EPIC
OF THE OVERLAND

BY

ROBERT LARDIN FULTON

WITH SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

DR. HERBERT WYNFORD HILL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

SAN FRANCISCO

A. M. ROBERTSON

MCMXXIV

THE JOINING OF THE CENTRAL AND UNION PACIFIC RAILROADS, PROMONTORY SUMMIT, MAY 10, 1869.

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ROBERT LARDIN FULTON.

ROBERT LARDIN FULTON

By Dr. Herbert Wynford Hill

Robert L. Fulton was born at Ashland, Ohio, March 6, 1847 of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He received his education in the common schools of the State and in the University of life. Gifted with keen powers of observation and impelled by a vivid intellectual curiosity, until the day of his death he sought learning covering a wide range of subjects. This learning ripening into wisdom he applied to the tasks set him by necessity and to the larger task of upbuilding his beloved West.

At an early age he decided upon a business career, and after a short period as clerk in a store he entered the service of the Erie Railroad as a telegraph operator. In this field he advanced rapidly to the position of conductor. At this time a group of farseeing men had started the construction of a railroad to the Pacific Ocean. He saw here a splendid opportunity and hastened to volunteer his services. He was given a position as train dispatcher, a position he held until the completion of the road.

When the road was finished he accepted a position with the company as land agent. In this capacity he had in his charge the examination and settlement of the railroad lands from Colfax to Ogden. Here was the work for which he was preeminently fitted and he went to work with a will. He published a newspaper for a number of years, he delivered addresses throughout the State and before societies and associations, and he wrote many articles setting forth the advantages of the West. The best known of his articles was the one published in the New York Tribune, under the title, "Eloquent Plea—Nevada Only Assailed by Ignorance." But his work was not merely the advertising of the State. He helped in reclamation projects large and small, encouraged better farming methods, and vigorously supported the extension of educational privileges.

He took an active part in the political affairs of the State particularly where moral issues were concerned. In 1889 he led the fight against the Louisiana Lottery Bill which had been passed by the Legislature, and succeeded in getting it voted down by the people. Again when the same bill came up in 1901 he led the fight to a successful finish. Later he took a prominent part in the pass-

ing of the measure prohibiting all percentage games in the state.

For forty-five years his fortunes were closely bound up with the fortunes of Nevada. His wide experience, his richly stored memory and inimitable gift for expression made him a dominant figure wherever he went. In a review of the life and character of Robert Fulton the outstanding feature is his splendid personality. This personality impressed itself in a thousand ways upon his intimate friends and the State at large. He will long be remembered as a public spirited citizen, shaper of the destinies of the Commonwealth, and delightful friend.

FOREWORD

In the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight I made my way to the Far West where two great armies of men were engaged in building the first Overland Railroad through the Rocky Mountains and across the Salt Lake Desert. They were driving ahead with all possible speed, one east from California, the other west from the Missouri River, each one trying to lay as many miles of track as possible before their rails should meet.

The history of this great enterprise has been written so often and so well that the most any one can hope to do at this late day is to throw side-lights upon the times or upon individuals, but even these are too precious to be lost.

No attempt will be made by me to supplant or discredit any of the accounts already current, nor to make a complete historical record. Rather will I endeavor to rescue from the scrap heap materials hitherto unpublished, and to preserve personal reminiscences more or less pertinent. Coming to the new West at its magic hour I spent the exciting years of construction in the Union Pacific ser-

vice, crossing to the Pacific side when the heroics ended and the daily, dull routine began, and serving with the Central in California, Nevada, and Utah until the weight of years retired me to the Veteran Corps. Too late to rank with the pioneers I arrived in the height of their activities early enough to know them and to have a share in their work. I had been thrown into the mill about the time when I should have entered high school and had been telegraph operator, station agent, brakeman, conductor, and train dispatcher before I could vote, and in the new field I fell naturally into my place in the ranks, soon being in position to know everybody and see everything.

It would be almost impossible for this generation to picture the Western America of the days just preceding the civil war, the period when the agitation for an Overland railroad began. It was an open, empty, undeveloped empire, without an organized state or a mile of railroad, and with hardly a permanent settlement outside of the Mormon Church, between Iowa and California. Nebraska Territory stretched from the Missouri River to Utah with a scanty population scattered along its eastern border. Dakota and Washington extended from the head-waters of the Mississippi to the

The Pacific Railroad was mentioned as in a class with the flying machine, perpetual motion, and a trip to the moon until in the year 1836 John Plumbe, a civil engineer of Dubuque, Iowa, called a public meeting to consider the subject and it was never again entirely lost sight of. All through the next decade, A. C. Whitney, a tea merchant who had lived many years in China agitated the question, making many suggestions of more or less merit, one of which was that Congress donate seventy-eight million acres of public land. Another party asked for a bonus of a hundred million dollars, another for a right of way ten miles wide, the railroad to be built through the center, and still another for a right of way one mile wide with money to build the road.

The first practical measure was the bill of Senator Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, passed in 1853, making an appropriation for the examination of three different routes under the direction of the Secretary of War, who at the time happened to be Jefferson Davis, afterwards President of the Southern Confederacy. About this time the government paid Mexico ten million dollars for the Gadsen Purchase, a tract of land along the southern border of Arizona, giving the United States a route

to California entirely within her own borders, open winter and summer. Secretary Davis was a violent partisan of the Southern Route as against one farther north. His enemies have charged that he foresaw the civil war and conceived the idea that a railroad to the Pacific Coast would unite California with the South in case a conflict came about. He imported a cargo of camels with their dragomen to hurry the surveys across the Arizona deserts. Many of them died while others scattered out, some of them reaching the mines where they were used to pack wood from the hills, or hay from the ranches. A caravan of camels each with a haystack on its back created havoc among the big mule teams whenever they met on the grades, so the council of Virginia City, Nevada, passed a law that no camel train should come into town by daylight.

It is significant that with all the surveys made by the war department no mention was made of the great central route which offered by far the shortest and cheapest line. It was found by the buffalo eons ago, used by the Indians for centuries, by the Mormons, and later by the thousands of trains of California and Oregon pioneers. It was the great Platte Valley-Salt Lake Trail, on or near

which the first Overland railroad was built and which promises to be forever the principal highway across the continent. The persistence of two determined men, Judah of the Pacific Coast and Dodge of Iowa, demonstrated its superiority and secured its adoption.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC was first in the field by two years, and had built thirty-eight miles of road, with trains running to Newcastle before the Union Pacific laid a rail.

Theodore D. Judah, a Connecticut Yankee, son of an Episcopal minister, made the very first move. He had come West in the year 1854 to act as construction engineer for L. L. and J. F. Robinson, who were engaged in building the first railroad in California, the Sacramento Valley. This was completed to Folsom on February 3, 1856, after which, and before the Overland railroad was seriously thought of, Judah had projected schemes, running lines here and there in the endeavor to arrive at something tangible.

The idea of a transcontinental railroad began to take form when he called a meeting to be held at the St. George Hotel in Sacramento. It was attended by A. P. Catlin, his attorney, Charles Marsh of Nevada City, B. F. Leete, one of Judah's surveyors, Robinson brothers, and a few others

whom he had urged to be present, but nothing came of it.

In the year 1859 Dr. D. W. Strong of Dutch Flat in Placer County began a search for a possible wagon road across the summit, with a view to diverting some of the Overland travel from the older routes and bringing it through his home town. He soon found that there was a natural grade down a continuous ridge all the way from the Summit to the Sacramento Valley just where it was needed to serve his purpose.

About this time he heard of Judah, who was surveying in the Tehachapi country in search of a pass for a railroad. Dr. Strong sent word to him at once that he believed he knew such a pass, whereupon Judah took the stage for Dutch Flat to investigate. On his arrival the two men started up the trail on horseback with no road except the track made by the Donner party a dozen years before, which they followed to the summit.

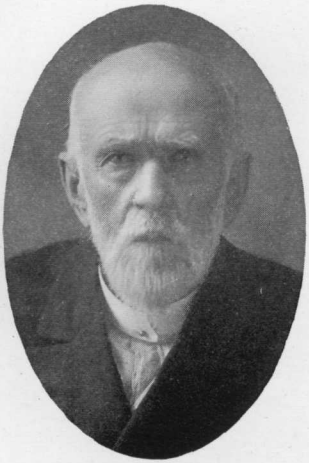
When he met Dr. Strong and began the agitation for a through railroad to the East the Robinsons objected and terminated Judah's connection with their road. However he kept up his study of the mountains, searching for the best pass through which he might reach the Nevada State Line and

the open desert beyond. He had a light wagon drawn by one horse, an aneroid barometer, a compass and an odometer. Thus equipped he crossed and recrossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains twenty-three times on foot, on horseback, or with his little one-horse wagon.

By the time the surveys had reached a stage that showed a feasible route Judah became obsessed with the idea of an Overland railroad which grew upon him to the exclusion of everything else. Leete says he was sure to go to Washington every time Congress met if he had money enough to pay his fare, talking "Overland" all the way over and back to every one who would listen.

He prevailed upon the Legislature of California to call a convention to meet in September, 1859, to be composed of delegates from Oregon, Arizona, Nevada, and California to discuss the Overland Railroad question. Nothing came of it so it adjourned to meet again in February, 1860. Huntington attended the convention but said nothing. After another meeting he called Judah in and said to him, "You first must have funds to demonstrate the merits of your scheme and lay a substantial foundation, then the public will support it sufficiently to bring appropriations or bounties from

state, national, county and city bodies as well as private capital." Huntington offered to secure a fund of thirty-five thousand dollars from seven men to enable Judah to make a survey over the mountains to the Nevada State Line. The men he mentioned were himself, Mark Hopkins, Charles Marsh, James Bailey, Lewis A. Booth, Charles Crocker, and Governor Stanford. With this substantial encouragement Judah, on June 27th, 1861, incorporated "The Central Pacific Company of California," with Leland Stanford as President; C. P. Huntington, Vice President; Mark Hopkins, Treasurer; James Bailey, Secretary; T. D. Judah, Chief Engineer; with Charles Crocker, D. W. Strong, Charles Marsh, and L. A. Booth as the other four directors. James Bailey, a jeweler in Sacramento, was the richest man of the whole party and it was he who had financed Judah up to that time. Marsh lived in Nevada City where he had interests in mines and water companies. Lew Booth, who had a large grocery store on J Street, Sacramento, was a cousin of Newton Booth, afterwards Governor of California, and United States Senator. Dr. Strong practiced medicine over a widely extended mining region in the mountains.



B. F. LEETE.

THEODORE D. JUDAH.

Judah sailed from Sacramento on October 10, 1861, for the city of Washington to secure government aid for the proposed railroad, taking James Bailey with him. He spent the winter and spring actively canvassing for the support of Congress and the administration. He was successful beyond his fondest hopes and telegraphed to his associates in Sacramento, "We have drawn the elephant; now let us see if we can harness him up." He referred to the fact that on July 1, 1862, President Lincoln had signed a bill creating the Union Pacific Railroad Company, to build a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the west line of the State of Nevada; and the Central Pacific Railroad of California, to build from the head of navigation on the Sacramento River to the eastern boundary of the State, where they were to meet, on or before the end of the year 1874. A subsidy of ten sections of land and of bonds to the amount of sixteen thousand dollars to the mile was granted.

Returning to California in August, 1862, with this, as he termed it, unexpectedly favorable bill Judah went immediately to work making careful surveys for the road. And now in this year of grace, 1920, the sole survivor of this party is Ben-

jamin Franklin Leete, whom I have known intimately for many years and who has given me free access to his library containing pamphlets and papers, maps and records of the most interesting character.

For the last fifty years he has made his home in Reno, Nevada, and now at the age of ninety recalls Mr. Judah perfectly, whom he describes as a very slight man not over five-feet-five or six and never weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. The two men were friends in their youth, working on adjoining divisions of the New York Central Railroad. Leete specialized on bridges and has some notable structures to his credit.

Ground was broken at Sacramento on January 8, 1863, Governor Stanford throwing the first spadeful while Turton & Knox began unloading big four-horse wagon loads of dirt to make the grade.

The first locomotive came from the shop of Richard Norris & Sons of Lancaster, Pa., and was unloaded from the ship on March 10. She was named "Governor Stanford" and is now in the museum of Stanford University at Palo Alto.

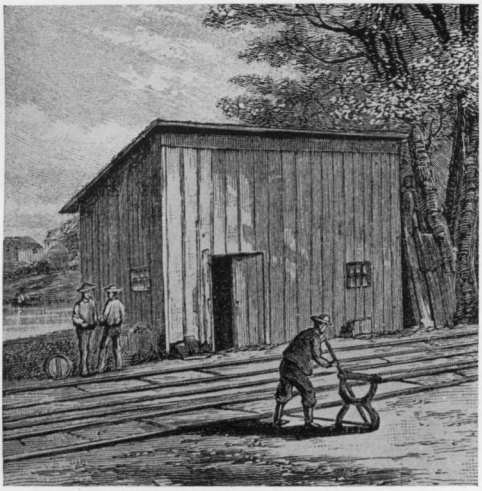
As soon as the road showed signs of real life people already entrenched foresaw the danger

threatening them. It required no prophet to convince business men of California that a railroad connection with the East would immediately and permanently revolutionize in many ways the commerce of the Coast, eliminating many profitable enterprises, crippling others and bringing in many new ones. Those most directly to be affected took alarm, opening war on the new company in the effort to cripple it financially, so as to defeat or at least delay the building of the road. Money commanded from two to three per cent per month interest, and capitalists declined to invest in what promised to be a doubtful scheme which even if carried through would not pay so well. Violent attacks were made upon the men promoting it and the credit of the road was assailed before a rail was laid. It was called the Dutch Flat Swindle by men who declared that there was no possibility of its ever reaching further than the snow line, or getting anything except the local Washoe travel. The Sierras were declared to be impassable, the snowfall prohibitory, and the directors crazy.

The telegraph company foresaw a rival, the Sitka Ice Company, the California Steam Navigation Company, the Pacific Mail, Wells Fargo & Company, the Sacramento Valley Railroad, and all

the big stage lines read their doom. They set to work making combinations, influencing the press, coercing the banks and trying to prove the undertaking either a fraud or a farce. Men in the bank parlors said to customers, "Don't have anything to do with those men, Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker. Don't put your money into their schemes. They are bound to come to grief. Nobody in the world can put that road through." The effect was to make it impossible to raise money on the Coast, even to get a start. Huntington went to New York and trudged the streets begging men to listen to him and for a year he almost lived on the trains between New York, Washington, and Boston, while his associates combed the Coast from end to end for any little subscription they could get.

Their financial affairs were described about this time by Governor Stanford as being very uncertain. He said: "We were compelled to rely entirely upon our own resources until we had built the first thirty-one miles, when we could use funds pledged by different branches of government. The State of California had guaranteed the interest but not the principal on a million and a half of our seven-per-cent bonds and we had subscriptions



THE FIRST OFFICE OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.
From an old print.

from Placer County for $200,000 in bonds. Sacramento County gave us $400,000, while San Francisco pledged us $600,000. Her citizens took none of our stock, but on the contrary opposed the subscription so strenuously that we were forced to apply to the courts before they would recognize it at all, and even then we compromised for $400,000 after a delay which crippled us seriously. If we could have saved the year they kept us back we would have built the road to Cheyenne instead of only to Ogden, and that would have given San Francisco control of the trade of Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and part of that of Colorado and Montana. The fact is that Virginia City, the little mining town in Nevada, bought more of our stock than did the whole city of San Francisco."

The only hope left was that additional subsidies from the general government might be secured, and as a last resort Judah started again for Washington in an endeavor to promote legislation to that end.

B. F. Leete, who was chief assistant to Judah at that time, says an appropriation of $200,000 made by the State of California was far from sufficient to carry the enterprise through the first stage. The directors adopted an astute plan to make it im-

mediately effective in a much greater volume. They calculated the amount of bonds on which this $200,000 would pay good interest and found that it would amount to a million and a half dollars. So they induced the State of California to modify the contribution and make a guarantee of the interest of a million and a half dollars of the company's bond in lieu of paying them the $200,000. With this guarantee the bonds were placed in New York and the proceeds carried them to the end of the first thirty-one miles on which the fate of the road depended. When this was gone and no more subscriptions could be secured the board agreed with Judah that he should go East and make the attempt to secure additional subsidies or in the failure of that to get up a company of financiers able to build from the East to the California coast. The bargain was that if Judah succeeded each one of his associates would receive $100,000 in cash in exchange for all their rights and interests and retire. If, however, Judah should fail, then the company would go as far as it was able, working up the Nevada traffic, and give Judah $100,000 in their bonds.

An unsigned story in the annual report of the Territorial Pioneers Society says in substance that

the bitter opposition encountered by the company led the board of directors away from Judah's vision of an Overland Railroad and caused them to concentrate on building to the snow line on the western slope of the Sierras with a stage road to the new mines in Nevada, which were developing wonderfully, with a vast freight and passenger business carried at fabulously high rates. Judah opposed the move with all his power and refused to join them, so they bought his stock for a hundred thousand dollars and he retired. Then he opened negotiations with eastern parties, presumably Dr. Durant and others of the Union Pacific for the continuation of their road from the East.

Whether this anonymous writer told the truth or not the Central Pacific Company did take over the Donner Lake wagon road which Dr. Strong had begun and they took his engineer, Sam S. Montague and made him chief engineer of their road as successor to Judah. R. H. Pratt was put in charge and made a magnificent highway from Dutch Flat to the Nevada State line, stocking it with blooded horses that dashed across the mountains on the run, with fine stages that carried the passengers from the end of the railroad to Virginia City. It developed a business of a million a year with

freight teams in an unbroken line three and four miles long at a stretch. The road was abandoned after the track was laid and Mr. Pratt made one of the managing officers of the railroad.

By this time there was a change in public sentiment in the East, as the people began to realize the great importance of building the road, which was to unite the nation. A bill was passed doubling the subsidies granted two years before, and at the same time permitting the companies to issue first mortgage bonds which should take precedence over the bonds of the United States, making it a first mortgage and the lien of the government a second mortgage. It was signed July 2, 1864.

The same law fixed the subsidy for the first 150 miles across the Sierra Nevada mountains at $48,000 per mile and for the 600 miles across the desert at $32,000 per mile in bonds. These provisions set the enterprise on its feet and money was obtained to meet all its needs.

In the meantime four members of the board had dropped out leaving Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, Hopkins, and Judah to bear the burden.

It would have been impossible to get together five men better fitted for the parts they were destined to play. All were from a long line of

sturdy American ancestry and each one threw his entire energies into the work.

Theodore D. Judah was the outstanding figure; his was the organizing genius, the indomitable courage; his the faith that moved mountains and somewhere in that slight body was hidden the immortal spark that makes the empire builder. It was the irony of fate that he should be carried off by disease just at the peak of fortune, when success had become merely a matter of "carry on."

He was stricken with Panama fever while crossing the Isthmus but continued his journey and died alone at the Astor House, in New York City on November 2, 1863. It was a pathetic ending of a life filled to the last hour with the great ambition which only death itself could conquer. He left no heir and not even a railroad station bears his name but today a dozen great American States are largely indebted to him for their prosperity.

Leland Stanford came to the Pacific Coast in the year 1852. Ten years later he took his seat as Governor of the State of California, ranking with the great war governors of Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. He was the friend of Abraham Lincoln and the statesman of the railroad combine. His second great work was the building of the

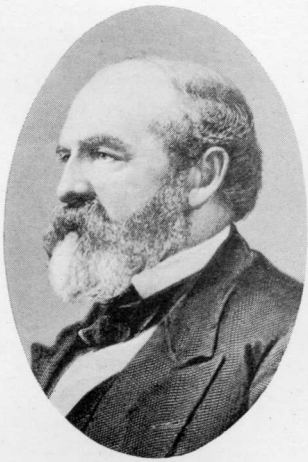
Leland Stanford, Jr., University, now one of the world's great institutions of learning. In build he resembled Brigham Young, with much the same sturdy, enduring powers of mind and body.

Collis Potter Huntington, who took the company's finances in hand, becoming by his successful management a world figure of no mean size, was a giant in strength, both mentally and physically, retaining his grasp upon the affairs of the company up to the last hour of his long life.

At the time of his death he was president of twenty-six corporations owning over nine thousand miles of railroad, besides five thousand miles of steamship lines. His partner, Mark Hopkins, "Uncle Mark" the men called him, was the oldest of the five. Like Huntington he was a '49er and had come from the Eastern States. He combined a rare talent for organization, with the broad vision which made him the balance wheel in all the vast operations of his associates.

Charles Crocker was invaluable to the company, stepping to the front as the managing man in the field, remaining there from the turning of the first earth at Sacramento, until the last spike was driven at Promontory. He bore more than

LELAND STANFORD.
President Central Pacific Railroad.



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON.
Vice-President Central Pacific Railroad.

one man's burden, so heavy that many times it almost broke even his Herculean courage.

His son, William H., in a speech to the pioneers once said he had heard his father say that there had been several times when he would have sold out and given up the struggle for a clean shirt. However, he had a personal attendant who looked after the shirt and did what else he could to protect his master from the importunities of the multitude. For many years Ah Ling was on guard, saluting callers who asked to see Mr. Crocker with a bold inquiry, "You want to see Chollie Clocker? What you want? Me allee same Chollie Clocker." Mr. Crocker was a native of Troy, New York, and had learned the blacksmith trade but followed it only a few years. In 1850 he crossed the plains to California, taking up merchandising, but finding his true vocation when the Central Pacific Railroad engaged his attention.

None of the men was rich. Governor Stanford in a sworn statement to Congress said that in 1862 the fortunes of the four men combined footed up less than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, but with the Yankee grit that has immortalized so many of their kind they undertook the job of the century, and grit carried them through.

As the rolling stock began to arrive, it proved no small task to man the trains. A few skilled men were found, but the main force of engineers was recruited from the saw mills, with stage drivers for conductors and brakemen. The experienced men on the great Eastern systems, hesitated a long time before making so great a change. It became an adage that a man discharged from the Central Pacific was obliged to travel two thousand miles before he could even ask for a new job. Partly because of the isolation and partly because pioneer conditions had brought up a generation of adaptable and capable young men, the company adopted the policy of training its own officials and experts. The wages were the highest paid by any large railroad company in the world, and the results were all that might be expected. The men were like one family, with an *esprit de corps* and an efficiency which would have been reached by no other means. Even today when there is hardly an employee who has not been offered poisoned propaganda by the disciples of discontent, the vast majority take that pride in their work and have that loyalty to the service which gives nobility to toil. Perhaps no greater compliment could be paid to the custom than the fact that the gentlemen

who is now its most successful president, Mr. William Sproule, received his railroad education in the Southern Pacific Company's service.

Nothing like the comradeship that existed between the railroad officials and the rank and file of the general public was ever found in the East. There the lines were sharply drawn between the magnates and the people. Even with the Union Pacific it was much the same. Its policies were dictated from Boston and New York, a thousand or two miles away, while the headquarters of the Central Pacific were in the little city of Sacramento, the capitol of California, right in the heart of things. Its promoters were pioneers who had partaken of the common fare and shared the common burdens. Men called each other by their first names and valued their neighbors for their real worth and not for social distinction. Contracts, large or small were as often carried out by word of mouth as by written instruments. J. H. Strobridge built thirty miles on a verbal agreement with Stanford while Crocker was absent in Europe. The Governor failed to remember the exact details so Strobridge stated the terms of the contract and Crocker said, "That's all right." Once when they were struggling to get round the first lap, they

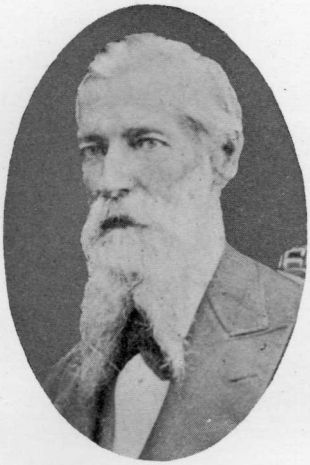
reached the end of their resources and Hopkins explained to Ben R. Crocker, a well-to-do forty-niner, that unless they could get thirty-one miles of track built by a certain time they would have to give up, losing all their work as well as all their means. Without help they could not build another rod. Crocker was not of Charles Crocker's family, but he was their last hope. He threw open the door of his safe and said "Help yourself. I am not interested in the railroad but I am the friend of all you men who are." Hopkins offered his note as security, but Ben said, "I don't want a note. Go on and build your road, then you can pay. If you don't build it your note will not be worth anything." Innumerable instances showed the bonhomie that prevailed. One of the first locomotive engineers lost his life in a wreck at Auburn. His infant son was adopted by Uncle Mark Hopkins and his wife, who gave him all the advantages that belong to wealth and station, so that today he is one of San Francisco's leading financiers and one of California's eminent citizens.

Another case was a large land deal in which I played a small part. Mr. Crocker had financed a stock range at Promontory, for his son and two associates. They very much desired a tract of over

a hundred thousand acres of pasture in the company's grant adjoining theirs. Mr. Crocker parleyed with Governor Stanford over it, off and on for several years, but they failed to agree. One day as they chanced to meet Mr. Crocker brought the subject up, asking for a price. When he did not name one Crocker said, "Send some one to examine it and let us buy it." The Governor said, "All right, suppose we send Fulton out." Crocker said, "All right again. Whatever Fulton says it is worth we will give." The Governor responded, "Whatever Fulton says it is worth we will take," and they did.

When the general offices were moved from Sacramento to San Francisco one fine room was set apart for a private mess or dining room and thirty or forty places were filled daily by heads of departments, their assistants and occasional visitors; a genial company of experts in many lines. Almost any subject might be talked of without reserve and sometimes the freedom was startling. Governor Stanford occupied the seat at the head of the table when present, and questions of grave importance were ventilated as often as lighter ones. The merest chance seemed to turn the conversation and one day Mr. Huntington told how he headed off

Jay Gould's attempt to parallel the Central Pacific from Ogden to San Francisco. As he described it there was a battle royal from start to finish. Sitting not far away I said, "Mr. Huntington, you ought to write a book." Very good naturedly he said, "There are a good many things it would not do to put in a book." Gould often declared that he would not visit California until he could ride across the continent on his own rails. He never visited California. In the contest between the Pennsylvania Company and the Southern Pacific for control of the route to New Orleans, Vice-President Scott's health gave way and an intimate friend said to Mr. Huntington, "You are killing Tom Scott." "You are mistaken," was the answer. "Scott is velvet, while I am gunnysack. He will die and I will live, but I am not killing him." Once he told of standing with Mr. Crocker at the Summit, looking down across the cliffs at Donner Lake, a thousand feet below and up at the cliffs towering far above. That lower level must be reached with the track, and it looked like an impossibility. Huntington said, "I'll tell you what we'll do, Crocker; we will build an enormous elevator right here and run the trains up and down by it." "Oh Lord," said Crocker, "it cannot be done." The level was



MARK HOPKINS
Treasurer Central Pacific Railroad.

CHARLES CROCKER.
Superintendent Construction Central Pacific Railroad.

finally reached by cutting a shelf in the face of the granite cliffs on which the rails were laid, going a long ways around.

During a violent political campaign in which the "Big Four" were accused of extortion, discrimination, and serious crimes, Governor Stanford expounded his philosophy, disclaiming any ambition except to make the Southern Pacific a success. He declared that he had no desire to add to his own fortune, as no matter how much more he gained he could not live any differently, nor provide for the wants of himself or family any more effectually. But it was different with the five thousand stockholders, many of whom were widows, orphans or aged people with no other means of support. Savings banks, insurance companies, and trusts held stock for estates or customers whom they had advised to make the investment and it would betray them as well as larger owners to neglect any fair means of increasing the revenues.

The man selected to administer the Company's land grant forty miles wide and seven hundred and forty-four miles long, was B. B. Redding, one of the wisest and best of men. He was a pioneer and served as Secretary of the State of California while Stanford was Governor. He became the

prophet of the lunch table, always listened to with delight.

Before the road was one year old a very young man entered the freight department and soon became the greatest expert of his generation. He had been in the army as clerk for his father who was the quartermaster of Garfield's regiment, the 42nd Ohio. Mr. Huntington introduced him as "John C. Stubbs, an infant prodigy on traffic." He organized a campaign that literally transferred the ocean freight from the Clipper ships that came around Cape Horn to the cars of the overland railroads. He became traffic director for all the Harriman lines and retired after over forty years of activity. He has returned to his birthplace in Ohio and says that his only connection now with traffic is to sit on his back fence and watch the Erie trains go by.

Of all the multitudes who came and went during the building of the Central Pacific, from Sacramento to Promontory, the only man now alive who was with it from start to finish is James Harvey Strobridge, who was in immediate charge of the grading and track-laying. He was born April 21, 1827, and is now spending a green old age under his own vine and fig tree in Castro Valley, near Haywards, California. Although ninety-three

his faculties are acute, his memory wonderful, and many a middle aged man looks older.

At different times I have visited him and spent hours listening to his intimate stories. Like most men of action he is inclined to repulse the interviewer and can hardly be induced to talk about the great work in which he distinguished himself. We know that he was born on a farm near Albany, Vermont, from a long line of good American ancestry. Early in his career he took up railroad building and in 1844 laid the track into Fitchburg, Massachusetts. For a year he was on the Vermont Central, then took a contract for two miles near Waterville, Connecticut. On January 30th, 1849, he started for San Francisco, via Cape Horn on the sailing vessel *Orpheus*, landing July 8th, 1849. He soon reached the mines at Placerville, digging gold in Coon Hollow. Forty years later he built the railroad into Placerville, crossing this same Coon Hollow on a trestle work 120 feet high.

When the Central Pacific was organized Strobridge became manager of construction, in charge of everything except the department of bridges and buildings, which was under Arthur Brown.

Labor was a serious problem and when the track reached Newcastle, thirty-one miles out

from Sacramento, Chinamen were imported, large numbers being kept busy until the road was finished. As many as eleven thousand of them and three thousand whites with sixteen hundred horses were on the work at one time. The Chinamen never learned to love their Anglo-Saxon overseer. Strobridge was forever rushing them and when a missed hole in a blast at Bloomer Cut caused him to lose an eye the Chinaman said rather regretfully, "Ole man shoot 'em one eye; why no shoot 'em two?"

The Chinamen were paid at the rate of thirty-five dollars per month, the same as the white laborers, but they boarded themselves while the whites lived in the Company's houses without expense.

In the fall of 1866 the snow was very heavy, inquiries convinced the management that the road could not be kept open by any ordinary means. The Sierra Nevada mountains are in a belt that receives one of the heaviest snowfalls on the globe, seventy feet and even more having been known. It was decided to build sheds over the track in exposed places and in the summer of 1867 Arthur Brown planned a system nearly forty miles long. Sawed lumber could not be had in sufficient quan-

tities, so round and hewn timbers were used, the whole work costing two million dollars. Brown was a genius in his line. He built all the bridges, stations, water tanks, snow sheds, section houses, the Oakland terminals, the Stanford, Crocker, and Hopkins mansions in San Francisco; and put up the famous Del Monte Hotel ready for occupancy in ninety days. He had full command and not even the general manager of the road could order over a hundred dollars worth of work in improvements without his approval.

Hardly had the sheds been built before fires broke out, inflicting heavy losses. The long open galleries acted like chimneys, producing a draft of such tremendous force that the flames leaped forward with race horse speed. It became necessary to hold fire trains, stationed one at each end and one at Summit station. Opposite Cisco rises Red Mountain and on the brow, at an elevation of eight thousand feet, a signal station was established where a watchman by night and one by day are constantly on duty, training a powerful telescope on the whole length of the sheds. Any smoke or blaze, brush fire or stroke of lightning is detected instantly, and word sent by telephone to the fire trains.

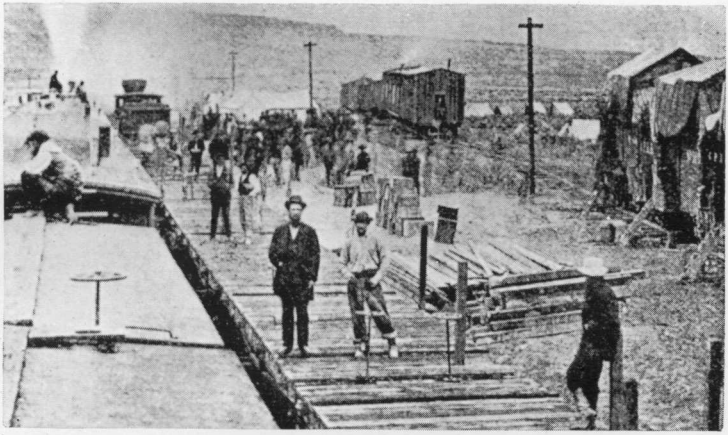
On a bright summer's day the snow sheds display as fine an illumination as can be seen anywhere. Through chance openings in the sides or roof the sunbeams play upon the smoke left by the passing engines until the big beams and massive sides are beautified and glorified beyond description. The whole space between the walls becomes a twisting, whirling mass of vivid blue, purple, yellow, and white.

Strobridge told in graphic phrase of the five years' work. He said, "It took three years to build the road across the Sierras. If the country had been level the road could have been built to Omaha in less time, and for less money, while if built with ordinary exertion the cost would have been seventy per cent less. The orders were to rush construction as fast as men and money would do it. Graders were sent far ahead of the tracklayers as the heavy snows in winter stopped all work except in the tunnels. The men who had been digging on the roadbed were sent across the mountains and even into Nevada Territory where there was not sufficient snow to interfere. Three locomotives were loaded on big sleds at Cisco in the winter of 1867, by W. L. Pritchard, known all over the West as 'Nick of the Woods,' which his teams hauled

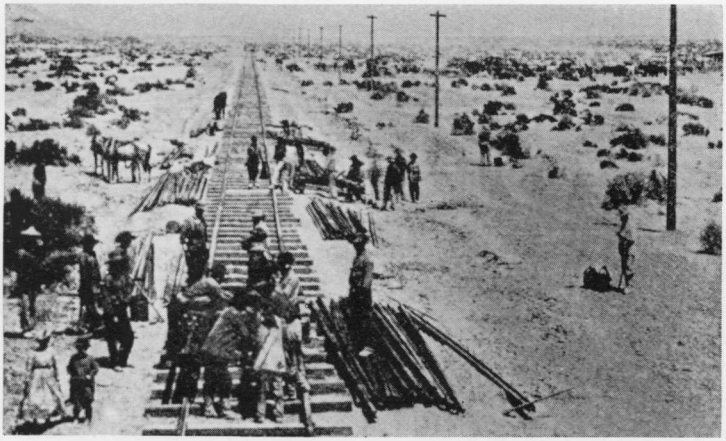
over the summit to Truckee. Twenty flat cars and forty miles of iron were taken over in the same way, so that by the time the Summit tunnel was finished the road was graded to Wadsworth and forty miles of iron laid. The work of digging the Summit tunnel occupied thirteen months and it would have taken much longer but for the fact that a Scotch scientist named Howden came to camp to make nitroglycerine, the first made in America. It was ninety-six per cent pure and he made it as fast as it was needed.

"The act of Congress gave free rights to all timber and lumbermen to cut any trees on government forest land to be used in building the railroad. The same privilege was given woodmen cutting ties, fuel, bridges, timbers for snow sheds, etc. The fuel agent urged the company to secure a supply of wood in advance, large enough to give the engines dry fuel across the desert, but Mr. Huntington objected as the money could not be had at the time. Subsequent events showed the wisdom of the plan. When the road was crossing Nevada the trainmen were at times forced to pull up sagebrush to fire the engines. If there was a wreck that damaged the freight cars they were cut up for engine wood instead of being repaired.

"In 1868-9 we rushed the track through from Wadsworth to Promontory," continued Mr. Strobridge, "a distance of five hundred and fifty-five miles, in ten months with five thousand men. From April, 1868, until May, 1869, eleven hundred miles of iron was laid by the two companies. In crossing the desert water for men and animals was hauled in places for forty miles, while grain, fuel and all supplies came from California. There was not a tree big enough to make a board for five hundred miles. Supplies cost enormously. I sent a wagon load of tools from Wadsworth to Promontory, and the expenses for the team and trip were fifty-four hundred dollars. I found a stack of hay on the river near Mill City, for which the owner asked sixty dollars a ton. He said I must buy it as there was no other hay to be had. The stack was still standing in his field when we moved camp and it may be there now for all I know. Another settler had a stack of rough stuff, willows, wiregrass, tules and weeds, cut in a slough. I asked him what he expected to do with it. Not knowing that he had a prospective buyer, the man answered, 'Oh! I am going to take it up to the railroad camp. If hay is high I will sell it for hay. If wood is high I'll sell it for wood.'



CENTRAL PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION CAMP, 1869. CHIEF ENGINEER MONTAGUE IS THE BEARDED MAN IN CENTER



LAYING THE CENTRAL PACIFIC TRACK THROUGH THE HUMBOLDT DESERT, 1868.
From an old photograph.

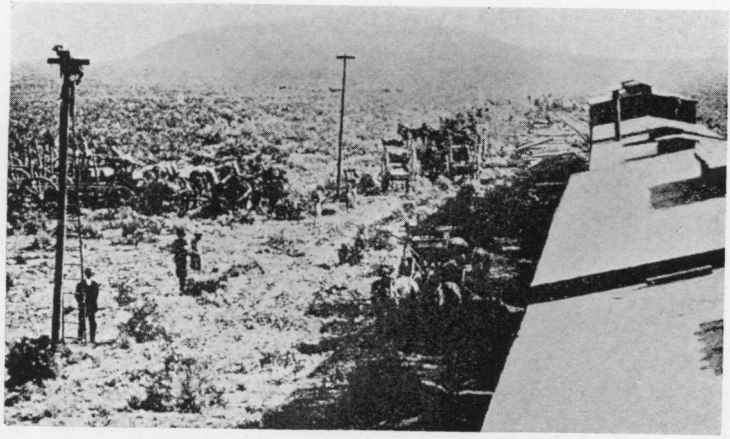
"Strange to say, in all the grading, digging through hills and tunnelling under ridges, there never was a sign of a gold or silver mine. Nor was there ever found any relic of the Overland tragedies that occurred. No broken wagons, no bones of animals that had perished. No graves or discarded weapons. There were no Indian troubles either, one reason being that General P. E. Connor was sent out with a thousand soldiers a few years before and he cleaned up the country, destroying men, women and children indiscriminately. The Union Pacific was guarded by troops for years and the authorities offered to put some with the Central Pacific forces as guards, but I said, 'No guards,' and there were none. Mr. Huntington suggested that a military man, accustomed to drilling troops should be engaged to put down the rails, but I said, 'Damn the military' and it was damned.

"One reason for our success was the absence of the saloon. Don't ask how we kept them out. It has always been a mystery. We were away out by ourselves, far from courts or sheriffs, and it was remarkable," said Strobridge, with a twinkle in his eye—'that our men were so orderly and so uniformly opposed to immoral resorts. Saloons were torn down or burned by unknown hands many

times, but the criminals were never discovered. A saloon would spring up in a tent once in a while, when a crowd would rush it and break bottles and heads with pick handles, and the good red liquor ran like rain,' (with Strobridge nowhere in sight).

"There were very few settlers along the line we built. Joe Felnagle and Tom Herman had a ferry and road house at Truckee River Crossing, afterwards a station known as Wadsworth. Daniels and Meacham had a small brick house, or hotel, where Humboldt is now, Ben Gentz, a Frenchman lived at Mill City, and Johnny Thacker lived on the river not far away. Dutch Sam fed people and always had an egg for me, one egg, no more—no less. I think he chased the rooster. There was some town at Winnemucca, and a man named Carpenter went with nine or ten big teams to sixteen mile canyon, above Gravelly Ford, to haul supplies. We took thirty-five hundred men out from Reno to work there and had to feed them. Fairbanks had a dairy on the Humboldt River eight or nine miles above Winnemucca, but there was nobody at Golconda. A man had a stage station at Stone House, nobody at Battle Mountain, nobody at Gravelly Ford or Beowawe, nor Palisade, nor Carlin nor Elko. Captain Smith had a company of

YANKS STATION. STAGE AND FREIGHTERS' HEADQUARTERS NEAR LAKE TAHOE.



BUILDING THE TELEGRAPH LINE, CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,
HUMBOLDT DESERT, 1868.

troops at Fort Halleck, but the valley was empty. Nobody at Wells or any place to Promontory.

"There was no game, no deer or antelope or elk that we found. No cattle or sheep had ever come in at that time."

Many interesting stories have floated around for years and when I asked about them Mr. Strobridge pronounced the most attractive ones myths. One was that the railroad cut across the hills east of Wadsworth straight to Humboldt Lake, about thirty-five miles, instead of going around eight miles further over level ground, because a ship loaded with iron and two locomotives went down at sea. "Oh, that's a lie," he shot back, "we never lost a ship at sea nor a bar of iron. All during war times our ships were on the sea and not one was lost. The iron came from New York, and never was disturbed either by the Isthmus or Cape Horn. Our own government took several of our locomotives *en route* just when we needed them most."

The same rebuff came for the story of the maiden's grave near Beowawe. It was said that Lucille Duncan, one of a large immigrant party, took sick at Gravelly Ford, where she died and was buried near the camp, the train with her parents moving on. When the road was built the grave was right

on the line and the body was moved to where it now lies on a rounded hill close to the track, with a wooden cross to mark the spot. Settlers in the neighborhood have used it as a burying ground and it is now quite a little cemetery. "Another lie," says Strobridge, "the old overland trail was lined with graves but none of them was ever disturbed by any of our work."

It was said that the timbers for the Truckee River bridge at Wadsworth were floated down the river from the saw mills above. "Not so," says Strobridge, "the timbers went down on the cars."

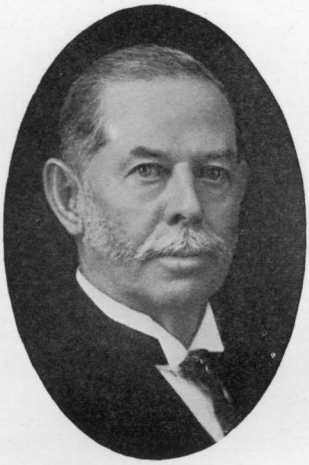
One report of the ceremonies at Promontory said the last rail laid was polished and shone like silver. "Of course there was nothing of the sort," said Mr. Strobridge, "but there was a polished laurel railroad tie furnished by West Evans, who furnished a great many redwood ties for the railroad company. That tie was still in existence, kept by the railroad company along with the gold spike, until burned by the fire of 1906. There were also several silver spikes contributed by Arizona, Nevada, and the mining companies."

As the two tracks pushed over the desert towards each other men were swarming across the gap in the effort to get to California ahead of the

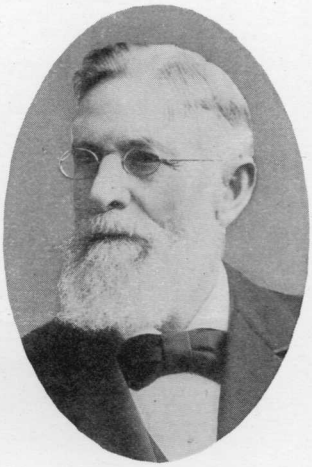
rush, and the accommodations were very poor. Still there was no let-up on the work of the road builders, as each was doing his utmost to get as far as possible. The Union Pacific graded a road bed away into Nevada, reaching the town of Wells, while the Central Pacific graded right beside the Union Pacific as far east as Webber, Utah. The Union Pacific engineers made soundings in 1868 across the east arm of Salt Lake to Promontory Point, with a view of building a bridge. Just at that time the waters of Salt Lake were the highest they have ever been known since white men lived in Utah, so it was not done. In the succeeding thirty years the lake fell seventeen feet and in 1902, Mr. Hood, chief engineer, reported to President Huntington that it would be good engineering to build a bridge across it, not the east arm only, but clear over to the west shore. Mr. Huntington said, "Build it." At that time Mr. Hood was rebuilding the main line of the Central Pacific from Ogden to Reno and parts in California, at a cost of more than a hundred million dollars. His plan included a tunnel under the crest of the Sierra Nevada mountains that would have cost twenty-five millions more, and have lowered the track to the shores of Donner Lake, a thousand feet below its present location,

but that work has been indefinitely postponed. It would have been a grand climax for his half a century of brilliant service. Before the bridge was fairly started Mr. Huntington died, but under the Harriman administration it was pushed ahead and proved a complete success.

I drew from Mr. Strobridge the story of the famous day in which he laid ten miles of rails between sunrise and sunset. He said: "In the rush to make distance, Casement brothers had laid in one day seven miles and eighteen hundred feet on the Union Pacific end, a feat which T. C. Durant, vice president of the Union Pacific, offered to bet ten thousand dollars could not be beaten. I said to Mr. Crocker, "we can beat them but it will cost something." "Go ahead and do it," said Crocker and this is how we did it. "The two lines," he said, "were only twenty-five miles apart in April, 1869, so I knew if I beat them Casement would have no room to come back, even if he tried. I had five trains with five thousand men at my command, as well as plenty of iron, ties, spikes and material, and I got everything ready just in time. Tuesday was the 27th, so I picked my men, arranged my plans and got them properly placed to start at the foot of Promontory mountain. I took two miles of ma-



WILLIAM HOOD.
Assistant Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.



J. H. STROBRIDGE.
Superintendent of Construction, Centra Pacific Railroad.

terial loaded on a train with a double header to push it up ahead of the engines, so it could be unloaded close to the end of the last rail laid in the track. On Wednesday the whistle blew right on time, the two engines gave a lurch, the push bar broke and we were laid up for the day, helpless. We waited a day and on Thursday, the 29th, I put the two engines in front to pull instead of to push the train. With a will the men went to work, laying six miles in six hours and a quarter, two miles at a time. We changed horses every two and a half miles, but they were all tired and we gave them a good rest after that. We had kept them on the run, and at six o'clock we quit with a record of ten miles and two hundred feet. Every bolt was screwed up, every spike driven home so that we backed down over that sixty-six foot of grade at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, twelve hundred men riding on the empty flat cars. Two Union Pacific engineers were there with their surveying chains, so there was no guess work and no contradictions. Our organization was as well drilled as any military company. Each rail was handled by eight men, four on a side. They ran it out to the edge of the car, dropping it into place for the spikes to be driven, a man for each spike. When it

was down the men walked to the same spike on the next rail, drove it and on to the next, all day. Thus there were a thousand tons of rails, thirty-five hundred in number in the ten miles. H. H. Minkler was the foreman laying rails, and the men who handled them were Mike Shay, Mike Kennedy, Mike Sullivan, Pat Joyce, Tom Daily, George Wyatt, E. W. Killeen and Fred McNamara. There were men following up the trains, surfacing the track, filling in the dirt and making it ready for business. Nobody was crowded, nobody was hurt, nobody lost a minute. General Casement, who laid the Union Pacific iron, told me that they had laid every rail they could under their system and he owned up beaten. But he said he would beat me on the Northern Pacific. I said, 'then I'll beat you on the Southern Pacific.' This record stands unparallelled in railroad building anywhere in the world."

Following the completion of the roads, the development of western America was wonderful. A remarkable era of prosperity spread over the Pacific Coast which lasted for many years, and in fact promises to continue throughout all future time. California was the chief beneficiary, of course. Here in a State given to change, change has been

BUILDING THROUGH THE FOREST. CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,
SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS, 1864.

STRAWBERRY VALLEY, SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS,
BEFORE THE BUILDING OF THE RAILROAD.

complete. Wealth beyond the imagination of man has been created and it has been shared by all. The men who built the roads made large fortunes, it is true, but for every dollar that came to them thousands of dollars came to their compatriots living in that and other States. Best of all the benefits are not such as can disappear but will bless all future generations so long as time shall last.

THE UNION PACIFIC

OVERLAND affairs moved more slowly across the plains than they did in California, although several starts were made very early. The country looked towards the building of the entire line from the Iowa end, as no one at that time expected much help from the Pacific Coast.

Surveys really began in 1853, when Henry Farnum and Thomas C. Durant were promoting the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, the first line surveyed across the state of Iowa. They sent a party organized by their chief engineer, Peter L. Dey, across the Missouri, at the same time the United States government had men in the field. In 1856 both political parties in their conventions passed resolutions favoring the work and President Buchanan advocated it, hoping that it would hold the Pacific Coast loyal to the Union. The one party surveyed along the forty-ninth parallel and it was given the name of the "Northern Route," the line nearest the thirty-ninth parallel was the "Buffalo Trail," that along the thirty-second was known as the "Southern Route."

The party sent out by Dey for Farnum and Durant in 1853 was led by General Grenville M. Dodge, destined by fortune to be the greatest of all. He first undertook to chart the middle route which had been entirely overlooked by the United States authorities. He mapped out a random line from the Missouri River up the Platte Valley to the forks of the river, across the divide to Salt Lake, thence through Nevada along the Humboldt to California, and to Oregon by the way of the Snake and Columbia. On his map he gave camping places for his men, showed where wood, water, and fords were found, and this long line proved to be the favored one for the great Overland Railroad across the continent, but it took ten years to find a workable profile. Always the Black Hills blocked the way. They stretch for a hundred miles along the east line of what is now the State of Wyoming, and General Dodge examined them from the Yellowstone to the Garden of the Gods unsuccessfully. To cross the plains was easy, five hundred miles of natural grade six feet to the mile. Across the Continental Divide, a lofty plateau, when once it was reached, no difficulty was found. But between the two lay fifty-seven miles of apparently impassable, mountain range, high, steep and barren. Still he

persisted. Back and forth, year after year, the surveyors ran, until an accidental discovery showed the way across. It came after the end of a two years campaign which covered the region from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone, from the Missouri river to Great Salt Lake. Long years afterwards General Dodge told the story in a report to the Government. It ran as follows: "Near the end of a hard day's work I left the wagon, and troops, taking six men with me to follow up Lodge Pole Creek to the Summit. Shortly after noon we discovered Indians between us and our train about the time they discovered us. I saw our danger and took immediate means to head them off. We kept them at bay with our Winchesters, but it was near night before our cavalry could see our signals and come to our relief. In going down this ridge to the train, I discovered that it led clear to the plains without a break. I said to my guide that if we saved our scalps I believed we had found the crossing over the Black Hills and over this ridge between Lone Tree and Cow Creek the wonderful line over the mountains was built."

On returning from one of his surveys in 1856, General Dodge found Abraham Lincoln at the Mormon settlement of Kaysville, where Council

Bluffs now stands, when the two men spent the afternoon discussing the possibilities of an Overland railroad. The chief had reached the river that morning with his exploring outfit, fresh from an expedition as far west as the Rocky Mountains and he had much to tell. In his account of the interview he said, "Mr. Lincoln, by his kindly ways, drew from me all I knew of the country west, and the result of my investigations, getting all the secrets that belonged to my employers."

Bills were introduced from time to time in Congress and in the thirty-sixth session General Curtis became the champion of one making a strong bid for support. It passed the House of Representatives in December but was defeated in the Senate. The country was ablaze with politics and the discussion of Secession brought about by the election of President Lincoln, made it the worst possible time for such a measure.

When the times were ripe Lincoln took the lead, advocating the passage of the Curtis bill, which had been re-introduced, not only as a military necessity, but as a means of holding the Pacific Coast to the Union. The bill passed and was signed on July 1, 1862. The name, "Union Pacific," was

given the proposed road in token of the belief that it would unite the Nation.

The Union Pacific Railway was organized on September 2, 1862, at Chicago, Major General S. R. Curtis of Iowa, being chairman of the government commissioners, Henry B. Ogden of Chicago, President of the Railroad Company; Thomas W. Olcott, Treasurer; and Henry V. Poor, Secretary. The act of Congress named men from twenty-five states as incorporators, including Ben Holliday, the great stage man, Dean Richmond of the New York Central, J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania, John Brough, Governor of Ohio, Amasa Stone, William Dennison, C. P. Huntington, Peter Donahue, T. D. Judah, D. O. Mills, Louis McLane and others of California, John Atchinson and John D. Winters of Nevada, Henry Farnum, C. G. Hammond, and Wm. H. Swift of Chicago, with the five commissioners appointed by the Secrerary of the Interior. At the first annual meeting of the Board General John A. Dix was elected President; Thomas C. Durant, Vice President and operating executive; A. V. Poor, Secretary, and J. J. Cisco, Treasurer. The ceremony of breaking ground took place on December 1, 1863, but it was a mere matter of form. It was impossible

to finance the work until Congress passed a law to double the subsidy, which the President signed on January 2, 1864. No grading was done until the autumn of 1864. The first rail was laid in July, 1865, and forty miles of track, reaching to Fremont, laid in that year.

In May, 1866, General Dodge resigned from the army to succeed Peter A. Dey as chief engineer. Mr. Dey gave up the best position ever held by any American engineer rather than be forced to accept a piece of road built on a line which he believed to be a mistake.

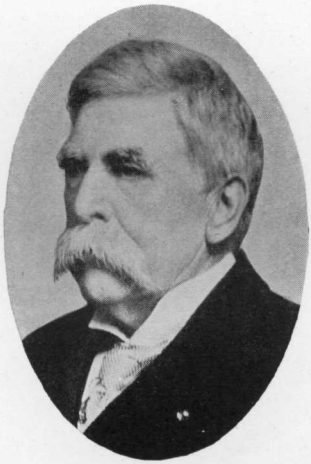
It was the earnest desire of the company to build by way of Denver, but topography forbade. Neither could they avoid the Black Hills by a detour of forty miles to the north through Fort Laramie and Sweetwater, owing to a lack of coal, which was found in abundance on the Medicine Bow route, which was adopted.

Actual construction did not begin at Omaha until two years after the Central Pacific people had started their track out of Sacramento, and work was very slow for several years. All material had to be transported by boat coming up the Missouri River from St. Louis, as there was no railroad across the State of Iowa until 1867, when the Chi-

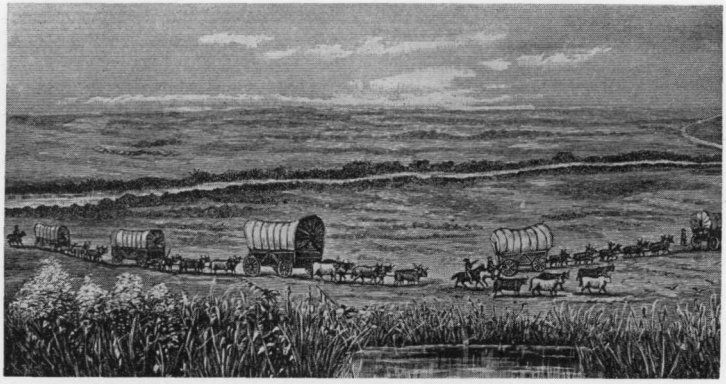
cago and Northwestern reached Council Bluffs. As the river was navigable but three months in the year, it was a tedious undertaking. The rails weighed sixty pounds to the yard, requiring forty cars for every mile of iron with its fittings. Oak ties, hewed by hand in Iowa, were ferried over the river on the barges *Hero* and *Heroine* and carried across the plains by the thousands. Bridge timbers, fuel, grain, hay, furniture and food for the men loaded long trains over the newly constructed road.

Almost before the work was really started financial troubles came thick and fast. It proved impossible to interest capitalists, even after the subsidy was doubled by the government. In the fall of 1865 the promoters had reached the end of their rope and ruin stared them in the face. At this time they succeeded in interesting two Yankee hardware manufacturers who brought their own fortunes, as well as a very large following, from New England, which really gave the first impetus to the building of the road. Oakes and Oliver Ames were engaged in making shovels on a large scale in the city of Boston, when they were induced to join Thomas C. Durant, Sidney Dillon, and John Duff in the enterprise. It was to their

nerve and the use of their unlimited credit that the country owed its first overland railroad. Oakes Ames was a member of Congress at the time and was made president of the company. It was a wise choice, for he came to its rescue at different times to save its finances from chaos and ruin. General Dodge tells of writing him to the effect that unless large sums of money were provided immediately work must stop. At times Ames Brothers were hard pressed themselves, but the answer always was "Go ahead. Work shall not stop even if it takes the shovel shop to keep it going." No man ever devoted himself, his time or his money, with the single purpose of benefiting his country, more loyally than did Oakes Ames, and his only reward was ingratitude and ruin. H. F. Clarke, who was president of the Union Pacific in 1872, said the Ames contract was the wildest he ever knew to be made by a civilized man. However, Ames carried it through but at the cost of his life. In response to popular clamor he was censured by a Congressional committee, which declared him guilty of inducing members to buy stock in Credit Mobilier, but acquitted him of all desire to influence legislation. He soon after died. History shows that all legislation connected with these roads had



GRENVILLE M. DODGE, Maior-Gen.U. S. A.
Chief Engineer Union Pacific Railroad.



BEFORE THE DAY OF THE RAILROAD.
From old print.

been passed, signed and written into the laws before he became a member of the company, so now when every dollar loaned by the government has been paid back, principal and interest by both the Union and the Central Pacific roads, the memory of Oakes Ames should be cleared of this stain. The only recognition he ever received comes from the noble monument erected by his family at the summit of the Black Hills, standing sixty feet square and sixty feet high, in the form of a Pyramid of Rocky Mountain granite. It is built to stand throughout the ages and the United States Government should place upon its records a retraction of the injustice done him.

The Union Pacific was built by Casement Brothers, John and Dan. They laid the entire track from end to end, did most of the grading, furnished the supplies, transported materials, and managed the men. Jack went into the Civil War from the State of Ohio and came west after he had been a fighting general in the Union army and here he applied military methods in all his work. He and Dan had a hundred teams and a thousand men living at the end of the track. The chief of every gang had been an officer in either the Confederate or the Union army and almost every man a soldier

and they entered the service the moment they were mustered out. They could lay from one to three miles of iron a day, working from sunrise to sunset, and one day they laid nearly eight miles. Many times they were used as a fighting force against the Indians and it took them no longer to get into line than it did to form for the daily work. They laid the rails, surfaced the track, and also brought forward from the base all materials and supplies.

A visitor, W. A. Bell, in an account of his trip, wrote:

"We stood upon the embankment before that hurrying corps of sturdy operators with a feeling of curiosity, amazement, and profound respect. On they came. A light car drawn by a single horse, gallops up to the front with its load of rails. Two men seize the end of the rail and start forward, the rest of the gang taking hold by twos, until it is clear of the car. They come forward on the run and at the word of command the rail is dropped in place, right side up with care, with the same process on the other side of the car. Less than thirty seconds to a rail for each gang and so four rails go down to the minute. The moment the car is empty it is tipped over beside the track to let the next

car go by and then it is tipped back again, and it is a sight to see it go flying back for another load, the horse at full gallop at the end of a sixty or eighty foot rope, ridden by a young jehu, who drives furiously. Close behind the first gang come the gaugers, spikers and bolters. It is a grand anvil chorus, those sturdy sledges are playing in triple time, three strokes to each spike, ten spikes to the rail."

Eastern sentiment discouraged working on Sunday, so that the only rails ever laid on the holy day were for side tracks.

Bases were laid from one hundred to two hundred miles apart as needed and each one supported a good sized town, fitted with stores, saloons, hotels, etc., some of them becoming permanent settlements. Julesburg, for instance, was shifted four times, finally settling down just inside the Colorado line at the junction of the branch from Denver.

In his memoirs, General Dodge says:

"When I was West, near Salt Lake, I received a dispatch that a crowd of gamblers had taken our terminal point at Julesburg and refused to obey the local officers we had appointed over it. I wired General Casement to take back his track force,

clean the place up, and sustain the officers. When I returned to Julesburg I asked General Casement what he had done. He replied, 'I will show you.' He took me up to a little rise just beyond Julesburg and showed me a small graveyard, saying: 'General, they all died in their boots, but it brought peace.' "

The graveyard is still known as "Boots Hill."

As many as a thousand teams were loading at one time for the front at some of these stations. As the rails were extended towards the west the end of the track was made a new base, temporarily, when the whole town pulled up stakes to move with it.

A telegraph line which was built alongside the road aided greatly in speeding up the work. Strange to say it was never interfered with by the Indians, except at a very early day. The reason is known to few, but the story is that Ed Creighton, the manager, arranged for Washakie, a Sioux Chief, to talk over the wire from the telegraph office in Fort Bridger to Winnemucca, the Piute Chief, in Street's office at Smoky Valley, Nevada. Each was told that he was talking to his friend five hundred miles away and urged to remember just what each had said. Then the Overland Stages carried one

east, the other west, until they met in Utah. Comparing notes they were soon convinced that they really had talked together over the wire, so they jumped to the conclusion that spirits were mixed up with the business and that it would be very dangerous to antagonize them. Before that there had been some interruptions by gay young warriors throwing a lasso over the top of a pole, tying the other end to the pony's tail, then yip-yip across the prairie. When the flying pony straightened the rope there was something doing. Sometimes it was the pole that fell, at others pony and "Injun" scattered out spread-eagle fashion among the sage brush.

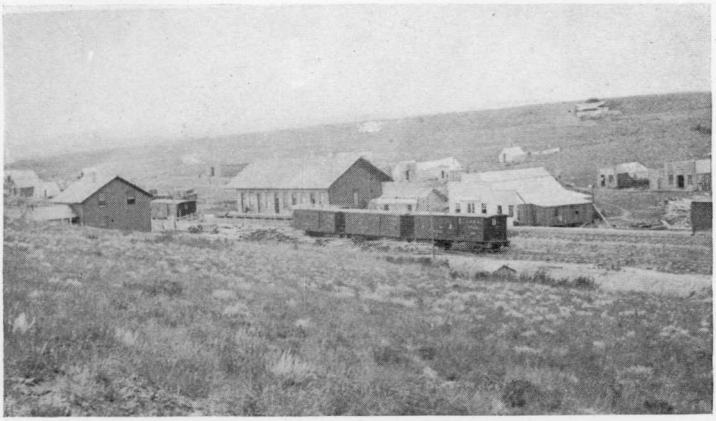
The real enemy of the wires was the buffalo. The dust settled in their sweaty coats so that they enjoyed a good scratch against a tree or a sharp rock as well as any beggar, and they actually broke down many of the telegraph poles. To prevent this the manager in Omaha, Mr. Hibbard, conceived the idea of driving sharp shoemaker awls around the poles a few feet from the ground. It was so big a job that he used up every awl he could buy in Council Bluffs, Omaha, and surrounding towns, even buying a few tons in Chicago. The buffaloes responded to the last hoof. Nothing had

ever been so satisfactory to them. There had never been a scratching post with corners sharp enough to pierce the thick coat of dirt, hair and sweat until the awls came in. They were so popular that there was a waiting list at every pole for miles and miles. Soon the awls became scarce and if a big buffalo bull was seen racing across the prairie, head down and tail up it was a sure thing that he was searching for a telegraph pole with an awl in it.

Game was so plentiful that professional hunters and trappers were always in the field. The railroad boys, too, shared the sport, bringing in big game and birds which they distributed freely. These just about filled the bill of fare, so that beef and ham became luxuries. "I'm tired of this bloody antelope, waiter; haven't you any ham?" was frequently heard in the dining room. Elk, black tail deer, mountain sheep, and even bear were not rare, but mountain sheep furnished the juiciest, tenderest and sweetest meat of all; next to it was buffalo hump.

In the summer of 1867 word went out that nothing would be done west of Cheyenne (pronounced then Chienna, after the Indian), that year. That no attempt would be made to cross the

EVANSTON, 1869.
From an old photograph.



WASATCH IN 1869.
From an old photograph.

Black Hills until the spring of 1868. Almost over night the towns to the east were deserted, the thousands who had been following the end of the track pushing on to the new base, which became known all over the west as "The Magic City." The company laid out streets, selling lots readily at one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. The same lots brought a thousand within an month, increasing a thousand a month during all that summer. Before snow fell three newspapers were issuing daily editions, and in September the first bank opened its doors, followed almost immediately by two others. Three miles away Fort D. A. Russell was established with a small army of troops. Six thousand people wintered in Cheyenne, mostly in tents or sod houses. It was the gateway to the new, big West, the real West, the West of the Indian, the buffalo, the beaver, and the bear. Its streets were filled with a motley crew, every class from every land, a mixture of people second to none this side of Galata Bridge, across the Golden Horn. Hunter and trapper, Sioux and Snake, Pawnee and Piegan, Kanaka and Chinaman, cowboy and railroad man, laborer and capitalist, engineer and sightseer, artist and lawyer, thief and highwayman, all sorts and conditions of men, rich and

poor, big and little; some there for health, some to escape jail, some to have a good time, but most of us for a chance to win an honest living a little more easily than we could back in the old home.

The titles to town lots had not been settled, but each owner had the guarantee that the deed would follow soon. A public meeting was held in which the railroad was denounced, the lots claimed by the squatters, and the meeting fell into control of the roughs. They jumped the land, refusing to recognize the authorities, who really had no commissions, or to respect any rights except their own. They commenced robbing passengers, broke into stores, and defied the owners. General Dodge telegraphed Col. Stevenson, the commandant at Fort Russell, who marched his soldiers into town, drove every citizen a mile south of the track where he held a parley with them, though he really had no authority for so bold a measure, but when he explained that the land was owned by the United States, held under a government charter by the company they came to terms immediately. He told them that unless they were ready to recognize the authority of the company they would not be permitted to go back to their property.

This outbreak was but the beginning of a troub-

lous time, a season of unparalleled liberty and license never equalled in any other American community since the country was settled. The Territory of Wyoming was set apart in August, 1868, from Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, and Utah, and there it was left unorganized, with no official existence until April, 1869. It had no governor, no United States marshall, no judges nor courts for those eight months. The Civil War had just come to an end and soldiers from both armies flocked in, while outlaws from every country on the globe came in droves, and there being no extradition laws, they made it a veritable house of refuge. If a criminal could reach the Rocky Mountains he was safe from pursuit, no matter what his crime had been. Not one in ten went by his right name, taking any one that chance threw at him or his fancy chose. Wild Bill, Tex, Yank, Handsome Harry, Big Bill, Tiger Jack, Red Mike, were common, while a tall, slim woman had one no better than "Straight Edge." Any physical deformity was excuse for a name descriptive of the victim, so Peg Leg limped along on a stump, while Flat Wheel sported a limb drawn up by an accident. "Slim" and "Fatty" need no description.

It was the greatest nest for gambling ever

opened on the frontier, and it was full of desperate, hardened criminals.

During the winter and spring of 1868 immense stores were piled up at Cheyenne preparatory to a start. It was planned to push the road over the Black Hills, across the main divide and the Wasatch Mountains in order to reach Salt Lake Valley ahead of the Central Pacific, if men and money would do it. General Dodge was consulted by the Board and said such haste would cost ten million dollars additional. He was ordered to go ahead regardless of expense.

Money was plentiful, more so than it ever was before in any American community, unless it was in the mines of California during the flush times. The company was spending vast sums to expedite construction, paying the highest prices for both labor and materials, and the money was scattered among all classes. Every known form of gambling crowded the tables in fandango houses and saloons day and night. Immense tents, each with a long bar on one side, kept open house for everybody, with bands of music blaring dance tunes for men and women, whose only admission fee was the dollar which dropped into the till as the couples lined up and took a drink after every dance, the

man paying for his partner and himself at fifty cents per.

Into this jungle of vice and crime I was sent fifty-two years ago and was engaged for the first few weeks as night telegraph operator at Piedmont, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. As its name implies, it was the station at the foot of a steep grade and a village sprang up to supply men working in the tie camps in the Uintah Range.

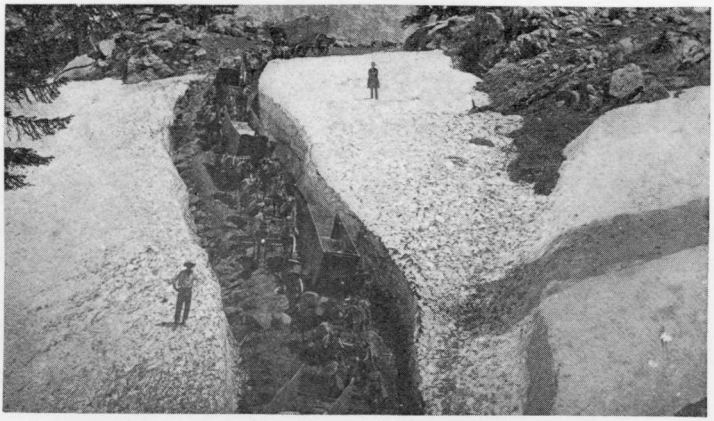
The office was in a cloth tent with a saloon next door, also in a tent. One night a noisy row broke out among the drunken gamblers and pistol shots began to rattle across our apartment. I got down behind the stove, calling all the time to the day operator to roll off the bunk on which he was lying, but got no response. I gave him up for dead, not thinking any one could sleep through such a din. Soon, however, he turned half over with a snore which was music to me.

The spring saw me stationed at Bryan, as train dispatcher over a long and hard division that crossed two ranges of mountains, one of them the backbone of the continent.

Every town had its share of crime, but Bryan had a surplus. Hundreds of Wyoming's worst citi-

zens congregated there and it was one of the bad places of the system. More murders were committed there on less provocation than at any place of the same size. In one week there was found on the street, what the slang described as "A man for breakfast" every morning for five days in succession. One ruffian stabbed a companion within a few feet of the spot where a friend and I were passing. We rushed up to stop the assault, but too late. As he was seized the murderer whined, "I was forced to do it, gentlemen. He called me a vile name."

That same week a rough looking stranger who had been drinking, ordered the section man's wife to give him food. When she refused he knocked her down, just as her husband came up. The ruffian was seized, a court was convened, which sat all day at the railroad round house. By nightfall their deliberations ended, the vote standing eight for hanging, eight against. One vote remained, and it was cast by a timekeeper in the shops, the mildest mannered, best dressed man in the place, "Hang him." The jury went to supper, while two men who had been on other cases brought a rope, in which they made a neat loop, smearing it thoroughly with soap. Just at mid-



SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA. FREIGHTING SUPPLIES INTO NEVADA BEFORE THE DAY OF THE RAILROAD.

From an old photograph.

FREIGHTING OVER THE SIERRA BEFORE THE BUILDING OF THE RAILROAD ALONG THE TRUCKEE RIVER.

From an old print.

night the dozen and a half men came silently out of nowhere, the prisoner among them and climbed into the cab and on the tender of the switch engine. As they started I stepped on the pilot of the engine as a disinterested spectator. After a cautious run of a couple of miles, they came to a halt, lifted a box and a barrel off the tender and stood them under a telegraph pole, the box underneath. A lusty young man climbed up a ways and threw the rope over the crossarm for the men to fasten as it fell, with the noose dangling eight or nine feet from the ground. The victim was assisted to his place on top of the barrel and the noose adjusted with the knot under his left ear. He was left standing with a rather uncertain footing, when some one asked him if he had any message to send. He asked that his mother in St. Louis might be notified of his sad end. His knees began to wobble and he said "I am falling, gentlemen," and still no one tried to remove the box and the barrel. One tall man finally went by him on the run and in passing jostled the underpinning out from under his feet. The rope stretched, the body sank, swinging slowly back and forth, stiffly bending at the hips a few times, then came to rest. It was too solemn a scene

for words and not a sound escaped the crowd as the town was approached. The body was buried by the section men next day in an unmarked grave. There seemed to be some rough justice in the verdict as the baby born in the section house soon after, was dead.

One of the most picturesque of the ruffians was known as "Tiger Bill," his real name was Strong and it chanced that he was born in my old home town in Ohio where he had been a pretty regular attendant at the county jail for one small crime after another. He came west early and in 1867 the vigilants drove him out of Cheyenne. He took advantage of the enforced vacation to visit the home of his childhood, where he devoted himself so assiduously to the wife of one of the business men that it broke up her home. Her husband escorted her to the train, set her valise on the car step and turned away. She cried a little and said "Goodbye," but he walked off without a word. At the next station she met Strong who took her to Laramie, where he started a fence to buy and sell stolen property at auction. He was found to be one of a gang of cut throats that was ordered out by the committee. In a drunken frenzy he strode up and down the streets

with a big revolver in each hand swearing that no blankety blanks could run him out of Laramie. The woman persuaded him, however, and they left. Soon after word came that he had been shot and killed in an Idaho town in a quarrel over a horse. Forty years later a friend in a California town told me that he boarded with a woman who thought she knew me. "Her name now is Ward, but when I knew her first it was Strong," he said. It was my old townswoman but I did not call to renew the acquaintance.

Those guilty of homicide came to be a peculiar class known in every town. Even one who fought in self defense became a marked man, with the recollection always before him as well as his neighbors. No one who "had killed his man" ever forgot it, but seemed to be forever expecting to kill another or be killed himself.

I heard a death yell once and only once, but I can never forget it. Half a block away a noisy quarrel was in progress one quiet evening, when a blaze a foot long flew out of the mouth of a revolver, apparently a big one. It was a fatal shot and the stricken man let out a yell, half squeal, half roar, so filled with terror that it seemed hardly human. It was a negro who had

had words with a white man off the grade, drew a razor and cut the latter across the wrist. Of course the man was "heeled," everbody was, and drawing a big Colts navy he fired at short range, dropping the negro in his tracks.

Human life was held as cheaply as on a battle field, with tragedy so common that death seemed almost a matter of course. Desperadoes fought at a word, almost at a look, and were accountable to no one. Whiskey or opium, one or both, caused most men's downfall, and were the immediate cause of most of the crimes. Women gambled too, mixing indiscriminately with the men, most of them drinking heavily and as ready for rough house. The life reduced them in a very short time to the lowest level. Some had come from good homes, where they had been tenderly reared, with taste in dress and polite manners, yet after the first step was taken they soon became like the rest, and with bloated forms, distorted features and blotched complexions were doomed to early graves. Almost without exception they became drug fiends, which made suicides so common as to pass almost unnoticed.

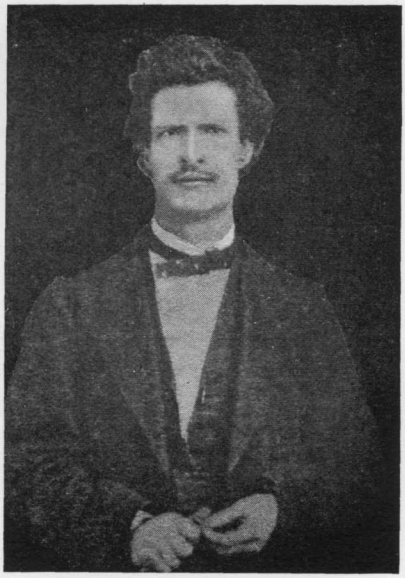
Slumming probably originated here. Passengers from the trains were given abundant time and

many strolled across to hurdy gurdy houses where men and women danced, drank, sang and shouted, and the worse it was the better the spectators seemed to enjoy it, especially the ladies. Sometimes the toughs staged a fist fight, or a shooting scrape, to add to the spirit of the occasion. If a panic ensued the scampering took on a picturesque side very much enjoyed by the gang. At times some dressy dudes or dainty dames concealed their fears if they had any and stood their ground much to the admiration of the roughs. A spirit of bravado prevailed, impossible to be understood by those who never lived on the frontier. Even merchants, hotel keepers, advertisers, and the general public fell into it and the most ordinary announcements were likely to be made in slang, often mixed with profanity. One dealer stretched a sign across the front of his store, which read "If you want to buy brimstone go to Hell, I sell furniture." The first successful candidate for mayor in one town mounted a box addressing his admiring constituents as follows: "Come one and all, both great and small, and short and tall, to the billiard hall and take a drink with Tom Murrin, the mayor of the city."

Pioneer conditions seem conducive to original

expression and platitudes are at discount to be avoided at almost any cost.

The jargon of the mine, the cattle range and the railroad became the vogue and the men who came in from the different sections, each contributed the catch phrases current in his neighborhood. Mark Twain took the hint and made his fame by stating the usual thing in an unusual way and vice versa. If he spoke of a common affair it was likely to be phrased in religious cant, while subjects sacred to the devout were discussed in the style of the modern hooligan. The art was taught him by pioneers who had rushed to Nevada from every corner of the world just before he arrived, and he turned it on them by applying it to them and to their State. Unfortunately the people in the East and in Europe had no means of discriminating between fun and fact, so they took it all for the real thing. An inspired writer does for a countryside with legend and romance what ages and ages of ordinary history cannot do and if Nevada had been introduced to the world by a Robert Burns instead of by a Mark Twain, she would have appealed to the stranger as she never can now. Her sunny skies and bold landscapes compare more than favorably with the brown hills, the fog and rain of Scotland,



MARK TWAIN, 1864.
From rare photograph.

which Burns made glorious. Even as it was, the days which the gentle Mark describes in "Roughing It" were mild in comparison with those that followed the close of the war and the building of the Pacific Railroad. If he had chanced along five years later than he did his pen would have burned holes in the paper. And yet Mark Twain retained tender memories of Nevada and the pioneers to the end of his days. He referred to them in a letter he wrote to me not long before his death, which closed as follows: "If I were a few years younger I would come out. I would renew my youth, and talk, and talk, and talk, and have the time of my life. I would march the unforgotten and unforgetable antiques by and name their names and give them reverend hail and farewell as they passed. Goodman, McCarthy, Gillis, Curry, Baldwin, Winters, Howard, Nye, Stewart,Neeley Johnson, Hal Clayton, Jones, North, Root, and my brother, upon whom be peace, and then the desperadoes, who made life a joy and the "slaughter-house" a precious possession; Sam Brown, Farmer Pete, Bill Mayfield, Six-Fingered Jake, Jack Williams, and the rest of the crimson discipleship Believe me I would start a resurrection it would do you more good to look at than

the next one will, if you go on the way you are going now.

"Those were the days, those old ones. They will come no more. Youth will come no more. They were full to the brim with the wine of life. There have been no others like them. It chokes me up to think of them.

Goodbye, and take an old man's blessing,

" (Signed) MARK TWAIN.

Half way down the west side of Aspen Hill, Bear river came in from the south, carrying ties and timbers cut in the Uintah mountains. Bear River City sprang up with a mixed population. Many clashes occurred and the two sides maintained a rough and ready organization. Following an unusual outbreak of crime a pitched battle followed with no quarter given or taken. Enough dead bodies were gathered up in the street to fill quite a graveyard on the hillside, where most of them still remain.

Things went from bad to worse. Without political organization there was no safety for life or property except by organizing Judge Lynch's Court. Hangings by the score followed, some in almost every camp along the whole line. The railroad

officials finally gave the proceedings their sanction, many raids against criminals being led by them. It was the custom of the country for even the inoffensive man to wear a gun and I can never forget the impression made by the superintendent of our division as he appeared every morning with a Winchester strapped to his back. Very distinct lines were drawn, law and order on one side, crime, vice and disorder on the other. The popular tribunals, as the vigilant committees became known, presumed as little as possible upon their power, dissolving at the earliest possible moment, to reassemble only when every other measure failed to protect life and property. They made it a rule to ascertain the standing of every resident. I remember being asked to join the body at Bryan, with the assurance that I was not needed for any violence but simply to identify me with the safe side. I took some form of obligation and agreed to maintain secrecy and that was the last I heard of it.

Generally the criminals were given an opportunity to move on, unless they were considered incorrigible or were taken red handed in crime. If they refused to go, as many did, they were forced out or perhaps hanged. In some cases their bravado was inconceivable. How men could face death as

some of them did, cursing and swearing, betokens a form of insanity found only among the masses of men given over to vice, intemperance and crime. Bancroft, in his history, recites blood curdling incidents by the score. One man about to be hanged sold his head to a doctor in the crowd. He took ten dollars for it, handing the money to the sheriff with the request that it be sent to his mother. Joaquin Miller tells of a man dancing a jig on his coffin while waiting for the rope. In Bryan one man refused to leave when ordered and being asked if he had any dying request said, "Yes, I have. Damn you, I want you to bury me in a red fir coffin so I'll go through hell crackin."

Such was the life for several years. Sundays came and went unnoticed. Religious services were so rare that they threatened to become a lost art with many. A Baptist minister, Brother Arnold, happened along one day to preach in the section house. The first interrruption came when an overloaded bench broke down with a crash. The next when a runaway team was caught in front of the open window. The driver, in ribald mood, had given a scripture name to each of his four mules, John the Baptist, Judas Iscariot, Postle Paul and Simon Peter. In his rage he roared forth a stream

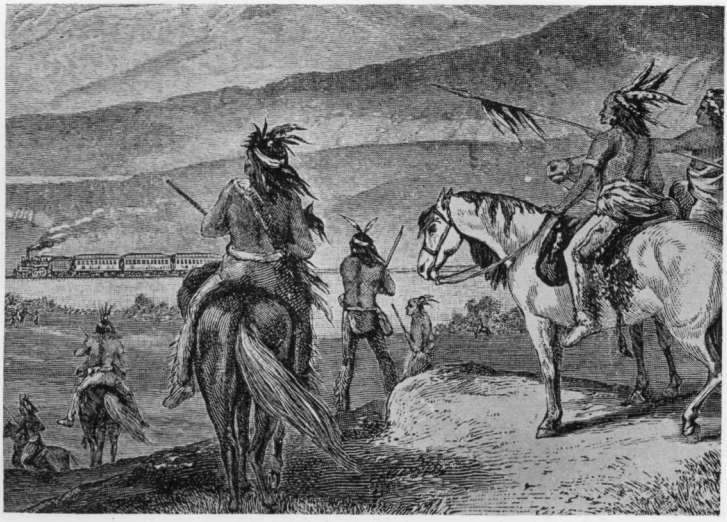
of profanity in a big, resounding voice, the oaths, epithets and bible names mixing together very effectively.

One summer the grand Duke Alexis of Russia came out with quite a party for a buffalo hunt. The President sent W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," as guide. Ned Buntline, the story writer for the *New York Weekly*, came to write it up for his paper. He was greatly taken with Cody and his writing did much to make Bill famous. The expenses of the royal party were not considered, as the Russian people paid the bills. The duke had special trains, the best suites in the big hotels throughout the country, and was very free with tips. Everywhere their bills were put up to the limit. One landlord footed up his account several times before it suited him, then went over it once more, adding what he could, but not satisfied even then he put in a line "to damn fuss generally, $500.00."

Utah sent us a visitation in the shape of a vast swarm of grasshoppers, that darkened the sun. Flying towards the east, at an elevation of from two hundred to five hundred feet, they made about eleven or twelve miles a day. When they reached Medicine Bow they disappeared and we never heard of them again.

The Indians were on the war path almost all the time the road was in course of construction. The graders went to their work as soldiers and stacked their arms, working all day with bands of hostile Indians in view ready to pounce upon, kill and scalp any unlucky or negligent person who gave them an opportunity. Two passenger conductors, who went fishing one day in the creek near Sidney were surrounded by Indians who had been in hiding. One, Wilkes Edmunson, escaped; but the other, Tommy Cahoon, was riddled by arrows, scalped and left for dead. He recovered, however, living many years with a patch of false hair the size of a silver dollar on his crown. The victims were always scalped unless they happened to be bald, in which case a tribal superstition protected the corpse from multilation.

Once, when the track was out from Omaha a couple of hundred miles, a crowd of Pawnees captured a freight train, breaking open the cars to gather spoils. General Dodge, who was approaching from the west in a special train which was a travelling arsenal, had twenty men with him, whom he called upon to fall in line and every man, by the way he shouldered his gun, showed that he had been a soldier. By this time the Indians



INDIANS FIRST VIEW OF RAILROAD TRAIN.

From old drawing.

were having a joyous time each in his own way. Tying the end of a web of red flannel or calico to his horses tail, a young buck would gallop across the plain, the bolt of dry goods bobbing up and down over the bushes, forming a flying banner worthy of a fourth of July celebration. Upon the approach of General Dodge's party the band took to their heels and disappeared.

Julesburg was the scene of the hardest Indian fighting in the whole Platte Valley. It was sacked and burned by the Indians in February, 1865, and in the July following the great Sioux war broke out. The settlement was a wide awake camp from the first and at one time had seven thousand people. It lies in a good grass country where the buffalo were the thickest and grew the fattest. Vast herds of cattle have taken their places and the buffalo is but a memory. When the Indians occupied the valley, a buffalo robe could be gotten in trade for a cup of sugar or a yard of red flannel. Many Indians were buried in buffalo robes, or tied in the tree tops wrapped up in them. Many of these robes were stripped from red men's bodies and sold in the market. As many had died of small-pox this practice spread disease in many States.

A battle was fought in Wind River Valley,

north of Bryan, in which Lieutenant Stanbaugh and Chief Little Bear were killed. Both were gallant young men and we can picture each one starting out to make a name in the rude shock of battle, only to fall at the first fire. The soldiers brought Little Bear's war dress down and gave it to me. It was of the finest deer skin, with a warplume of eagle feathers extending from the forehead to the heel.

The railroad stations had needle guns with plenty of ammunition supplied from army stores left over from the Civil War and every caboose and baggage car had racks filled with rifles. At exposed stations the section houses and the telegraph office were connected by tunnels with dugouts standing high enough above the ground to allow for loopholes for gun practice. The Indians were invariably mounted on fine horses, which they rode like centaurs, dashing into a post without a moment's warning, and out again like a flash. When there was a dull time with no attacks for a longer period than usual, fake scares were gotten up by the setlers in order to encourage the army to maintain good sized detachments, generally cavalry. There was hay for sale along most of the creek bottoms, which commanded good prices as long as the

soldiers stayed. It was no unusual sight to see a bareheaded rider come tearing into town, his horse lathering with sweat, and he frantically swinging his arms, yelling "Indians, Indians." Still we had several real scares, with one fatality, when a band of Arapahoes, just at noon one sunny summer day, dashed across the track at the edge of the town of Rawlins Springs, then our division headquarters. About twenty of us armed hastily and sallied forth to battle. The village milk man, a veteran Indian fighter, rushed ahead on his old white horse, soon leaving the pedestrians behind. The Indians circled around him, as their custom was, closing in gradually in the attempt to draw his fire. When they came near he dismounted, firing a shot which caught the chief under the left arm, with a bullet that pierced his heart. His men tried to rescue the body, but Towse, the milkman, was too good a shot, so after he had killed a horse or two they drew off, very much discomfitted. Towse took the body to town where he scalped it, leaving it for the section men to bury. An hour later I received a telegram from the army surgeon at Fort Steele, a dozen miles away, offering ten dollars for the Indian corpse. So the section men dug it up, but when they offered it to DeVold, the railroad agent,

for shipment, he refused the commission, tartly remarking, "I am not shipping dead Indians." I then told the men to throw their freight into an empty box car just passing and wired the number of the car to the doctor. At the same time I asked him why the troops stationed at Fort Steele did not supply his needs in that line. That was a trifle sarcastic for it is a well known fact that when a doctor really wanted a body for professional purposes the settler or the hunter could be depended upon with much more confidence than the regular soldier. Other small companies of Sioux less bold were seen, but none came into conflict with us. General Brisbin, the commandant of Fort Fred Steele, sent a company of the second cavalry under Captain B. Dewees to camp with us which kept, the Indians wary. He made himself very popular with me by mounting me on a fine horse and sending a detachment of three or four soldiers equally well mounted when I wanted a canter through the hills. The treeless stretches of country and the crisp mountain air were very attractive for such exercise. Once when we were out later than was expected a runner declared he had sighted "signs" and the captain sent out a force to "discover" us and defend us if necessary. To give the devil his

due the Indian of the plains had many high qualities and only fought the white man because he did not want his home destroyed and his country taken from him. Far beyond memory or tradition his people had owned the land and the droves of buffalo, deer, antelope and elk, all of which he knew would be his no longer if he failed to defend his rights. He fought with unparallelled bravery and with the craft he inherited from a race of warriors. All the qualities that we call noble and are recognized as such by mankind in every age and in every land were his. It would have been impossible to enslave him as other races have been enslaved. The Indian would die first, die to the last man.

During these turbulent times the railroad was crowded with traffic, mostly material and supplies. As fast as it was extended towards the west, train service was organized with a splendid corps of operatives, most of them hardly more than boys, but with good training and with no end of life and energy. Few of them joined in the wild orgies, for they had all they could do to carry on the service. Indeed there was not much temptation to dissipate, for vice under those conditions assumed such a hideous mien that it was repulsive to any right-

minded young man. Among the hundreds of those in the operating department, dishonesty was almost unknown and incompetency very rare indeed. One freight conductor did sell a car load of shelled corn, which was in his train, to a needy contractor on the grade, but the lapses were few. It was not the sloven nor the drone that stood ready to leave the land of steady habits in the hope of starting a new career in this strange land, and now as I sit by my winter fire, I recall with mixed emotions the boys of fifty years ago. Many! oh! so many have been borne to the windowless house, and the snows that never melt are falling fast upon the heads of those who remain.

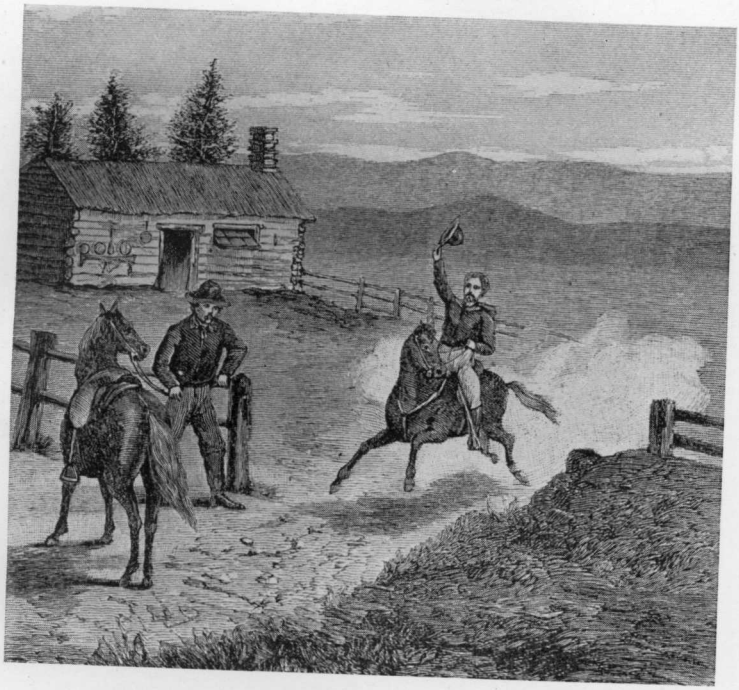
In the intervening years some have become national figures. E. E. Calvin began as operator at Granger and was by turns train dispatcher, manager, and president until the war broke out, when Uncle Sam made him Federal director of the Union Pacific System. Simon Bamberger is governor of Utah, a big change from clerk in a forwarding house in Bryan, fifty years ago. R. B. Campbell left the Union Pacific to be general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio; Theodore N. Vail, the great telephone man was operator at Pine Bluffs, in the Indian country; James Agler worked his way

gradually from the Rawlins office to be the manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad. William Daley was one of the builders of the Union Pacific stations and is now owner of banks, sheep ranches, and cattle camps in different parts of Wyoming. He entertained President Roosevelt with a big elk hunt, winding up at Denver. About forty years ago, Mr. Daley served a term as sheriff of Carbon County, during which a notorious prisoner disappeared from the jail and was never captured. A couple of years ago, the workmen who were excavating for the foundation of a new jail exhumed human bones which were identified as those of the man so long missing, clearing Mr. Daley of the cloud which had hung all these years over his head, as it was thought by some that he had connived at the escape of the desperado. Among the beginners of that day were my brother, John M. Fulton, now at the head of traffic in Utah and Nevada, and Robert W. Baxter, who is now traffic director of all the Guggenheim properties in Alaska, mines, railroads and steamboats. His father was road master of the division when the last rail was laid at Promontory. At his intercession, Bob came into our office as messenger boy and he certainly did expand. One day he said to me, "Mr. Bob,

you have too much to do; you need a secretary. Give me the job." "You would make a fine secretary," I said. "Suppose Mr. Filmore were to wire asking me how many cars of coal we have ready to go East, what would you say?" Instantly he answered, "I'd tell him I didn't know and sign your name to it."

Our general master mechanic, I. H. Congden, was a very dignified man, always wearing a frock coat and a high, stiff hat. Just as he entered the shop door one afternoon a flying disc cut out of thin steel whirled across at lightening speed and shaved the top off his hat as clean as any razor. He was astonished and indignant but no effort ever revealed the name of the lad who made the throw. A couple of years ago, Frank Patrick, now a gray headed resident of Reno, confided to me the secret that he had thrown the disc but had never been suspected. He was then a mischievous young apprentice.

As the road was lengthened the service was simplified and Bridger division was cut out. Our superintendent, W. W. Hungerford, sought a new field and Luther Filmore was made manager west of Cheyenne. I was transferred from Bryan to Rawlins Springs and made train dispatcher of



PONY EXPRESS STATION. CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL PRIOR TO RAILROAD.

From an old print.

Laramie division, which took in half of my old and as much new track. Mr. Filmore sent his son to act as my assistant and when I came to make up the pay roll for the division, I asked him what his salary was to be. He said, with a growl, "I suppose anybody else would get a hundred and twenty-five but dad said my salary would be ninety a month." I said, "I'll fix that," so I headed the payroll with my name, R. L. Fulton, train dispatcher, $140," following with "J. M. Filmore, train dispatcher, $140," and so on with the agents and operators of the division, and sent it in. As soon as the mails could bring a return I received a note from Mr. Filmore advising me that my salary would thereafter be $150 per month.

I think the first railroad library ever established was opened in an empty room, which I fitted up with shelves, tables and benches. filling them with the best magazines, newspapers, and quite a collection of standard works, from a fund subscribed by the employees. It proved popular and was going strong when I left the territory.

A supply train ran from the last station to the end of the track. The crowd of men that were pushing their way across the gap to the California side boarded the cars riding as best they could on

the rails and boxes. Paddy Miles was the conductor, responsible only to the contractors, with no reports to make out or tariffs to consult. He made his own rates and collected fares with a free hand. One old passenger conductor said it was the finest rake off he had ever seen in all his experience and another said he would rather have Paddy's job than to be president of the road.

A snow storm in the Rocky Mountains is in a class by itself. Fierce gales come down from the north and when the thermometer goes below zero, it is no time for human beings to be out. Even a mild wind will gather up the light dry snow as fast as it falls carrying it for miles until some obstruction like a railroad bank or a cut crosses its path creating an eddy which causes it to deposit its whole load. Thus a snow fall of an inch or less might block the trains

Our first winters were exceedingly cold and stormy. It seemed as though nature objected to the iron cavalry and set out to repel the invasion. The new track on fresh dirt banks could hardly hold its place; really some of the track was laid on snow and ice, so that when the spring thaw came there was no foundation. General Dodge, in a report, declared that he saw a whole freight train

slide off the grade carrying the rails and ties with it. One conductor reported to me that his train ran off the track twenty-two times in going fifteen miles. The snow packed like ice during every storm, so that nothing but picks and shovels would break the crust. During the first winter the road was blocked for three weeks, and as there was no track into Utah we were shut in and provisions were soon reduced to dried herring and crackers, relief coming just as we were getting badly scared.

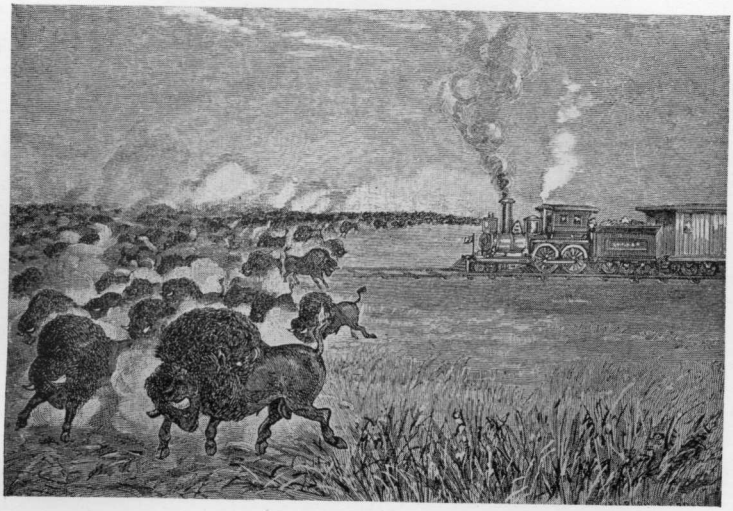
The reader must not imagine that in all this hurly burly, big business, outside of the railroad, was left to the riffraff, or that it was handled by chance. Far from it. Every known trade and profession was represented, every branch of trade carried on in large volume to feed, clothe, and cater to the multitudes of men employed and the other multitudes that constantly came and went.

In this great division of the work the pioneers, the men who had found their places in the country before the railroad was begun,

> "The first low wash of waves
> Where now there rolls a human sea"

played no mean part. They took tie contracts, graded road bed, ran stage lines, built hotels, sa-

like a lord, after the manner of the olden times. Filling up the grub wagon and taking Jeff, the colored cook, he collected a few kindred spirits to spend a month in his different camps in northeastern Nevada, southern Idaho and western Utah, shooting, fishing, and sleeping out in the open. Saddle horses were plentiful and they were kept on the jump from early morn till dewy eve. Deer were brought to camp by the dozen, a few antelope and trout from brooks, on all sides. One guest, Judge Sanderson, from San Francisco, insisted that he would not go home until he had shot a grizzly bear. He and a buckaroo the boys called "Skinner," slept at the edge of a paw-paw thicket one night under a guarantee that there would be bear for breakfast. Sure enough, Skinner roused the judge just in time to see a great grizzly standing straight up reaching for the ripe berries with a paw as big as a man's leg, bending the bushes down and leisurely licking up the juicy fruit. Skinner had the gun ready but the judge hesitated and finally he said, "Skinner, I don't believe I want to shoot that bear." Skinner, very much excited, said, "Give me the gun. He will slip into the bushes if we wait." The judge held to the gun saying, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Skinner. I will give you the gun



TRAIN STOPPED BY BUFFALO HERD.
From old print.

if you won't shoot till I get over to the horse." By this time the bear had disappeared in the thicket and saved his hide. Sparks was a dead shot, with a long barreled rifle he had carried for many years. He called it the "Alcalde" and it had rows of notches cut in the stock, some small, others medium, and half a dozen large ones. He was quite ready to explain that the numerous small ones stood for deer, the larger ones stood for bear, but nobody could ever find out what the big notches meant. I made a guess that they were for Yankee soldiers.

Our landlord, John Sibson, concealed a turbulent past under a smooth exterior. It seems that he had been a sutler at Fort Laramie with an Indian wife, to whom he was married in their fashion. Tiring of the life he stole off to his old home in New York State, where he with two partners engaged in merchandising. On a certain day he started for New York City with a fund of company money to buy goods, but at the railroad station he saw his Indian wife step from the car that he had intended to take. He boarded instead, a west bound train on another track and the train for New York went through a bridge in what was known as the Mast Hope disaster, one of the worst railroad accidents ever known. A burned body was taken from

the wreck, and buried as John Sibson. Soon he turned up at Bryan, where we knew him as a commonplace, inoffensive citizen, somewhat given to lively conversation.

Men of mixed blood were common. Jim Beckworth, the famous scout, was largely negro, with some white and a little Indian blood. In his prime he made the record long distance run of 117 miles when Colorow, the Pawnee chief, chased him into Denver. When he arrived the veins in his legs were burst and his shoes were full of blood.

He came west in the early fifties, laying out a route for immigrant travel from the Truckee river, where Reno now stands, to Bear Valley, by way of Beckworth Pass, which he claimed to have discovered and named. He guided General Sherman with a troop to Monterey during the Mexican war and the general pronounced him the most picturesque and presistent prevaricator he had ever known. Any one who will read his numerous autobiographies will agree.

Kit Carson died in Pueblo, Colorado, in 1869, so we never knew the foremost of the plainsmen. He was the personification of their good qualities and deserves the fame so freely accorded him.

As the road approached Utah matters assumed

a somewhat different shape, the Mormons proving a great asset. Brigham Young entered heartily into the work, as grading, tie or building contracts, enriched many of his church people. He was inclined to be rebellious when the line was laid out through Ogden and along the north shore of Great Salt Lake instead of through his city. The Union Pacific people undertook to build a branch line, but Brigham said "No, we will build that line ourselves," and they did.

As the end came near, many expensive offices were eliminated and it became quite the fashion for the men to present their retiring chief with "a token of respect and esteem." Some suspicious people suggested that padding the pay roll may have helped the fund, but it was not so in every case. Fine gold watches, a purse of money, or a diamond ring were popular "tokens." The foreman of the stone workers, Barney Lantry, a burly Scotchman, was thus honored. He responded to the presentation speech, saying: "Well, boys, I can't make a speech, but I'm bully glad for the watch."

That portion of the road extending from Piedmont to Promontory was built under a contract made with Davis and associates, who sublet most of the work and the laboring element made trouble

more than once when payday was delayed. At one time gangs even refused to go out until paid their day's wages in advance. Idle rumors of the wildest kind were circulated and sometimes they came just when money was scarce. Near the end a story started that the subsidies were all the two companies were working for and that as soon as they were earned the roads would be abandoned and the laborers and other creditors left in the lurch with the debts unpaid.

On Wednesday, the fifth day of May, 1869, the Central Pacific track crossed Promontory Point, stopping within a few rods of the end of the Union Pacific rails. A village had sprung up over night just outside of the right of way line and a couple of tent saloons were doing a flourishing trade. The ceremony of driving the last spike was billed for Friday, the seventh, and the special train from California arrived one day in advance with a large delegation to take part. The Union Pacific party wired that they would not be able to reach Promontory before Monday, the tenth. The delay was caused by the crowd at Piedmont holding Mr. Durant's train up until they received their back pay. Durant kept the wires hot, but it took two days to raise the embargo. Very indignant, Mr.

Durant waited only for the ceremony at Promontory to close when he left Utah and the Union Pacific forever, never seeing the road nor the country again. It seems almost criminal that the man who had given so generously of his time and his means to secure the success of the enterprise should be so shabbily treated just when he was no longer needed. He was a man of tremendous ability in his line as promoter, and a dead game sport, as the saying is. His connection with the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad in Iowa, led naturally to the interest he took in the Overland to California. In 1853 he financed the surveys for the Union Pacific and followed them up through war, pestilence and famine, overcoming difficulties that can hardly be described, until the last rail was laid and the last spike driven. He asked for no publicity, wrote no books, and yielded the higher positions to other men, but all the time he was a powerful factor in the management, and a tower of strength in financial affairs. His last days were embittered by what he took to be ingratitude and he resented it in a characteristic way.

The delay of Durant's train permitted those who had come on the Central Pacific special to see something of Utah, so there was a visit to the

Union Pacific camp and a trip to Ogden in a train provided by General Casement. A grand mountain storm came up with a display of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, which gave an added charm to the Wahsatch range in the eyes of the Californians.

On the morning of the tenth the Union forces brought their track to within a rail length of that from the west. Al. Bowsher, the Central Pacific wireman, climbed a telegraph pole to connect the wire with the spike maul and F. L. Vanderburgh, superintendent of the Central Company's lines made the attachment with the instruments to complete the circuit. A large number came from the Union Pacific side on the work train and about ten o'clock Vice President Durant's special rolled into view, with the chief on the platform resplendent in a black velvet coat and bright colored necktie, which made him very conspicuous. John Duff, Sidney Dillon, General Dodge, and a host of lesser lights, with quite a number of ladies, were on the train, A detachment of troops from the twenty-first infantry with their wives, arrived just in time to parade under arms and add to the festivities with patriotic airs from their brass band. Neither Ames Brothers from the Union Pacific, nor Crocker, nor

Huntington, from the West were present, though they sent two car loads of guests.

General Dodge of the Union Pacific and Edgar Mills of Sacramento arranged the program. A prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Todd of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Governor Stanford made a few remarks, General Dodge responded for the Union Pacific, then a polished laurel tie, contributed by Wes. Evans of California was placed in position, the last rail was lowered into its place and silver spikes from Montana, Idaho, and Nevada, with one of iron, silver and gold contributed by Governor Spoffard of Arizona, were driven by different officials. The ceremony of uniting the two roads ended when Dr. Harkness handed the governor a gold spike donated by David Hewes of California. Mr. Durant gave it a tap for courtesy then Governor Stanford raised high in air a silver spike maul presented by Manager Coe of the Pacific Union Express, and brought it down lustily, sending a flash to both ends of the continent, New York on the East, San Francisco on the West, as the operator said "Done." If the truth must be told, they swung like beginners at golf, but holes had been bored in the ties so the spikes went home quite successfully under blows from General Dodge, Chief En-

gineer of the Union Pacific and S. S. Montague of the Central Pacific. The gold spike did not stay long, however, as it went with the hammer and the tie to rest in the steel safe of the Southern Pacific at headquarters. The tie was burned in the San Francisco fire of 1906. The two locomotives slowly approached each other to rub noses, No. 119 from the east, the Jupiter from the west, with roars from every whistle within a mile and each engineer broke a bottle of champagne on the opposite engine. Numerous photographs were taken and the event was celebrated in every part of the Union. Regular trains were put on both roads on June 11th, with time tables written with pen and ink, and the laborers were shipped out of the country as fast as engines and cars could take them. Hundreds and hundreds rode away on flat cars, and every effort was made to prevent their scattering, as they were really a menace to the towns as long as they remained idle. Business was very light for some time. One daily passenger train each way and a freight train with commoner cars to carry immigrants were ample for the traffic. One of these emigrant cars was the so-called "Lincoln Car" which had been used by the Pennsylvania Railroad to carry the remains of the murdered

President from Washington to Springfield, Illinois, for burial. It never was used as a private car by Lincoln nor anybody else, and when it was discarded and sold to the Union Pacific, it ran back and forth carrying second class passengers for several years. Last summer an enterprising Utah reporter ran a picture of it in his account of the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the last rail with the comment that "it was in this car that President Lincoln rode from Washington to Promontory in May, 1869, when the roads were united."

In the endeavor to stimulate travel the Union Pacific in the summer of 1870, put on a fast train to run one day in the week, each way, between Omaha and Ogden, with a dining car and ten dollars extra fare. The order from headquarters was to give them each a clear track, so they, being generally a little behind time, I had to make all the meeting points for everything on the division regardless of the time card. However, the train did not pay expenses and was taken off after a month or two.

Even ten years later I rode on the main Overland train when it consisted of a locomotive, a baggage and express car in one, a passenger coach divided by a partition half way back from the door, and

an old fashioned, round end sleeper. That was the only Overland road then in existence and it carried just one through paying passenger that day.

We youngsters did not believe the roads would ever pay, for there was nothing to indicate to us that a vast business was in store for them. Indeed we did not pay a great deal of attention. You know how boys are. Knowing little of the country we judged by its forbidding appearance, its dry seasons, and cold winters that it would never settle up. When a few sheep began to straggle into the bleak and lonely land it looked like a case of cruelty to animals, notwithstanding the fact that Wyoming today leads the Union in the value of its mutton and wool crop.

The financial world seemed to share our doubts, if the statesmen did not. The control of Union Pacific changed hands at twelve or thirteen cents a share several times and Charles Crocker and his brother, Judge E. B. Crocker, sold all their stock to their associates at thirteen and a half cents in 1871. Mr. Crocker travelled for his health and when he returned to California he bought back his stock at the price he sold it for.

In its first season the road carried, probably the most exclusive class of travel that the world af-

forded. Although California and the Rocky Mountains were world famous, very few had seen either as compared with those who know them now. As soon as conditions became settled those who could manage it, planned to make the trip, and it cost so much in time and money that the hoi polloi were shut out. I have ridden on trains with the Emperor of Brazil, with a president of the United States, half a dozen generals of the army, with Henry Ward Beecher, Oscar Wilde, George Francis Train, John C. Fremont, Tom Thumb, Schuyler Colfax, Bret Harte, and many other famous people.

The conductor of every westbound train gave the Associated Press at Carlin a list of his passengers, which appeared as a leading item in every paper in California.

All changed cars at Ogden for a number of years, and their baggage was rechecked, going both ways in new cars. Freight was transferred there also for years, as cars coming from the east were so poorly equipped with brakes that the officers of the Central Pacific would not trust to them on the mountain grades. Train time was slow, four days between Omaha and Sacramento. Usually the whole town turned out to attend the train at every station, remaining at the depot until it left.

Its stay was the event of the day. Silver palace sleeping cars ran from Sacramento to Ogden, each one with a porter, but no conductor. The railroad company owned them and it was many years before Pullman acquired the right to run his cars to San Francisco. His cars ran from Omaha to Ogden from the first day, each with a separate conductor and porter.

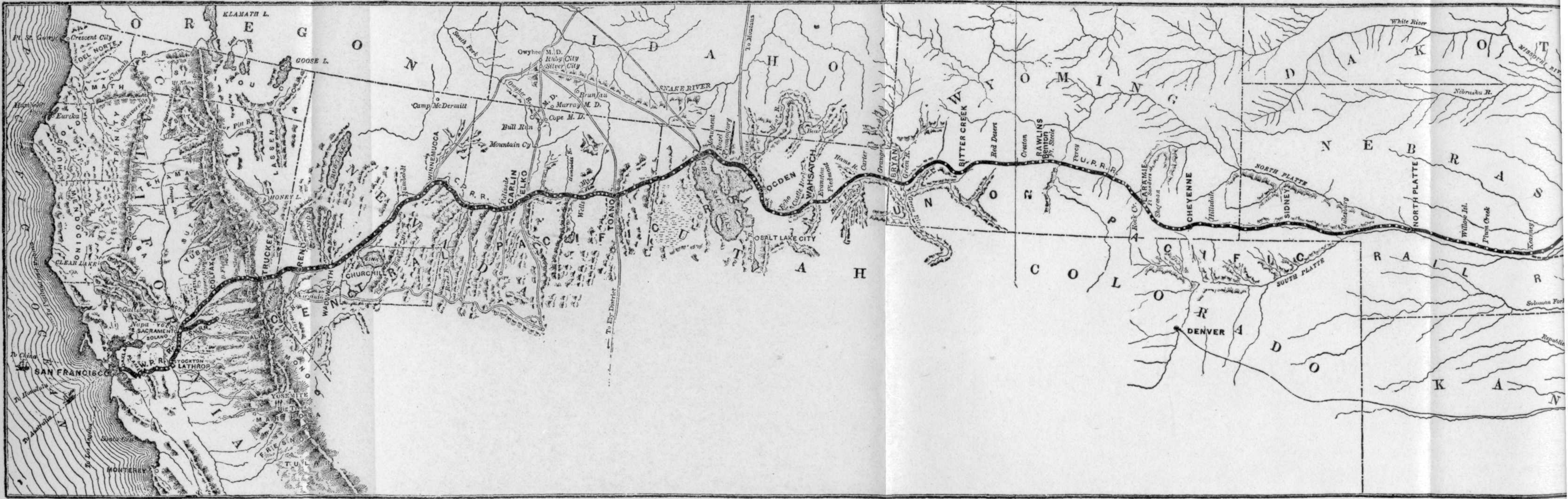
The intervening fifty years have swiftly passed and Western America has been literally transformed. The completion of the Overland Railroad marked the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. It closed forever the era of the wild Indian and the buffalo, opening a new empire to settlement. Perhaps nothing more dramatic or romantic has ever been recorded than the development within half a century of such a vast and seemingly worthless desert waste as large as all Europe, into a dozen highly civilized States.

"Oh! strange New World that yet was never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
And who grew strong thru shifts and wants and pains,
Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains,
Thou skilled by freedom and by great events
To pitch new states as Old World men pitch tents,
Thou taught by fate to know Jehovah's plans,
That man's devices can't unmake a man."

It has been a great and inspiring experience for the men who have lived through it. They have seen States in the making and fortunes come and go like fleecy vapor. It is a chapter which history can never repeat. There is no place left on earth where one generation can accomplish so much. It adds emphasis for the thoughtful student of history when he remembers that between the years 1860 and 1870 the Civil War was begun and ended, the slaves freed, the Homestead law passed, the Atlantic cable laid, a telegraph line built to China, and the Overland Railroad built, uniting the Atlantic and Pacific.

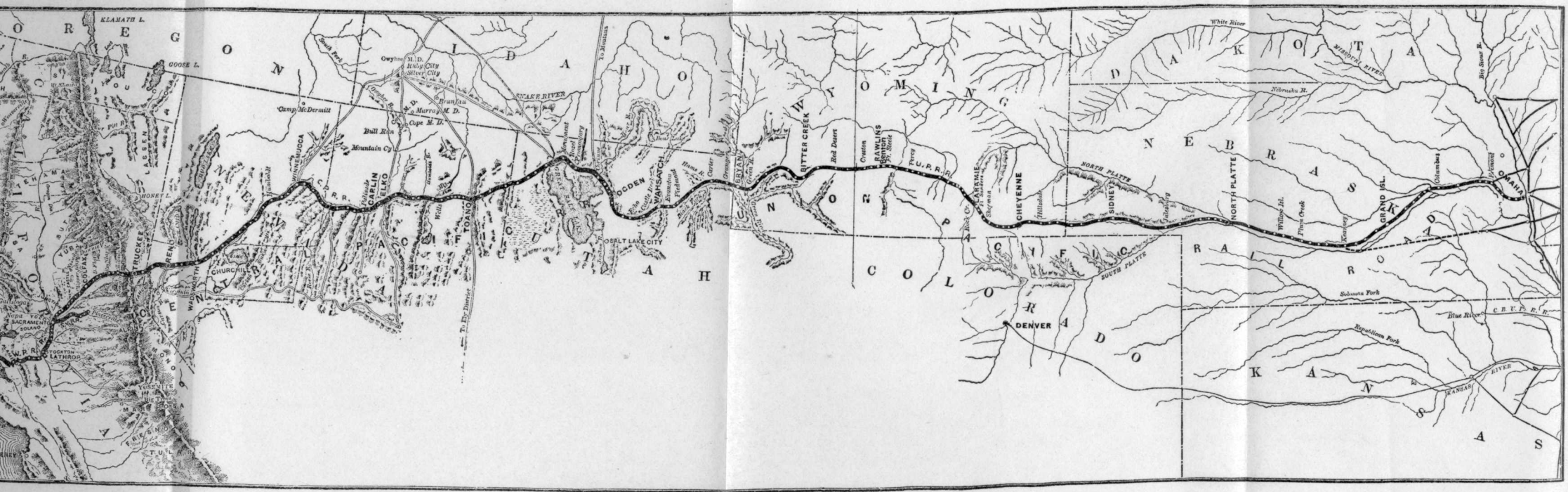
No other one decade in all the history of the human race has seen such substantial progress.

THE END



THE PACIFIC RAILWAY

As Completed May 10, 1869



THE PACIFIC RAILWAY
As Completed May 10, 1869