think it  
better of it & conclude I might as well get up & do as the  
rest do. So I stretch myself again - first for my hat - pull  
my old shoes on my still aching feet; & buck out the  
wagon half awake - shoulder a yoke and commence looking  
for my old "off Wheeler". It is hardly light, and have some  
difficulty in distinguishing them all - get my last "pointed" yoke  
after a while - drive them around to the tongue - hitch on and am all  
ready to start. I am usually hungry before some of the rest are  
and as I feel a little, I go on to the mess wagon & secure a  
bit of bacon & bread, if there is any - and make an early  
break - sometimes I secure it the night before & so have a bit  
all ready - I feel pretty hungry however before we haul up at noon  
for breakfast. After corraling, the cattle are turned off to feed



I have been thinking of the mountains and the valley between them. The mountains are very high and steep, and the valley is very fertile. I have seen many beautiful views of the mountains from the valley. The mountains are covered with forests of pine and oak trees. The valley is very fertile and produces many crops. I have seen many beautiful views of the mountains from the valley. The mountains are covered with forests of pine and oak trees. The valley is very fertile and produces many crops.

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I have been thinking of the mountains and the valley between them. The mountains are very high and steep, and the valley is very fertile. I have seen many beautiful views of the mountains from the valley. The mountains are covered with forests of pine and oak trees. The valley is very fertile and produces many crops. I have seen many beautiful views of the mountains from the valley. The mountains are covered with forests of pine and oak trees. The valley is very fertile and produces many crops.

a single tree - & when you see one it is away upon some solitary  
 inaccessible cliff - We saw Coy cliffs - or mounds - which when  
 they make an excellent fire - Kiefer along this part of the  
 route Coyote & White-birds are very thick they make very  
 night bedding Coyotes howling - Antelope - Raccoon & Skunk  
 Hens are quite plentiful and we have many a chance of  
 them & they make a very agreeable variety - in our bill of fare  
 before any of us were aware of it we were nearly through the Great  
 Pass. The Pass is as wide (some 35 miles) that to all appear-  
 ances it is no different from the surrounding country. Away  
 to the north stretches a magnificent range of the Rocky  
 called the Wind River Mts. We saw them some 20 miles away - The weather  
 when we first struck the <sup>mountain</sup> ~~mountain~~ 20 miles away - The weather  
 was extremely cold in the Pass; on the 20th of August had a  
 snow & hail storm - The winds blew strong & through a fence -  
 the the neighbors of the Sandy Plains - (Big - Little - & Dry) -  
 We saw some Buffalo - two others & myself chased one some  
 six or seven miles one evening but failed to bring him to town.  
 From here on to Hans Fork when I left the train we  
 traveled in co. with a large Mormon train. A great many  
 of their cattle had been stolen by the Indians & all the passengers  
 had to walk. We hit a great many mice on our wagons -  
 At Hans Fork we got this job of hauling hay until we had a good  
 chance to go into the city. From Hans Fork till dark we worked  
 stopping just long enough to swallow a meal - working the whole  
 sun days to the north - & sleeping outside every night -  
 Had quite a fall of snow one night - & in the morning found masses  
 of snow under - Lost one of my sketch-books here that con-  
 tained a great many sketches - lost my comb on my way  
 with journal &c. in my pocket - For three days & then  
 happened to come across the person who found it - It was  
 hard work for me at first to handle hay. But after a while could  
 load and pitch as well as any of them Hauled 40 ton some 10 or 12  
 miles and 40 men some 25 miles - Contractors get \$35 per ton  
 at the station - pay 12 to haul out with a machine.

G. S. L. City, Oct. 30th '66.

My Dear Father & Mother!

In my letter to you dated the 24th I said nothing  
 of my trip across the plains, and promised to give full par-  
 ticulars in another letter. I should have done so sooner,  
 but my paper gave out in writing that letter & I have not  
 been able to obtain any since - until this morning. As in  
 my first letter, I will open my diary before me & tell my  
 story as plainly as possible from that. I cannot very well  
 send you any sketches with this as they are all too large  
 to mail in my letters. Before I leave here, however, I shall  
 send them all to you. If I carry them with me much longer I  
 may lose them all. I have lost too many already.

As I have before written, we arrived in Nebraska  
 City early Tuesday morning, June 21, and after picking out  
 our outfit, walked out to the corral - some 4 miles from  
 town. The cattle were herded on the prairie nearby & the  
 wagons all loaded preparatory to starting. Got our dinner  
 that day - baked bread in small iron skillets, fried bacon,  
 & boiled coffee. Relished it very much. That day we all  
 picked out our yokes, chains &c. At night we slept in the  
 wagons on top of the freight - each wagon being covered with  
 a good sheeting. The next morning I helped to yoke up. Were  
 up long before sunrise, and drove in the cattle at once. Such  
 a time I never saw. The "bulls" were wild, many of them had



never been yoked even, and if you can imagine the time the boys had who had never had a bow in their hands. The wagons were corralled in a circle, with openings opposite each other forming a good sized yard. The 325 head that we had just crowded the corral full with hardly a foot to spare. It was no easy task for us green hands to go into that corral - the bulls ramming and crowding about, pick out your "wheelers" then your "leaders" "swing" & "pointers" and make no mistake. But that's not the worst of it. After half an hour chasing through the mass after a wild fellow, you corner him & manage to fasten the bow by working very carefully - some other steer, having a grudge probably against the one you are gently urging up to the wagon wheel to fasten - gives him a punch in the ribs with his horns and sends him "kiting" into the herd. You hang on manfully and are snaked around "right smart," get into a jam probably, and have to jump on some of their backs to escape being squeezed to a jelly - then take all the kicks you get, and contrary steers who will "gee" when they should "haw" and who won't stop when told to but go jamming right on, probably into other teams - a person gets all he bargains for and a good deal more. A good many of the cattle we had to lariat, and pull them right down to a wheel & then yoke. There was some queer driving that first day out. There was only a few tongues broken however. The first few days we made but one drive a day but afterwards always made two - getting up in the morning as soon as it was light enough to see and driving till ten when we would unyoke, cook breakfast, grease up or any other little job, and yoke up again about three & drive till sundown. Our average time after we got started was 15 miles a day. The roads over the plains are most excellent. In fact I've never seen better - broad, level, & smooth, & yet there has never been the first penny expended upon them.

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Until we struck the Platte, some 40 miles this side of Kearny, the road lay over rolling prairie. Along the Platte it was very level indeed, with scarcely a single rise or descent along the whole route. Our greatest affliction was the dust - it was fearful & sometimes so thick that it was impossible to see more than a single rod. When we corralled at night we more resembled Egyptian Mummies than living beings. At Kearny I managed to post two or three letters as I have before said. We made no stop there, driving right through and going some 10 or 12 miles beyond. After this commenced my career as a veritable "Bull-Whacker." Great times I had with that 6 yoke of cattle, but before I got through I had them broken into about as good a team as there was in the whole train. Had great trouble at first in making them keep up - couldn't use my whip effectively. The whips they use on the plains are enormous things made of raw hide plaited, about 12 feet long, or more, and an inch & a half in diameter at the belly & with a stock about 18 inches or two feet in length. The "Bull Whacker" takes great pride in his proficiency with his whip. The "popper" consists of a thin strip of buckskin, & with that they will make a report equal to musket every time - and draw blood from the cattle at every stroke. It was some time before I could "pop" or whip scientifically. Driving my teams at first was hard as they required constant attention, had to be at them continually with whip & voice. The first week out many of our boys were so hoarse that they could hardly speak. For the first two or three weeks my feet troubled me a great deal. They didn't blister, but were tender and sore, and ached a good deal nights. I used to come in so tired that I would bunk right in as soon as I had eat my bread & bacon & drank my coffee. The program for one day at this time will give you

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some idea as to how I relished this kind of life. In the morning just as dawn breaks, and before my sleep is half out, the night watch goes around pounding on the wagons and crying "Roll out! Roll out! the bulls are coming" and as they come crowding and bellowing into the corral I always mentally, and sometimes quite audibly d--n the bulls. But there they are & I must get up. Sometimes there is a desperate resolution to lie still & sleep and let the consequences be what they may but I think better of it & conclude I might as well get up & do as the rest do. So I stretch myself again, feel for my hat, pull my old shoes on my still aching feet, & back out the wagon half awake - shoulder a yoke and commence looking for my old "off Wheeler". It is hardly light and have some difficulty in distinguishing them all - get my last "pointer" yoked after a while - drive them around to the tongue - hitch on and am all ready to start. I am usually through before some of the rest are and as I feel a little hungry I go over to the mess wagon & secure a bit of bacon & bread, if there is any - and make an early lunch - sometimes I secure it the night before & so have a bite all ready. I feel pretty hungry however before we haul up at noon for breakfast. After corraling, the cattle are turned off too feed. Two men are detailed as herders to keep them from straying. We proceed at once to get breakfast. When we had no regular cook this was usually an affair of a good deal of talk - or in other words "blowing". Who was to get wood? who was to get water? who'll mix the bread? then the coffee & this thing and that thing. After a while it is all done & we each take a piece of bread in one hand & a cup of coffee in the other, find a shady place under some wagon & devour all with a relish. In the evening it is usually dusk before we corral and quite dark before getting supper.

We go in pretty heavy on coffee & as I usually eat quite heartily I sometimes have queer dreams - going to bed immediately afterwards as we do. My dreams run invariably upon my oxen. Almost every night I imagine them up to some impropriety & go tearing out of the wagon. Crowl usually wakes up & brings me back. One dream in particular was comical. We had a big shaggy buffalo robe to sleep on - one night I got up and commenced pulling it from under Crowl's head in a very energetic manner. He, of course, demanded my reason for such a proceeding. I replied, still asleep, "I can't get these old leaders heads around". Another time I woke him with a lively blow in the face. I thought I was at the steers.

Nothing of especial interest occurred on the trip up the Platte to the crossing at Julesburgh. We camped every day within reach of the big muddy. It resembles the Missouri very much - in some places it was two or three miles wide. It is very shallow, a person can ford it almost anywhere & it has a very swift current. Went in swimming in it about every day. Up to Julesburgh we didn't see a single red-skin with the exception of a few Omahas and Ottos the other side of Kearney. They are great on "tobac" & begged away all they had from some of the boys. We heard a thousand and one rumors however of their hostilities & at Kearny they would not let less than 30 wagons pass & every man was required to be armed. They furnished me a Sharps Carbein & I had a Colts revolver of my own.

Arrived at the crossing place on the South Platte, some two or three miles below Julesburgh July 24th. The Platte at this place is about half a mile wide and the greatest depth would not exceed three or four feet, being deepest near each shore & quite shallow in the middle. When we arrived

there there were some three or four other trains crossing & preparing to cross. The scene was a lively one and it will be hard for me to give you a perfect idea of it by words alone. With the rest, I shall send you a sketch of this. The river was filled from bank to bank with teams crossing & recrossing. The drivers as a general thing come minus pants and attired only in the light & airy costume of shirt & hat. We uncoupled our wagons & put from 12 to 18 yoke to each single wagon. When the oxen first enter the water they are somewhat timid and it is hard to make them pull at all - then the yelling, the hooting, the hurraing and the crackling of whips makes a very pandemonium. The cattle plunge and tug and gee & haw, and after a deal of trouble manage to pull out from the first plunge from the bank. Clear across the stream it is now a continuous yell and hurrah at the oxen - "aw-ho - whoa - haw - yip - hi - hi" all the time laying on with might & main, with whip or cudgel. The bed of the river is a kind of a quicksand & gravel. It makes bad work pulling. Were nearly two hours crossing with one wagon. The current is so swift too that it takes some of the smaller oxen off their feet in the deepest parts. Was taken off my feet once & came up under the oxen - but came out all right between them. Crossing at the same time were large bands of Siouxs - big braves on little ponies, squaws leading the pack horses - and juvenile Sioux paddling along very nearly in a state of nature. Either shore was covered with wagons, while the bank was crowded with drivers & Indians. Crossed with about half the train that night. It was after sunset when I arrived on the opposite bank. A thunder storm was rising and it was growing dark very rapidly. There I was with only a shirt & hat - & they wet - all the rest of my clothes being in one of the wagons on the other side. Disliked the idea of going back

over there in the dark without something to eat as we had only had light breakfast about day break. Went to work just as I was that night and got supper for the mess. It was pitch black when I had got through so thought I wouldn't ford the river again. Bunked in with one of the boys under a buffalo robe. We had no sooner got in than the storm broke upon us in all its fury. We had serious apprehensions that it would capsize our wagons. The way it shook things was a caution. The rain came down in torrents. The thunder & lightning were incessant. The next day we finished crossing. We now struck nearly north - going up Pole Creek about 35 miles and then striking up over a high ridge for some 40 miles or more and struck the North Platte. Along Pole Creek we came across any quantity of Sioux Indians and we had some great times with them. Our course up the North Platte was without any special interest. As we neared Laramie we had some very bad sand hills to pull over. The scenery along the river is quite fantastic. As you can see by the sketches I will send you the rocks as they are called are merely hard clay. The storms and rains have washed them away into curious and fantastic shapes resembling the chimneys, castles, domes, &c. &c. all having a most picturesque variety of outline. Laramie is the best built post on the whole line. It resembles quite a settlement from a little distance. Drove right through so I had no chance to look around. Our course after this was on rough mountainous country. We struck the Platte but few times all the way up to Platte Bridge. The same day we passed through Laramie we were until 3 o'clock the next morning pulling up over a sand hill. At Big Bitter Cottonwood we caught up with a Mormon train. We passed through their corral just as they were betting breakfast. There were some three or four hundred men,

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women, and children, mostly English - the lowest working class, Danes & Norwegians. Each family has its own fire and their camp is a lively scene, particularly at night when their corral resembles a small city.

40 miles from Laramie we come to the Junction - where the "Powder River road" branches off to Montana. In consequence of the Indian troubles trains were not allowed to go that route unless they waited until 300 wagons were collected together. We were all anxious to go that route & supposed when we started that we would but the wagon master chose to go on the safer route. To Virginia City by this new route it was 425 miles - by the old route about 850. It is best for us probably that we did not go that way as but few trains went through safely. We had some hard pulling and harder times in crossing the Black Hills. It is a very rough wild country and very frequently we drove until late at night. On some of these steep rocky hills it is a great wonder to me that we did not smash everything to pieces. Red dust troubled us a great deal. The earth here is mostly red & pulverizes up into a very fine dust. That would rise up so thick from the earth that it was sometimes impossible to see or breathe. Just before we reached Platte Bridge the Indians were playing the deuce in and near a telegraph station at Deer Creek; was burnt just after we passed through & we saw the smoke & flame plainly. They didn't choose to molest us. A few minutes [later] some soldiers from the fort came down like smoke bound for the scene of action.

Crossed Platte Bridge at sunset Aug. 18th. This is quite a bridge - some 50 rods in length, built in rather a primitive style but substantial. Costs about \$5 a team to cross it. After leaving the Bridge we passed over some very

rough roads, going up & down almost perpendicular rocks. From here until we struck the Sweetwater is called the heart of the hostile Indians country. Didn't trouble us very much however except to stampede some of our stock and keep us pretty well on the lookout. Our roads after this were very good. Along the Sweetwater - a fine clear stream, about the size of Wynauts Kill, there was plenty of food for cattle and plenty of Buffalo chips for fire. One singular thing about this country is the scarcity of wood. We have travelled weeks without so much as seeing a single tree, & when you see one it is away upon some solitary inaccessible cliff. We use ox chip - or manure - which when dry makes an excellent fire. Along this part of the route coyotes & white wolves are very thick. They make every night hideous by their howling. Antelope, rabbits & sage hens are quite plentiful and we have many a chase after them & they make a very agreeable variety in our bill of fare. Before any of us are aware of it we are nearly through the South Pass. The Pass is so wide (some 35 miles) that to all appearances it is no different from the surrounding country. Away to the north stretches a magnificent range of the Rockies called the Wind River Mts. We saw their snow capped summits when we first struck the Sweetwater 80 miles away. The weather was extremely cold in the Pass. On the 30th of August had a snow & hail storm. The winds blew through & through a person. In the neighborhood of the Sandy Rivers (Big, Little, & Dry) we saw some Buffalo. Two others & myself chased one some six or seven miles one evening but failed to bring him to time. From here on to Ham's Fork, where I left the train, we travelled in co. with a large Mormon train. A great many of their cattle had been stolen by the Indians & all the passengers had to walk. We let a



great many ride in our wagons. At Ham's Fork we got this job of Hauling hay until we had a good chance to go into the city. From early morn till dark we worked, stopping just long enough to swallow a meal - working the whole seven days to the week - & sleeping outside every night. Had quite a fall of snow one night, & in the morning found ourselves snowed under. Lost one of my sketch-books here that contained a great many sketches. Lost my coat one day with journal &c in my pockets - for three days & then happened to come across the person who found it. It was hard work for me at first to handle hay but after a while could load and pitch as well as any of them. Hauled 40 tons some 10 or 12 miles and 40 more some 28 miles - contractor gets \$35 per ton at the station - pays 12 to have it cut with a machine.

The 2nd train we were with belonged to Byers of Leavenworth and had about the same kind of freight as our first one. We got along first rate until within about 25 miles of the city where a snow storm overtook us and made bad work. We had just got out of Teton creek canyon when it commenced raining. Laid over one day in consequence of it and as it cleared up a little next day we hauled out and made for the summit. The ground was slippery and it was very hard for the cattle to pull. We were in what they called "Farley's Park", a meadow of some 600 acres in among the mountains, and we have to pull right up over them to get into the valley. We follow up and descend a canyon on both sides. Before we got to the summit the cattle gave out and it commenced snowing. The next day it snowed considerably and was very cold. We doubled teams and managed to haul all but two or three wagons to the summit. All I had to wear on my feet were a pr. of

thin buckskin moccasins without stockings. The soles had worn all through once and I had sewn on new ones. They stood service but a short time in the mud and pulled off leaving the soles of my feet on the ground. In the middle of the road the mud was a foot or two deep while on the sides it was hard and covered with snow. Part of the time I was half way to my knees in mud and then in the snow. You can imagine what kind of a time my feet had of it - kept hard at work without a moments interval until night. That night it was my turn to herd the cattle until the night herders got their supper & came out to relieve me. We had to drive them three miles down the mountain to where there was grass. Running over rough ground sticks & stones just numbed my feet so that there was not the least feeling to them. Got back up to the corral about 9 at night and it was as cold as "Greenlands Bay Mountains" up there. Drank a cup of lukewarm coffee and bunked in. I didn't get out of the wagon for three days afterwards. My feet were frostbitten on the bottom & so sore I could hardly touch them.

The drive down the other side of the mountain was a hard one - the road was very steep, tortuous & windy. Were two days getting out and all that time I was in the wagon. Just about shook me all to pieces. Upset three or four wagons in the descent. While they were stopping at one place I managed to get my head out & secure one sketch. The day we drove in to the city my feet were tolerably well so I drove my train. The City is situated upon a gentle slope at the foot of the mountains while the valley itself stretches off for miles to the south & west - all being encircled by magnificent snow capped mountains. We can get just a glimpse of the lake itself with its mountain islands. The City at a

little distance looks like a garden. Almost every house, with hardly an exception, being surrounded by peach trees. They have just ripened and abound in any quantity. One of our drivers told a little shaver that ours was a "Church Train" (vis - a Mormon Train). Instantly two or three other shavers came out loaded down with peaches which they were bound we should accept. In the City we bought baskets full for 10 cts. Most of the houses are built of "adobeis" - some dried brick - wood being very scarce, but on the business st. they are now putting up as fine stone fronts as you can see anywhere. The streets are very wide and have clear streams of living water on each side. The Mormons are building some huge edifices that as yet but commenced. There are a great many Gentiles here and some very influential ones. Our first few days in town were not very pleasant. It was most awfully muddy and with slushy snow for a few hours. Since that time the weather has been as fine as you can imagine, and they say it will continue so for some time. I told you that we were keeping house for ourselves. We get along very well - living cheaply but still have enough. Our bill of fare consists principally of bread & potatoes, with steak & mutton once in a while. It costs three of us about \$5 per week. Flour and potatoes are very cheap. You would think it rather funny out east to see me going through the streets with a bag of potatoes on my back. I do it here & with a bag of flour too. Today I received my first letter since leaving Laramie. It was from Dyes at Rutland, and though short contained much that I was glad to hear and filled me with hope. Said C had written to me but had directed the letter up to Virginia City. As soon as I got in town I wrote to the P. M. directions to remail my letters to this place. I expect to get them now

in a day or two. But I must close. I must have wearried you out long ago by the length of these letters and you will thank me probably not to make them quite so long another time. There [are] a thousand things that occur to me now that I might speak - but I must leave them until another time.

Hoping that this and my previous letter will reach you in safety, I will remain as ever,

Your son,

William