

LETTERS OF AN OVERLAND MAIL AGENT  
IN UTAH

EDITED BY ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

## INTRODUCTION

THE American Antiquarian Society, through gift from Charles H. Taylor, has come into the possession of a series of letters written by, to or concerning, Hiram S. Rumfield of Tiffin, Ohio, Assistant Treasurer of the Overland Mail Co. located at Salt Lake City, Utah, during the years 1861-1866. There are thirty-seven of these documents covering those interesting Civil War days, three for 1860, ten for 1861, seven for 1862, ten for 1863, three for 1864 and 1865 each and one for 1866. Long gaps occur between these letters and the missing epistles written therein would be needed for any proper interpretation of many details mentioned by those which came into the Society's possession. This is, of course, regrettable. At the same time anyone acquainted with the topic of western overland mail transportation realizes keenly that any letter written by an actual employee of the Overland Mail Company is a very great rarity; and that the possession of these thirty-seven which have now been found forms a very unique and important item in the documentary history of the time and place and business to which they relate. Their publication by this Society may lead to the location, unearthing and publication of masses of letters and documents which must once have been kept in the offices of the numerous overland mail companies. These Rumfield letters make plain to us again a

topic on which we have now but slight information, namely the political aspects of the overland mail companies and the relationship of the West, and California in particular, to the Union.

While Westerners were usually very much piqued—to use a mild term—over the objections raised by some Easterners as territorial additions were made to the United States in the Great West, like the Louisiana Purchase and the “purchase” of the Southwest after the Mexican War, it must be confessed that they only slightly comprehended the fact that the purchase price was only a small item in the cost of such acquisitions of land. The real cost of the Louisiana Purchase was almost exactly double the fifteen millions which our histories say we paid for that territory. When we paid Mexico an equal sum, fifteen millions, for Arizona, New Mexico and California, little was it dreamed how great were some of the incidental items of expense entailed by that purchase. One of these is suggested by this Rumfield Correspondence; the Postmaster-General’s Report rendered in December 1860 shows that the loss to the government in providing California with postal facilities amounted to about one million dollars a year. The loss on overland mail contracts, over and above receipts, for the year mentioned was \$700,000 in round figures; the loss on mail contracts with ocean transportation companies was \$200,000 for that same twelve-month. You are doubtless aware that a Yankee, deft with a pencil, once brought out the fact that the loss to the East in capital and labor on account of the California gold rush amounted to three times the value of gold found on the Pacific Coast. In the casting up of such balances if it is ever done, or even worthwhile doing, the materials of which this Rumfield Correspondence forms a part will be used.

To locate this Correspondence where it belongs historically, in point of time and place, it must be remembered that before the Civil War the practical,

all-year-'round overland mail routes to California were the southwesterly routes which avoided the Rocky Mountain and Sierra Nevada snows. Scientifically this was emphasized again by the Pacific Railway Surveys promoted by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis in the early fifties. The outbreak of war in 1861 led to the abandonment both of plans to project a transcontinental railway through Arizona and New Mexico to California and of the famous Butterfield Southern Overland line running southwest from St. Louis. In those troublesome times it was even difficult for loyal stage lines to keep Federal officers from commandeering horses and equipment for the use of the Union. The first letter of this Collection shows that a difference of opinion existed as to whether transcontinental mail could operate at all during the war by any route.

Soon after the outbreak of the war the Butterfield Southern Overland Mail line ceased to operate. The contractor, John Butterfield was, however, permitted to transfer his contract to the safer northern route from the Missouri River to California by way of Fort Kearny, Salt Lake City, Utah, Virginia City, Nevada and California on the same terms which originally obtained. His company, known as the Overland Mail Company, sublet his contract for the greater portion of the long two thousand mile stretch. That division between the end of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad (and a short connecting link) at Atchison, Kan. and Salt Lake City was sublet to what became the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company of which William H. Russell, of the noted overland freighting company of Russell, Majors and Waddell, was President. The section from Salt Lake City to Virginia City was retained by the Overland Mail Company of which Bela M. Hughes was Acting President, Fred M. Cook, Treasurer and Hiram S. Rumfield, author of this Correspondence, Assistant Treasurer. The portion

of the line from Virginia City to Sacramento was sublet to the Pioneer Stage line of California, of which Louis and Charles McLane were owners; the former became the first President of Wells, Fargo & Company. Such part of the stock and equipment of the Southern Overland as was not captured by Confederate forces was transferred northward; a part was sold to the Central Overland and the rest put into service on the Salt Lake City-Virginia City line of the Butterfield Company.

A knowledge of the foregoing facts is prerequisite to an understanding of certain references made by Mr. Rumfield to his business details; especially to what is perhaps nearest to a contribution to history in his letters. The Central Overland line was inadequately financed from the beginning and its condition never improved. The Company secured its contract as the result of that enigma of western history, the so-called "Utah War." From the very planting of Salt Lake City the Mormon leaders were eager to facilitate the operation of mail lines both east and west. In October 1856, Hiram Kimball, a Mormon, was awarded the contract to operate a mail line eastward to Leavenworth; Brigham Young was so anxious to forward this project that he offered to equip three hundred miles of the route. The signing of the Kimball contract awakened much interest in Salt Lake City. The Mormons planned to make each station along the line the nucleus of an agricultural post, where stock should be raised as well as supplies which emigrant trains needed; this plan was first elaborated in detail by Dr. Marcus Whitman who went to Washington in 1843 in order to urge it upon the then Secretary of War.

The well-known combination of lurid events in 1857, culminating with the Meadow Mountain Massacre, believed by many at the time to have been inspired by the Mormon leaders, led to President Buchanan's questionable displacement of Brigham

Young as Governor and the appointment of Governor Cummings and giving the new Governor the support of 1500 troops under Albert Sidney Johnston. When we ever get to the bottom of this episode, if that desirable end is ever reached, it may be found that the Kimball contract, and the possibility of a wide extension of Mormon settlements across the country to Leavenworth along the route, had no little to do with President Buchanan's action. At least the unsuccessful bidder against Kimball was a principal petitioner to the President for government intervention in Utah.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rumfield brings the pro-Mormon viewpoint out very clearly in the Governor Harding episode and aids one to understand better the expression used in the article on "Mormons" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* which states that the allaying of the difficulties in Utah was promoted "through capitalists interested in western mail-express and telegraph projects."<sup>2</sup>

As a result of the "Utah War" the Kimball contract was annulled. This perfectly explains the antipathy of the Mormons to the Central Overland mentioned by Rumfield. It is a matter of history that the Central Overland resources steadily declined and the line was operated through loans made to the Company by Benjamin Holladay who finally acquired the line by foreclosure.

One of the important facts mentioned by Mr. Rumfield is that financial difficulties were not the only handicap of the Central Overland. That Company's policy toward the Indians along its line was uncompromising if not pugnacious. On the other hand that of the Overland Mail line westward from Salt Lake City was of a paternal character. In the letter of June 22, 1862 it is seen that upwards of \$2000 was spent for beef to supply Indians in the region from which (theoretically) the buffalo had been driven by

<sup>1</sup>L. R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail*, 62; Whitney, *History of Utah*, I, 574.

<sup>2</sup>*Britannica*, 11th ed., XVIII, 845.

the inroads of those who (theoretically) would hardly have come thither but for the Overland line. Dr. Hafen, author of the exceedingly valuable volume *The Overland Mail*, states that nowhere else has this system adopted by the Overland Company found a mention heretofore.

From another standpoint the Rumfield Correspondence contributes a very valuable sidelight on western history. Carpet-bagging as a profession is supposed to have luxuriated particularly in the South in post bellum days. Almost no attention has been given to this theme as it applies to the West. By carpet-bagging all western territory was first governed and in some instances, as in Wyoming, there was as strong ground for objection to much that was done as some Southern States later expressed. We have in this Rumfield Correspondence the Mormon side of the Governor S. S. Harding case as forcefully presented by a Gentile Ohioan; and it leaves us with the impression that if the Mormon colony deserved all the prejudiced treatment it received and all the suspicion that automatically seems to have been cast upon its loyalty, some evidence of this more tangible than has ever yet been forthcoming lies somewhere deeply buried.

So much, then, for what we may call the important historical value of the Correspondence under review. But sometimes a collection of letters contains an interest and another kind of a value in their commonplace references to everyday life, the feelings of the writer and little word snap-shots of comment on what transpires before his eyes. From this viewpoint the Rumfield letters have their value. They bring out what we are so likely to forget with reference to Easterners who helped to build the West—the aching hearts of such outlanders longing for home; wondering if the children are playing near the river; if the carpets fit the rooms of a newly-rented house; if money for the rent arrived in time; if arrangements can be made

with the postmaster to continue the subscription to Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. The numerous references to these *Tribune* subscriptions and the agony that seems to have accompanied their renewal form a plain tribute to the value of that journal. The precious character of those *Tribune* files appears in an almost ludicrous light in the instance of Mrs. Rumfield's proposed visit to Savannah, Ga. from Ohio. Mr. Rumfield writes advising against the journey, basing his objection first on the tiresome nature of the journey which will discount the pleasure it may bring; second on the risk to young children of travelling in distraught times and without home conveniences and food; and finally the climax is reached in the last objection namely, that the *Tribunes* which would come in Mrs. Rumfield's absence might be mislaid and the file broken. I suggest that if a picture of Hiram Rumfield is obtainable it should be hung in this Society's building.

As a resident of Salt Lake City Mr. Rumfield contributes his bit to the history of Mormonism. As we have noted, the company which employed him laid down a policy of friendliness to the Saints. While Rumfield paints a strikingly graphic picture of the bizarre and gross appearance of a Mormon Temple audience you will find almost no criticism of Mormon leaders or Mormon policy. In fact I was struck with the general similarity of estimates of that strange sect in these letters and the general tone of the article read before this Society two years ago by Wilfred H. Munro and printed in the Proceedings under the title "Among the Mormons in the Days of Brigham Young."

Much has been written about that Great Salt Lake colony which made a garden spot where the best-informed frontiersman who had ever been there, Jim Bridger, said an ear of corn could not grow. Surely the time will come when, from genuine documents, the Mormon hegira will be explained without pre-

judice or passion or flippancy. When that history is written I believe the most fertile source of information for the explanation of the genius of that remarkable episode will be found to lie in the sermons and addresses of that capable leader, Brigham Young, of whom Secretary Seward said, as Professor Munro pointed out to you: "He was the greatest statesman of his day." There is more basis for this rash exaggeration than lies on the surface if, by statesmanship, you reckon the ability to make a people so conduct that the stock maintains its virility through generations. And I take it to be no small tribute to Brigham Young that a football coach in an Arizona institution told me within the past week that for years he had never had to give a thought to physical condition or pressure to enforce training rules in the case of any Mormon boy who came under his eye. This is the more significant in the light of Rumfield's description of the rank and file of the Saints as he saw them in the first Temple—a people assorted from all the world and seemingly of poor physical stamina. Yet in any pioneer American community it was usual to see many whom the task of pioneering had rendered misshapen and forlorn.

If Brigham Young, in his messages to his people, was short on "Christian graces" he was long on "Barbaric virtues." In this connection it is interesting that Mr. Munro two years ago from his own memory recalled Young's tirade against Gentile fashions in dress which some Mormon women favored to their leader's disgust. That was in 1871. Rumfield, writing of what he saw ten years previous, emphasizes Young's anathemas on the same topic as we shall see.

As stated above it is to be hoped that the discovery of this rare collection of letters from an actual employee of the Overland Mail Company and their publication by this Society may lead to the finding of the many official documents of some of the companies concerned in transcontinental wagon and coach trans-



portation. If this happy result should accrue, the American Antiquarian Society would be hailed as a signal benefactor of all who are attempting to unravel the strange, multicolored story of western expansion. From the best of authorities<sup>1</sup> I am assured that this correspondence is about all that exists of its character at the disposal of students of American history.

HIRAM S. RUMFIELD CORRESPONDENCE

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS, JUNE 22, 1860

DEAR FRANK<sup>2</sup>—

As soon as possible after my arrival here on Tuesday morning I wrote you, and wrote somewhat hurriedly as the Overland Mail for Saint Louis was then about due, and I did not wish to lose the opportunity by any means. I have thought that it might be of interest to you to learn something of the character of the country through which I passed after leaving the western terminus of the Pacific Rail Road, from which place I wrote you the evening before my departure for this remote region. From Syracuse to Springfield, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, a vast stretch of prairie, interspersed with occasional patches of hazel, shumach and scrub oak, intervenes. The road is firm and smooth and but few hills are met with of sufficient height to interrupt rapid driving. The surface of the ground is somewhat undulating and the soil generally harsh and gravelly and in many places of considerable extent, absolutely barren. If brought under the influence of proper cultivation much of it would doubtless prove highly productive. But of this I cannot speak advisedly, as throughout the entire portion of the State of Missouri, lying between the points named above, few improvements, amongst the many to be met with, will compare favorably even with the worst class of farms in any of the older portions of Ohio. A general and almost unvarying aspect of indolence, ignorance and shiftlessness characterizes the country throughout. The

<sup>1</sup>The Stewart Commission on Western History of Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo. Oct. 1, 1928.

<sup>2</sup>Written to Mrs. Rumfield, Tiffin, Ohio. "Frank" was the name Rumfield invariably used in writing to his wife.

farm houses are constructed of the rudest materials and in the most barbarous styles of architecture. Dwelling houses, out buildings and fences, that have long since reached a chronic stage of delapidation, do not seem to suggest to their respective owners the necessity of timely repairs to save them from utter demolition. Farming implements are of the most antiquated kinds and are permitted to rust and rot at the places they were last used. The space by the road side in front of each house is generally filled up with the ruins of old waggons, sleds and harrows scattered about in promiscuous confusion, and a profusion of empty whiskey barrels too plainly indicates the true cause of the miserable slothfulness which is everywhere so plainly apparent. Fruit and shade trees which are reared and cherished with such tender care by the thrifty and intelligent husbandman, are but seldom met with in this region of poverty and indolence. The growing of wheat is generally neglected; whilst corn is to the lazy Missourian what the camel is to the wild Bedouin of the desert. Towns are few and far between, but whenever met with they exhibit the same indications of prevailing sloth, inactivity and negligence, which are so prominently displayed throughout the country. On every hand an indifference to personal comfort is seemingly manifest. Streets are laid out with the least regard to regularity or convenience, and are more or less obstructed with the accumulated filth and debris of years. The public houses are execrable beyond conception. Everything in and about them is calculated to excite a feeling of unutterable disgust. A moderately good meal is not to be had at any of them; and indeed would seem beyond the resources and capacity of the country to provide. The nigger cooks are greasy and filthy in the extreme, and appear to display a diabolical ingenuity in making every dish they serve up inexpressibly distasteful to the palate of the traveller. No one not accustomed to such fare, unprovided with the stomach of a mountain trapper, or a California gold hunter, can make much progress in disposing of such unsavory viands, yet for each accommodation of the kind the victimized stranger is obliged to disburse fifty cents, whether he eats anything or not. Along the entire route north of Springfield we found an extreme scarcity of water.

Throughout the entire state of Missouri but little rain had fallen since the opening of spring. Creeks were almost everywhere dry, and the few wells the country affords, exhausted by the extraordinary drain upon the liquid stores. At each station where the horses were changed the thirsty passengers would sally on ahead in search of a sip of nature's beverage, but in many instances they would meet with but indifferent success. Water we seldom failed to find in these periodical rambles, but none that I could have pertaken of at home. And then the utensils we were compelled to drink it from! Frequently from a gourd, but that would do very well. Sometimes from a pan lathered over with clots of sour milk; several times from the buckets which had served to supply the horses; once from an old rusty tin wash bowl which was thus brought into double service by the frugal housewife. On another occasion a long walk at night following a devious path that led far into the wilderness brought us to a spring of muddy water, to drink of which the only available thing at hand was a portion of an article of crockery which shall be nameless—but which many years ago, when entire, may have occupied a place beneath the bridal bed of the obliging matron who directed us to this refreshing spot.

Some miles north of Springfield the road leaves the plain and winds its way along the Ozark Mountains upon the summit of which the town is situated. The location is a beautiful one and the surroundings such as are calculated to inspire the enthusiastic lover of rugged natural scenery with feelings of sublimity. But unfortunately the town adds nothing to the charm, and a breakfast at the only hotel it contains will certainly dissipate any romantic notions that may have previously found their way into the head of the journeyist. Pursuing our way over the mountains we found the road extremely rough and circuitous. No open plain meets the eye and a succession of steep and rocky hills render travelling dangerous and wearisome. Woods on either hand so thickly studded with vines and spread oak as to be almost impenetrable to a rabbit, imparts a gloomy aspect to the highway. For 56 miles after leaving the last named points, no town and but few settlements are met with. The Mail Company's

stations are built by the road side and afford accommodations alone for the drivers, stationmen and horses.<sup>1</sup> Springs abound in these mountains. The water boils up through a mass of broken white flint stone and is incomparably excellent. No filtered rain water cooled with northern ice would I prefer to a draught fresh from these pure sparkling springs of the wild Ozarks, when drunk beneath the impenetrable canopy of foliage that shields them from the rays of the southern sun.

Travelling along day and night through this solitary region we at length come to Fayetteville—a lovely town in Arkansas, 110 miles from Springfield, and 60 miles from this place. The town reposes upon the mountain tops, and is handsomely shaded by deep files of trees that line the streets on either hand. It contains a court house, several churches and many fine private residences, and is the seat of the University of Arkansas. From the steps of the court house I there witnessed the sale of a slave boy—a spectacle that was indeed grating to my feelings. From Fayetteville to Van Buren the point where the Arkansas river is first reached, the road lies through high and rugged mountains, the wild scenery of which is occasionally diversified by valleys covered with corn, many of which are in the form of an oblong circle and of one or two thousand acres in extent. No one who has never passed over this road can form any idea of its bold and rugged aspect. It winds along the mountain sides over a surface covered with masses of broken rock, and frequently runs in fearful proximity to precipitous ravines of unknown depth. Over such a route as this the coaches of the mail company are driven with fearful rapidity. The horses are seldom permitted to walk even when traversing the steepest and most tortuous hills, and when drove at their utmost speed, which is generally the case, the stage reels from side to side like a storm tossed bark, and the din of the heavily ironed wheels in constant contact with the flinty rock, is truly appalling. The man who can pass over this route a passenger in one of the Overland Mail Coaches, without experiencing feelings of mingled terror and astonishment, must certainly be oblivious to every consideration of personal safety.

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<sup>1</sup>The Southern (Butterfield) Overland Mail route from St. Louis to Los Angeles; for map consult L. R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail*, 343.

Yet with all these indications of danger and recklessness, accidents rarely occur, and since the Mail Company has been established, not a single life has been lost on this part of the route. The coaches are built expressly with reference to rough service—and none but the most reliable and experienced drivers are placed upon the mountain districts. The horses are of the most powerful description to be found, and when once thoroughly trained to the service perform the laborious run with apparent pleasure and delight.

Although my letter is already extended beyond the limits originally intended I must not conclude without saying something more in relation to this place. I must say that I have been very agreeably disappointed in whatever pertains to the town and the inhabitants thereof. Stores well stocked with goods of every quality and description to be found in the older towns of the northern states, are numerous. One establishment in the large three story brick block across the street contains more good than can be found at Sullivan's. Drug stores there are two; one of which is as handsomely fitted and furnished, and contains as large a stock as any concern of the kind I have yet seen in Cleveland. There is a bonnet and dress making establishment where everything in that line of business is got up agreeably to the latest eastern styles and patterns. The general appearance of the town is rather prepossessing to the stranger, than otherwise. There are three churches of moderate architectural pretensions, and a female seminary of fine external appearance and which is said to be well conducted and liberally sustained. There are several hotels in the place. That at which we board is said to be the best kept, and affords accommodations with which I am tolerably well satisfied. The only drawback consists in the fact that the rooms being large contain two or more beds each and accordingly no one can get a room for his exclusive use. The servants of which there is a large number for a house no larger than the City Hotel, are all slaves. They seem to perform their respective duties with alacrity, and are not so importunate for an occasional quarter as their brothers of the north. Slaves are numerous held in and about the town and are universally full blooded blacks. Indeed I do not remember having seen a

single mulatto since I came into Arkansas. As free "niggers," are not permitted to live in this state every colored person met with is presumptively a slave. Indians of various tribes, (or nations as they are here called) are seen in large numbers about the streets every day. They come into town from the Territory usually at an early hour in the morning, and spend the day loafing among the various whisky shops fronting on the river. At night they return home as peaceably as they came and no one but themselves seems the worse of their coming—the rum-sellers certainly not. They generally ride good horses, and many of them are men of property, and hold slaves. Every where in the Territory the sale of ardent spirits is peremptorily prohibited which accounts for the regularity of their visits to this place. All along the western border of this state the whites drive a lucrative business at the expense of the "poor indian" whose proverbial appetite for strong drink leads him into the wildest excesses.

I came into possession of the keys of the office yesterday—the duties are neither arduous nor perplexing so far as I can judge from the brief experience I have had.<sup>1</sup> A word or two in relation to the climate. We have had pretty warm weather since my arrival here, but it does not enervate the system to the extent that the same degree of heat in the north causes us to feel. Owing to some atmospheric peculiarity it is almost impossible to contract a cold. I have slept with the windows open in a strong current of air without experiencing the slightest ill effects therefrom. This you know I could never do in Ohio, without endangering my health. I have heard nothing from you since I left home. I shall be grievously disappointed if I do not get a letter by Sundays mail. Do not fail to write to me as often as you can as you can readily imagine how anxious I am to hear from you. I hope that you will soon become reconciled to our brief separation and if things go on as I now have reason to expect, we will try our fortune for a time at least,—if providence has so ordered—in this handsome and social little city, situated upon the border of civilization. In the meantime be of good courage. I meant to say a word or two to the dear little children but feel much fatigued with

<sup>1</sup>The Office of local Road Agent at Fort Smith for the Butterfield Line.

the labor of writing this long letter. Say to Mary that I will write her a nice little letter by the next mail. Kiss the children one and all for me. My respects to Mr. & Mrs. Beilhartz and the girls; also to Mrs. Craig and all others who may inquire concerning my welfare. Remember me to Angaline and the Little Anny.

Very truly your loving Husband,

HIRAM.

P. S. Should you have any trouble in reading this letter get Mr. Beilhartz to read it for you, but show it to no one else, that is, to no person out of his family.

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FORT SMITH, Aug. 9th, 1860.  
"Thursday afternoon"

DEAR FRANK—

Your kind letter of Wednesday night came to hand this morning about 8 o'clock. You must have had a busy time of it on the 1st on the occasion of the "Grand Republican Rally." I hope you did not exert yourself beyond your strength in attending to your numerous guests. I was happy to hear that the children had all regained their usual health. Yesterday was the regular mail day but as I did not expect the Overland on time owing to the almost starved condition of the stock between this place and Fort Chadbourne.<sup>1</sup> I thought I could safely defer my semi-weekly task until today. Robinson has gone to the Red River Valley in Texas for the same object that induced the sons of Jacob to go down into Egypt to buy corn. A supply is wanted to distribute along that portion of the route above named, a distance of about 500 miles. Such is the scarcity of grain that in order to obtain a supply and distribute it at the points needed it will have to be waggoned hundreds of miles at an average cost, including transportation, of at least five dollar per bushel. From this you will be able to appreciate some of the difficulties encountered in keeping the "Overland" in a state of efficiency. There is not one bushel of grain to be had on the line between this point and Fort Chadbourne. The drought has absolutely destroyed every-

<sup>1</sup>The Butterfield station on the Choncho River in central Texas.

thing. The grasshoppers have even perished from want of sustenance. Robinson expected to be absent about three weeks. He will have a laborious time of it, but I hope will get around in good condition. He said he expected to start for Ohio soon after his return from the South West. So far my duties have always been the most arduous and perplexing in the absence of Mr. Robinson. I do not mean that such is the case as it regards the ordinary routine of business, as that is easily attended to. He was away when the accident happened to the Stage Coach, of which I wrote you an account some time since. Last Monday night, Old Sol, as we familiarly called him, my principal assistant in the office, was shot by a Cherokee Indian, in front of the Saint Charles Hotel. The pistol ball entered near the navel and penetrated the abdominal cavity. The unhappy affair occurred about 11 o'clock. I was asleep in bed when one of the conductors aroused me, and informed me of the melancholy event. As soon as possible I hurried to the office where I found the wounded man lying on a cot, surrounded by a crowd of sympathising friends, and a doctor engaged in probing the wound. At first sight I was convinced that the injury was mortal, though the doctor assured him that it was not necessarily so. I had him removed to the City Hotel as soon as possible where he lingered in intense agony until Tuesday evening when death kindly interposed and his sufferings were at an end. The duty of preparing for his funeral mainly devolved upon myself. Everything was done decently and in order. The funeral was appointed to take place at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The Rev. Mr. Sample of the Presbyterian Church who, at my request had been with Sol. some hours before his death, conducted the services in the great-hall of the Hotel. He preached a short but impressive discourse, and denounced the practice of carrying fire arms in the most emphatic manner. After the services the corpse was borne to the cemetery. Four large 4 horse coaches belonging to the Mail Company were first in the procession after the hearse, and were followed by many carriages and buggies belonging to the citizens and kindly tendered for the occasion. It afforded me a melancholy pleasure to witness so numerous an attendance; and the degree of sympathy



that seemed to pervade the community in behalf of the unfortunate man. Sol. was formerly from Utica, New York, and came out here with the parties by whom the Mail Company was established, about two years ago. He was unmarried as far as we can ascertain. He was of a wealthy family, but had long since squandered his patrimony in riotous living. We informed his friends east of the circumstances attending his death. I have always found him a useful and reliable man, and am fearful that we will not find another soon who can discharge the duties that pertained to his position with the same degree of energy and efficiency. I inclose you one of the notices I had prepared for the funeral. The indian was arrested soon after the occurrence that terminated so fatally. Today I have mainly devoted in preparing for his examination which is set for tomorrow. The mail has just arrived at the door and I must stop. I will write again on Saturday. My health continues good. You must not be alarmed on my account as it regards the "injuns" shooting one as I have nothing to say to them and keep "o' nights" like a good boy. You know that I am afraid of nothing, but I have always thought that prudence was the better part of valor and this principal I act upon. My love to the children and yourself.

In haste Truly your affectionate husband,

HIRAM.

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FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS, Sept. 25, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE—

Your letter of the 13th inst., informing me of the painful and dangerous illness of our beloved little son came to hand on Thursday morning the 20th. This sad intelligence reached me at an hour of excitement and alarm. A disastrous fire was then raging on the opposite side of the street, and the devouring element threatened all that was valuable in the city. Fortunately—I might say providentially—the morning was calm, otherwise the scene of destruction would have been fearful to contemplate. As it was, the principal buildings destroyed were the Garrison block and City Hotel, the latter being the house at which we boarded. The Garrison block was the pride

and glory of the city. It was erected some years since at a cost of seventy four thousand dollars, and was exclusively devoted to business. In a room on the second story of this massive pile the fire originated and so rapid was the progress of the flames that every effort to save the building was utterly unavailing. But few goods were saved from the numerous stores the building contained. The Cline drug store—the owners of which are cousins to the Yerks of Tiffin—was completely destroyed. The misfortune of these worthy young men is peculiarly sad and deplorable. They were engaged in the business some seven years and at the time of the disaster their drug store was one of the largest and best arranged establishments of the kind to be met with anywhere. Originating in a room immediately above, the fire soon found its way through the intervening floor, and, in an instant the entire concern was enveloped in a sheet of flame. They had no insurance whatever, and thus in the brief space of a few minutes they were reduced from comparative wealth to a state of penury. The post office was in Clines store; and not a single letter out of some four thousand, exclusive of the Overland Mail from Memphis, was saved. Among this mass of ill fated letters was one for your own dear self, which I had written and mailed the day before in expectation of the Overland mail the ensuing night. This letter embraced one and a half sheets of cap paper and was worded in my best style. At a later hour, the same day, I mailed two others, one which was directed to our good friend, Doct B. and the other to Mr. Robinson at New York. The furniture of the City Hotel was mostly saved. The alarm was about the hour of four in the morning. As soon as I could get down stairs, I aroused the "Overland boys" and ordered a large baggage wagon to the door with all possible expedition. Everything in and about the room I occupied, on which I had any claim, was saved—except my "night shirt" and the coat I wore away with me from Tiffin. These, owing to some cause or other—not very clear to me—could not be found. After arranging for the removal of the effects of this office, in case of necessity, I returned to the Hotel, and remained upstairs aiding in the preservation of the property of the kind hearted McKensie until the advancing flames drove

us from the house. The part I performed consisted in removing the furniture, bedding, etc. from the various rooms, and depositing the same at the head of the "great stair way." In this perilous service I was mainly aided by three young ladies—of position in society—where coolness during that trying hour did not forsake them. Various theories prevail as to the origin of this disastrous fire; but the generally received opinion is, that it was the work of design, and this opinion is strengthened by the force of concurrent circumstances to which I have neither space nor time to allude at present.

It was under the circumstances thus briefly detailed that the dangerous condition of our fair haired boy was announced to me. You may readily imagine that this announcement was in no way calculated to dispel the gloomy feelings that then appressed my mind. I at once had recourse to the telegraph—and at a seasonable hour the following morning received the gratifying response that the little fellow had fully recovered from his late malady. In the "burned letter" I alluded to the "grest bile" with which you were so sorely afflicted when you wrote me on the 8th inst. I was much distressed to hear of your sad condition, though I cherished the reasonable hope that during the time occupied in the transmission of the letter your painfully troublesome visitor had disappeared from your seat of horror!

I was favored with a letter from Robinson, by the last mail but one, written at Mansfield. He therein stated that he found his family all well except his wife who was very lame. For this reason she could not go to Tiffin, and therefore he concluded to defer his promised visit until on his return from New York. I have heard from him by telegraph since he reached the city and shall expect a letter on Thursday next. I hope he may arrange his matters satisfactorily and return here as speedily as possible as I assure you I am extremely anxious to get back to Ohio once more. I am comparatively indifferent as to whether I retain my position here or not; and certainly will have no desire to remain in the service of the Mail Company in any position whatever, unless the controlling parties in New York concede to Robinson the several reforms in management and the enlarged authority he demands. The

matter will doubtless be determined on at an early day—perhaps in time to advise you of the result by the next mail but one. For the sake of our friend Mr. R. I fondly hope that he may succeed in the object of his mission east. Among the numerous officials in the service of the Company with whom I have been brought in contact since my arrival here there is none so eminently qualified for a high and responsible position as himself. And yet under the present system of mismanagement, this man has been obliged to be subordinate to a set of ignorant and brutish road-agents,—who, years ago graduated from the stables of the Ohio Stage Company, and are now, in morals, better fitted for the depraved associations of Mott and Mulbury Streets than for the companionship of men of moderate decency. Should the Directory in New York so far ignore the true interests of the Company as to compel Robinson to give way to these insolent and bombastic interlopers, they will discover, at no very remote day, that they have committed an error fraught with incalculable damage to the prospects of this “great enterprise.”

In your letter of the 8th written under the inspiration of your “bile,” you briefly referred to an exciting event that lately transpired at the house of Mr. [P]. At the time said letter came to hand, I had not received yours of the 5th and therefore was oppressed with uncertainty as to what all this meant. I was at first fearful that Mr. P. himself was compromised in the matter by aiding in, or conniving at, the attempt made to conceal the evidence of degradation in which the fair fame of his unhappy daughter was so unexpectedly involved. As you made no mention of this fact in your succeeding letters I charitably concluded that he was in no wise connected with so foolish and desperate an undertaking. This sad occurrence overwhelmed me in pain and heartfelt sorrow. It has fixed a stain upon the escutcheon of a worthy and high minded family that the tears and sympathies of generous friends can never efface; and has left a wound in the heart of a kind and indulgent father which time will fail to heal; and which will bleed anew at each remembrance of his daughter’s waywardness. But what has become of the pusillanimous . . . whose villainy

has caused all this scandal at the expense of the good name and peace of mind of this hitherto happy family? Is he permitted to run at large and gloat with devilish pleasure at the great ruin he has accomplished? If the infamous wretch were here in Arkansaw his miserable carcass would furnish the material for a public pastime. The other day I looked upon the body of a horse thief who was shot down in the street during an effort to escape from his captors who had kindly tendered him a rope. I cannot say that I was wanting in sympathy for this unfortunate man as I saw him covered with dust and blood and writhing in the agonies of approaching death; but I could have looked upon the bloody spectacle with comparative composure if this victim of popular fury had met his fate for conspiring against the virtue of an artless girl. I wish you would take pains to write me more fully in relation to this matter as whatever you may have to say upon the subject will be interesting to me.

I was glad to hear that little Mary had re-commenced her studies. You must be careful and not let her overtask her mind by undertaking tasks unsuited to so young a child. She is ambitious to learn—and in this she could be encouraged to an extent consistent with her tender years, and not beyond.

It seems that our neighbour Craig has concluded to abandon the service of Smith Barnes & Co., and return to his old avocation. You may well ask, what is to become of them? I am really sorry for his family, but it is out of my power to afford them any permanent aid. If he cannot retain a place in Tiffin how is he to secure one abroad? Some months ago I gave you my views at length touching his proposition to aid you in moving hither in consideration of a situation, secured to him on my part. . . . Of all the places in the world this is the last one he should ever think of coming to in the hope of mending his unfortunate habits. The "injun" rifle whiskey—sure to kill at forty rods—would soon do the business for him. I do not know that he has ever seriously entertained the thought that I might be prevailed on to use my influence in his behalf; but if he does you must give him no encouragement whatever.

I have heard nothing from you on the subject of peaches

this many a week. Have you made arrangements for a supply? It is needless to inform you that the cans put up through my agency will go into a very small space without much crowding. The truth of the matter is that there was nothing of the kind to be had here—during the season—except clings, and this description, if I am correctly informed are unfit for that purpose. I could have had plenty of grapes by paying 25c a pound for them, if I had thought they would justify so high a figure. If you cannot get a supply of peaches there have Mrs. Patterson order you what you may want through Patterson Brothers & Co., from Cincinnati and I will settle for them on my way home next month. Say to Mary that if nothing happens she may give her birthday party whether I succeed in getting home or not by the 17th of October. The poor little thing has had her heart fixed so long on the pleasure to be derived from a birthday festival that you must not disappoint her if you can avoid doing so. I need not admonish you that her childish expectations can be fully gratified without going to any great expense in the matter. I was pleased to hear that you had at length succeeded in finding another girl. I hope she may continue to give you reason to regard her as a useful acquisition to your household, though I would not like to vouch for that on so short an acquaintance. You must try to keep her and Laney from getting into any of their jars. Laney had better stay with you until it is determined whether we will move this fall or not. I have not heard from Mr. Bill as yet in reply to my letter. I wish you would ascertain whether it reached him or not. It was written some five or six weeks ago. Mr. B. is doubtless so busy with his grain operations that he cannot find time to write. Have you heard from the folks at home lately? I have had nothing from them for a month or more, and am at a loss to comprehend the cause of their protracted silence. I have not had a letter from Arens for two months or more.

Since the fire we have moved our quarters to the Saint Charles Hotel—one square below—this office, towards the river. The fare does not come up to the standard of the late City Hotel, though it is quite passable. I have secured a very

comfortable single room—nearly as large as our bedroom at home. It contains a sofa bed, mahogany bureau, and other conveniences to correspond. Take it altogether, and I am much more comfortably situated than before the fire. The weather continues dry and warm. We had several fine showers some three weeks ago but their effects have long since ceased to be discernable. On the 19th we were favored with a cool wind from the north west, but the change of temperature was of short duration. There is no immediate prospect of a necessity for putting up stoves or refitting fire places; these comforts you have doubtless enjoyed for some time in that cold region. Frost seldom makes its appearance here before the middle of November. The foliage is beginning to look sear and yellow but this is solely attributable to a want of moisture. I am sorry that my letter to Mr. B. was lost as I am fearful that I will not find time to write another for some days if all before my return home. You must inform him of this circumstance and express my regrets upon the subject. They have all been so kind to us that I know not how to reward them sufficiently. You can let them see my letters to you whenever you think they contain anything of interest.

Miss Rumsey's bill I think was quite moderate for the amount of service performed. Did you show her any remarks in relation to herself contained in my letter of the 19th of August? But I must write a short letter to Robinson and therefore will not have time to say more at present. Remember me to Laney.

Hoping that through the goodness of God you are all in the enjoyment of health,

I am as ever  
Truly your affectionate Husband,

HIRAM.

My love to Mr. and Mrs. B. & family and earnest thanks for their kind attentions to you & the children.

P. S. I will send my draft on Tomb, Huss & Co. to W. M. Johnson, by this mail in payment of rent due first of October and request him to hand receipt to you. So you need give yourself no trouble about this matter.

Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
January 7th, 1861.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR FRANK—

Your kind letter of the 19th December came to hand a few minutes since and I will hasten to reply though I must be brief this time as the mail will soon close. I wrote you yesterday in answer to yours of the 12th and gave you an account of the trouble which befel the late Gov. Dawson.

With regard to the carpet for the dining room I cannot advise you except that you get a new one as soon as possible. You had better get a rag carpet as those cotton concerns are not worth making up. You have doubtless done so ere this, or will before this can reach you, for if the old one was so nearly worn out on the 19th December it cannot last until you can hear from me on the subject. The Tribune, you will recollect, was paid for last spring—in May I think—for the year ending March 1862. You will remember that you obtained a check of Tomb Huss & Co., for six dollars, put in an envelope, and had them direct it for you. As this was not sent with the blank receipt which you received, sometime before, from the "Tribune office," they probably thought the remittance came from Tomb Huss & Co. and placed it to their credit. As it stands now, we have paid for the Tribune twice for the same year. You will call on Mr. Huss and request him to have the goodness to ascertain what became of the check you forwarded in May. He can refer to the original draft and the indorsement will show that it was in hands of Horace Greeley & Co. to whose order it must have been made payable. The next thing to be done will be to find out what Greeley & Co. did with the money and this can be accomplished by writing to them which Mr. Huss will do for you. The payment you made last can apply on the next year which will commence in March. See that they forward you the proper receipt. I could have saved you all the trouble by inquiring into this matter myself last

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<sup>1</sup>No letters exist to show the time or reasons for Mr. Rumfield's transfer from Fort Smith to the position of agent and Assistant Treasurer of the Overland Mail Co. at Salt Lake City.



summer as I was suspicious that it was not right. You must excuse my negligence this time.

I hope that little Jennie has recovered from her illness by this time. I am very uneasy on her account. We have pleasant weather today. The snow storm ceased last night, and sleighing is fine. Will write you again in a day or two. With love and kisses to you all,

Your affectionate Husband,

HIRAM.

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FORT FILLMORE<sup>1</sup> May 20th 1861

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE OF TEXAS,

The bearer of this Mr. H. S. Rumfield wishes to pass through the State of Texas on his way to his home in the north. Mr. Rumfield is personally known to me as a gentleman of truth and integrity. He is sound upon the Southern Question, and I recommend him to your hospitality and good will to aid him upon his way.

Respectfully

SAML. I. JONES.

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EL PASO, TEX. May 20th 1861.

Mess. H. Meyer & Co.<sup>2</sup>

GENTS

The bearer of this Mr. H. S. Rumfield whom we take pleasure in introducing to you is agent here for the "O L M Co" & visits your city on business for the company—any attention you can show him, will be reciprocated at any time an opportunity may be offered.

By yours Truly

MCKNIGHT & RICHARDSON.

pr Aylmer

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<sup>1</sup>The most important post in southern New Mexico on the Santa Fe Trail to Mexico City. The reasons for Mr. Rumfield's journey home by the southern route and the reference to his "soundness" on the Southern question (a fact not borne out by certain references in his correspondence) are matters left to conjecture. The reasonable guess would be that he was concerned in the matter of the transfer of stock and equipment of the Southern Overland to the northern route as heretofore mentioned. The signer of the letter may possibly have been a relative of John S. Jones who, with W. H. Russell, established the famous "Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express" in 1859.

<sup>2</sup>A business firm of San Antonio, Texas. Rumfield's route was over the road from El Paso via Forts Davis and Lancaster to San Antonio, Texas. The letter suggests the nature of his journey.

EL PASO, TEX. May 20th 1861.

MESS. SWEET & LACOSTO

[San Antonio, Texas]

GENTS

The bearer of this Mr. H. S. Rumfield—of the "O L M Co" here whom we take pleasure in introducing to you—visits your city on business for the company—Any attention or information you can render him will be appreciated by

Yours Truly

McKNIGHT & RICHARDSON.

pr Aylmer

SAN ANTONIO, May 30, 1861

MESS. A. D. GRIEFF & Co

[New Orleans, La.]

GENT

This will introduce you our friend Mr. H. S. Rumfield who passes through New Orleans to Mobile & Charleston and assistance you can be to Mr. R. will be appreciated as a personal favor to us.

Respectfully yours

SWEET & LACOSTO.

SAN ANTONIO. May 31, 1861.

GEN E. B. NICHOLS

[Galveston, Tex.]

DEAR GENL.

Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Rumfield the bearer of this who is on his way to St. Louis. Mr. R. is in the employ of the Over Land Mail Co and is a gentleman in every respect worthy of confidence and in these war times not having any acquaintances in your city I have taken the liberty of giving him this letter.

Any advice as to his best way of continuing his journey will be thankfully received both by him and

Yours Respectfully

G. H. GIDDINGS.

Office of the Overland Mail Company  
84 B. Way  
NEW YORK, July 17th, 1861.

H. S. RUMFIELD, ESQ.,  
Agt. Overland Mail Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR:

I rec'd your telegram of the 16th asking how you should raise money to pay off with, late last evening. I also have your letter of 6th at Syracuse.

It is very difficult for me to decide how to do. I do not know that we can abandon the Mail Service without consent of the Govt.—and there seems to be a difference of opinion between you and the others. Allen thinks it safe to resume—you do not and I do not. If it were only a question as to whether our stock would be taken by the federal forces, or not, I would say go on and if they take let them do so; but are not the rebels just as likely to get it?

I do not, on consideration, see that we can move either way for a few days yet. When it is safe, if it should be soon, you will begin again under my former instructions. But perhaps before that I may see you, as I expect to leave here for Salt Lake on the 24th (morning).

That I may meet you & say all that may be advisable, I wish you to hover around St. Louis until then (provided you cannot resume service) that I may communicate with you as occasion requires. I may not be able to stay in St. Louis, but if you are there you can go with me on R. R. to Hudson and we can determine matters by the way. Or if I should go by Chicago I can have you meet me on the Hannible R. Rd. On account of other matters I desire to be at St. Joseph on Saturday p. m. 27th.

I send you herewith or another day, my account against Tuller to the present time, so far as I know it. Nothing is complete since Dec. 31st—But up to that you and I do not agree as you will discover. The differences you must regulate

<sup>1</sup>This letter implies that Rumfield proceeded to St. Louis from Texas and not to southern Atlantic ports as had been suggested in previous notes of introduction. War-time conditions are evident by the writer's doubt as to Rumfield's position at the time with the firm.

your accounts to, as mine are right. I do not know how things are to be brought up rightly, as Tuller may not be competent to settle when I meet him at Salt Lake, but if no other way the papers must all be sent to me at Salt Lake after you and he have made up the accounts. Recollect, all accounts and papers are to be sent to me at Salt Lake. More of this when we meet.

Perhaps I repeat in the following. When you go over the ground to settle, or to collect P. O. orders, you must get affidavits and positive proof of every loss, of stock in order to make claim on the Govt. Get them up in good shape—in style terse and in words brief as may be and yet sufficiently full as to essential facts and figures. . . . After the 22<sup>d</sup> I become Agent and Assist. Treas., and Alexander J. Carter, Treasurer. That change became necessary in sending me to Salt Lake. After that date any dfts [drafts] you make must be on him; and when you come to settle, you can draw on him, on such terms as you can make for amt. you need—and if you need for expenses meanwhile you can draw on me.

I will write you again soon,

Yours truly,  
FRED K. COOK,  
Treas<sup>r</sup>. O. M. Co.

\*The P. O. order returns which you are to collect you are not to send to me, but to my successor here.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 8th, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE—

I arrived here this morning dirty and tired. Everything upside down. They were in expectation of a great battle yesterday and nearly all the inhabitants have left town. Lyons army—about 10,000 strong—is drawn up on the west side of the town. The enemy is said to number about 20,000 and is posted about 3 to 7 miles from Lyons front. I am anxious for them to come together. Have made every arrangement to get out of the way even if the combat should result in a Bull Run stampede.<sup>1</sup> The mail is just about [to]

<sup>1</sup>Four days later the Battle of Wilson's Creek was fought and General Nathaniel Lyons was overwhelmed by superior forces in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Southern Missouri was in the hands of the Confederate forces until the following spring.

leave—can't tell where another can be got from. Be of good cheer. If I cannot get north from here in a day or two I will start home. My love to you all in haste

Truly yours affectionately,  
HIRAM.

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Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
December 19th, 1861<sup>1</sup>

DEAR FRANK—

I have been rather busy since my letter of the 15th and do not see how I will find time for some days for the letter I promised giving a detailed account of my late journey hither. I heard from Mr. Cook, last night, by telegraph. He was then at Deep Creek, a station 124<sup>2</sup> miles west. He is travelling in an extra and lays up at night. The Indians are said to show hostile signs along the line some 400 miles west of this place. The Government treated with them last summer and promised them ample supplies of food and clothing for the winter. This promise, unfortunately, has not been complied with, and the poor savages are now preparing to remind the officials of their faithlessness by commencing hostilities on the Overland Mail Co. We are informed, today, that they have made an attack on one of the Stations but it does not appear that any person has been killed. We have brought the matter to the attention of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, for this Territory, who has promised to give his attention to the matter and quiet the indians by providing for their wants.

The weather has been very pleasant since my arrival here. Indeed, it never gets very cold in this valley, as I am informed. We have plenty to eat. Vegetables of all kinds are in great abundance, and of the best quality. The mountain streams abound in fish, and game is cheap and plenty. I have not rambled about the city much as yet, but have promised one

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<sup>1</sup>Unfortunately this collection contains no letters describing either Rumfield's experiences after the Battle of Wilson's Creek or mentioning his transfer to the important post he now occupied in Salt Lake City.

<sup>2</sup>It was actually 173 miles.

of the saints to accompany him on a round one of these days, as soon as I can find time.

There are many interesting sights in this valley which shall be visited and described, for your edification, in due season.

I am reminded that our taxes will be due to-morrow. You must attend to the matter at once should you not have done so before this reaches you. The rent will be due on the 1st January. It amounts to \$27.50. You need not pay it until Johnson calls on you, as this was the arrangement I had with him. The "Tribune" for the 31st of December will conclude a new volume. You had better notify Wolf and have him get them. He will assort and arrange them properly if he gets all the papers. Tell him to bind them with as little delay as possible so that the book can be put with the rest, and not lost sight of.

I keep posted as it regards war news in this remote region. We receive a complete report daily through the generosity of the telegraph Co. The latest advises seem to indicate trouble with England touching the Mason-Slidell affair. I fondly hope that this new affliction may be averted, but it seems as if it was the fixed purpose of the British Ministry to provoke a war with us. They must find employment for the starving millions in the manufacturing districts and war opens the only avenue to the solution of the difficulty. Should it come to the worst we as a people must make the most of it. You need have no apprehensions for your personal safety as some time will elapse before the enemy will get as far from the Lakes as Tiffin. Write often. Trusting that you and the children are in the continued enjoyment of health.

My love to Mr. and Mrs. B. and family and to Lanny. Also, a merry Christmas and happy New Year to you all.

I remain your affectionate husband,

HIRAM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 26th, 1861.

DEAR FRANK—

In a letter written you last Monday evening I informed you, that, on the Sunday previous I had attended Mormon church at the Tabernacle; and, that I had taken notes of the dis-

courses listened to on that occasion which I proposed to write out and forward to you at my earliest convenience. Before I commence that part of the task I will give you a brief description of the Tabernacle and of the peculiar people who profess to worship there.

This famous building, of which you have so often heard, is situated on the south side of what is called temple block (near the site of the great Temple now in course of construction) and is a large but temporary structure composed of unburnt brick, without any architectural pretensions whatever. The Saints claim that the building is large enough to comfortably seat three thousand persons, but this I think an exaggeration. Two thousand five hundred can doubtless find room within its walls. The distinguishing feature in the internal arrangement of the structure consists in an elevated platform of some twenty feet in width extending entirely across the rear of the main body of the church and separated therefrom by a wooden balastrade extending from the floor to a line some three feet above the level of the platform. The pulpit, a desk, resembles in design and finish those usually seen in Episcopal churches, and is placed near the center of the platform. The surrounding space contains numerous slips arranged in concentric rows which are set apart for the exclusive use of the President and his two High Counselors; the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. The Bishops of the 19 wards of the Holy City, the Seventy disciples and other dignitaries and officials of the —— Church.

I gained admission before many of the congregation had arrived and having secured a seat near the main entrance, an opportunity was afforded me to see the Saints as they entered. They continued to pour in, male and female, (the latter perhaps predominating in number), until the closely arranged seats, the broad aisles, and every nook and corner in the house was literally paved with human beings. It would be safe to assert that no where else on earth in a community or country claiming to be civilized, was ever congregated such a heterogeneous group. The impression was forced upon my mind—an impression confirmed by subsequent observations—that the saints were composed of the aggregated odds and ends of

mankind. The assembly presented the anomalous spectacle of a vast Museum in which was collected all that is eccentric, misshapen, and curious in the human family. Deformity in all its varied aspects was visible on every hand, and the mass together exhibited a picture of idiocy and sensuality, stupidity and ignorance, credulity and fanaticism which no generous soul could contemplate except with feeling of mingled sorrow and disgust. The church through its appointed heads, claims the power of working miracles; and if the process suggested by Brigham should ever result in the elevation of the descendants of his people to the high standard of moral, mental and physical development which he says they are destined to attain, his posterity may justly associate his name with the most stupendous miracle the world has ever witnessed.

The description I have above attempted is intended to apply only to the humble laity in this modern Israel. Among those to be seen upon the platform as the supporters of the "Great High Priest" are many men of fine appearance and undoubted intellectual vigor. There are the captains of thousands, and the captains of hundreds over the credulous hosts of the grim Impostor; and it would be putting too low an estimate upon their intelligence to believe them capable of cherishing the "smallest grain" of faith in the Divine Mission of the self styled prophet, seer and revelator, Joseph Smith.

The services were commenced with music by the quire [choir] which was very well performed. A prayer was then made by one of the "Apostles" in whom I recognized the person who officiated in the same capacity at the funeral on the preceeding sabbath. Brother Harrington, Bishop of Provo, then entered the pulpit and without opening either bible or "book of Mormon," proceeded to address the multitude. The bishop was a thin faced, black haired, wiry looking man, apparently about 45 years of age. He commenced in a tone so low and mumbling that his first utterances, however interesting they may have been to those who were near enough to hear him, were certainly lost to the majority of the congregation; myself included. Nor was I much wiser regarding the subject of his discourse, as he proceeded owing to the "noise and confusion," that prevailed throughout the assembly.



Coughing, hawking and spitting was so general and incessant, as to have the painful impression upon the mind of a stranger that the Saints were all afflicted with pulmonary disease. As the bishop continued I at length succeeded in the discovery that the subject of his remarks was "the necessity of implicit obedience to teachings of the Church," and denying that private judgement, however enlightened in other respects, could ever be safely exercised in religious matters. Upon the church and the church alone, devolved the right and duty, of interpreting the law and enforcing decisions, touching all matters concerning the spiritual well being of its members. The same scales governed in spiritual as in political associations. We have as a political organization a Legislature whose prerogative it is to enact laws for the government of the Territory. It is provided that these laws shall be printed and copies thereof distributed among the people, and it is our duty to read them, and understand what they are. The right of private interpretation is conceded to us to a certain extent but here our individual agency in the premises is at an end. All political or civil associations are based upon an organic law which defines the powers and functions of the government and with which all its operations must be in harmony. The laws or enactments of the Legislature can only be enforced in form or manner prescribed by Law. We have magistrates and from them process must issue; we have sheriffs and constables charged with the service of such process; then we have the jury box, the witness box and the judicial bench. All of which must exercise their proper functions before the true meaning or interpretation of the law can be arrived at. So in spiritual affairs. The Lord has appointed his own mode of making known his immutable law to the children of men and whether it regards prophecy or revelation He wills that the true and binding interpretation that shall be derived through the only means which he has appointed and sanctified to that end the Apostles and Bishops of His only true Church upon earth.

Bishop Harrington occupied the desk about a half an hour and then gave way to Brigham who spoke as follows.

Before I proceed with the remarks I propose to offer for

your instruction & edification this morning I would like to have you all keep as quiet as possible. There is entirely too much coughing here to suit me. Some of you are doubtless afflicted with bad colds, but I see no necessity of making that fact quite so apparent. You can keep it to yourselves if you only think so. I am always governed by my own experience in whatever I ask or require of others and I know that I can cough, or not, just as I have a mind to.

I have no objections to offer to anything Bishop Harrington has said to you this morning. He is not accustomed to public speaking and therefore may have disappointed the expectation of some of you. What he has said should be treasured up in good and honest hearts as the truth as it is in Christ Jesus to the building up and strengthening of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Bishop Harrington has spoken to you of the necessity of obedience to the teachings of the church, and of the manner in which the interpretation of the spiritual law is to be given to you. Now I wish to have a talk with you upon a kindred and equally important subject and shall expect your careful attention throughout. I want you to understand what is meant by the law of health and see the necessity of complying with it. This law may be said to be temporal in its application, and it is to a certain extent, yet, I tell you that it is so closely connected with our spiritual well being that we cannot expect to realize all the blessings in reserve for the Saints in heaven, if its principles are disregarded. Now what is meant by this law of health? I will tell you. It consists in being temperate and prudent in satisfying the demands of hunger and thirst in order that all the functions of the tabernacle may be kept in vigorous and healthful actions. Such a result is sure to follow if the principles of the law are carried out as they should be; and if they are not observed you will continue to be the miserable curses that many of you now are as long as you remain on earth, and stand at least an even chance to be damned at last.

I have often heard brothers wish that we could become independent—that is, independent of the gentiles, and produce among and within ourselves, as a people, everything that may

be necessary to our comfort and conveniences. This is all well enough and it is an object that I have never ceased to labor for since the time when the Lord transferred his Zion to these mountain valleys. But how is true independence to be acquired except by observing the law of health. Will money obtain it? I do not think so. A man may have mountains of gold and be in possession of valleys heaped up with silver and precious stones;—he may send all over the world and collect together the costliest raiment that ever bedecked the august person of Pontiff, King or Emperor;—he may gather every luxury pleasant to eye or taste, that a refined civilization can furnish, and yet, after all lack in independence. I do not mean to say that gold is not desirable; as a means for obtaining food and clothing for ourselves and families it is well enough; but it cannot, in itself render us independent. Here is a man who enjoyed good health and eat [ate] his breakfast about 8 o'clock with his usual gusto. An hour later he has an attack of—what shall I call It?—rheumatism? Yes, inflammatory, or rather, infernal rheumatism. His dinner is prepared for him but he cannot eat. Offer him a plate of soup even and he will beckon you away with it. Tell him that a little wine will be good for him, and, he will say, oh! I would like to drink it but I am afraid it will make me worse. His independence is gone. There is nothing in the wide field of human enjoyment that he can call his own—no pleasurable emotion or sensation that he can exercise. He is a slave to pain and sorrow, bound, hand and foot in the remorseless chains of anguish and suffering. Now, I happen to know something, from personal experience, about this infernal rheumatism, as I call it. I had an attack several years ago and a severe one it was too. My body was racked with pain like a boat tossed upon the surging billows of the ocean. (It took two of my wives to hold me in bed, and four more of them to apply the remedy I suggested.) I ordered them to take off all of my clothing and bath me in hot water,—almost hot enough to take the skin off—and then rub me with all their might, with woolen cloths. I knew that this treatment would prevail if persevered in—if not relaxed for a single moment, until relief was at hand. I knew that it was the Devil that was

vexing and torturing me—that he had come upon me unawares, and infused into my system the virus of disease—and I grappled him with all my might and struggled against him in the name of the God of Israel. It was after five hours combat—yes, an incessant struggle of five hours by the watch—that the victory came. I knew when it was at hand and told the women to go to their beds. This is the way that I encounter disease—which is but another name for the Devil—and drive it from me in the name of the Lord of Hosts. God knows that what I have said is true, and so does the six women—wives of mine—who were there with me, and, are now present.

A knowledge of the law of health and an inflexible determination to be governed by its principle in our every day habits, practices and mode of living can alone arm us with power to ward off [f], and successfully resist, the attacks of disease. There is entirely too much sickness amongst us, too many in the dawn of life ere the spirit has scarcely entered the tender tabernacle within and perish in our midst, like opening blossoms torn from the parent stem. Youth, just expanding into vigorous manhood, upon whom we fondly look with pride and hope in our declining years, are stricken down and borne before us to the silent chambers of the dead. Many who have attained to middle life have already thrown around them the infirmities of extreme old age. Now there is a cause for all this and I think I can tell you what it is. It is alcohol!—Yes, alcohol! here, I have got it, and to this fountain head of misery and wretchedness may be traced, directly or indirectly, the cause of the sorrow of those afflicted ones, with whom in the hour of bereavement, I am so often called upon to condole. I say it is alcohol that is the cause of all this. It is not the malaria that is carried about on the wings of the wind, but the poisonous sting of the Devil that lurks in the whisky, that does the business. I know that the source, the fruitful source of the vice and debauchery in our midst is strong drink, and who does not know that every unhallowed indulgence disturbs the animal economy, paves the way for the admission of disease into the system, and, sooner or later, must end in death. I have always been opposed to chance drinking under any and all circumstances, and intemperance has ever been a stench

in my nostrils. Had the power been mine, I would long since have banished the last drop of the accursed liquid back to perdition from which it emanated. I have preached to hypocrites so long, and, admonished them in season and out of season of the dangers of intemperance, that I would allow them to continue in their sottishness die and be damned and go to hell, were it not for the misery their wickedness brings into their families. The innocent child must suffer on account of the evil conduct of its family. God declared to Moses amidst the thundering and lightening of Sinai that he would "visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children of the third and fourth generations of those who hated Him," and despise his Holy Law. Now this declamation closely points to a physiological truth which is immutable and unchangeable, and which underlies all our hopes for the continued advancement of the Saints towards that full measure of Moral, mental and corporal development which was appointed unto them from the foundations of the world. It is our mission to improve the human race physically, as well as morally. And how is this great work to be accomplished if we do not obey the law of health ourselves? We must purify our minds and concentrate in our bodies all the powers and energies of unimpaired manhood, and we may then expect, that the children hereafter begotten of us will be born into the world without spot or blemish, and with robust and vigorous constitutions. This can only be brought about by gradual process I am aware; but I tell you that if this course is pursued perseveringly, in the right way, and with the true object in view, but few generations will pass away until these valleys will be able to show the world the anomaly of a perfect race of men—men who will attain to the age of the good old patriarchs of old, exempt from the ills and infirmities that now cluster around us. A bald headed or dim sighted man will be looked upon as a curiosity. There will then be no occasion to send to the gentiles for knives and cutting machines for the purpose of preparing our food; for everyone will be blessed with a set of teeth so strong and solid as to withstand the action of time and use to the end of an existence of 300 years duration. There will be an end of pain and sorrow and early bereavements, and, the Saints,

surrounded with every comfort that a perfect organization can desire or enjoy, will pass the full allotment of their days, in the unclouded sunshine of Divine favor.

Now the mothers in Israel must not forget that they too have an important part to perform in the great work of renovation, which is committed to us as, the peculiar people of God. It is revealed to me that many of you are not as abstemious as you should be. Let me tell all of you that are breeding children, as I have told you before,—stop drinking wine, tea and coffee while in that condition. Don't eat pickles and strong meats, and carefully abstain from whatever else that may excite the passions, impair digestion, and debilitate the system. I have sometimes thought that I would say nothing more to you upon this subject, but when I come before you I must speak the words that the Lord puts into my mouth. You should bear in mind that a sacred duty devolves upon you—the duty of rearing tabernacles for the pure and disembodied spirits who hover around our holy Zion and long to enter in. To prepare yourself for this duty you should study, and reflect upon, the process of generation, and avoid anything in thought, habit or conduct, that might make an injurious impression upon the fruit of your womb. You must study and understand the law of health, and faithfully comply with all its requirements, in all that pertains to you, in the work of generation, before you can approach the day of deliverance, from the ills which now beset mortality. Many of you, and especially the younger sisters, who as yet have done nothing towards building up the walls of Zion, and are much inclined to be heedless of the commandments of the Lord. I have observed a tendency towards following after the fashions of the gentiles. Some of you have even strayed so far from the paths of virtue and propriety as to appear in that odious invention of the wicked one—called hoops. I have no objection to see you swelling out, but it must be in the natural way, and that is always comely in a female. You know that I hate hypocrisy in all its forms and phases; and, if this practice of appearing in a condition that is not real—sailing under false colors—call it what you please,—is not hypocrisy, then, I confess, that I do not know the meaning of the word. We must let the

gentiles go to the devil, and strive to keep ourselves pure and unspotted from the world. You cannot serve God and mammon, nor can you follow the fashions of the wicked and adulterous generation now ripe for destruction which is coming upon it, without sharing in the vengeance of an offended God.

[several lines omitted]

Now I warn you to stop and consider where you are and what you are here for. Attend to your domestic duties without whining and complaining. Do not hanker after the flesh—this has sometimes led you into strange and forbidden pastures to the shame and reproach of Israel. Be contented with what you have and you shall be happy; be obedient to the teachings to the Church, and you shall inherit the Kingdom of the faithful; be pure in heart and undefiled in body, and the Lord will make you fruitful and bless your seed forever.

The remainder of the discourse was directed against hypocrits and apostates, and abounded in the most profane and filthy expressions. My notes embrace the entire sermon; but I have neither time nor inclination to transcribe more. What is here reported is enough to give you an idea of the character of an ordinary sermon delivered by the head of the Church of the Latter Day Saints at Salt Lake City. I am told, by gentiles, who are in the habit of attending the services at the Tabernacle, that it is not uncommon in Brigham especially when exhorting the sisters to obedience, to indulge in the most indecent and disgusting language. This had been told to me before I set foot upon the "sacred soil" and I confess that I was incredulous as to the truthfulness of what had been related to me by others until I went and heard for myself.

H. S. R.

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Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
January 1st, 1862.

MY DEAR MARY—

Your nice little letter, sent with one from your mother, of the 12th inst, is now lying before me, and I will answer at

once. It seems that your ma thought that I would not be able to read it, but you will see that she was mistaken in this. To show that I succeeded in making it out I will copy it as I read it. Perhaps my copy may prove to be incorrect; if so, you must set me right in your next. Here it is:

"TIFFIN, December.

Dear Pa. I sit down to write you that we are all well. I have not learned to write and therefore must print what I have to say. O pa! how I do wish you would come home, I would like to see you. Write us as soon as you can. How I do wish I was on your lap I do like you so.

From your affectionate

MARY."

This is a good letter and your pa, who is so far away from home, is very glad you sent it to him. You must try to learn to write a plain and neat hand, so that you can write to me often when I am away from you. It may take you a long time to learn to make all the letters right and put them together in the form of words and sentences, but you must not become discouraged on that account. I was glad to hear from your ma that you continued to attend school every day and was making such fine progress in your studies. This shows that Mary means to be a good little girl, and does not seek to waste her time in mischief or idleness as many children do. You must not forget, when at school, that I promised to bring you a pretty book when I come home. Do you attend Sabbath School regularly? I hope to hear that you do, when the weather is not too cold and stormy; and, also that you are prompt in getting your verses from the Bible. It will be a great pleasure to you as you become older to reflect that you stored your mind with so many nice verses when you was little. Be kind to your little brother and sisters; be obedient to your Mother in all things; and always remember your prayers when you retire at night and get up in the morning.

You will please say to your ma that I cannot answer her letter to-day but will do so by the next mail. Wishing you a happy New Year and hoping that you are well and cheerful,

I must bid you good-bye,

Your affectionate

FATHER.



P. S. Jonnie wanted me to send Santa from Salt Lake with lots of nice things. You must tell him that I have seen nothing of the "good old fellow," and do not think that he has been here at all. I suppose that he could not get over the mountains on account of the deep snow. I have no doubt he paid you all a visit, and brought you all sorts of pretty things. Did he not?

A kiss to you all  
Good-bye—

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SALT LAKE CITY, June 8, 1862.

DEAR DOCTOR—

Amidst the perplexing circumstances by which we have been harrassed for the past two months I assure you that I have never ceased to remember the letter so frequently promised you but so long delayed.

As you must be informed of the causes which led to the late suspension of mail service of the "Eastern Division" of the "Overland Route," I need say but little on that subject. It is proper to remark, however, that the Overland Mail Company—incorporated as such—is not directly responsible for the management of that part of the line, lying between this City and Atchison. The Company's contract with Government embraces the entire line from Missouri to California; but when the transfer was made from the Southern Route, with the full consent of the Department, the Eastern Division was sub-let to Wm. H. Russell and others, who assumed the entire management thereof under a contract which was regarded as advantageous to the Overland Co. These parties failed in December last and the fulfillment of said contract devolved upon their assignees who could not control the means necessary to an efficient operation of the lines. The affairs of the Division continued in bad shape until the 21st day of March, last, when, with the consent of all parties concerned it was transferred to the sole charge and management of Ben Holladay of New York—a gentleman who possesses wealth and energy sufficient for the undertaking. The financial troubles, to which I have alluded, did not cause the stoppage of mail.

Reports have been circulated east attributing the interruption to that cause; yet the evidence is conclusive that Indians—and Indians alone, are responsible for the frequent and formidable depredations that compelled a suspension of through service until troops could be brought out, and placed upon the line, to protect it against further violence. The difficulties are now all surmounted, and arrangements made to put the mails in motion tomorrow, and continue daily thereafter.

The Mormons have always been hostile in feeling towards the Eastern Division and its management,<sup>1</sup> though I cannot believe, for a moment that they were in any way implicated in the acts of violence which culminated in the attack on the stage, the destruction of the mails and the wounding of six men, near Ice Springs,<sup>2</sup> on the morning of the 16th of April. Though their ill feeling is undisguised and uncompromising, they have too much sagacity to put themselves in a position that would lead to an open rupture with the Government.

While they are so badly disposed towards the Eastern—because it has been a damage rather than an advantage to them, our Company, (The Overland) on the other hand, commands their undivided confidence, friendship and affection. The principal part of our supplies—amounting in the aggregate, since the 1st day of July last, to several hundred thousand dollars,—have been purchased in this valley and paid for in glittering gold! Our dealings with them have been conducted upon principles of firmness and justice. While we permit no person in the service of the company to deal unfairly with them, we will submit to no wrong in turn. We do not hesitate to employ a Mormon,—or rather, in this respect, make no distinction between “Saint and Gentile,” other things being equal. Whenever a dispute arises between us and any of the people concerning a matter of any consequence, whether

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<sup>1</sup>The cause of this antipathy was explained in our introduction.

<sup>2</sup>Old “Ice Slough” near the original Rongis (Wyo.) stage station on the lower Sweetwater on the present Grahan ranch. Cf. L. R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail*, 245-6 quoting an eye-witness who reported the incident in *Alta California* of May 26, 1862. As to the usual frontier suspicion that Mormons were concerned in the attack the best answer is Brigham Young’s telegram to the Utah delegate in Congress (quoted by Hafen) offering Mormon troops if necessary to quell the redskins.

involving money or otherwise, we at once refer the case to Brigham who never fails to hear patiently and decide with wisdom and impartiality. The foregoing is but an imperfect outline of the policy which governs us in our dealings with this "peculiar people." Heber C. Kimball—brother Heber, as he is familiarly called by the "saints," paid me a visit last week, and in conversation gave me the most gratifying assurances of the good feeling cherished by his people towards this company. It was the first and only interview I have had with him—the first time he ever entered this office. Like Brigham, he is seldom seen on the streets, except on Sunday, on his way to or from the Tabernacle. Our interview took place in the back office—was strictly private—and continued about an hour. Not a word was said upon the subject of religion—the Mormon religion especially. When the old man was ready to depart he arose from his chair, and placing his right hand on my head, in the most solemn tone and manner pronounced a blessing—almost in the exact words of the good old Apostolic Benediction. The proceeding was so unexpected that it rather startled me. He noticed my momentary confusion and seeming to think that I doubted his sincerity took my hand in his own and looking me squarely in the face, said—"No one can justly accuse Heber of hypocrisy—I always speak as I am moved by the Holy Spirit; my blessing was from the heart—from the heart." I assured him that I did not doubt his sincerity in the least, that I fully appreciated his good wishes, and that memory would never cease to revert with pleasure to the visit with which he was pleased to honor me. He then brushed the tears from his eyes—for by this time his feelings had entirely overcome him—and, with a hearty and emphatic "God bless you," took his departure.

Summer is now fairly inaugurated—yet we have had but little hot weather thus far. The nights, especially, are delightfully cool and exhilarating. We can retire to bed with assurances favoring the happiest and most invigorating exercise of our "drowsy powers,"—not an insect to disturb our repose, save an occasional bed-bug, and that, perchance, already gorged to satiety with the "blood of the saints."

DEEP CREEK STATION<sup>1</sup>  
170 Miles West of Salt Lake City  
June 22<sup>d</sup> 1862.

DEAR FRANK—

A mail from the east overtook me yesterday at Point Lookout, about 50 miles from here, and on opening Wells Fargo & Co Express bag I was much gratified to find two letters from you—one of the 17th and the other of the 30th of April. They were rather old to be sure but then they were new to me and afforded me as much pleasure as if they had come through on the usual time as before the late mail interruption. The despatch you speak of in your letter of the 30th April could not have found its way to Salt Lake as the one that did come to me was dated 12th May and that must have been in answer to my inquiry of the week previous. I do not mean your message announcing the safe arrival of the check, as that was sent about the close of May or early in June.

I am getting along with my journey finely. I do not intend to exceed 50 miles per day and therefore cannot reach Carson short of 8 days. Since writing you at Rush Valley our road lay through one of the most dreary regions to be found on the American continent. It is what you have often heard of as the 100 mile desert in the great basin. It is nothing, in fact, but a succession of brazen looking, barren mountains, and alkali flats. These flats, as they are called, vary from 10 to 20 miles in width, and look like a boundless prairie covered with new fallen snow. They are not only destitute of vegetation, but, as a matter of course, are utterly moistureless.

This valley is a beautiful one. It is traversed by a never-failing stream of water, and in many respects resembles the Great Salt Lake Valley. The only settlement is close to this station. Some half dozen Mormon families reside here. The soil is fertile and with proper irrigation can be made to yield largely of every description of grain and vegetables. The Station is owned and kept by a young married man named

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<sup>1</sup>Intervening letters are not at hand to explain Mr. Rumfield's western journey; it was evidently, a part of the routine of his position in closing up quarterly accounts with the station agents along the line. Deep Creek station was in western Utah; all points mentioned can be located on the map in Root and Connelley, *The Overland Stage to California*.

Egan, son of Major Egan, a man who occupies a prominent place in the history of the Mormons.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Egan is young and like Mrs. Faust, whom I alluded to in my letter from Rush Valley, is beautiful and accomplished. They have gathered around them, in this desert region, many of the comforts and some of the refinements of eastern life. While I write this generous and simple hearted woman is engaged in singing an accompaniment to the tones of the Melodean. How home-like the associations, and how chastening to the soul of the weary way-faring stranger, are the gentle tones of the female voice.

The day was hot and the dust along the road almost suffocating. But now, that the shadows of night have gathered around us, a gentle breeze is playing in from the adjacent snow-capped mountains cooling the atmosphere to a most delightful temperature.

About a mile above the house in which I write is a large Indian encampment. As game of all kinds has left the valley since the Overland Mail Company established its route along here, the poor savages have had no means of subsistence, except that furnished by the Company. We have fed them liberally acting upon the principal that it is cheaper to feed than to fight them. Last quarter we paid Mr. Egan 1792 dollars for beef furnished these indians and his bill for the present quarter will scarcely be less.<sup>2</sup> In company with an interpreter I took a stroll this afternoon, throughout the sage brush village of the red men. The most of them were in filthy rags and nakedness but all appeared contented with their lot. The little children were engaged in their sports, dancing about and shouting in their mirth with all the enthusiasm of civilized children. These poor children are never clothed after warm weather sets in. Many of the men, I discovered, had laid aside their leggings and blankets, and

<sup>1</sup>Major Egan was one of the original Pony Express riders. In 1865 he led Butterfield's "Overland Dispatch" pioneers who marked out the "Smoky Hill" route from Leavenworth to Denver.

<sup>2</sup>This policy on which we commented in our introduction was unquestionably an economical one for it is to be believed that these forlorn "Digger" Indians would have stolen what they wanted in any case and, in connection with theft, committed every other kind of outrage. Throughout the period of large California migration (1849-1853) more trains were plundered hereabouts than on all the rest of the California Trail put together.

more than one squaw, both old and young, gave evidence of the instinctive modesty of their sex, by sitting down and crossing their legs as we suddenly came upon them. But as I have arranged to start on our way by day light in the morning, I must conclude this hurried and imperfect letter and seek repose. Mrs. Egan has kindly volunteered to get up in the morning in season to give us breakfast before we start. I will write again, from Ruby Valley, about 100 miles from this place, nothing occuring to prevent. So good bye for the present.

With love in abundance and many kisses to you all,  
Very truly your affectionate

HIRAM.

P. S. I have just remembered that it was exactly 7 months ago today that I left home for Salt Lake City. The other 5 necessary to complete the year will soon come around.

H.

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CARSON, [NEV.] July 6th 1862.  
"Sunday Morning"

MY DEAR WIFE—

When I arrived here one week ago I thought that ere this I would have my face set towards the "City of Zion on the tops of the mountains." But here I am yet. Tomorrow morning, nothing happening, will find me on the road, and I shall hope to reach Salt Lake by the 17th. The mail from the east, this morning, brought me your letter of the 9th June. I was glad to hear that my letters were again beginning to reach though you must not fret if they do not find you in regular order for some time longer. The Eastern Line is not yet free from Indian annoyances and interruptions, and, I think will not be soon, until some of the men now in charge are removed. This is a matter over which our Company have no control, or I am sure a better state of things would exist. We have 10 indians on our line to one on their's and yet we have no trouble with the savages. We give them plenty to eat and that is all they want. During the warm weather they

care nothing for clothing. If the Eastern Company had pursued the same line of policy everything would have gone along smoothly.

My dear woman you must not worry so much about my absence. You know I am careful and "prudent" and will not intrude myself into unnecessary danger. The war now raging between two sections of our once prosperous but now unhappy country is a fearful thing indeed—but "such things needs must be" until the end of time; or until evil in every form and shape is banished from the world, which can hardly come to pass during our day and generation. Wars cannot be carried on without loss of life and a corresponding amount of individual sorrow and suffering. Soon, peace will again spread her angel wings over the land and plenty will then spring out of desolation and mirth and gladness take the places of grief and uncertainty. In this region of country, so remote from the scenes of bloody strife now enacting in the east, the peaceful pursuits of life are undisturbed. You see no soldiers in the streets—no military preparations—but all is "bustle and activity" in the business sense of the term. They talk of Ophir, Empire, Gold Hill and other famous mines and dream of fabulous wealth yet to spring from their investments.<sup>1</sup> Many will be disappointed in their golden expectations—very many indeed; yet thousands have already dug immense fortunes from the "quartz ribbed mountains of this once desolate region." You may wonder why I do not seize a pick and clamber up the brazen mountain side in search of a "paying lead" as thousands have already done, but I will answer you at once by stating that the gold and silver is only found diffused throughout masses of rock and can only be extracted through the agency of heavy and costly machinery. It is not the discoverer who makes the money—but the men who follow after and with ready means take advantage of the necessities of the poor explorer. You may some time hear that I did not descend into the Valleys of Utah in vain, as I am convinced that the mountains that overshadow Salt Lake with their snow capped summits are as rich in the "precious metals," as the

<sup>1</sup>This letter was written five years after the discovery of famous Comstock Lode in Gold Canon near Carson.

country from which the Queen of Sheba brought her golden contributions for the Temple of Solomon. . . . .

But I must close. I will write you short letters on my way in. Write often, dear woman, and do not fret "your self poor." My love to you and the children and to Mr. and Mrs. B. & family who come next in my good wishes and affections.—

Very Truly Your affectionate,

HIRAM.

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Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
August 26th 1862  
"Tuesday Evening."

MY DEAR WIFE—

I wrote you on friday last, advising you of the departure of Mr. Cook for San Francisco and postponed saying anything further until today, hoping to receive a letter from your own dear self. In this I was disappointed, as the mail arrived this morning but no letter for me. Another mail will be due tonight which will doubtless bring yours of the 10th inst. The Indians are again becoming very troublesome on the plains—along portions of the old road lately abandoned by the Mail Company.<sup>1</sup> They have attacked emigrants on various occasions, within a few weeks past, stealing their stock and in some instances murdering men, women and children. Three wounded men were brought to the City on Sunday last who escaped from an emigrant train taken by the savages. A woman—young and rather good looking—was brought in yesterday, who was the only survivor of a party which consisted of her father, mother, brother, sisters and husband. They were attacked by the Indians on the Northern or Fort Hall road and the entire party killed except this poor woman, who managed to escape into the sage brush in time to be unobserved by the unfeeling indians. The next day she was

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<sup>1</sup>The stage line over the original Oregon Trail via Fort Laramie on the North Platte and the Sweetwater to South Pass was abandoned early in 1862, when the effort to continue to fortify the Bozeman Trail to Montana was abandoned and Forts Reno, Fetterman and C. F. Smith were evacuated.



found by a party returning from Salmon River, by whom she was brought to this city, in a sorry plight indeed. This morning we put her in the stage for Denver where some of her relatives reside. It seems as if the Devil has suddenly got possession of the "red-skins." The late massacre in Minnesota was really fearful; and the Salmon River region will no doubt suffer in the same way before "many moons" have waxed and waned. Since the mail line was removed to its present route the stages have continued to pass and repass unmolested.<sup>1</sup> The new road runs through a section of country which is called by the Indians "neutral ground" and is seldom or never traversed by the "red devils." In fact none of them have been seen upon the road since the change was made. I fondly hope they will let us alone.

I have put up the views in and about Salt Lake City and will send them by the first stage. They will go to Saint Louis in one of Wells Fargo & Co's Express bags and thence by Express to Tiffin. I hope the views and likenesses will please you. I will also put a lot of envelopes in the box with my address and a package of change—say ten or twenty dollars—if I can find room in the picture box.

The "Tribunes" so often spoken of will go out in the same mail with this letter. They will be addressed to you. You must look out for the package and have them put in the volume in which they belong. I have all of the numbers you stated were missing except one or two. If the volume is already bound you must have it opened and the missing numbers put in. I would not have this omitted for any consideration.

Will write you again in a few days. Hoping to hear from you soon

I remain as ever your affectionate Husband

HIRAM.

P. S. I have seen nothing of Doct. B's promised letter as yet. My love to them all.

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<sup>1</sup>The "new" stage line left the original Oregon Trail at Julesburg, Colo. and ascended the South Platte instead of the North Platte. At near Greeley, Colo., it bore up the Cache le Poudre and passed historic Virginia Dale and into Wyoming. Rounding the base of Elk Mountain where Fort Halleck guarded the track it met the original Oregon Trail again east of Fort Bridger.

Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
Sept 23<sup>d</sup> 1862  
"Tuesday Evening"

DEAR FRANK—

Your letter of the 7th came to hand this evening and I was truly happy to hear that you had fully recovered from your late attack of Asthma. I was also glad to learn that the Tribunes sent from here to supply the missing numbers in March last, had safely reached you. While upon this subject I would remind that the close of the month of August completed the second volume for the current year. Each volume, as I have had them bound, contains the papers for 4 months—making 3 books for each year. You must be careful to notice from time to time, whether or not the papers all reach you, and if any are missing and cannot be obtained of Mr. Huss or any other person taking the Tribune in your place, do not fail to write me giving the date of the number wanted. I have taken the pains to provide for an exigency of this sort by saving the Tribunes received at this office.

I was in hopes since George wrote you that it would be unnecessary to procure the release of your half brother & sisters touching the property matter that you would defer your journey to Savannah for another season. I would be glad to have you go up on a visit for a few days, but I dread the thought of having you take all the children with you. I assure you, since I have learned that this is your purpose, that I shall be unhappy until I hear of your safe return. You know that neither family are prepared to provide for the comfort of such an army at once; and the danger of sickness from exposure and injury from accident is, in my judgment, entirely disproportionate to the little pleasure the journey, under such circumstances, will afford. Then again, your house, in the absence of your girl, will be exposed to the depredations of marauding soldiers, who may be tempted to "break in and steal" whatever may be left behind. And another consideration of the gravest moment is, during your absence, my Tribunes will be in danger of being lost or misplaced, by being

taken from the post office by persons who will too lightly esteem their value and the great care I bestow in their preservation. Taking all these things into consideration I can only say that I shall be miserable until I am advised that the ordeal, encompassed with so many dangers, and liabilities to mishap, loss and discomfort, is safely passed or avoided altogether.

Say to dear little Jonnie that I would be very glad to eat some of the nice plums he has laid away for me. I wish I had something nice to send him but there is nothing here that I can think of now. I have an Indian bow and arrows that I got of an Indian for him, but I must keep them until I go home. I should be afraid that he would shoot Mary, Lizzie and Jennie, if I send them to him. It has always been a marvel to me that an Indian can be found with an "eye in his head," ever since I first witnessed the first boy savages going through their exercises with the bow and pointed arrows.

I have not found the other skin as yet, but will use every effort to find one. I cannot hear of one to be had in town and must wait until Gooding returns and get him to look for one on his next journey to the Diamond Mountain. The Indians, in that locality bring them into the station at times, though so early in the season they are very scarce. I will try to have one on the way before this reaches you. With one or two of the beavers. In the meantime you must be patient.

Mr. Center<sup>1</sup> is yet here. Cook will be back on Friday of this week, when it will be determined whether he or I shall accompany Mr. Center over the road west and settle up the accounts for the Quarter ending with this month.

The weather has been delightful for some weeks past. In fact, the climate of Salt Lake Valley is unsurpassed by any region of world for salubrity. Fruit continues plenty and is now comparatively cheap. The water melon crop was extraordinary.

But the boy is waiting for the Express bag in which I will send this letter, as the mail is already made up and closed.

With love to you all and to Mr. and Mrs. B[eilhartz] and family,

Very Truly Your affectionate

HIRAM.

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<sup>1</sup>Treasurer of the Overland Mail Co.

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 29 '62

"Sunday Evening"

MY DEAR FRANK—

Since I wrote you last I received your letters of the 6th and 10th instants. The first of these came to hand on Christmas day, and its swollen exterior, not unlike the protruding sides of a pregnant fish, led our kind hearted post master to hurry down with the tempting package to congratulate me on the receipt of a handsome present from my loving wife. I was satisfied, in my own mind, that the contents of the letter bore no relation to the day on which it was received, and on opening it, as expected, I found the box of Magnetic plasters ordered a month or more before and for which you will please accept my thanks. Thus far, fortunately, I have had no occasion to use anything of the kind; but as the winter progresses—which, in this country is made up of alternating days of snow and rain, I may not altogether escape the usual effects of dampness and exposure.

I was glad to hear that our dear little Jennie was in the way of recovery from her late illness. If I remember correctly she never enjoyed good health, though I hope she will become more rugged as she grows older and has an opportunity to be benefited by out door exercise. The poor child was so young when I left home, that the recollection of her long absent father must, ere this, have passed from her memory. I can picture in my mind, as she appeared, when I saw her last on that gloomy November day on which I set out for this distant region. She was standing by a chair supported by one of her tiny hands, and her large, grey and dreamy eyes seemed filled with wonder at the sorrowing tears and kisses of her mother and elder sisters as I passed from her presence.

The loss of Doctor Chamberlin, would indeed be a great misfortune to his patrons. I continue to hope that he may recover, but am fearful that your next letter may bring the sad tidings of his death. When he was first called, professionally, to visit our family, his pots of hot corn ears, and huge bowls brim full of steaming decoctions of roots and herbs, were rather amusing to me, than calculated to inspire faith in their curative properties. This feeling, if I remember cor-

rectly, you shared with me. Yet experience demonstrated the fact that the crude and simple remedies of this unpretentious man whose lips were unused to the jaw-breaking phraseology of the Esculapian age, were infinitely more effective and certain in their operation, than the more minute and "scientific doses" administered by the disciples of the "old school." I fondly hope that the life of this kind and useful man may be spared; but if Providence orders otherwise you must not despair. Perhaps his brother can be induced to remove to Tiffin; and if not, the opening will not long remain unsupplied by some person of the same mode of practice. Doctors, of every kind and degree are much plentier than patients; and it is safe to presume that, in this case, so favorable an opportunity will not be long neglected.

My Tribune subscription will expire in February or March and will soon need renewing. I had intended to write and inclose to you the letter to go with the remittance, but on reflection think I had better not, as it may possibly lead to confusion. You will get a check from Tomb Huss & Co for eight dollars—which is now the price of subscription for one year—and have them inclose it in my name stating that it is for renewal of my subscription to the Daily Tribune. The acknowledgement will be returned under cover of a newspaper inclosed in a wrapper. They must not send the check, as they did before, without stating for whose account it is intended. If they sign my name to the letter containing the draft and state what it is intended for, no mistake can occur. Next to the "Tribune" in order of importance comes the matter of house renting for the ensuing year. I trust you will be contented to remain in the "old domicil" as I am anxious to see those handsomely papered and painted rooms which you described to me, last spring, with such pleasurable satisfaction. It is probable that nothing will stand in the way of a renewal of the lease for another year, but to provide against possible contingencies you must loose no time in getting the matter in proper shape. I am afraid that they will expect to advance the rent in view of the enhanced price of everything else—but this you must get along with as best you can. You are sharper and closer in your business management than I ever was or ever expect

to become, and therefore I am well assured that you are not likely to be imposed upon in my absence.

I shall probably start to Schell Creek<sup>1</sup> on tuesday of this week—and be absent five or six days. As I shall probably have no opportunity to write during my absence you must not think strange if my next letter should not reach you for a week or ten days after this finds you. As I stated in my last, I shall be obliged to return here before I start for Carson. Our stages continue to run on summer time. No interruption from snow or floods has so far taken place. The poor Indians along the line are quiet and well disposed. They regard the Overland Company as their best friend; and indeed they may well think so as our kindness saves them from absolute starvation during the "storms of winter" when the bleak desert fails to provide them the means of subsistence. A month ago we bought 400 head of beef cattle to kill and distribute amongst these miserable savages. Twenty thousand dollars will not pay their "board bill" for the winter; but we have them on our hands and it is certainly cheaper to "feed than to fight them." The same policy, on the Eastern Line would have saved many lives and the delays it was subjected to last spring and summer

And now commending you to the care, guidance and protection of our Heavenly Father toward whom our hearts should swell with gratitude and praise for the continued manifestations of His Divine favor,

and with much love and many kisses to you all

I remain your affectionate

HIRAM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 25, '63.

MY DEAR FRANK—

Your letter of the 7th instant came to hand this evening and found me in the enjoyment of my usual health.

I am grieved to hear of the death of Col. Stern. How many fire-sides have been made desolate by this fearful war, and yet still greater and bloodier sacrifices must be made before it

<sup>1</sup>This station was distant about 224 miles from Salt Lake City or about half way to Carson, Nev.

can be brought to conclusion. We are having a "speck of war" in this region, which, however, a single campaign will dispose of. A report reached the city today that a body of hostile indians—numbering about 400 warriors were encamped about 60 miles north on Bear River with a view to attack the settlements near at hand. Col. Connor at once headed a detachment of his command and has gone in quest of the Savages. They will ride all night and expect to pounce upon the red skins about daylight tomorrow. They are the indians who committed so many brutal outrages on the emigrants summer. They are of the Snake tribe and range from the Northern limits of Great Salt Lake to the Rocky Mountains. I trust that Col. Connor will succeed in punishing them.<sup>1</sup>

I was glad to hear that you have laid in a supply of muslin etc. Cotton goods cannot be much cheaper for a long time to come. I am greatly in want of shirts but will wait until Mr. Cook goes to New York and then have him get me a supply. Mrs. Cook will purchase them for me. I can get them ready made, and well made—cheaper than you can buy the muslin and linen. I would not think of buying anything of the kind here. Goods were dear enough before the heavy advances in the east, and now the prices are almost fabulous. It is a marvel to me how the poor manage to live here—and the majority of the population are poor enough in all conscience. Think of paying 50 & 60 cents per yard for Calico, the same for ordinary brown muslin; 60 cents per pound each for Coffee and sugar, and everything else known to domestic economy proportionately dear. Flour and meats, however, are comparatively cheap, which makes it so much the harder on the poor farmers. Wheat commands but 80 cents per bushel and beef at retail but 10 cents per pound. We are buying large quantities of Oats at 50 to 60 cents per bushel. Much of it is brought from the southern settlements, dragged with ox teams over the desert from 200 to 350 miles and sold at the above figures. I one day bought a small lot of oats—but 16 bushels—of a poor man who brought it all the way from the extream

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<sup>1</sup>The Battle of Bear River was fought by 300 troopers under Colonel Connor in January. A force of about an equal number of Bannocks and Shoshones was utterly routed, winning for Connor the commission of brigadier general. Cf. *Rocky Mountain News*, Feb. 26, 1863.

southern settlements, about 370 miles. He got eight dollars for the 16 bushels. The money was to be paid to his Bishop as soon as he could return.

We now have pretty good sleighing and the bells are ringing merrily. I have no inclination, however, to improve the occasion. My experience last winter will satisfy me in that line as long as I may remain in Utah. The snow never remains more than a day or two in the valley—so the saints are obliged to make the most of it while it lasts. Mr. Cook is still at Carson. He will start on his homeward journey in a day or two. You may confidently look for the pictures in my next.

With love to all—as ever

Your affectionate

HIRAM.

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SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 4th '63

DEAR FRANK—

Your kind letter of January 14th came to hand to-day and found me busy at my desk and in the enjoyment of my usual health.

I am sorry to hear that the weather continues so wet and disagreeable in your region and am fearful that it will cause sickness. Here it has been unusually dry; and, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of escaping from a recurrence of the floods and storms that rendered last winter so memorable. Our stages so far, have met with but little detention on any part of the long route; and, by the time this reaches you, the worst will doubtless be over. We may have heavy falls of snow yet to encounter in the mountains; but the wise-acres who have spent many years in this country predict that the accumulation will not be of sufficient extent to cause any serious obstacle to travel.

The men belonging to Connor's command, who were wounded in the late battle with the Indians were brought in last night. They number more than at first reported, though the majority are not seriously hurt. In addition to those wounded in the encounter with the savages, about 25 suffered severely from the cold. Of this number, some six or eight, of the poor



fellows, will have to submit to amputation of feet and hands. The doctors at the Camp will have enough to do for some time. The "Deseret News," of tomorrow, a copy of which I will send you, will contain a full account of the battle. Thanks to the enterprise and bravery of Connor we have had a little war of our own, and now it cannot be said that you folks on the other side of the Rocky Mountains are in exclusive enjoyment of that rare luxury.

In one of your letters, received about a month ago, you said that Johnson had informed you that there was a prospect that the Tiffin & Fort Rail Road would be put under way again. A few days since, I noticed in the New York Tribune a report that the Atlantic and Great Western Road was completed to Ravenna. You will remember that this was the work on which Redfield depended to aid him in getting means to revive his enterprise. It may be that he will succeed in getting under way again; but, as you have since been silent on the subject, I am inclined to think that the prospect is not sufficiently flattering to engross public attention. I should not care about putting any foot in again without pretty fair assurances that I would not be caught and left to get out of the trap unaided, as before. At best, I should feel compelled to defer accepting the "old post" until I have time to determine the value of my Reese River<sup>1</sup> mining claims. The gold fever hereabouts rages fearfully and you need not be alarmed if I should confess to a slight attack of the epidemic. I intend, however, to remain in my position here, until I can, or think I can, make a sure shot. The Northern mines will attract thousands, both from California and the States, but that region has no charms for me. My hope and only hope, at present, is in the Reese River, and if that fails to come up to my expectations I shall be neither richer nor poorer for the failure. We must wait and see what is to be seen.

I was glad to learn from you that my letter to Arens, alluded to in my last, reached him in safety. It is strange that he has not answered ere this. It is decided that Mr. Cook does not go to New York before May. I must not forget to say that

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<sup>1</sup>Reese River, Nev. saw much prospecting. The stage station there was 384 miles from Salt Lake City and 179 from Carson.

I am much pleased to hear that Lizzie is making such fine progress at School. The good little child shall have something nice when I come home. I know that Mary is doing well too—and hope she may continue to do well. Jonnie, I suppose, is to busily engaged with his drum & boots to think of going to school. With love to Julia Ann and you all, I remain as ever

Your affectionate

HIRAM

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Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
Feb. 12th 1863  
(Thursday P. M.)

MY DEAR FRANK—

I have only time, to-day, to state that your letter of the 25th January is at hand.

I had intended to write you last night, but Mr. Cook insisted that I should go to the Theatre, and I went. Messrs Gamble & Leland of San Francisco were here on their way to New York and we were obliged to show them some attention. The former is Superintendent of the Telegraph Line and the latter Proprietor of the Occidental Hotel. The performance at the Theatre was very creditable and the audience quite large and fashionable. Brigham's slips were crowded with his wives and children. Between acts two of the boys—little fellows of 5 or 6 years—got into a fight and used very bad language for the "sons of the Prophet." Their respective mothers interfered and the belligerents were separated and quiet restored. Brigham was seated near the scene of hostilities but appeared to pay no attention to this juvenile fracas.—

You must not delay remitted the eight dollars for a renewal of my subscription to the "Daily Tribune" until they sent a blank receipt. They may not give you notice at all and in that case the matter will run along until the old subscription expires and the paper stops. Mr. Huss will attend to the matter for you if you ask him to do so—but he must not put the draft into an envelope without stating the purpose for which it was intended.

This morning, Mr. Holladay, the agent of the Eastern Line was assaulted and badly beaten by a man named Greenleaf, lately in the service of the Line as conductor. Greenleaf was arrested and the wounded man taken to his office for medical treatment. The trial was set down for 2 o'clock (about half an hour ago) at the Police Court. Just as I commenced this letter I saw Holladay pass this office in company with his lawyer, on his way to the Court; and a few minutes after it was announced that he had killed Greenleaf. It appears that he entered the Court Room, walked up to Greenleaf, who was standing in charge of an officer, placed a pistol at his breast and shot him dead. Holladay was promptly arrested and taken to jail where he will doubtless remain until he has his trial. Unless his counsel succeed in making out a case of insanity he will stand a pretty good chance to stretch hemp. He is the brother of Ben Holladay of New York the Lessee of the Eastern Line.<sup>1</sup> He was vicious and depraved in his habits; and, it may be safely affirmed had no friends in Salt Lake City except the prostitutes who came here with the army. I trust that his name, in connection with the murder will not be confounded with the Overland Mail Co.

The travel to Reese River continues large. Mr. Gooding is now here. He says there is now doubt of the richness of the mines. But I must be brief. Will write again on Sunday.

With love to all

I remain your affectionate

HIRAM.

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Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
March 5th—1863

MY DEAR FRANK—

Your kind letter of the 11th February, came to hand on Monday evening. I was sorry to hear that Mary was obliged to defer writing her letter on account of the arrival of company, and hope she may have better luck next time.

<sup>1</sup>Ben Holladay's brothers were Jesse, David, Joseph, James H. and Andrew S. This scapegrace was Joseph.

The stocking you have commenced knitting will certainly be acceptable to me on my return home. At present, however, I am in no want. Last fall I bought half a dozen pairs of factory socks, a very good article, at 45 cents per pair. These, with the old ones brought from home, will suffice until I return to Ohio. As it regards shirts, I am equally well supplied. My old stock would have held out until next fall but for the fact that the muslin became unserviceable from age. The bosoms, in most of them, are yet sound and unbroken, but the "tails" long since became so tender as to give way under the slightest pressure. My washerwoman was indefatigable in her efforts to repair damages, but the increasing number and magnitude of the "rents" caused her, at length, to shrink from the undertaking. At this solemn juncture of affairs I had recourse to my friends Walker Brothers, merchants of this city, of whom I purchased six new shirts at a cost of three dollars each. They are of the best eastern make, in material and pattern, and as a matter of personal favor, were furnished to me at what they cost them here, including transportation. Considering the high price of muslin, it is questionable if you could have got them up any cheaper, even allowing nothing for your labor. I shall need no further supply for a twelve months; and, by that time, it is to be hoped, cotton goods will command a more moderate price.

We have had exciting times in this city, for some days past. It appears that Brigham and his counselors, were advised by the Mormon delegation at Washington, that Governor [Stephen S.] Harding, and the Federal Judges Drake and Waite, had drawn up and forwarded to Washington with a view to its passage through Congress, a bill providing for the enlargement of the powers of the federal officers to a degree detrimental to the rights and liberties of the "Saints." It was also ascertained that the same parties, since their arrival in Utah, have been unceasing in their efforts to convince the Government that this people are openly disloyal in sentiment, and that a large force should be sent here to prevent them from setting the federal authority at defiance. As might be expected these disclosures, so unjust and unexpected, aroused the indignation and fired the hearts of the "faithful" towards

the trio of plotters against their rights and good name. The masses were ordered to assemble at the Tabernacle, to consider their grievences. This meeting took place on tuesday afternoon, and was open to all who chose to attend. You will find a full report of the proceedings in the "Deseret News" of yesterday morning, a copy of which I have forwarded to you, and which I desire you to preserve. The committee therein provided for have since called upon Harding and the two Judges, and in formal manner requested them to resign and depart from the Territory; but the refractory officials peremptorily refused their compliance. Mr. Cook has drawn up a careful statement of the whole matter at issue between Harding and this people, and has forwarded the document to New York for the purpose of having it put into the hands of the President. In this statement he shows that the conduct of Harding was instigated by feelings of personal hatred towards the Mormons and for the purpose of magnifying the importance of his office and acquiring notoriety abroad;—That this people and their rulers are peaceful and well disposed towards the Government; and, that, accordingly, it would be unjust and unwise to invoke the military power under the plea of keeping them under subjection to the laws. In this statement I fully concur, and hope that the authorities at Washington, on due consideration of all the circumstances, will be convinced of the propriety of removing from office the miserable plotters concerned in the mischievous scheme which has just been brought to light. Harding has known the Mormons long enough to understand their temperament. He was their advocate during their troubles in Missouri and Illinois many years ago. Many of his relatives embraced their faith, and he has a sister now in this city who came with the "Saints" when they discovered this valley, 15 years ago. He understands that they will keep quiet if permitted to pursue their peaceful avocations without molestation;—but if unwarrantably encroached upon will offer resistance even to the "shedding blood." He knows that a convulsion of this nature will be regarded at Washington as a certain indication of disloyalty and cause the Government to dispatch armed bodies of men to these vallies, thus inaugurating civil war and destroying the

operation of mail and telegraph lines. Let him now do his best, since his purposes are understood and provided for. Brigham understands that Mr. Cook and I are with them in this quarrel and appreciates our services in his behalf.<sup>1</sup>

The weather has been quite spring like for some days. The mountains, however, continue loaded with snow. There is no abatement in the current of travel setting toward Reese River. There will also be a rush for the northern mines as the spring advances. But, I must defer writing more until Sunday. Shall expect another letter from you by to-morrow's mail. I hope Beilhartz's family have recovered from their late illness. You must be kind and attentive to them.

With love to all

Your affectionate

HIRAM.

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S. L. CITY, March 2nd, 1863.

A. J. CENTER<sup>2</sup> Esq

Treasurer

84 B Way, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR—

Amid all the facilities that have seemed to be clustering around us during the past year, none has arisen more serious in tendency than one I am about to write of, which has this day by most certain indications made itself appear to me.

It is this.

Governor Harding is working by all the arts of his ambitions by us to bring the Gen'l. Gov't into collision with the people of Utah.

He pretends to be patriotic, beyond all others, but his thin spuriousness, and his entire want of the dignity of patriotism, are seen with half an eye.

It is believed that the President of the U. S. is not fully acquainted with the characteristics of Gov'r Harding's mind,

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<sup>1</sup>This episode is treated at length in local histories. It was Gov. Harding who had Brigham Young arrested for polygamy; but Young was never indicted. Harding was removed from office. The chief influence in bringing this about was such information as was provided by Mr. Cook and associates. Cf. C. V. Waite, *The Mormon Prophet*, Ch. 6, for a presentation of Governor Harding's side of the dispute.

<sup>2</sup>This letter is a letter-press copy, which is so faint that it is unintelligible in many places.

or aware of the injudicious course which he has pursued for the last few months here.

He has rendered himself unnecessarily offensive to this community by the bitterness of his attacks upon their social and political sentiments, and by the peculiarity and arrogance of his manner, and has made the whole people feel that he was sent here to tyrannize over them, and thus has much increased their belief that the Administrations are hostile to them.

Two of the most recently arrived Federal officers (Judges) [part of a line unintelligible] but they seem to be influenced by the Executive instead of following out the leadings of an independent judgement.

The Officers who have been longest in the Territory, gentlemen of thoughtful minds and excellent judgement, true to their country, law abiding and patriotic, observe his course with regret, and I believe would oppose it but for their respect to the office he holds, and to the government which he was expected to represent peacefully.

The governor knows nothing of the noble self sacrificing spirit of patriotism. On the contrary, he is an enemy to his country for he would involve his country in a war with a people with whom a war is not necessary; a people who can better be turned into the current of devotion to the general government, and be influenced into a higher civilization, and led to an abandonment of their great social evil, by peaceful and friendly measures and by the power of the legal arm, and the silent but manifest and irresistible forces of a fast-approaching destiny in the opening up of the vast rich treasures of the earth throughout this mineral region.

But unwilling to wait for these sure correctives of all that is wrong here in which governmental authority would or need be exercised, because the consummated action will not serve his Excellency's purposes, he is now plotting to have sent here (3000) three thousand troops in the coming spring, in the plea that the people are turbulent and disloyal—or else under some other plea dictated by cunning to conceal the real cause and object.

He began very early after his arrival here to look into the

past history of this people and to bring to light partially buried incidents which certainly were wicked in their enactment, like the inflictions upon the Salem witches, and many deeds recorded of other peoples, but incidents which were hopefully dead, if he had not found they would serve his ambitious political purposes.

In their resurrection, by his industry and his influence, he has most naturally made himself odious to the whole community.

There is no disguising it, there is abroad a general and deep prejudice well founded in the past, and founded on one now existing cause, against the people of Utah; but in all respects except their great social curse, polygamy, there is much less cause for prejudices, than heretofore, and the causes are still lessening and would continue to lessen if a new policy be pursued toward them.

But unfortunately for his Excellency, and unfortunate for our country will it be if he is suffered to proceed, as he has persistently closed his eyes to all he might have seen containing a germ of goodness and loyalty—that germ under the benign influence of harmonious association with mankind and the prosperity of industrial pursuits, and the improvement of intellect under educational processes, with only that limit of liberty, which virtue and the rights of others fully sanctions and is every where accorded, would spring up and be nourished into a growth that would ere long make this people an honored member of the United States.

But having made himself odious, the Governor now seeks the support of the Military, that with them he may force the people to show to him a respect they cannot feel, and then by his high sounding rhetorical flourishes to make it appear to the world that he has succeeded in bringing down a whole people.

Thus would he magnify himself. I have watched Governor Harding long and studied him well. I am not mistaken in the character of the man. I know even from his own indirect declarations that his motives are self aggrandizement and revenge—and that by many plottings and the aid of others, he is constantly at work to accomplish the task of bringing the



Government to his support, at the cost of war, if need be, or at least by the expenses of an army in numbers not needed for the protection of the Mails or Emigrants against the encroachment of Savages.

One thousand or twelve hundred troops, besides those now at Fort Churchill,<sup>1</sup> on the line of the mail route in all Utah and Nevada, with a post of five hundred (500) at Soda Springs<sup>2</sup> in Washington Territory to guard the Emigrant route, & the routes to the mines opening in the north, will be ample to protect all interests,—and they will not be enough to enable any one purposely to bring about a war before there is shown to be a necessity, for the exercise of a military rule over this people.

Believing that such rule here would be a great error, and in every respect a great misfortune, and that it does not seem to be remotely necessary in any respect, I deem it my duty to give most solemn notice to the President, and his advisors at Washington of the mischief sought to be done.

These times are too perilous, and the Government has already too heavy a burden to suffer a man besotted with ambition and revenge to work out his machinations for drawing the Government into a war neither necessary nor politic, when a warning word may prevent.

I will do my duty, and if the Government do not listen to my warnings, I will not have to charge myself with doing less than my duty.

Do not I pray you neglect nor delay acting in this matter.

Our interests, the common interests of humanity, the interests of the Government demand an immediate application to the President to request that no unnecessary forces be sent here now but such as will serve to keep the peace, not break it.

Yours truly

FRED K. COOK

Asst. Treasurer

Overland Mail Co.

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<sup>1</sup>On the Overland Mail line near Carson, Nev.

<sup>2</sup>The present Soda Springs, Idaho.

Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
March 8th....1863  
"Sunday Evening"

MY DEAR FRANK—

Since my letter of Wednesday last, no Salt Lake mails have arrived from the east, and accordingly I am without my usual letters from you. A large mail is expected tonight, which should bring me your letters of the 15th and 18th February. The delay is owing not to Indian depredations,—but to furious snow storms, which for a week or more, have prevailed throughout the Rocky Mountain region. The effect of the storms, which are by no means unusual at this season of the year, will soon be surmounted when the mails will pass along on their regular time. The season for floods, caused by the melting of the vast accumulations of snow on the mountains, generally commences about the middle of April and continues until the 1st June. During this period you must not expect your letters with any degree of regularity and then you will not be disappointed. It may be than an occasional mail will be lost by the overwhelming mountain torrents that it times break from their hidden sources with a fury that nothing that happens in their path can withstand; but disasters, of this nature, are not of frequent occurrence. I merely allude to the circumstance to account for the possible failure of some of my letters to reach you during the prevalence of the spring floods.

The embroglio between the Mormons and Governor Harding & the two Judges, to which I alluded in my last, is seething like a volcano just before eruption. The indications are certainly unfavorable to the restoration of peaceful relations between the estranged parties, but I have little fear that active hostilities will follow very soon. Unfortunately, Col. Connor and his command, are enlisted heart and soul in the cause of the unscrupulous and blood thirsty Governor; but the forces at their command are too meager to warrant them in precipitating the issue to an open rupture. A force of sufficient strength to overcome the storm that the policy of Harding, if successfully carried out, would render inevitable, if at once

ordered under way, either from California or the States, could not reach this Valley before July or August; a circumstance which gives the Mormons an immense advantage in the contest. Mr. Cook, Secretary Fuller and Old Governor [of Utah] Doty with united efforts have been unremitting in their endeavors to forestall the refractory officials in their scheme to provoke hostilities, and I think their representations will induce the authorities at Washington to put an end to all possible trouble by recalling Harding at once. I do hope that Old Abe will not send us another Governor from Indiana. I inclose you a letter press copy of Mr. Cook's letter which was intended for the hands of the President. The copy is not very plain but perhaps you can make it out. You will please preserve it carefully.

When the "Saints" came into this Valley they found in one of the numerous canons a fruit which they adopted and named "Mountain Currant." For some years this fruit has been extensively cultivated in the gardens of this city. The bush resembles in appearance that of the English Currant, but the fruit is much larger and more finely flavored. It makes an excellent wine and is especially valuable for pies, tarts, and preserves. I will send you some cuttings to-morrow, inclosed in an envelope. They should be put into the ground at once. As you have no garden of your own you had better give them, or a part of them, to Doct. Beilhartz if he will properly use them. When we have a place of our own we can transplant our share. Send some of them to Lib.

The weather has been very mild since the first of March and for some days the streets have been quite dusty.

The District Court, Chief Justice Kinney, presiding, will commence its spring term to-morrow. Holladay's trial for the murder of Greenleaf, will come off during the week. His brother in New York, has sent out General Hughes, of Atchison to defend him. Every effort that money and talent can make available will be used to procure the acquittal of the accused. So far as Joe himself is concerned I think the best thing they could do with him would be to hang him; but out of respect to his brothers and sisters who are quite respectable, and naturally shrink from the ignominy which such a fate

would bring upon their good name, perhaps it would be best, if he could be cleared. In either event we will be rid of the fellow.

I hope that you have duly attended to the Tribune matter. If any time you should fail to get a number, you will please advise me, giving the date of the missing number. I keep a file of them here to guard against a contingency of that kind. Travel to Reese River continues good.

Hoping that you may all continue to be blessed with good health,

I remain yours as usual

HIRAM

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Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
March 24th 1863  
"Tuesday"

MY DEAR FRANK—

Since my last, I have received two letters from you—those of the 1st and 4th, the last of which came to hand this morning.

I regret that you have been put to so much trouble and annoyance in arranging the Tribune matter. It seems strange that there is no person in Tomb Huss & Co.'s bank with brains enough to make a remittance, in proper form, for the renewal of a newspaper subscription. Perhaps you expected the receipt to be returned in a letter. This [is] never done. It always comes inclosed in one of the "Tribunes," but in a close wrapper. I hope that it has reached you long ere this, and that your troubles are at an end for one year at least. The silk dress will be forthcoming when I return; but, if you think you cannot wait so long you must get it yourself. You know there is nothing of the kind, that you would want, to be had here, or at any point this side of Chicago, where the material can be had as advantageously as in Tiffin. But I will be governed by your preferences in this respect as in all things else.

. . . Last Sunday, noon, the unexpected announcement came to us by telegraph from Deep Creek—171 miles west—that a party of hostile Indians, from the north, had suddenly appeared in the valley and that there was reason to fear that they intended to attack the station. An hour later, another message informed us that the indians had made an attack upon the stage, (going east), in the canyon 10 miles west of Deep Creek, killing the driver and mortally wounding a passenger. When the attack was made, it appears that another passenger, Judge Mott of Carson, Delegate to Congress for Nevada, was seated outside with the driver. The driver being shot dead at the first fire of the concealed foe, the venerable Judge with great presence of mind seized hold of the lines and kept the frightened horses in the road. The murderous savages with hideous yells and frantic gestures broke from their hiding places behind the jagged rocks and ran after the stage at their utmost speed; but being outdistanced in the chase, they soon gave up pursuit as unavailing. About two miles from the point of attack, and 8 miles west of Deep Creek, was a station where the Judge should have stopped for a change of horses. By some means or other, not entirely clear to me at present, the horses left the main road before they came to this station, and did not strike it again for several miles beyond. In this way the "Eight Mile Station" was avoided altogether, and the two men there knew nothing of the trouble; or, that the expected stage had passed. Judge Mott reached Deep Creek in safety. The dead driver was lying in the forward boot, where the body lodged when it fell from the seat above. Inside the stage was Mr. Liverton, the other passenger, insensible, but alive. A bullet had pierced his skull and his brains were oozing from the wound. The wounded man was accompanied by his two little sons, who were unharmed.

So soon as the report of this sad affair reached us we notified Col. Connor of the circumstance and arrangements were at once made for sending Soldiers to the scene of disturbance. A stage was started from here containing a doctor and five soldiers; and by means of the Telegraph a party of soldiers were put under way from Ruby Valley, 100 miles west of Deep Creek. These arrived at 8 Mile Station, above referred to,

early yesterday, (Monday) morning, and found the station buildings in ashes, the horses gone, and the two unfortunate men lying dead, naked and scalped upon the ground. Had Judge Mott not missed the road, as above described, the lives of these poor men would have been saved and the 8 horses at the station secured. The soldiers found no Indians. The savages had taken their plunder and escaped in the direction of the Humboldt mountains from whence they came. They are doubtless Snake, or Sho-sho-ne Indians, and belong to Poco-tel-la's band; a detachment of which was so terribly punished by Connor in February. This tribe is very numerous and war-like. They roam over the immense region comprising the southern borders of Washington Territory, and Northern Colorado and Utah—from the Rocky Mountains to the Sink of the Humboldt in Nevada. Their depredations upon emigrants on the Northern route have been bold and brutal in the extreme.

Judge Mott will be here this evening. We will then get a full report of his remarkable stage coach adventure, which will appear in the *Deseret News* of tomorrow, a copy of which will be sent you.

Connor will put a cavalry force on the track of the savages with instructions to pursue them until overtaken and slain. . .

We expect no further trouble—as all dangerous places will be guarded as long as may be deemed necessary. This is the first Indian difficulty we have had upon our road since the line was started, and such has been the sense of security, against attack, that passengers and employees were seldom armed when upon the road.

I will give you a chapter on Young Holladay on Sunday next. Nothing new from Reese River. The rush is yet in full blast. Tell Mary she must sell some of her mining "feet" before she buys that enormous "doll baby." The weather continues fine. Snow is melting rapidly in the mountains.

With much love and many kisses

Your affectionate

HIRAM.

Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
May 25th, 1863.

DEAR FRANK—

We have had no mail from the east for 3 days & therefore your letter of the 6th May has not yet come to hand. The [mail] will be in his evening, but too late to answer by first stage out. I am kept so busy in preparing for the arrival of Mr. Barney that I cannot write much. The party will stay at Weber to-night and may be looked for here about noon tomorrow. How long they will remain with me I cannot say—probably about a week. I shall be glad to see them—and, perhaps, will be equally glad to see them off again.

The [Indians] fired on one of our Stages near Canon Station<sup>1</sup> on the morning of the 29th instantly killing the Driver. From soldiers were in the coach at the time, by whom the indians were driven away and the horses & coach safely taken to the next station. I hope Doct. B. will get the scalp I sent him a few days since. He can rely upon its genuineness. The first nice one I get I will send to you.

With much love to you all & many kisses

Your affectionate

HIRAM

Since writing the above I have concluded to send you the scalp I spoke of a month or more ago. The Tanner, as I said, caused some of the hair to come out—which is the reason I hesitated about sending it.

The letter herewith I received with the scalp. The injun was killed by Gilbert at Spring Valley Station,<sup>2</sup> the young man by whom the letter was written.

MR. H. S. RUMFIELD

Agt. OMCo.

Great Salt Lake City

DEAR SIR—

I recd the Gloves pr stage this morning for which please accept my thanks for your trouble. I send you pr Drivers

<sup>1</sup>Located twelve miles east of Deep Creek, 161 miles from Salt Lake City.

<sup>2</sup>The third station west of Deep Creek and 39 miles distant.

Bag, the "injuns" scalp in small package. Am sorry indeed that I cannot send you as many dozens, I send the scalp complete except a very small piece.

I Remain

Yours very truly

SAML GILBERT

You should get some one to tan the skin as it is yet green. I have nothing here to do it with or I would have fixed it all right for you.

S. G.

---

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., July 21, 1863.

Mr. RUMFIELD

Ast Paymaster

Overland Mail Co.

Great Salt L. City, U. T.

DEAR SIR—

I have provided funds and deposited them with Ast. Treasurer U. S. at City of N. York to pay my draft of 11 June for \$150. which will be found all right. Thanking you for your kindness.

I have the honor to remain

Your friend

S. S. HARDING

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CARSON CITY Jan. 17th, 1864.

H. S. RUMFIELD ESQR.

DEAR SIR—

Since seeing you at Austin, Mr. Wines came over to our place and I showed him the lot I gave you in Montrose, he also purchased another adjoining yours for you at the price of \$50. if agreeable to you. I left orders to have your deed made out and filed for record—In case I should not happen to see you when you pass through, if you feel disposed you can deposit the \$50. to my credit at Wells, Fargo & Co. at Carson— if you conclude to take the lot at that price, you will never have any reasons to find fault with your investment.

Yours truly

W. H. BRODHEAD



EGAN CANON, May 8th, 64

FRIEND RUMFIELD—

I will drop you a few lines in relation to our operations here since you left—We have laid out the Overland reserve  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile wide & one mile long containing 160 acres. Established the corners & set good substantial posts at each in addition to this we have laid out the “Rumfield Town Survey” containing about 640 acres have run all the main lines Established all the corners & laid out 9 Blocks containing 20 lots each. The lots are not all staked off as the weather has been so very stormy the surveyor could not make his instrument work well. It is now snowing very hard. The snow is 2 or 3 inches deep & everything has the appearance of winter so much so that I think our work will have to be defered for a few days—Everything is secure however and all that now remains is to get out Blocks & lots staked off & then find the capital to purchase them.

Quite a number have spoken to me about lots, but I have done nothing about it as yet not knowing whether I would be chosen to act as agent for the “Rumfield Town Co” or not

Webbs Train reached here last night. I must leave for the west today as from present appearances of the weather it will be impossible for me to do anything here for some days

The chest of tea I spoke to you about has been received but I would like you to send me some Bacon & hams if you can

Yours truly

L. WINES.

---

G. S. L. CITY, July 13, 1864.

Mr. H. S. RUMFIELD,  
Agt O. M. Co.

DEAR SIR—

I will at once institute inquiry on the subject of your note of even date, and advise you of the result at the earliest period. Should you leave for the west before I can obtain the requisite information, please inform me to whom I shall communicate.

Very Respectfully,

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Russ House,  
Hardenbergh & Dyer, Proprietors

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 20th, 1865.

MY DEAR FRANK—

I came here from Virginia [City] a week ago. The journey over the Mountains was extremely unpleasant owing to unusual rough weather. I was often anxious to witness a snow storm on the Sierras—this time my curiosity was gratified in that respect to my full acceptance.

At Virginia, just after writing you last, I met your letters of December 28th and January 1st. These are the last that can be hoped for, Overland, for a long time to come. The Indian troubles look more formidable than ever and there is too much reason to apprehend that communication will continue interrupted for many weeks if not months to come.

I bought the silk dress to-day and it will go on the next steamer. It cost eight dollars per yard in gold and is the best I could find in San Francisco. They told me 7 yards would be enough for a dress but I bought eight—I hope it may suit you. I would gladly send something for the children but I know not what to get—and I cannot remember one without getting something for all. They will all be abundantly remembered when I come home. There is scarcely anything to be had in this city but what can be bought to much better advantage in New York, and then transportation by Steamer is considerable.

This is the 4th time I have been in San Francisco. The climate during the winter months is the finest of year except that rains are frequent. I would much rather live east, however, than on the Pacific coast.

In inclose the Second of the Coin Dft. for \$3,000. sent you from Virginia. This you must remember will be of no value if the first has reached you and been paid as Mr. Huss will advise you. As I stated in my former letter it is impossible to say when it would be best to sell the coin.—If the war continues some time longer, as there is now every indication, nothing will be lost by waiting awhile.

I leave for Virginia [City] on the boat to-morrow.<sup>1</sup> Must

<sup>1</sup>The first stage of the eastward journey from San Francisco was by the Sacramento River to Sacramento.

spend some time in Carson and Austin on my way to Salt Lake. How glad I would be could I take the Steamer for New York instead of having to trudge over those horrible mountains again.

I must write some letters to New York and therefore must bring this to a close. Please send some money to Lib occasionally. You need not fear running out.

With much love and many kisses to you all  
Your affectionate  
HIRAM.

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GREAT SALT LAKE CITY  
June 20th, 1865.

H. S. RUMFIELD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR—

I shall be happy to see you, if you can make it convenient to call upon me at my Office at 1 p. m. today.

Yours &c  
BRIGHAM YOUNG

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Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.  
Dec. 4th . . . 1865

MY DEAR FRANK—

Mr. Savage brought down sundry photographs, this morning which send to you herewith, to go into your Salt Lake collection. The ladies represented are all actresses now playing in the Theatres here. None of them are Mormons. Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has an extended reputation as a player. It is needless to remark that I have no personal acquaintance with any of them—

The Michigan troops have been at Camp Douglas for some time but as yet I have been unable to find out whether Mrs. Lowell's brother is with them or not. I have seen none of the officers and it is not an easy matter to ascertain anything in relation to private soldiers. I will direct Mr. Stein to make

inquiry soon as an opportunity is afforded to do so, and advise you of the result.

The weather has been quite rough and cold for some days. There is snow on the ground but not enough for sleighing.

I hope Mary will not venture on the ice too much with her skates. I fear she will get into the water or fall and hurt herself.

Hoping soon to hear from you again and with much love to you all your

HIRAM.

A Merry Christmas

---

Office of the Assistant Treasurer  
Overland Mail Co.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Nov. 2d . . . 1866.

MY DEAR WIFE—

Your kind letter of the 14th October came to hand yesterday. I was very glad to hear that you had got over your attack of asthma and do hope that your recovery may be permanent. Your moving operations took me by surprise. I must most earnestly congratulate you on your good fortune in finding a house that suits you so well. I now remember it as the place I tried to rent of Jhawn soon after I went to Tiffin in '57 but was a few days too late to secure it. How many rooms have you on each floor? and how did your carpets fit? Write me all about it. Such a house would rent for 200. dollars a month here.

I went to the Mormon "muster" yesterday, as the guest of Lieut. Gen. [of militia] Wells. I also had an invitation from Maj. Gen [R. T.] Burton. You will find them herewith. Please see that they are preserved among your curiosities. Will write again soon. Say to Lizzie that I am much obliged for her little letter. Hope she will favor me with another soon. I would also like one from Mary.—Don't let the children play about the river.

With much love  
YOUR HIRAM.

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