

THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS J. BRUNDAGE

BY THOMAS J. BRUNDAGE

This Journal Begins 1864

I started from my home in McCutchenville, Ohio, March 15, 1864. We stopped in LaSalle County, Illinois, for six weeks. With my brother George, went to Grinnell in Iowa. There went in company with four men, bought four yokes of oxen and two wagons, traveled west to Omaha, Nebraska.

May 11---Bought our freight and started farther west. Arrived at Fort Kearney May 26. I tried to cross the Platte River and go back to Fort Kearney to see if there was mail and we suddenly fell into a deep hole. My friend grabbed hold of me and I had to scold him to make him let loose so we could swim out. On the American desert I was severely attacked, by a panther, gaining the upper hand I shot him twice but missed.

June 2---Crossed North Bluff Fork a few miles west of Great Spring. J.F. Manning was buried, he was killed by Indians May 23, ten days before we arrived.

June 4---I was severely attacked by buffalo gnats. I had to rub my swollen face with bacon grease. With one eye swollen shut, I drove the ox team in the dust. I hardly looked like a white man.

June 9---Today we passed the Bluffs. They have the resemblance of ancient ruins. A little farther across the river is Courthouse Rock.

June 11---Camped opposite Chimney Rock. While camping there we were driven out of our tent by a sudden appearance of surging water six feet deep. We were camped near the bank of the Platte River, and climbed into the wagons and stayed until morning. When we left the Platte to go into the Black Hills. The train held a consultation whether we should go into the Black Hills on the new Bozeman route or keep on the old road going up the river. Not agreed, the train divided, some going the new route and some the old.

June 19---Sunday morning, here I sit in the Black Hills at 2 o'clock guarding the cattle. I forgot to add we arrived at Fort Laramie June 17. At Alder Clump, an emigrant gave an Indian his revolver. The Indian shot the emigrant and ran away.

June 26---Came to the river. One of our men drowned by the attempt to cross. It is 30 miles through the Black Hills. On the morning of the 23rd two miles west of us 17 horses were stampeded by six Indians, rounded up by the Indians and were soon out of sight with them. In the act one man was shot through the thigh. The same morning six Indians stampeded 75 oxen and capturing them all ran almost to our camp in the "get away". The men, through a battle with them, took them back excepting twelve. The Indians shot one man through the hand and killed two oxen. A camp of emigrants near us at this place had their own corral by the circle of the wagons. An Indian in the night shot one oxen and made one of those awful war whoops stampeding the other oxen. The oxen ran over one wagon and broke it to pieces. Being beyond repair, they had to load the additional freight onto other wagons.

June 28---This morning we are leaving the Platte River at the first Platte Bridge, 125 miles west of Fort Laramie. Traveled 14 miles and camped at the salt springs.

June 19---Shot two sage hens. Fine eating.

July 1---Election of officers took place.

July 5---Camped on the bank of the Powder River.

July 7---Started this morning at 4 o'clock, looking for game that would be better food—needed fresh meat. Camped on the bank of the north fork of the Powder River. After breakfast I with five or six others ascended the bluff east of the wagons and noticed a large party of Indians coming toward us. Presently they separated and all went up a ravine except three that headed directly toward us. They came in gunshot of us then turned and went with the gang and all appeared before the emigrant train. We had two French guides with us which we paid \$600 to pilot us to the Bighorn River. One of them rode up to the Indians and asked what they wanted. They said they were Cheyennes and were on their way to fight the Snake Indians, who, they said had stolen some of their ponies. (The later was false). They asked us for something to eat. We complied with their request.

Early in the morning, one of our men by the name of Mills, from LaSalle, Illinois, went out on a large black horse in search of his cow. The guide asked the Indians if they had seen him. They said they had not. Our captain at once corralled the oxen and with five men (I was riding Col. Kimble's pony and had a cartridge carbine. The Col. raised two regiments for the Federal army.) we all went two miles south but did not find the missing man. Then we heard the report of a revolver in camp. The thought struck us that we should return to camp, so we started back to the wagons.

At that moment forty Indians with rifles, bows, and arrows and spears came directly toward us from near camp and as fast as their ponies could carry them. They met us after we had traveled about one-half mile toward camp on the level prairie. A French doctor who was one of the six started to the left toward the river. The Indians stopped him and he had to turn back to us. As soon as they came close to us about half of them discharged their rifles at us but luckily missed. In the mean time all our men dismounted.

Immediately after the discharge, the five hastily mounted their horses and we fired at the Indians simultaneously. Asher Newby who served as a captain under the rebel general, Morgan, for two years, was wounded in a hand to hand fight with the Federals, just before Morgan made his raid in Ohio and Newby was captured. Newby then left Kentucky and traveled westward. He and I were in the lead in this Indian fight.

We had a hand to hand fight with the Indians and came out victorious. During the fight my brother George, George Sullivan, and Mr. Nolan came to our assistance on foot. In the midst of the battle Mr. Newby, who was about a half a horse length behind me, was struck in the backbone with a steel pointed arrow. It went in about three inches and struck his left lung. He dropped from his horse as if he were dead. His horse ran on to camp. So did four out of six leaving Newby and me at the mercy of the Indians.

One of the four, E. Butterfield, stopped his horse very suddenly as soon as he got through and handed his double barred shotgun to my brother George, saying it was loaded. George had a fine chance to shoot the Indians, tried but the gun would not shoot. Butterfield who had been a soldier in the Federal army, had shot the loads and in the excitement had forgotten about it.

As soon as I got through the cloud I stopped, looked back and saw the three men on foot close by the Indians, trying to get Mr. Newby. I dismounted, walked back and got Mr. Newby on my horse. He rode on into camp with the arrow sticking in his back, bleeding from the nose and pale as a sheet.

About the time we were getting Mr. Newby from the Indians, 15 men came over the bluff from the wagons to help us, but fearing they would be cut off from the camp, retreated. I suppose if they had not

made their appearance, which slightly checked the Indians. We would have been over powered and left poor Mr. Newby to the mercy of the Indians. They succeeded in getting his revolver and rifle.

The four of us who were left alone on foot, had to get back the best way we could. We kept firing and retreating until we got back safely. While we were going over the divide, (a pass between two hills) the Indians got on a higher plane and cross-fired on us. The bullets blazed past my head, barely missing. The strong wind from the north deviated the course of the bullets.

Immediately after Mr. Newby got back to camp the French doctor tried to take out the arrow but failed. Then Dr. Hall, who had some practice in the army during the Civil War, took it out. He was sick for a few days but recovered.

While we were in the midst of the fight an Indian on his pony about five feet from me was attempting to kill us. I drew my six-shooter on him and his lifeless body. He slumped over the side of his pony and I saw one arm and one leg. I did not shoot him a second time because every moment another dead Indian and I could not waste my ammunition. After we had fought our way through the crowd of Indians and slowed them down, so they could not force themselves upon us to closely. I met my brother and a small man by the name of Nolan who had come from camp to help us. The Indian chief was out in plain sight on his pony, at a long shotgun distance directing the fight. I spoke to Nolan who was close by and told him that the chief was over there on his pony managing the battle and asked him what we should do about it.

With some rough language he ordered, "Put your gun on my shoulder and shoot him." I told him his shoulder was too low to take aim. He said, "Put it on my head then." He stood perfectly still and I took close aim, just as if I was shooting a squirrel. The lifeless body of the chief fell down on the front of his pony, with one arm on either side of the pony's neck and the pony went around the hill and out of sight.

The Indians teach their ponies in battle that if they fall on their neck, rush from the battlefield. Killing the chief checked the Indians, to a great extent, and helped us get back to camp. One of the six in the fight threw a spear at the throat of the chief, and cut off his colorful kerchief and got it. After we reached camp the fighting continued until 3 p. m. when the Indians, having enough, retreated, going back the way they came. The battle commenced at 9 a.m., just after a man was shot through the bowels, dying the next morning at 2 o'clock. Mr. Mills who was out looking for his cow, was killed and scalped by the Indians. The next train following us found his scalp hanging from a tree and they brought it on to Virginia City in Montana territory. They also found his cow.

During the Indian fight about 11 a.m., 15 Indians descended the bluff, went north a mile and a half and killed one of our men who had been out hunting. Then the Indians immediately returned to attack us. After the Indians left, our men found the mangled corpse. Eleven arrows were sticking in the man and a bullet passed through his brain. Another man who had a craving for gold was out prospecting and never returned, and no doubt was killed. Nine of our men lay in the shade of a tree north of us too far away to hear and slept, knowing nothing of the fight until the Indians had left.

Some of our men, cowards, were so alarmed they hid in the wagons, taking their guns with them. Some of which were Sharps Rifles. They would not come out until after the bloody battle. As I soon reached camp I saw several Indians coming around near the oxen on the bank of the Powder River. I asked the commander if I should fire on those fellows. He said, "No, let them go." As soon as his back was turned I fired and the Indians left. Our camp at that time was on the bank of the Powder River, on a small piece of level ground. The oxen were corraled or surrounded by the wagons. Southeast of the camp we went over the divide in search of the man who lost his life and his cow.

After the fight and things quieted down, I went down to the river and saw a well made long beaver dam, a beautiful piece of work. It bowed up the river in the center across Powder River. It was about three or four feet high and made so that the river flowed over the dam in the center. It looked to me as if the beaver's ingenuity in constructing the dam bowing up the river in the center caused the weight of the water to continue to press in, making the dam tighter and giving it more strength.

We traveled on at night the men on guard dug holes in the ground for safety. The next day after the train stopped we saw a man coming toward camp with a red handkerchief tied over his head and he looked like an Indian. I was standing with two or three other men and they urged me to shoot. I refused, and someone else shot and hit his saddle.

The facts of the matter were that this man tied the kerchief on his head and raised his head up over the hill, in sight of a drove of antelope. When the antelope have a curiosity to know what something is, they send up two antelope up closer to investigate. Which sometimes gives a person's system a shock, it is so unusual. The rest of them watch and when the two turn to runback they all turn and quickly run too.

The magnitude of our train was 369 men, 36 women, 56 children, 150 wagons, 636 oxen, 79 horses, and 10 mules, valuation \$130,000. There were also 194 cows. The train could shoot 1,642 times without reloading.

Mr. Bridger, founder of Fort Bridger, was captain of the train on the Bridger route near the Big Horn Mountains. He could talk Indian and he encountered part of the warriors that fought us. They told him they were 200 strong and that we had killed 12 of them and wounded a great many, and they had killed five of us. Counting on their fingers they were wrong. They killed only four of our men. They shot the fifth but he recovered. We judged that the Indians had about 250 Indians.

July 12---Today passed peacefully with no interruptions. I saw 75 Elk in one drove.

July 17---Today the men killed 25 buffalo for the meat supply. Five of us started out hunting. We reached the top of a small hill, we looked down into the valley and saw a very large herd of buffalo, probably 1,000 or 2,000. Two of the men with us were so appalled at the sight that they turned and fled back to camp. Three of us went on. When the buffalo saw us, they passed over a hill on the other side of the valley. The whole hill appeared black with them.

When we went a small distance up a ravine, we heard a buffalo coming toward the ravine. We stopped and waited. When he appeared, it was agreed, that one of the men would fire. The buffalo was shot in the hindquarters. It went a little way and laid down. I had heard that it was impossible to kill a buffalo by shooting him in the head in that great tuff of hair. I got up and went in about 100 feet of the buffalo while he was laying down and shot at the front of his head with a slug ball and it didn't appear to faze him. It only stunned him a little. He got up, and went off to a ravine and laid down. I got within about 12 feet of him, and with my six shooter, I shot him twice.

He madta move, I thought he was after me and I ran my best to climb a tree, looked back and did not see him coming. I went back cautiously and found him dead. The other men came up there and we talked it over and concluded it was a tuff old buffalo and left him there for the wolves.

July 20---We had a serious time in crossing the Big Horn River. One wagon was carried down stream, but was saved. In leading the oxen across I grabbed the rope that was thrown to me, but under I went, after regaining a foot hold I came on across.

July 21---There was a discussion in the train, 50 wagons went on. We prospected a day or two and the next day started on. I was elected, orderly sergeant of the remaining train of 100 wagons. Mr. Townson was captain.

July 24---Camped on the banks of the Yellowstone River.

July 27---Came into the Bridger road.

July 29---Twenty of us started to Charles Fork. The first day we came to a Beaver dam on a creek, that was about six feet high, in a gulch. Afterwards we were traveling along and the man ahead came running back, he was pale, said he saw a grizzly bear, as big as an ox, standing on his hind feet. When we reached the place the bear was gone, we fired at its cub but it got away from us.

The next day I was very ill from dysentery and being unable to travel. The train was held-up until I was able to travel. While I lying on the ground, I requested one of the men to make some wild rose tea. The wild roses were blooming near the creek. I drank quite a lot of it. Before to long I was able to be on my feet as well as the rest.

The next day we discovered a large cinnamon bear down in the willows. An old fellow who had been to California bantered someone to slide down in the willows, which was on a steep bank about twelve feet and fight the bear. He asked different ones and finally came to me. I had never backed down on anything during the whole trip and did not want to commence now. I said, "Sure, I will go." So we, three men with revolvers and knives, slid down the bank and saw the bear's den to the left of us. When we came within eight feet of the bear, he made a big noise and we thought he was coming onto us. My legs wanted to take me up the bank, but my promise was out and we stood firm, the big bear passed in front of us and ran away.

The next day we arrived at Clark's Fort, 60 miles distant, prospected, found gold all right, but not enough to pay. My feet were blistered and hurt me to walk. I put my feet in the icy cold stream, which relieved them, to a great extent.

Now we were out of grub and had to walk 60 miles to get to camp. We started early, killed an antelope, and there being 20 of us with big appetites, we fried it on the coals and ate it to the last bite. That was our last meal. That same day one of our men, a blacksmith from a northern state, having sore feet and badly discouraged wanted us to go on and leave him to die. We would not do such a thing. I scolded him and tried to get him to come with us, but to no avail. Finally we lifted him on one of the horses and took him along.

In the after noon we disputed as to the right way to camp. I contended for one way but most of them wanted to go another way. I persuaded four or five men to go with me. One was the blacksmith. While traveling along we saw a beautiful sight of about 75 elk on a small knoll just before sun down, grazing directly at us. I wanted to kill one but the others said, "let's go on." We traveled until dark, then we all laid down to sleep.

The next morning while frying a fish, which we caught during the day, the crowd that left us the day before came to us. They had traveled all night so there was only a taste of fish for each one of us. We were only a short distance from camp and one of the men let the ones at camp know and they brought us in.

Another party of 20 men went out prospecting and they met a gang of 400 Indians and rushed back to camp. We were camped on the Rosebud River, and during the night of August 4, Joseph Cotterel had \$35 stolen. They suspected John Davidson, he was arrested and brought before me. I was the judge

advocate. A jury was selected and a trial was to take place the following Saturday. Before the time arrived the prosecution, fearing blood shed, withdrew the suit.

Aug 13---Came to the Yellowstone River again. Found an old man, an artist, painting a scene of the river. Had him paint me one, the scene was so beautiful. Mr. Donaldson accidentally shot himself, he was buried on a high bluff over looking the river.

Aug 15---Crossed Yellowstone River, water was quite swift.

Aug 19---We had wild strawberries today, they were fine flavored. We came out of the mountains and behind the Gallatan Valley with the Gallatan River running through it. It was a very fertile valley, with pleasant farms. A good deal of vegetables and grain raised here. It is 70 miles to Virginia City.

Aug 25---Arrived at Virginia City, I had mountain fever, was so ill and homesick decided to return home, Via Yellowstone and the Missouri River.

Oct 2---I left Virginia City, waiting five days for the boats to be ready.

Oct 11---The Yellowstone River ran down the mountains and to look ahead of us, we could see the mountains but could not see the opening through where the river ran. After traveling about one day on the boat, we came to a place where there were huge rocks and the waves dashing high. After passing through it, we could look back and only see the boat part of the time. One boat struck a huge rock and slid over it. The hind part of the boat dipped into the water. Another boat at that moment passed, the men jumped onto it, saving their lives, but lost everything in the boat. After this hazardous experience, part of the crew wanted to go back to Virginia City. They wanted their money back that they had paid to make the trip, but the owner of the boats and equipment refused to pay it back.

They appointed a committee of which I was one, to interview the owner of the boat. To get him to pay back the money or take it by force He would put his hand in his pocket as though he was going to get out the money and then refuse. By strong persuasion, he finally handed over the money.

The difficulty was who was going to take care of the parties who had lost everything in the boat. Each taking a small part of the responsibility we finally got the matter settled.

Oct. 17--One of the boats struck a rock and sprung a leak. The crew pulled for shore and saved the luggage.

Oct 18---Today we traveled seventy miles down stream.

Oct 19---We traveled seventy-five miles down stream.

Oct 20---Our boat, War Eagle, passed a whole fleet of 14 boats except the one named Mountain Trout. We chased her a few miles then pulled to shore and went hunting. Mr. Bond and I each killed a large mountain sheep, would weigh 250 pounds dressed. Each had horns 15 inches in circumference next to the head. Loaded our catch into the boat, got in and rowed four miles killed a black-tailed deer. Loaded that into the boat and went on until after dark when we ran into a fallen treetop. We got out of that, ran into a snag and nearly up set, got off, pulled for shore and camped until morning.

Oct 22---At 11 a.m. struck a rock and came near upsetting. Crew killed three buffalo, got two, one sunk. Shot them while were crossing the river. Yesterday and part of today we are crossing over the rapids, being very dangerous. We met with many narrow escapes. The water was so swift sometimes we were traveling at railroad speed. One rapid was seven miles long. In going down it some time, the bow

would be ahead and sometimes the stern, at the mercy of the breakers. Provisions were lost and some of the crew was begging for flour. Some ran out of tobacco and became very ugly and troublesome, cursing and swearing at every little thing.

Two of the men kept quarreling continually and about had a fight. The boat landed and let them out on land to finish the scrap. One man knocked the other down, jumped on him, the one under whirled the one on top under, blackened his eye, beat him up. They finally landed in the boat, one with his head bandaged. They settled the trouble and still no tobacco.

Oct 23---Today at noon we ate our last piece of bread. We have nothing to eat only fresh meat and no salt. I was sick, exhausted and unable to row. About 2 a.m. a buffalo came to my bed. I fired at him, but missed.

Oct 24---Here I sit by the fire with an empty stomach and with teeth too sore to chew the buffalo meat. I sure would very much like to have a picture of the situation. When a lot of us men in the cold sitting around a big camp fire, with our undershirts off and picking the big greybacks off before going to bed, so we could sleep.

Oct 25---Our flour being all gone, we have nothing to do but get up and start (hungry) which we did before daylight. We still have no idea how far it is to the Missouri River. Before we came to the rapids we had heard about the beautiful scenery, then our eyes beheld the most beautiful phenomena. At the waters edge the banks were lined with fine grain yellow rock in layers from 10 to 20 feet thick and made a face of perpendicular wall 400 feet high. It would be splendid for building purposes. I think the river must have derived its name, Yellowstone.

Today at 2 o'clock we came to a house on the bank, the first we had seen in 700 miles. A trapper lived there. He was trapping for the American Fur Company. We got some discarded molded meal, ate it and thought it was delicious, as we were all starved, this is ten miles from Fort Union.

Oct 26---Here I sit in the captain's office in Fort Union on the banks of the Missouri River. Fort Union, is en-closed by poles 20 feet high. A soldier told me when they were fighting Indians on the plains near the Fort that they killed an Indian in plain sight. Another Indian came riding in, checked his pony's gait a little, reached down to the ground, grabbed the dead Indian, pulled him up on the pony and escaped. Came to the river last night after dark, ate a piece of meat without salt or anything else and went to bed. This morning we went up to the Fort and they gave us a square meal.

Oct 27---Bought provisions, paid 15 cents a pound for flour and started on our way. Our fleet now consists of 12 boats and 66 men. General Sully was fighting the Indians (Sioux) here or near here. He killed 400 and burned 400 wigwams with all their meat and robes. He poisoned large boxes of crackers and retreated. They said, the crackers killed more Indians than bullets.

Oct 29---Came to a party of Grovonds, they raised the white flag and appeared to be friendly. Two men in a rage got out of the boat, Mountain Trout, and had a very severe fight, which taken in hand, and soon settled.

Oct 30---Today our paddles worked lively from daylight until dark. The scenery was beautiful but rugged. We saw several Indians but they did not attack.

Oct 31---Arrived at Fort Burthold at noon a distance of 320 miles. There are 50 soldiers stationed here. Fort Union and Fort Burthold are both located on the north side of the river. As I stated before Fort Union is en-closed with upright planks or poles 20 feet high. Fort Burthold is en-closed with

log buildings. Last night a boat sprang a leak and sank. All the freight was soaked. This morning the company got her out of the water, corked her and made her ready for sailing. There is an Indian graveyard here at Fort Burthold, which is a horrible sight to any civilized person. Some of the Indians were buried in the ground, some lay on scaffolds wrapped in Indian blankets. The ground had many skulls and bones strewn around.

Nov 2---This morning the crew of the Montana boat evacuated because of a leakage. They divided and the other boats took them in. After leaving Fort Burthold a friendly Indian on the bank raised his fist and made a definite motion over his fist with his other hand. None of us knew what he was trying to tell us. He meant we would pass two mountains before coming to the fighting tribe.

Today we came within sight of them. At first appeared friendly and told us to stop they started firing when we were within 10 rods of them. Two dropped from our guns. The Indians concentrated below. We, seeing the number increasing rapidly concluded to meet at once. When we approached the chief beckoned us to go on. As soon as we were opposite them they began firing again but they did not injure us. We found arrows and balls (bullets), from slingshots in our boats. One arrow stuck in a man's collar. They were the Sioux in the painted woods. Above the place where we had the fight a good there are many Indians buried, and some are laid up in the forks of the trees.

Nov. 4 (1864)---Last night we camped 1 1/2 miles from Fort Rice on the opposite of the river. About nine o'clock a company of soldiers called to us. We told them who we were and they returned to the Fort. Next morning they told us they thought we were Indians and they were about ready to fire, when a friendly Indian with them told them that was a white man's fire so they quit. Fort Rice is on the right-bank enclosed with buildings built in 1864. There are 600 soldier's at the Fort, also a government sawmill. Last night my mess box burned up (set to near the campfire) and all that was in it. Distance from Fort Burthold is 200 miles.

Nov 7---9a.m. Here I sit on the bank of the river half-frozen and half burning and the river too rough for boat travel. A few Yankton Sioux are here and they want to sell us buffalo meat. Last night we crossed the river on the waves and camped.

Nov 8---It is very, very cold. We traveled with the cakes of ice. This morning the river is full of ice.

Nov 9---Yesterday at noon the wind raised so high we disembarked and ate our dinner while the rain was blowing tremendous. About 2 p.m. the wind had gone down somewhat we started for this side of the river and got here safely over the waves and through the cakes of ice. We are camped in a canyon where the wind doesn't strike us.

Nov 10---Yesterday morning five of us men left the boat to walk a short distance, got lost and they did not find us until today at 11 a.m. They were traveling about all night and when they found us, they were somewhat hungry.

Nov 11---It is more pleasant traveling to day. We started at daylight. The cakes of ice, which were thick enough to carry a man, are not so numerous today.

Nov 12---Here I sit in the commissioner's office waiting for grub. While here bought a pair of moccasins. Fort Sully, is surrounded by log buildings and is on the left bank of the river. Three camps of soldiers are here. Fort Sully, was built in 1863. I ate a fine meal at the doctor's office. Today while at the fort the lady crew, 10 men and 2 women, came to the fort on Indian ponies. Forty miles up the river their

boat became clogged, among the cakes of ice. The crew succeeded in getting ashore on the cakes of ice. Gave the Indians \$5 to take them to the fort on their ponies.

Nov 13---Started yesterday at daylight and traveled until 10 p.m. We started this morning at daylight and arrived at Fort Thomas at 9a.m. Last night it was so bitterly cold, I had to get up and start a fire. Fort Thomas, was built in 1864, and has frame buildings and is painted. It is en-closed with cedar post. Has one company of soldiers here. Near here is camped a band of Indians, between 2,000 and 3,000. They are friendly. Distance to Fort Sully about 10 miles. We have been traveling from 70 to 90 miles a day.

Nov 15---Today is so cold that keeping warm is impossible. Our feet have been frozen.

Nov 17---Arrived at Fort Randall, and bought a pair of boots here. This Fort is on the right-bank of the river, not enclosed. There are five companies of soldiers here. Distance to Fort Thomas 136 miles. Today when we got ten miles from the Fort, we took the wrong channel, got into a pocket, had to push the boat upstream 40 rods. Went three miles farther and came to Yanktown, ate dinner there, traveled on in the cold blistering wind.

Nov 18---Twelve o'clock arrived at Yanktown, the capitol of Dakota Territory. This is on the left bank, built in 1864, 300 inhabitants here. Yankton was built at the northern edge of a beautiful valley. Here we left the boats after a hazardous voyage of 2,000 miles.

Nov 21---Arrived at the Big Sioux River last night when there was no ice on the river. During the night it turned so cold I walked across the river on the ice.

Dec 16---At home at last. Folks were well and happy to see me. I stopped in Sioux, Iowa for a few days. Five of us hired a man to take us to Nevada, Iowa, the terminus of the railroad, distance 200 miles.

ANOTHER TRIP

BY THOMAS J. BRUNDAGE

THE JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA, VIA NICARAGUA

Feb. 6, 1865---Started from home, stopped at Vanadaigna ten days. My brother Ben and I embarked from New York City on board the steamship Western Metropolis, for San Francisco, on the Feb. 20th 1865.

Feb. 27---It is rough and windy. Last night we passed the island of Cuba.

March 1---Early this morning a passenger died. At 11 a. m., the captain read a passage of scripture, and the man was buried in a watery grave.

Mar 3---Sunday. Arrived at the harbor of Greytown, Central America, last Friday. In the morning we came near Graytown but it being foggy the captain did not know it and went 30 miles down the coast looking for it then returned. The contrast between this place and New York exceeds the power of the pen to express. In New York snow was three feet on the level, while every thing here is lovely and

green. This morning all the passengers left the ship. Passengers and baggage were taken to the beach in skiffs rowed by natives. It was rough and dangerous getting to shore.

Last night one of the passengers and the second steward had a fight. The passenger shot at him with a revolver but missed. I was standing by when they were fighting, the man had a six shooter the steward was trying to get. Greytown looks like a pleasant place. There are several stores here. Started by the San Juan river at 4:30 p. m.

Mar 7---Here I sit on the bank with the rest of the passengers waiting for the Tiger Lily to get over a sand bar. We are close to a rubber tree. It is eight feet in diameter. It is what they make India rubber from. Last night passed over the last sandbar and traveled all night. We were three days going 25 miles. Thursday morning arrived at the rapids, it is now 2:30 p. m. and we are here yet. Last night as the boat got to the rapids struck a rock and sunk. Passengers and baggage were saved. Last night I went into the timber and picked oranges and pineapples. I am now sitting in a little town called Castilla Rapids. Castilla is also at the foot of a high bluff on which is located Fort Castilla, it is firmly built.

March 10---Started from Castilla this morning at 6 o'clock, traveled up the river 10 miles. Came to a rapid, disembarked, walked two miles, embarked and in the evening boarded a lake boat. We crossed the lake last Friday night, then disembarked at Virgin Bay. The next morning crossed the mountains, distance 12 miles, and arrived at San Juan at noon, embarked on the steamship Moses Taylor in the evening. We crossed the mountains in omnibusses. While doing so a passenger drew his revolver on a native and has to pay a fine of \$24 in gold.

March 19---Last night we left the Gulf of California and passed Cape San Lucas. At one p.m. we were close to the island of Santa Margareta where the ship Independence was wrecked and 125 passengers were lost. They just buried a man under the form of Catholicism. He died this morning.

March 24, Friday---Arrived last night at San Francisco, at 9 o'clock and lodge at the Brooklyn Hotel.

This diary is in the possession of his great grandson,