[In Progress] Kansas history: a journal of the central plains

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Valley of Cedar Creek, Bunker Hill, Kansas, from *Line Etchings.*

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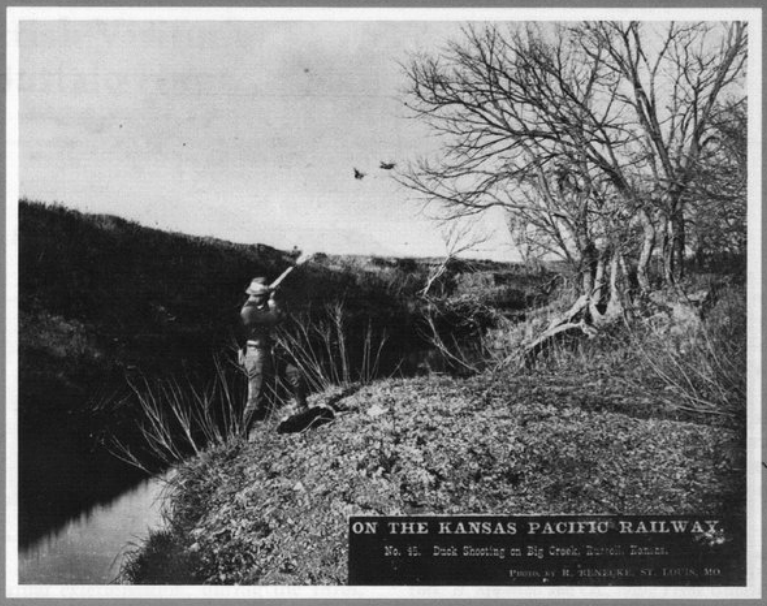

Duck shooting on Big Creek, Russell, Kansas, from *Line Etchings.*

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Beyond Victoria: A Scottish Visitor's First Buffalo Hunt

edited by Brian P. Birch

THE virtual extermination, during the 1870s, of the vast population of the American bison which once roamed Kansas and the other Plains states was a well-recorded, if ignoble, episode in western history.[1] Certain aspects of the slaughter were, however, more commonly recorded than others. Most of the published eyewitness accounts are either the recollections of professional hunters who had spent years among the buffalo or the reminiscences of keen sportsmen, many of them British, who had traveled west for a season or two of hunting the game of the plains and mountains.[2]

What characterizes nearly all of these accounts of encounters between man and buffalo is the quickness with which the senses of the seasoned hunter became dulled by the chase and the inevitable kill.[3] Seldom, therefore, do these descriptions convey much of the excitement of the hunt, or give much impression of the drama of the beast in its habitat, or the tragedy of its carnage. By their familiarity with the buffalo, the hardened hunters allowed their recollection of events to sink to the level of the ordinary.

Yet for most visitors to the West the first impression of the buffalo herds in their silent world was an extraordinary one, just as was the first experience of hunting them. During the 1870s, increasing numbers of people traveled west, mainly by train to points like Hays, simply to witness this fast-disappearing world, and by indulging in a few hours of hunting,

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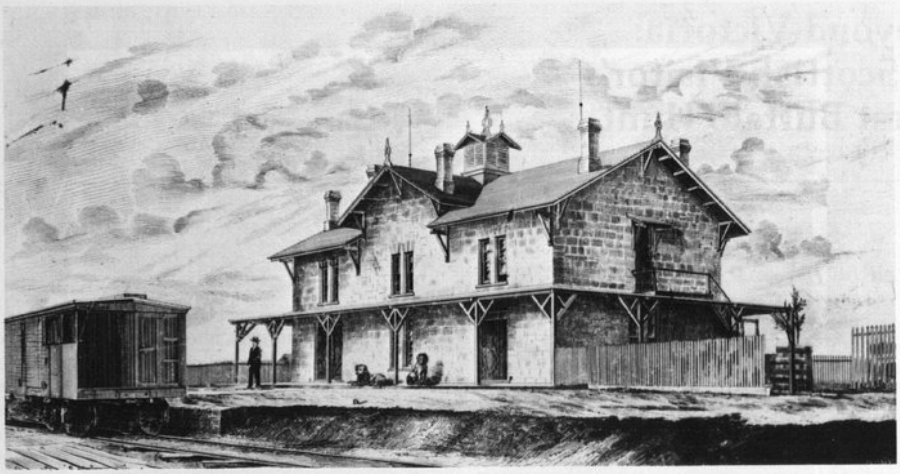
1. There are several books on the buffalo and its decline, for example: E. Douglas Branch, *The Hunting of the Buffalo* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1929); Frank Gilbert Roe, *The North American Buffalo* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1951); Wayne Gard, *The Great Buffalo Hunt* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1959); Francis Haines, *The Buffalo* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1970); and David Dary, *The Buffalo Book* (Chicago: Swallow Press, 1974).

2. Books by or about professional hunters include *The Life of Hon. William F. Cody Known as Buffalo Bill the Famous Hunter, Scout, and Guide* (Hartford: Frank E. Bliss, 1879); Charles Youngblood, *A Mighty Hunter: The Adventures of Charles L. Youngblood on the Plains and Mountains* (Chicago: Rand, McNally and Co., 1890); and Henry Inman, *Buffalo Jones' Forty Years of Adventure* (Topeka: Crane and Co., 1899). Books by British sportsmen who hunted the buffalo include John Palliser, *Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies* (London: John Murray, 1853); Grantley F. Berkeley, *The English Sportsman in the Western Prairies* (London: Hurst and Blackett, 1861); J. Campion, *On the Frontier: Reminiscences of Wild Sports, Personal Adventures, and Strange Scenes* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1878); J. Turner-Turner, *Three Years' Hunting and Trapping in America and the Great Northwest* (London: Maclure and Co., 1888); and William Adolph Baillie-Grohman, *Fifteen Years Sport and Life in the Hunting Grounds of Western America and British Columbia* (London: H. Cox, 1900).

3. For example, while Dodge described the excitement of the hunt, "the knowledge of the danger, the rush of the horse, . . . the turmoil, the dust, the uncertainty, and, above all, the near proximity and ferocious aspect of the lumbering throng [which] furnish excitement enough to set wild the man who is new to it," he added, "there is, however, a sameness about it which soon palls. . . . Two or three seasons will dull the edge of the keenest appetite." Richard Irving Dodge, *The Plains of the Great West and Their Inhabitants* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1877), 127-28. Because the buffalo was almost a domesticated animal, Baillie-Grohman also found little real sport in hunting it. Baillie-Grohman, *Fifteen Years Sport*, 169.



The Kansas Pacific Railway depot and hotel at Victoria.

helped to bring its destruction a little closer.[4]

Published accounts of newcomers' impressions of buffalo hunts are, however, relatively rare, which gives the one reproduced here some significance. Entitled "The Central Prairie: A Hunting Expedition," this previously handwritten report of a three-day hunt in the early 1870s in the Fort Hays area was composed by a Scottish visitor, R. Tait Murray.[5] The reason for Murray's visit to this area—"inspecting and reporting upon the colony which Mr. George Grant, a Scotchman, is establishing in the heart of Kansas"—adds interest to the account.

Grant, previously a successful London storeowner, had decided on his retirement in the early 1870s to establish a colony of British people on twenty-five thousand acres of Kansas Pacific Railway land sixteen miles east of Fort Hays.[6] Intending to "people these prairies with the best blood in England," he attracted out in 1873 several "remittance" men and small farmers who laid out small estates near the main community he established at Victoria. He ensured that the settlement attracted so much attention in the English press that many more came out to see what was happening on the Kansas plains. While Grant tried to persuade a small group of leading Scottish agriculturalists to come out to report favorably on the soundness of his settlement scheme, other less prestigious parties arrived on tours of inspection.[7] It was as a member of one of these that Murray found himself in the Victoria and Fort Hays area of Ellis County.

Wishing also "to see the bison and other denizens of the prairie as they still seem comparatively undisturbed in their native haunts," Murray and some of his party arranged with the local cavalry detachment to guide them to the buffalo grounds. It was not unusual, of course, for the troops stationed at Fort Hays to show visitors the way to hunt the buffalo, since this isolated garrison was in the middle of one of the great buffalo areas and partly relied for its meat supplies on the herds. Gen. George Armstrong Custer, when encamped near the fort in 1869-70, had engaged in many hunts, some of which were reported in the sporting magazines of the day.[8] While the strength of the post had been much reduced by the time Murray made his visit, as the Indian threat declined along with the fall in the numbers of buffalo, he reported that there were still over seventy men there

4. Gard, *Great Buffalo Hunt*, 62.

5. R. Tait Murray, "The Central Prairie: A Hunting Expedition," undated manuscript G.D. 302/83, Scottish Record Office, Edinburgh, Scotland.

6. Marjorie Gamet Raish, *Victoria: The Story of a Western Kansas Town*, Fort Hays Kansas State College Studies, General Series No. 12 (Topeka: State Printer, 1947), 9-11.

7. D. Curror, *Mr. George Grant's Great Property: Victoria, in Kansas, the Central State of the United States* (Edinburgh: Colston and Son, 1873). This was the best-known report on Grant's scheme.

8. Minnie Dubbs Millbrook, "Big Game Hunting with the Custers, 1869-1870," *Kansas Historical Quarterly* 41 (Winter 1975):429-53.

and that their expedition was able to locate several large herds in the Solomon River area to the north of Hays.

The editor has been able to discover little about the author of this eyewitness account of a hunt. No clear trace can be found of Murray's Highland Scottish origins, beyond that he was probably born on Islay, an island off the west coast of Scotland; nor does it seem that he ever purchased any of the land he came to view in Grant's Victoria settlement.[9] From his account it is obvious that, in devoting almost as much space to describing the "natural zoological gardens" in the creeks on the plains as to the buffalo hunt, he was a keen naturalist. Like many other Britishers, he saw no contradiction in admiring the diversity of wildlife found in the world's few remaining wildernesses while at the same time obtaining excitement from its inexorable destruction.[10]

For the sake of brevity, Murray's account has been edited down to about two-thirds of its original length; omissions are indicated by ellipses. It is published here as written, except that in several instances the paragraphing has been altered slightly and a few long sentences have been divided for clarity. Punctuation additions or deletions have been made sparingly. Murray's usage of double quotation marks for conversation and single quotation marks (inside the punctuation) for words or phrases is followed, along with his capitalization and customary British spelling. Regardless of how written, the word "and" is uniformly spelled out. The manuscript is reproduced with the permission of the Scottish Record Office, Edinburgh, and the donor, the East Lothian Antiquarian and Field Naturalists' Society.

Most people have been wont to regard the great Prairie of America as a mysterious desert, a land ocean, the inner regions of which lay all silent and unexplored. But steam has invaded even the secret recesses of this vast wilderness, and the iron bands by which New York and San Francisco, the Atlantic and the Pacific have been linked together, carry over their surface a daily stream of traffic which passes thro' the very centre of the Prairie. . . .

After leaving Missouri and the central states, the lofty woods and the dense vegetation gradually disappear. The country becomes open and trees are seen only in long wavy lines, like rivers of foliage, meandering over the landscape. This wood grows on the banks of the rivers, which eventually shrink into small streams . . . but when the heart of the Prairie is reached, trees entirely disappear and the whole flora is changed. The tall grasses which covered the plain give place to one short variety called buffalo grass, the feeding properties of which are singularly great. This is the distinctive product of true Prairie. In spring it exhibits an endless expanse of emerald green, studded with innumerable flowers, but these quickly disappear under the fierce sun of summer, whilst of the grass itself, all that remains is a dead and shrivelled substance of a uniform dull yellow which . . . becomes, in fact, a most nutritious natural hay upon which all grass-feeding animals, from the insect to the bison, thrive and fatten. A strange statement is made by Prairie farmers that, as the herds of buffalo are driven backwards into the wilderness, so surely does the buffalo grass disappear in the course of a few years, tho' untouched by the hand of man. The farmers must have missed the true explanation of the phenomenon, but there is no room to doubt the fact that, when domestic animals are substituted for wild ones, the buffalo grass quickly gives place to a coarser and less valuable herbage.

The party, of which I formed one, had visited America with the view of inspecting and reporting upon the colony which Mr. George Grant, a Scotchman, is establishing in the heart of Kansas. Here on an unrivalled stretch of Prairieland, English and Scotch settlers are already rearing flocks and herds having pitched their tents in a perfectly healthy situation, upon a soil marvellously fertile, watered by many tree-fringed creeks. But some of us wished to see the bison and other denizens of the prairie as they still seem comparatively undisturbed in their native haunts and they, like the Indian, had retired far from Mr. Grant's thriving settlement of 'Victoria'.

To reach them we availed ourselves of an introduction to the commandant of a detachment of cavalry stationed just beyond the utmost edge of civilization. There, three officers and seventy men formed an outpost watching the movements of a sanguinary tribe of Indians, the boundary of whose hunting grounds was distant some two days' march from the encampment.

We were received with much cordiality and military frankness. The buffalo were understood to be about two days' ride from the tents, and as bison beef formed no inconsiderable portion of the

9. Nor does Murray's name appear in the list of colonists who joined Grant's Victoria settlement.

10. For another example of this contradictory view of the West held by a British visitor *see* Brian P. Birch, "From Old England to Old Faithful: A Victorian Englishman's View of the West," *Annals of Wyoming* 54 (Spring 1982):2-9. Charles Buckle, the subject of this article, while admiring the wilderness in the Yellowstone area, also welcomed the many signs he saw of settlement and development that were reducing that wilderness.

military commissariat, there were several practical hunters among the troops. These men . . . would be at our service on the following morning. We started accordingly, fully equipped, for a hunting expedition. The cavalcade consisted of eight horsemen, accompanied by a well-stored military waggon, drawn by six stately mules.

As soon as we lost sight of the tents, all trace of man, or of man's works, disappeared from the view. The earth lay in repose, apparently unaltered and undisturbed since the original formation of the plain. Our party, as it moved along, seemed ever like a ship on the ocean, to be the central point of a vast circle, bounded only by the horizon. The weather had been oppressively and, I may add, depressingly hot, the thermometer having ranged day after day from 100° to 106° in the shade, but a much desired change had taken place, the temperature had fallen to 80°, and a gentle breeze fanned the Prairie. The horses we rode were mainly thorough-bred, and being in perfect condition, it would, under any circumstances, have been exhilarating to gallop them over smooth turf, but here, there was a feeling of utter freedom, a sense of exemption from every sort of control, together with the excitement given by the prospects of seeing at any moment new and large game which all combined to raise the spirits and send the blood bounding thro' the veins.

But besides the strange power which the vastness of the prairie exercises over the imagination, every individual portion of the plain is replete with objects interesting to the lover of nature. Its whole surface is affluent in animal life, and I am well assured that the zoologist and the entomologist, as well as the botanist would find that in examining its treasures they were in many cases treading upon 'pastures new'. The wooded creeks are singularly rich in objects interesting to the naturalist, and the trees themselves first claim his attention. They are of many various species, several of them being closely allied to, but none identical with, the familiar English forms. They all exhibit a perfectly vigorous growth, rearing in many cases their tall trunks sixty feet above the level of the Prairie.

The new settlers (and all the settlers are new) ask anxiously if it is the single element of shelter when the plants are young, that enables even those, the roots of which are far from water, to shoot up into such stately trees. If so, artificial shelter might establish belts of wood to the great advantage of shepherds during the gales of winter. Wood and water being alike confined to the creeks, every perching bird seeks

"Victoria Colony Lands—Property of George Grant, Esq.," as depicted in Joseph G. McCoy's Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest, *published in 1874.*

the shelter of the trees whilst the whole water fowl of the district resort to the feeble streams concealed beneath their foliage. Birds, mammals, reptiles, insects, all congregate in and about the creeks making them in effect almost natural zoological gardens.

Let us, before proceeding on our buffalo hunt, turn aside to take one stroll along the banks of one of these wooded watercourses. The moment you approach it, you are greeted by a strange shrill cry... the warning scream of the blue jay, issuing from the thick screen of a black walnut.... But the jay is not the only droll to be found in the creek. Suddenly you are surprised to hear the mewing of a cat far up among the branches of an oak. Only a tom kitten that had lost its way would mew so. Where could such a kitten have come from? But as you look, the sound changes and changes again, suggestive of various birds and animals. It is a mocking bird tho' not the typical bird of that name but his cousin a thrush which has been aptly designated the 'catbird'. Now you catch sight of what appears a fleet of beetles swimming across one of the larger lagoons. The specks turn out to be the heads of a number of tortoises paddling thro' the water.... A zebra marked water-snake, rich in many colours, slowly swims past, careless or unconscious of your presence....

In spite of the paucity of wood in the Prairie nothing can be more wasteful than the manner in which it is destroyed by the inhabitants, when they wish a piece of timber or a load of fuel, but sometimes you come upon a spot where, to the stranger's eye, a whole group of trees has been wantonly cut down and then left as they fell, whilst others are to be seen cut thro' as if by some dexterous, but careless, woodsman. It is not an axe, however, that has felled the trees but the adze-like teeth of a colony of beavers whose dams block up the stream below....

But the tree-fringed stream has perhaps detained us too long.... We are now in the true wilderness, where, tho' we occasionally pass creeks with water in sufficient quantity to contain many fine fish, not a tree or bush is to be seen, and their total absence is another of the unexplained mysteries of the Prairie....

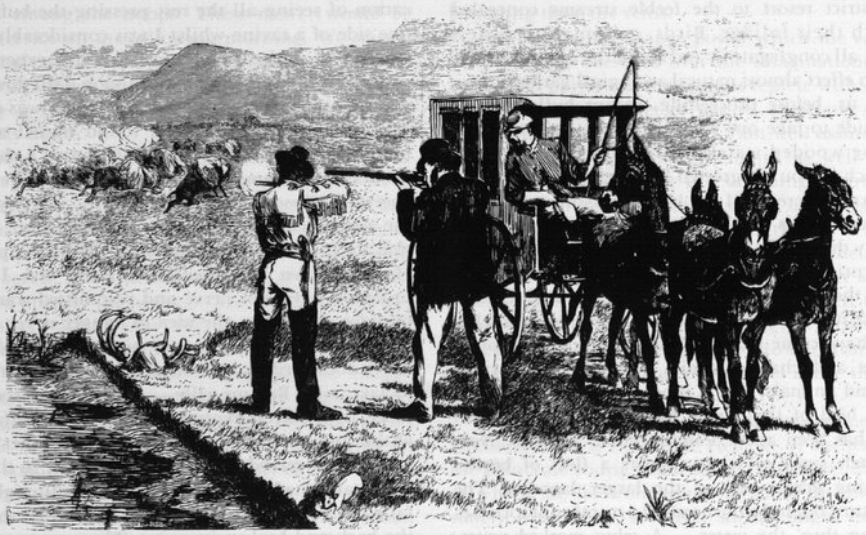
We had barely reached the district where we expected to find the bison when a dark object was descried about a mile in advance of us. It was a solitary buffalo feeding in a little valley and our excitement at seeing it was proportional to the novelty of the sight. By taking a detour we managed to approach within a couple of hundred yards before the buffalo saw us when it gave one surprised gaze and then dashed off at a great pace, the horses at once being put to their full speed in pursuit.

I happened to get a bad start and so had the mortification of seeing all the rest pressing the buffalo on one side of a ravine whilst I was considerably in the rear on the other. From fox hunting experience I calculated that the bison would soon dash downward and seek my side of the valley. This idea was quickly verified and in great glee I found myself and the buffalo together. What cared I if I heard a chorus of shouts and exclamations? I thought they were joyous cheers. I pressed on and was within twenty yards of the game when it suddenly stopped short, turned sharply round and charged down the bank upon me. Had I known what buffalo-hunting was I might probably have lost nerve and committed some fatal blunder. As it was, the idea of danger never entered my head. I stood up in my stirrups and holding a heavy double rifle pistol-fashion in my hand, intended to take aim. But my rifle... went off too soon and more, both barrels exploded at once. The buffalo was within two yards of the horse's head. Another second would have served to hurl it and its rider in the dust. But chance had done what ordinary skill might have failed to accomplish. Both balls had hit the brute in the back and broken its spine. There was a crack, a cloud of dust and the huge animal lay helpless below me.

I was greeted with no congratulations. I had, it appeared, broken every rule of buffalo hunting. I had placed myself between the hunters and their game and prevented their firing. I had failed to twist my horse out of the way when I saw the charge coming and I probably owed my own life, and my horse's, to an accident. It was a cow I had killed. Had it been a bull, I was informed, the chances against me would have been considerably greater. I rode on, if not a sadder, a wiser man in so far as buffalo hunting was concerned.

We were now on the outlook for a herd and quickly we heard the cry "there they are!" In the distance we saw a dark moving mass and no one doubted it was buffalo. But the objects we looked on approached at a furious pace, then suddenly stopped and confronted us. To our astonishment we found it was a troop of wild horses. Our hunters were as much taken by surprise as ourselves as they had never seen wild horses in that region before. Fifteen beautiful creatures, wild and free... stood for a moment gazing at us, as much surprised as ourselves. Then, being satisfied we were not the companions that they probably sought, they tossed their heads in the air and bounded off at utmost speed.... That day and the next we saw many more wild horses.

We had not penetrated much farther into what



Perhaps Murray's hunting party looked something like this group depicted in "Sport on the Plains" from Harper's Weekly, *1874.*

I may call the 'silent land' when we descried what seemed two small groups of bison feeding on either side of a little eminence. We immediately endeavoured to approach as near them as possible before being seen. The buffalo trusts more to his keen sense of smell than to his eyesight in detecting danger and therefore with the wind it is generally possible to get within 'running' distance. On this occasion, only one of the little groups we saw proved to be buffalo, the others consisted of two horses that... dashed furiously away. Their flight gave the alarm to the buffalo, three huge bulls, but for some seconds they stood looking enquiringly around them and finally trotted off as if aware it was prudent to go tho' still uncertain from whence the danger threatened. "Now then!" cried the hunters, and in an instant our horses were at full speed. They required no spur as they entered as eagerly into the sport as their riders did. The instant the buffalo were seen the horses strained at the bit and struggled to be off.... Two bulls went straight away followed by all the riders save one hunter and myself who followed the remaining bison which took a line at right angles to that of its fellows.

The course was a magnificent one and comprised all that is most exciting in buffalo hunting. The splendid horses we rode soon brought us up with the bull, galloping about twelve paces on his left. Buffalo-running horses may be divided into three classes. First there are those which fear the terrific aspect of the brute and can scarce be driven to close quarters with him. Next there are those which fear him too little and therefore do not sufficiently appreciate the necessity of swerving to the side the moment that the bull shows signs of charging. The third horse is perfection as he is willing to approach, yet ready to flee when he sees it necessary. He watches the motions of the buffalo and, turning aside in an instant, avoids the furious charges, dashing away at the utmost speed. At such moments the danger is that he might stumble in one of the innumerable badger burrows, when a fall might be fatal to him or his rider or to both.

The spot to aim at is just behind the shoulder. Balls planted in any other part of the body seem to produce no effect and the huge head, shrouded as it is in a dense mass of tangled hair, appears to be almost invulnerable. I had exchanged my heavy double rifle for a short cavalry carbine which I was able to use effectively pistol fashion in one hand, whilst the other was free to hold the reins. The tenacity of life exhibited by the buffalo is extraordinary and forms

"In the midst of the chase, while the issue is still doubtful, the danger not inconsiderable and the pace tremendous, I know no sport that combines more elements of excitement," Murray wrote.

perhaps the chief objection to the sport. It is impossible, at least for a novice, to be sure of his aim in the excitement of the chase, with his horse at full speed, and having at the same time to be on the watch to guard his own life as well as to take that of the buffalo. Balls do not always strike in the required spot and I could not but feel sympathy with the great curly headed animal, alone as he was in the midst of his native wilderness and attacked by men, assisted by horses and armed with breech-loaders. In the midst of the chase, while the issue is still doubtful, the danger not inconsiderable and the pace tremendous, I know no sport that combines more elements of excitement. But when the bull, sorely wounded, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last; his charges, though still fierce and frequent, becoming short and feeble; and when at length he can only stagger on a little further and then drop, every real sportsman must wish that the huge animal could be quickly freed from suffering and must feel satisfaction in thinking that he had not been 'done to death' for the mere sake of sport.

Those who joined in the other chase had been as successful as we. All three bulls were slain and the chief portions of the flesh having been expeditiously secured and dressed with salt, we made preparations for encamping for the night on the banks of a creek thro' which flowed a considerable stream. Everything connected with our bivouac smacked of buffalo. The smooth sward—I cannot say green sward—was composed of dry, crisp buffalo grass. A curling smoke and aromatic odour rose from a glowing fire of buffalo dung on which buffalo steaks were being roasted. Buffalo robes were spread on the turf, wrapped in which we were soon to be dreaming of buffalo....

We had proposed returning to the tents next day but tho' we had killed four buffalo, that was, at the same time, all that we had seen. Now we resolved to devote a day to see these animals in the multitudes in which they still roam over these remote regions of the Prairie....Soon after daybreak we were again in the saddle, tho' not till after we had done full justice to coffee and excellent buffalo beef....

Tho' taken as a whole the Prairie may be said to be absolutely level, there are many irregularities of the surface which are sufficiently large to obstruct the view, and thus it was that in reaching the summit of one of these elevations, a sight broke upon us that seemed the work of enchantment. The long stretch of the Prairie spread out before us was literally alive with buffalo. Not one herd, but half a dozen were

blackening the plain. It seemed as if the earth had suddenly given birth to endless masses of bison. It is exceedingly difficult to form an accurate judgement of numbers, whether of men or animals, and so, while some of our party thought there were some five thousand buffalo scattered about within our view, others imagined that twice that number might not be too high an estimate. There were no inequalities of the ground sufficiently abrupt to screen the approach of men on horseback, so we resolved to vary the mode of attack by stalking a herd on foot, the horses being held in readiness to be brought up the moment we had fired. The operation was slow and laborious, as we were obliged to lie flat on the ground and wriggle ourselves forward, snake-fashion, pushing the rifles before us, our progress being further retarded by great numbers of a small dwarf cactus armed with long sharp spikes capable of inflicting very serious wounds. At length we reached a point within 120 yards from the herd when we noticed that several of the bulls were curiously watching us. They evidently saw some objects moving on the ground but were unable to distinguish their nature. This we immediately explained by each taking aim at a different buffalo and firing a volley. Swiftly reloading we fired a second time without moving from our partial concealment. As we were unseen by the great mass of the herd they were only startled by the reports and after running a little way stopped as if to examine whether they were menaced by danger or not. Meanwhile the horses were being brought up to us at full gallop.... In another second we were in full chase of the buffalo who were by this time in furious flight, half covered by clouds of dust and making the Prairie shake with the thunder of their tread.

Three bulls soon fell behind, wounded by the first discharge. These were singled out for pursuit, whilst the hunters threw themselves into the very midst of the herd by which means it was considerably broken up and scattered into detached groups.... One of the troopers' horses fell when at full speed, horse and man making a complete somersault, the rider remaining motionless on the ground and to all appearance dead. Fortunately the buffalo were all well in front of him and the accident was observed by the Doctor and by one of the hunters who immediately left the chase and attended to his disabled companion. At first it was feared the poor man was fatally injured but this was fortunately not the case. He soon recovered consciousness and was conveyed to the waggon.

Meanwhile the rest of the party, who had not observed this episode, continued the chase. I, on my part had followed a cow, which led me quite out of sight of my companions, when I saw that a mighty bull, badly wounded, was close behind me.... The bull being the nobler game of the two, I let the cow escape and turned my attention to the larger animal. Two shots striking him behind the shoulder he reeled in a few paces and then rolled over dead upon the ground. This was the largest buffalo killed and was reckoned by the hunters to weigh 2000 lbs being nearly as heavy as the largest of the oxen exhibited at London Christmas shows.

The disproportion between the bulk of the fore and hind quarters of the bison is very remarkable, the head and shoulder being prodigiously large, while the fore legs, which have to bear this weight are tremendously massive and powerful. The head of the bull, which was quite a burden for two men to move, was secured as a trophy and was ultimately brought as a specimen to England. The result of this grand melée was that twelve buffalo lay dead in various parts of the plain and the flesh of them being secured in barrels, we found we had as much meat as could be stowed away and we therefore resolved to hunt no more bison tho' all that day and the next we from time to time saw numerous herds.... KH

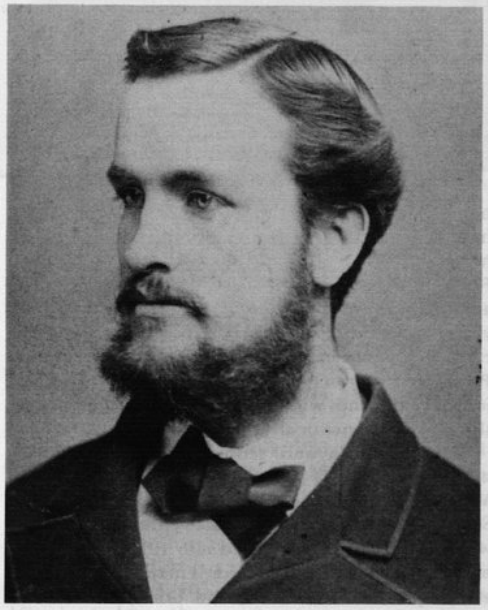
[In Progress] Kansas history: a journal of the central plains

A Boston Cowboy in Kansas, 1872: The Journal of William Pitt Greenwood Hayward

edited by Edward W. Hanson

WILLIAM Pitt Greenwood Hayward, the author of the following journal of a Kansas cattle drive, was born September 9, 1848, into a Boston family descended from the Pilgrim Fathers and more recently from Harvard graduates. In 1870 he was graduated from the ten-year-old Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, but instead of settling into a career in the city, Hayward went west. His reasons are unknown, but the journal he kept during the summer of 1872 records his brief and unsuccessful venture as a cowboy.

The twenty-three-year-old Hayward signed on with a small cattle drive which began near the eastern Kansas border at a point twenty miles west of Lamar, Missouri. The drive was bossed by a "Captain" Bench and included only seven other men and an unspecified number of cattle. By heading for Denver, rather than a closer railhead going north, the drive developed an unusual route from the beginning. Moving out from Lamar toward Girard, they turned north to Fort Scott. The drive then continued westward by Uniontown, through Humboldt, "a nice little town with two R. R.," and on to Eureka. At this point the drive was within two weeks of its eventual goal, the rail depot at Hutchinson. To reach Hutchinson, the men came within twelve miles of Wichita, where the first Santa Fe train had only arrived that May, but which was on its way to becoming the largest shipping center of the year. After an outbreak of Texas fever thwarted their attempt to reach Hutchinson, they moved northward toward Salina, where the cattle could be shipped to Denver. Hayward had already sent instructions for his luggage to be forwarded from Neosho to Salina,



William Pitt Greenwood Hayward

rather than Hutchinson, when another change in plans was made. Instead of shipping the cattle, they would now drive them all the way to Denver, which meant another thirty to forty days on the trail. To accomplish this, they bypassed Ellsworth, which was another shipping point for Texas cattle on the Kansas Pacific.

By this time Hayward's frustration had peaked, and despite the excitement of his first buffalo hunt one day earlier, he left the drive on August 27 "with feelings of disgust and general antipathy." In search of someone to attend to his wounded pony, which he had shot accidentally, Hayward traveled through country

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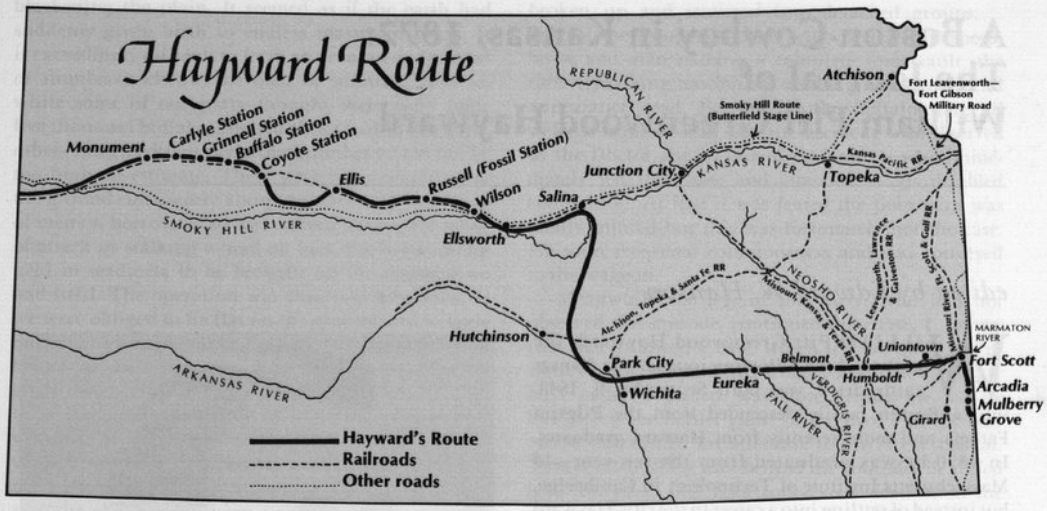

populated with horse thieves and only recently free from Indians. Upon reaching Monument, he sold his horse and gear and left on the first train to Denver. From there he went on to Colorado Springs. He admitted to "feeling a little blue" but was "not beat yet by any means." Thoughts of becoming a laborer, carpenter, or sheep rancher all faded, but a visit to a Presbyterian church picked up his spirits. The last journal entry ends with the sentence, "Must get something to do at once or clear out to the mountains."

Eventually Hayward settled in Denver as a commission merchant and established the Hayward Mercantile Company there. In 1877 he married Susan Moffett, and they had three children. After his wife's death in 1914, Hayward moved back east to be near his only surviving child. There he summered at Newport, Rhode Island, and briefly dabbled in business in New York City and in Colorado real estate. The erstwhile cowboy died at his daughter's home in Greenwich, Connecticut, December 27, 1922, at the age of seventy-four.

A collection of Hayward family papers and photographs, including this journal, was presented to the New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, in 1975 by Hayward's grandson, Edgar Thorn Mead. The portraits and diary entries are reproduced here with the Society's permission. Beginning with a day-by-day format, the journal quickly lapses into a more random retrospective approach, and the daily tedium of a cattle drive is reflected from the beginning. A very unromantic view of the trail is gathered through the many references to illnesses and self-doctoring, weariness, flies, rain, and especially to the continual uncertainty of what lay ahead. The novelty of the first rainstorm and stampede was quickly replaced by complaints about the weather and the simple details of direction traveled, miles covered, and watches established.

With the following exceptions, Hayward's journal has been transcribed verbatim. Interlinear material, all in Hayward's own hand, has been lowered to the line. Crossed-out words have been omitted, and obvious slips of the pen have not been noted. Superscripts have been lowered to the line. Editorial annotations for clarity are enclosed in square brackets; bracketed material also includes notice of illegible words and conjectural readings. When spelling, capitalization, or punctuation is unclear, modern usage is followed.

Wednesday
June 19th. 1872.

Joined the herd at 20 miles west of Lamar on the Girard road at 2 o'clock p.m. They had come 4 miles in the early morning breakfasted at 9½ o'clock then laid by until sundown. After feeding my horse, on arrival with corn and laryating him out to graze, I laid off until 4½ o'clock, when Capt. Bench, (as Mr. S. has dubbed him,) sent me with Townsend ab't a mile to a farmhouse for two sacks of corn. When I got back I herded for 1½ hours when we got under weigh. The waggon on head, next the Lead men Capt. Bench,

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Langton, Townsend Bennington on the left side. Herman[n] & myself on the right and to the rear.—Mr. Sweet brought up the rear, while poor Mac had to keep way behind that his dog "Reynard" might not frighten the cattle & cause a stampede.

Kept a westerly direction for two miles when changed & steered directly North on the old military line road[1] to Fort Scott & came to a halt at 9-45 p.m. 1 mile N. fr. Mulberry town.[2]

I was set on the first watch with Townsend from 10 to 12 o'clock, When I turned in and slept until 4 o'clock. Nothing happened in the night except two horses getting away during Burnham's & Mac's watch from 12 til 2 a.m. Green head flies very bad attacking the animals in swarms. Weather fine but warm.

Plenty of cattle water, the drinking d[itt]o but [illegible word].

Thursday
June 20th. 1872.

Up at 4 o'clock a.m. After breakfast were detained 1½ hours by the bull-calf "Colorado" getting hid away on the prairie by its mother. After our hunting for it, the mother was driven out and went directly to the calf. Continued on our northerly course in direction of Fort Scott for 5 miles. Hottest day since the herd started, the beasts after going two or three miles showing the effects of the heat, lolling at the mouth and moving slowly. Our road laid through hilly prairies of rich land somewhat settled upon. Came to a halt at 11 o'clock on the edge of some timber 16 miles south of Fort Scott good water for man & beast wh. is more than could be said yesterday.

Hayward with his wife and children, photographed in Denver.

I was placed on duty on arrival and was relieved at 2 o'clock p.m. by Burnham & Went back to camp had my dinner smoked couple of pipes and then slept for 2½ hours. Mac was duly installed as boss-cook today. Herman[n] assistant. The waggon is on quite an eminence and the herd a quarter to half mile away on another hill. Watches tonight: Townsend fr. 8½ to 10½ mine fr. 10½ to 12½ a.m. when I roused up Burnham. Capt. Bench and young Bennington filling up the rest of the night. The cattle much harder to keep in than last night wanting to go in the direction of a wheat field near by. Was in my saddle all the time as were the others thro. the night. Jim's back is almost well and is not troubled in the least by the side-saddle gall.

Flies were not troublesome today. Had a few at starting, but left them entirely behind.

Weather fine in a.m. Had heavy clouds and lightning in afternoon but no rain. Moon clouded through the night.

Plenty of cattle water drinking d[itt]o fair.

This transcription was initiated as part of the Institute for the Editing of Historical Documents sponsored by the National Historical Publications and Records Commission, held at the University of Wisconsin in 1982. The editor wishes to thank Gaspare Saladino, coeditor of *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution*, for his helpful suggestions.

1. Reference is being made here to the Fort Leavenworth-Fort Gibson Military Road, which was constructed to allow free movement of troops between posts to provide protection against the Indians. The road was originally surveyed in 1837 and was completed by 1845. The middle section ran west of the Missouri state line south from Fort Leavenworth, passing through Fort Scott. This portion of the road was known as the Fort Leavenworth-Fort Scott Military Road. Louise Barry, "The Fort Leavenworth-Fort Gibson Military Road and the Founding of Fort Scott," *Kansas Historical Quarterly* 11 (May 1942):115-29.

2. Established as a post office in 1869, Mulberry Grove was located in Crawford County near the Kansas-Missouri border. After 1888 the name of the town was changed to Mulberry. Robert W. Baughman, *Kansas Post Offices* (Topeka: Kansas State Historical Society, 1961), 88; Mary E. Montgomery, "Lesser Known or Extinct Towns of Kansas," copy in the manuscript department, Kansas State Historical Society.

Friday
June 21st 1872.

Got underweigh at 8½ o'clock being detained an hour by the grey mares running away across the hills past where the herd was. Burnham, who was on duty followed them up, and bro't them back. The Cattle started all right and went on very well considering the miserable and improvident condition of the fences, in many places, for several hundred yards, the rails were scattered here and there along the sides of the road with but a few posts standing. The people seem very shiftless but the herd-law[3] is the cause. Our course lay in a northwest'ly direction it being Mr. S.s intention to pass through Ft. Scott. Two or three miles on our road, a small black dog ran out from a house and caused a regular stampede, the Lead cattle turning right about and so on until three quarters of them were coming back full pelt. Mac and his dog were in the rear and lay claim to having stopped the stampede. Keeping on by the old military road we stopped to graze and rest the cattle for an hour on a small prairie just before the road takes a sharp turn to the north as it runs to the westward for a mile or so the turn is just in front of a white farmhouse with osage hedges on either side of the road. After passing on through Arcadia[4] we encountered considerable brush and wood and came to quite a creek called "Buck Run"[5] a running stream with slate rocks protruding through the surface here and there with steep banks on either side and trees down to the water. The waggon passed over the bridge and the cattle were driven in to the creek from the road up the stream a few yards and up the banks on the other side. The thick brush on both sides the road made it pretty lively driving for a couple of miles. We struck camp at 2½ o'clock p.m. (under a tree the stopping-place of others by the ashes). on a prairie, fenced in on the west south and East. To the north in a line of timber, water for the cattle was found.

Made 7 miles today.

Weather had been fine & much cooler than yesterday with good breeze from the north-east.

Watches the same as last night as they will be from this time on viz.

Townsend	from	8½	to 10½	p.m.
Hayward	"	10½	" 12½	a.m.
Burnham	"	12½	" 2½	"
Bennington	"	2½	" 4½	"

No flies today we seem to have left them.

Saturday
June 22d. 1872.

Capt. Bench went on after breakfast to look out a grazing ground between here and Ft. Scott. If successful, we shall keep on for 6 or 7 miles within two or three miles of Ft. Scott. At this time, 7 o'clock a.m. cloudy and cool. Capt. B. returned at 10 o'clock and by 12 M. we started. The cattle were worked out of the brush bordering the creek or rather pools of water when we struck the section line of a well settled country, the main road to Ft. Scott. The country on our way was in a fine state of cultivation, with gradually sloping hill-sides of fine looking corn and luxuriant vineyards large apple orchards, and waving grain fields many of the fields being enclosed by the osage range hedges. We passed the road from Carthage running into ours at right angles and farther on along the ridge of a hill under a surface of light yellow slate stone we saw a coal mine wh. was being somewhat worked. The style of fences has changed, hedges take their place in many instances. Posts with three lines of telegraph wire are also used. The superior state of cultivation of this section seems to even increase as we approach Ft. Scott. We made camp at three o'clock p.m. on a large open prairie through wh. the main road run. The driving today has been very easy as our way has been on the section line from south to north with fences or hedges on either side. We were all hungry as bears so we chewed a little dried smoked beef until Mac could get dinner. After dinner, Bench, Townsend & Hermann went on to the town 4½ miles distant the former to book up the road for Monday and have a *little time* I guess with T. Hermann went for some medicine as he has been troubled with chills and fever and ague. Burnham and I rounded up the herd at sundown and I went on the first watch.

Mr. Sweet today gave me charge of the rear of the herd with injunctions about overdriving the calfs &c. &c.

3. The governor of Kansas signed the "herd law" act on February 24, 1872. The purpose was to force drovers to herd their cattle rather than requiring settlers to fence their claims for protection from loose stock, but the law gave county commissioners the right to impose herd laws at will, and their action (or non-action) was often used for political ends. Robert Dykstra, "Ellsworth, 1869-1875: The Rise and Fall of the Kansas Cowtown," *Kansas Historical Quarterly* 27 (Summer 1961):171.

4. Arcadia, located in the northeastern part of Crawford County, was established about 1859. Prior to the Civil War it was a stopping place on the military road which ran south along the Missouri border from Fort Scott to Fort Gibson. Montgomery, "Lesser Known or Extinct Towns of Kansas"; A. T. Andreas and Charles G. Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas* (Chicago: A. T. Andreas, 1883), 1139.

5. A creek in Bourbon County. John Rydjord, *Kansas Place-Names* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1972), 66.

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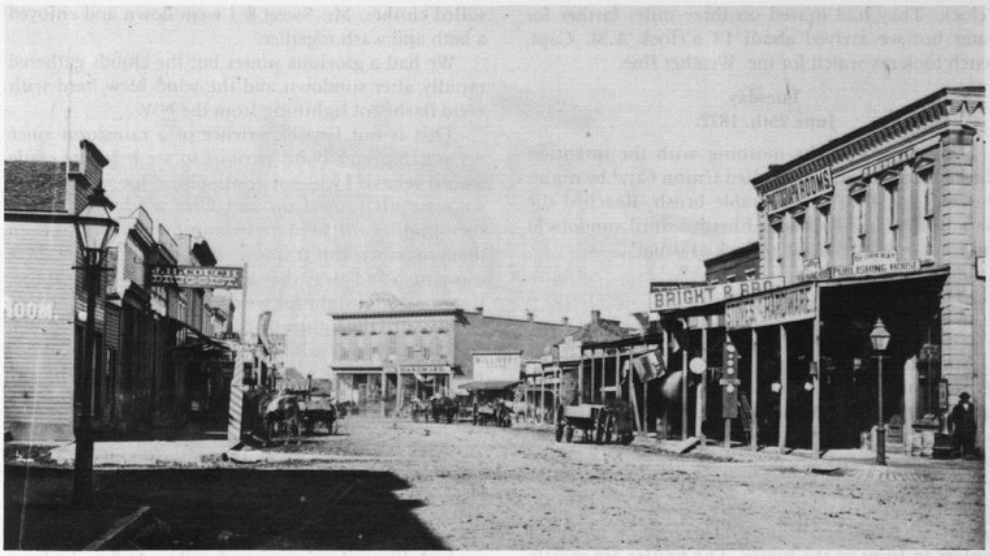


A Fort Scott street scene in the 1870s.

Sunday
June 23d. 1872.

Today we rested nothing of importance happened in the morning. There being fences on two sides the herd and water on the premises they were not herded during the day. The men employed themselves in different ways writing letters home or to friends but most of them took the greater portion of the morning out in sleep as did your humble servant. The three Ft Scotters came home abt 4 o'clock in the morning and were roused up at 5 by Mr. S. who joked and laughed at them in his way.

In the p.m. we went on 2 miles toward Ft. Scott and encamped on a hill in the neighborhood of a good well. No water for the Stock. Took a bath and changed my underclothes in the evening.

6. Fort Scott was established as a military post on May 30, 1842, and existed for nearly twelve years before it was abandoned in 1853. The establishment of the fort on the Fort Leavenworth-Fort Gibson Military Road provided a link in the defense system against Indians, and the route of the road was the principal factor in the location of Fort Scott. The town of Fort Scott began to be settled in 1855, with several businesses opening in that year. It was not until 1857, however, that the town company was formed and the town was laid out. Three years later, in 1860, Fort Scott was incorporated. Barry, "The Fort Leavenworth-Fort Gibson Military Road," 115; William G. Calhoun, *Fort Scott, a Pictorial History* (N.p.: Historic Preservation Association of Bourbon County, 1978), 13, 15; Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1073.

Monday
June 24th. 1872

Started early in the morning & passed through the skirts of Ft. Scott.[6] Got good water for the cattle in the Marmitor which stream flows through town and is fordable. A hole to the right of the fordway was the means of giving Townsend and his noble steed "Tom" rather a muddy bath. Kept on in a westerly direction for four miles when we made camp on a branch of Cedar Creek. Went back to town in the p.m. to purchase a few things and see the town. Mac accompanied.

Ft Scott is almost as large as Springfield Mo[7] and is a much younger town. It is a little different from other Western towns I have seen in that it has no particular great square where all the stores are. (It is the junction or starting place of several Railroads) The Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf R.R. & the Miss. Kansas & Texas go through the town There is also in process of construction a road to Humboldt from Ft. S. a distance of miles.[8] Mac. & I had our hair cut played some billiards and looked about the town & vicinity generally. Did not start for camp until 11½

7. Settlement in Springfield began as early as 1830, although the town was not laid out until 1835. By that time fifteen or twenty cabins had been built and there were several businesses, a schoolhouse, a house of worship, and a post office. *History of Greene County, Missouri* (St. Louis: Western Historical Co., 1883), 721-30.

o'clock. They had moved on three miles farther for water but we arrived about 1½ o'clock A.M. Capt. Bench took my watch for me. Weather fine.

Tuesday
June 25th. 1872.

Started early in the morning with the intention of reaching a small town called Union City[9] by night. Our way lay thro' considerable brush. Reached the town in the late afternoon. I herded until sundo[w]n and went on watch at 10' o'clock as usual.

Made 12 miles today.

Wednesday
June 26th 1872.

At daybreak we were up and got away from camp before breakfast starting at 4 o'clock A.M. Passed thro Union City and on to Cedar Creek where water was found for the cattle. Here we had a good breakfast after which we went on 5 miles and encamped on a hill overlooking the surrounding country with improved prairie farms with their osage range hedges and their regular lines of apple or peach trees. Some have poplars in front of the house. The houses are mostly frame buildings in this part of the country. Our camp was placed near the Marmitor Creek[10] the same that flows through Ft. Scott. It is quite a stream at this point and gave us all a chance for a good bath & swim and those who desired a chance to wash up their soiled clothes. Mr. Sweet & I went down and enjoyed a bath and wash together.

We had a glorious sunset but the clouds gathered rapidly after sundown and the wind blew hard with vivid flashes of lightning from the N.W.

This is our first experience of a rainstorm since my starting and I was curious to see how the cattle would behave. I was not disappointed for at 8½ o'clock we were all roused up and were all in the saddle surrounding the herd and shouting at them to keep them together. But it was no go for after a little there was a rush and away they went on a regular stampede. It was a grand sight for we couldn't see a man or cow 3 ft off until the lightning flashed & there was as much fear of the men rushing together as the cattle. They were quiet tho' by my watch although I could hardly keep my saddle I was so sleepy. But it was a glorious sight. It rained quite hard for a while.

Made 10 miles today.

Thursday
June 27th 1872.

Did not start till after breakfast say 6½ o'clock when we had dinner having gone 5 miles. At 2 o clock we went on three miles further to a spring [W?] and east of Humboldt. Weather cloudy & threatening with lightning but had no trouble with the herd in the night.

I drove at the head today as Burnham had lamed his horse's back.

Mac's cookship was taken away from him today as he was considered incompetent. Green-head flies today first since near Lamar.

Friday
June 28th 1872.

Had a good sleep till breakfast time at 6 o'clock then started on continuing our way to Humboldt for 3 miles. Weather threatening. Stopped at 9½ o'clock to graze and water the cattle.

Bench swopped his grey horse for a dark bay Indian pony ab't the size of mine. Bench was quite ill with diarrhoea today. Gave him a dose of my Cholera medicine. At 1 o'clock we went on two miles to Coal Creek[11] 4½ miles from Humboldt. It rained quite hard

8. Originally named the Kansas and Neosho Valley Railroad, the name was changed to the Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad (MRFtS&G) prior to December 1869, when the railroad was completed to Fort Scott. Although the name of the MRFtS&G was later officially changed to the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf, the name used by Hayward in 1872, the change did not occur until 1879. Prior to 1879, timetables, newspaper accounts, and maps use only the MRFtS&G name, which indicates that Hayward may simply have been in error when in 1872 he used a name that did not exist until seven years later. The second railroad Hayward mentioned is the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, which was completed from Sedalia, Missouri, to Fort Scott in March 1870. In 1872 the roadbed for the Fort Scott, Humboldt and Western Railroad (FtSH&W) was finished between Fort Scott and Humboldt, and in April 1873 it was reported that track laying would begin immediately. By September of that year, however, the FtSH&W was short of money, and the promised railroad was never built. The distance between Fort Scott and Humboldt, which Hayward failed to note, is approximately fifty miles. Donald D. Banwart, *Rails, Rivalry and Romance: A Review of Bourbon County, Kansas, and Her Railroad Nostalgia . . . 1864 thru 1980* (N.p.: Historic Preservation Association of Bourbon County, 1982), 7-9, 30-35, 57, 62, 64, 90; Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1072.

9. One of the early settlements in Bourbon County, Uniontown is located in the Marmaton River Valley about fifteen miles due west of Fort Scott. A post office was established near there in 1856, and in 1862 it was moved to the present site of Uniontown. The town company was formed three years later in 1865, at which time the first buildings in the small town were erected. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1090; Frank W. Blackmar, *Kansas* (Chicago: Standard Publishing Co., 1912), 2:826.

10. One of the two principal streams in Bourbon County, the Marmaton River flows west to east through the central portion of the county, passing close by Uniontown and through the towns of Marmaton and Fort Scott. Prior to 1882 the town of Marmaton was often spelled "Marmiton," which may be a reason for Hayward's erroneous spelling. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1065, 1089-90.

11. Coal Creek is a principal eastern tributary of the Neosho River, flowing near Humboldt and continuing on in an easterly direction from the town. Ibid., 667.

Humboldt in the 1870s.

for an hour then partially cleared away. While herding in the p.m. on arrival I wrote a letter to E.G. The night was very dark so that the cattle could hardly be seen. Burnham whose watch is next to mine made an aggravating blunder in using my horse wh. I had just laryated out for the night. He informed me the next day that he knew it was mine when he got to the herd but that it would not [do] to leave & change him for his own—Tuus Stultus[12]

Saturday
June 29th 1872.

After breakfast drove 4 miles to within 1 mile of Humboldt in full sight of the town. Laid by for dinner. Both Capt Bench & Frank Burnham are down with diarrhoea and are feeling pretty weak. After dinner we passed thro' Humboldt wh. seems to be quite a nice little town with two R.R. passing thro' one to Galveston Texas.[13] On the borders of the town just before coming to the Neosho River are immense elm & cottonwood trees flattened in growing agst high and overhanging rocks of a yellow color covered with vines & grasses. It was the prettiest thing of the kind I have yet seen in the West. The Neosho River[14] is quite a broad stream with a swift current but fordable at certain points. After crossing & watering the cattle we kept on for two miles. It came on to rain before we struck camp and poured right down. We managed to get some sleep & the cattle were much quieter than s'd be expected. Rubber coats and blankets were in great requisition.

Sunday
June 30th 1872.

Still raining hard. I herded after breakfast until 10 o'clock or so, when we started on and drove 9 miles to reach water Owl Creek.[15] We encamped on a prairie

12. You fool!

13. The town of Humboldt is located in the southwestern part of Allen County along the Neosho River. Settlement began in 1857, and the town was incorporated in 1860. Its growth was quite rapid in the years following, and in 1870 two railroads were completed to the townsite, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 671-72.

14. Originally known as the Grand River, the Neosho arises from two streams, one in Morris County and the other in Wabaunsee County. The branches unite in Morris County and flow in a southeasterly direction through Kansas and into Oklahoma. The Neosho is the largest stream in Allen County, running along the county's western edge, which is where Hayward would have forded it, just after leaving Humboldt. Blackmar, *Kansas*, 2:351; Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 667.

15. Owl Creek is a principal western tributary of the Neosho River in Allen County. The creek flows just west of Humboldt through Humboldt township and into Owl Creek township in Woodson County. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 667; *Official State Atlas of Kansas* (Philadelphia: L. H. Everts and Co., 1887), 53, 103.

opp. what is called "12 mile House" meaning that distance from Humboldt. The rain ceased soon after starting out this a.m. and tonight is bright starlight not a cloud in the sky. A strong wind is blowing from the S.W. Not much time to rest or wash today on ac't of the rain.

Our invalids are mending rapidly.

A few green-heads but not troublesome.

Monday
July 1st 1872.

Got under weigh at 5-40 after breakfast and went on 5 miles in a westerly direction Owl creek still going on.

July 2d 1872

Left the high camping ground beyond Belmont[16] where arrived last night and could have a fine view of woodland, hill & dale thro the surrounding country. Made camp two miles fr. where forded the Verdigris River.[17] Weather threatening blowing hard and finally raining ditto. Had some brush to go through. Those without rubbers [i.e., rubber capes] got soaked through. I had my rubber fortunately. At 10 p.m. I was called to my watch and had not more than got out to the herd when the rain came down in perfect pailsfull. All hands except Mac & Hermann who had chills and Burnham who had lost his boots were up all night. We built a large fire when things had quieted down and got dry again.

Made miles today.

July 4th

Last night were on the highest point yet I rounded up the herd. Did not observe the 4th. Made miles.

July 5th 1872.

Made 10 miles today 6½ in morning & 3½ in p.m. Passed thro Eureka crossing Fall River on borders the town E. has abt. 1800 inhabitants.[18]

Weather hot and sun powerful, a good breeze stirring however.

Cloudy in evening and thro the night.

July 6th 1872.

Lost our first two heads today a fine yearling the one with a swelled knee yesterday. Also a red one. Drew one in the wagon for a few miles but had to give it up. Disease or trouble unknown. Hind quarters all swelled up with wind.

Counted up on leaving camp. Count right. Made camp in p.m. 12 miles west of Eureka. Plenty of water for man and beast. Bennington down w. chills.

Cattle was rather hard to herd they streak off in any direction and travel out of sight in short time. Need constant herding day & night.

July 7th 1872.

Rained in morning. I laid abed till breakfast. After wh watered the horses wrote up journal and wrote Sturgis[19] to send valise to Hutchinson.

Tuesday
July 16th 1872.

Have not had chance to write up journal for over a week. We have been going very slowly westward[20] having laid by for a day and a half or half a day every now & then and never making more than 6 miles a day on the average I saw a deer a few days ago and went with Bench to shoot him. My rifle is out of order so B. took Mr. S. rifle and passed the fawn lying down. He shot thro the hip without disturbing his position.

16. Belmont was located in Belmont township in Woodson County about five miles southwest of Yates Center and about eighteen miles from Humboldt. The Belmont townsite was located in 1857 and a post office was established there in 1859 but was discontinued by 1878. Montgomery, "Lesser Known or Extinct Towns of Kansas"; Kansas State Board of Agriculture, *Third Annual Report, 1874* (Topeka: State Printing Works, 1874), 284.

17. With its points of origin in eastern Chase County and northern Greenwood County, the Verdigris River flows in a southeasterly direction across Greenwood County, the extreme southwestern corner of Woodson County, and through Wilson and Montgomery counties before entering Oklahoma. Hayward probably would have forded the river due west of Eureka where it runs along the Greenwood-Woodson county line. Blackmar, *Kansas*, 2:844; Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1189, 1198.

18. Laid out in 1867, Eureka is located in the south-central part of Greenwood County on the Fall River. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1198. Hayward's estimate of Eureka's population is too high. Although no exact population figure for the town in 1872 has been determined, an unofficial figure for 1870 was 300, and the United States census lists the 1870 population for all of Eureka township as only 1,040. By 1875 the town of Eureka had grown to approximately 780 inhabitants, and the entire township population was 1,154. *Gazetteer and Directory of the State of Kansas* (Lawrence: Blackburn and Co., 1870), 144; *Ninth Census Statistics of the Population of the United States, 1870* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1872), 1:144; Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Census of 1875, Greenwood County, City of Eureka, 1-20, Township of Eureka, 5-14; Kansas State Board of Agriculture, *Fourth Annual Report, 1875* (Topeka: Public Printer, 1875), 277.

19. This is probably Thomas Sturgis, a native of New York and the representative for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad's land business around Neosho, Missouri. He moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1873, where he helped found the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association and was active in banking, railroads, and cattle. *The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography* (New York: James T. White and Co., 1943), 30:326. *See also* Hayward's journal entry for September 1.

20. During the week that Hayward did not write in his journal, he and the cattle drive were likely moving from Greenwood County across central Butler County and into Sedgwick County.

We are now 14 miles fr. Park City and 12 miles from Wichita.[21] Have had considble rain lately more than any of us cared for as it broke up our rest.

Yesterday had some words with B. on the subject of night-watching. I found afterwards from the fellows that I expressed the sentiments of the crowd. Shall reach Hutchinson probably in a week even with slow going where I expect letters from home and things from Neosho.

Sunday
August 4th 1872.

Plans and course have been entirely changed since last writing. On getting to the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe R.R. at a point 15 miles south of Hutchinson[22] we learned that all along the Arkansas River above Hutchinson Green Texas cattle in great numbers were being herded and driven. As the disease wh. they have is contagious called the Spanish or Texas fever[23] we were obliged to keep clear of their trails and neighborhood. About July 22d the dissatisfaction wh. for some time had been manifest among the men showed itself and it was found that all with the exceptn of Bench & Townsend did not intend going by the Platte River which will take till Novr. I intended leaving quietly at Hutchinson without words. The rest is well remembered. Mac left the outfit. The rest were to be paid from the time of starting myself included. I was to decide on reaching the K.P. Road.[24] July 24th we were among some elevated sandhills with fresh water lakes. The country has been quite hilly with fine rolling bottom lands. The place we are now in is well adapted for sheep grazing a short distance from the West Branch of the Egyptian 7 miles from Salina[25] where the cattle are to be shipped to Denver. Young Sweet or Burnham is expected tomorrow.

Tuesday
Aug 6. 72

Young S. arrd this ev'g and again the plans were changed. Not to ship but to go by the Smoky Hill route.[26] Drive certainly 10 miles per day. Arriving in another 30 or 40 days time. I had made all arrangements to go by rail trunk, letters &c. to Salina.

Wednesday
7th.

Bennington left us yesterday. Poor boy all played

21. Park City was located in the north-central part of Sedgwick County. The town was platted in 1870 and during its early years was a rival of Wichita. It was unsuccessful in the battle to win the county seat, and in August 1871, when the railroad passed it by and went to Wichita, the town lost its position as a cattle center. Park City eventually died and its houses were moved to Wichita, Newton, and Hutchinson. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1410; Robert K. Dykstra, *The Cattle Towns* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1968), 51-53.

22. Hutchinson is located at the crossroads of the Arkansas River and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. Rail traffic to Hutchinson had opened on June 17, 1872, approximately one month before Hayward's cattle drive reached the area sometime in July. Dykstra, *Cattle Towns*, 56. Fifteen miles from Hutchinson, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, would have placed the drive near present Burrton, in the extreme western part of Harvey County. From approximately this point they took a turn north, passing through McPherson County toward Salina, where they would connect with the Kansas Pacific Railway. (*See* footnote 24.)

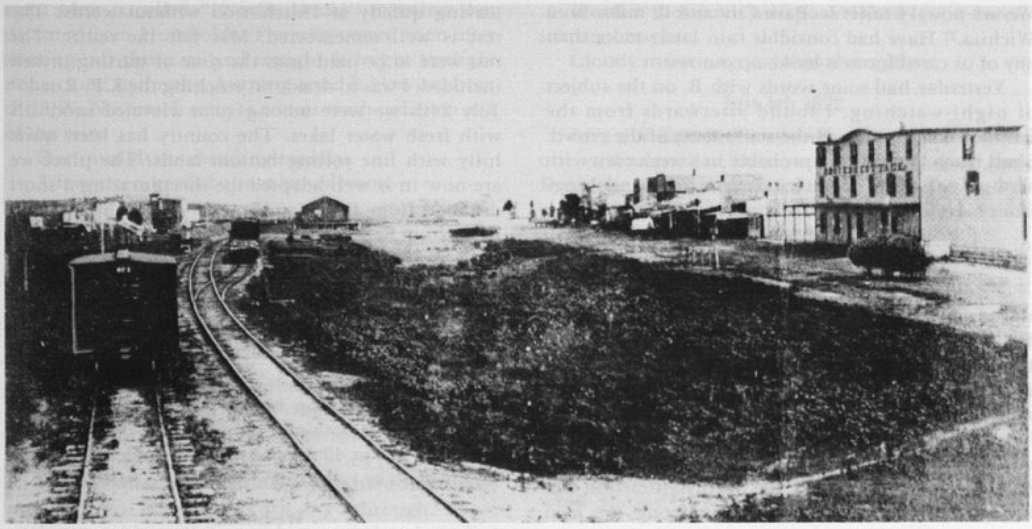
23. As early as 1858 there was an outbreak of splenic fever or pleuropneumonia—commonly called Texas or Spanish fever—in Kansas, caused by ticks carried by Longhorn cattle from Texas. Although the Longhorns were immune to the disease, the Kansas cattle were not, and in 1859 the Kansas Territorial Legislature passed a law that no person would be permitted to drive infected cattle into Kansas. In February 1867 another law was passed stating that Texas cattle could only be driven into that part of Kansas south and west of present McPherson. The lethal splenic fever continued to be a problem from 1867, when Texas cattle began pouring into Abilene, through the next eighteen years as the cattle trade moved steadily southwest to Newton, Wichita, and Ellsworth. Dodge City and Caldwell were to be Kansas' last "boom" cattle centers, when in 1885 strict Kansas quarantine laws finally put an end to cattle drives into Kansas. Robert W. Richmond, *Kansas: A Land of Contrasts* (St. Charles, Mo.: Forum Press, 1974), 113-14, 124-25; Dykstra, *Cattle Towns*, 16-18, 333-40.

24. In Salina they would connect with the Kansas Pacific Railway, which had been completed across Kansas early in 1870 and to Denver by August 1870.

25. Hayward is likely writing of an area in Saline County lying to the south and east of Salina. In 1883, A. T. Andreas wrote of "a range of very high hills along the southern boundary of the county which loom up in the distance like mountains.... A good deal of the high land... is altogether unfit for agricultural purposes, and fit only for grazing." Also to the southeast of Salina runs the West Branch of Gypsum Creek, which is probably the creek Hayward referred to as the Egyptian. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 696; *Official State Atlas of Kansas*, 249.

Originally platted in 1858, Salina grew slowly until 1867 when the first railroad, the Kansas Pacific, reached the town. By 1871 it was known as one of the most flourishing towns in Kansas. In 1872 it became a cattle trading point, and although the trade moved westward within two years, the town continued to grow and prosper. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 700-701.

26. In the summer of 1865 the Smoky Hill route was opened for traffic by the Butterfield Overland Despatch, whose wagon trains and stagecoach lines were under the proprietorship of D. A. Butterfield, one of Denver's leading businessmen. The route, which stretched from Leavenworth and Atchison to Denver, had long been known as the shortest distance between those two points, but due to frequent Indian raids, there had been little if any travel that way prior to 1865. Following the Smoky Hill route, which approximately paralleled the Kansas Pacific Railway from Salina, Hayward and the drive would have proceeded west to Ellsworth and Wilson, in Ellsworth County (*see* entry for August 15). Upon reaching Russell County they apparently left the Smoky Hill route, which went due west, and proceeded northwest along the Kansas Pacific Railway across Russell and Ellis counties toward the town of Ellis (*see* entry for August 16). Frank A. Root and William Elsey Connelley, *The Overland Stage to California* (Topeka: Root and Connelley, 1901), 391-407; Richmond, *Kansas: A Land of Contrasts*, 52, 56-57, 101.



Ellsworth in 1872, with the Drovers Cottage on the right.

out w. slow fever. Townsend bo't his pony for $30. C. S. and Capt went to town in p.m.

Thursday
Aug. 8th 72.

Once more on the road retracing our steps this time. Go 12 miles this day. Direction S.W. Weather hot and clear.

Friday
Aug 9th 72.

Driving ahead S.W. leaving the Salina weigh. Smokey Hills to the right.

12 miles today. In evening storm came up. All hands in saddle for an hour. Then I lay down got sound asleep until my watch fr 2 - 4. On till

Saturday
Aug 10th

10 miles today a Camp at night.
25 miles fr Ellsworth.[27]

Sunday
Aug 11th

10 miles today. Started before breakfast stopping at 7 a.m. In again directly after. Morning clear & hot. Hard shower in p.m.

Aug. 15th

Last few days have been going over high divides and rocky hill endeavoring to make our way to Wilson's[28] on K. P. Road [Kansas Pacific Railway] This morning we struck the road to Ellsworth and concluded to take it and get on to some travelled road. Are now at noon 2½ miles from town. Townsend is down with chills & Fever his first experience. I was laid up yesterday and was Carried in waggon in p.m. but felt better towards night. Have been in saddle today. Shall try to get to town if possible.

August 16th

I have become desperate and am resolved to leave the herd at all hazards. With this intention I went to town with Capt to tell Sweet and Son to get some other man to supply my place. After much blowing & talking I agreed to go on for a few days until they could procure

27. Situated near the center of Ellsworth County, Ellsworth is on the north bend of the Smoky Hill River and was at the southernmost point of the Kansas Pacific Railway. It served as a station on the Smoky Hill route in the mid-1860s, and in 1867 the town was laid out and platted. In 1872 Ellsworth began its activities as a cattle trade center, rivaling Wichita until 1874, which proved to be its final season as a cattle center. W. Weston, ed., *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway* (Kansas City: Bulletin Steam Printing and Engraving House, 1872), 64-65; Dykstra, *Cattle Towns*, 164-72; Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1276-77; Root and Connelley, *Overland Stage to California*, 398.

28. The second station west of Ellsworth on the Kansas Pacific Railway, Wilson is located in Ellsworth County, seventeen miles west of Ellsworth, near the Ellsworth-Russell county line. In 1872 it was considered a "favorite stopping-off place for visitors and intending settlers...." Weston, *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway*, 10, 65.

another man. On thinking it over I concluded to have some definite arrangement about what pay I sh'd receive &c. So it was understood i.e. as I understood it that if I went on ten days longer I sh'd receive pay from time I started. You see zigzagging about the country hardly ever going directly West and the two months having gone by when we should be there and with 300 miles and more to go together with the ennui and privations and tediousness of driving herding of [seeking?] wood & water & night-watching. I had become thoroughly sickened and tired of it and nothing hardly could have tempted me to go on for another six weeks or a month.

So we went on in the old routine unt'l we reached Ellis at the end of a week's time when as they intended leaving the railroad and going South I proposed to S. to let me off the three days remaining of the ten days as he had procured another hand. George _____ to cook a poor good-hearted fellow who had lost $100 at the Roulêt table at Ellsworth every cent he had in the world But no young S. couldn't see it I must fulfil my agreement and stay out the ten days. I said no more & we went on.

August 26th

Have struck the old Denver Stage Road.[29] This morning after we started out Townsend and Cap saw a buffalo bull in the distance as they had been after one yesterday without success and had been joked considerably about it Capt was red hot to get one. He asked [me] to go with him. So he changed his saddle from his pony to his Charlie horse and so started out all ripe for a buffalo chase. Going around some bluffs we got quite near him and by peeping over a rise on the prairie we could see the old beggar a lying down only a little ways off. Come on! shouting the Capt putting spurs to his horse and we were in the dead run. On catching sight of us the Bull ran off in the opposite direction we after him full tilt. It was my first sight of a Buffalo and so my first chase and it stirred me up to not a little excitement. A Buffalo Bull is truly a fierce & savage looking sight with his great head all covered with long hair and his mane reaching way down to the ground. The Captain's horse running faster than mine he said he w'd go in and show me how to do it. Drawing nearer and nearer the Bull until he was running alongside he fired into him or would have but the cap had dropped off and the revolver only snapped. Immediately on pulling the trigger he reared off at a sharp angle to the left as the Bull turned on him. Again he tried the same way and again the revolver missed fire. As I had been following close behind he called to me to try my luck so striking spurs to my pony I rushed on and fired into him turning to the left in the same way.

My aim happened to be good and the ball took effect just behind the left shoulder a little above the heart. He ran on a little way. I fired again but missed him. The Cap. then went in but "missed him" It was thoroughly exciting. I was going in again with my revolver all ready-cocked when my pony swerved to one side and I in trying to tighten the rein discharged my revolver into my pony's neck just behind the right ear. Imagine my feelings of horror and anguish. I expected he would drop right down but strange to say he didn't seem to mind it in the least although the blood was trickling from the wound. My brave little horse who had come right up to the mark so well was shot and by my hand. I could have sat down and cried if I tho't it w'd have done any good. But what became of the Buffalo you ask. My shot was fatal for after walking on a few rods discharging blood and gore from his mouth he fell over on his left side dead. But stop—is he dead? Be careful how you approach him for he may be feigning and might get up and run at you. Now jump for your horse and away. But yes he was dead as a door-nail. We rolled him over and found that my first shot was the only one that had hit him. Capt stuck the point of his knive in just above the hoof to prove that he was entirely dead. We cut off his hind quarter and dragged it to the waggon by the tail of Cap's horse which by the way is quite a common way of carrying such things on the Plains.

A[fter] W[ord] My Pony at this time is just as well as ever and I cannot understand his case.[30] Shall wait until tomorrow morning before leaving outfit.

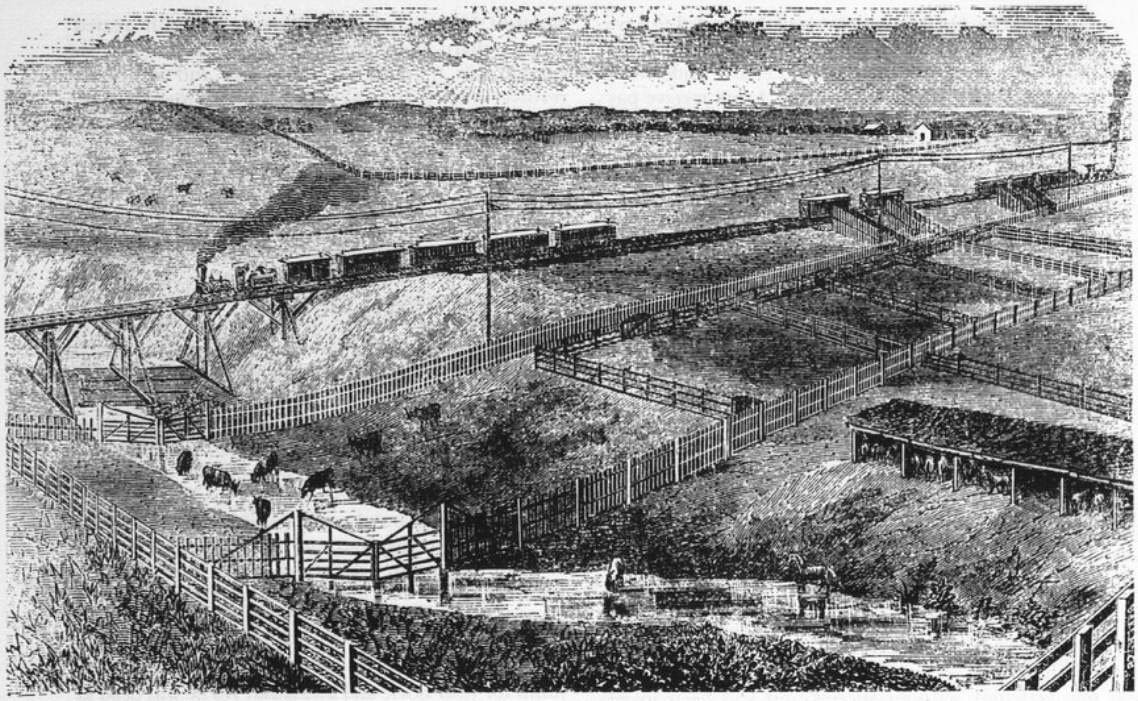
August 27th

Had some words with young Sweet about under-

29. The "old Denver Stage Road," also called the Denver Express Road, followed the Smoky Hill route.

After leaving Ellis (*see* entry for August 16), the drive left the railroad to go south, where the men again picked up the Smoky Hill route in the southern part of Trego County along the course of the Smoky Hill River.

30. Although embarrassing, this type of incident was not unique. Gen. George Armstrong Custer experienced a similar accident in 1867, but he in fact killed his own horse. Custer later recalled his pursuit of a buffalo who "suddenly determined to fight,... at once wheeled, as only a buffalo can, to gore my horse. So sudden was this movement, and so sudden was the corresponding veering of my horse to avoid the attack, that to retain my control over him I hastily brought up my pistol hand to the assistance of the other. Unfortunately, as I did so, my finger in the excitement of the occasion, pressed the trigger, discharged the pistol, and sent the fatal ball into the very brain of the noble animal I rode. Running at full speed, he fell dead in the course of his leap." George Armstrong Custer, *My Life on the Plains* (New York: Sheldon and Co., 1881), 38.



"Resting Yards—Ellis, Kansas, on the Kansas Pacific Railway," from McCoy, Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade.

standing ab't pay and left with feelings of disgust and general antipathy. Started in a northerly direction until came in sight of what proved to be the water tank at Coyote[31] which I reached at 3 o'clock in p.m. Found a man seated reading a paper in front of the only house there who turned out to be the road-master and the wife of the man who had charge of the tank was indoors. He & his son were out after buffalo. In my way across from the other road a distance of 15 miles my feelings were rather mixed. At times the tho't I had shot my pony and that he might die at any time & leave me on the open prairie. Well I put my pony out to graze and eat some of the grub I bro't w. me from the camp. After a while Robinson[32] came back w. some buffalo meat. He happened to be a man who had seen me with the outfit when we passed thro' Ellis. I bo't a pail of corn of him for 25¢ and after dark spread my blankets by the side of the house and slept more or less until daybreak when I got a nice breakfast for 50¢. The good woman Mrs. R. seemed to be a good-hearted motherly sort of a woman and everything about the house the floor, tables pails pans and each little thing seemed to be as clean and neat as wax. She saw how hungry I was and after doing full justice to all her good things she urged me to take some ham sandwiches and cake and put them in my bag, wh. I was very glad to

31. It was apparently somewhere along the Smoky Hill route in Trego County that Hayward and the cattle drive eventually parted ways. The drive likely continued in a due westerly direction along the Smoky Hill River, whereas Hayward turned north toward Coyote Station and the Kansas Pacific Railway. Coyote was located in the northwestern part of Trego County near present Collyer and was the third station west of Ellis on the railroad. In 1872 *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway* described Coyote as having "a good section boardinghouse, soldiers' quarters, tank and four dug-outs. An immense number of buffalo were slaughtered round this station this spring" (10, 84). *See also* Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1296.

32. Hayward may be referring to B. O. Richards or Richardson, who is credited with being the first settler in Trego County and who located at Coyote. He was a railway employee, and in 1871 he and his wife kept a boarding house at Coyote Station. Andreas and Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas*, 1296; William E. Connelley, "Life and Adventures of George W. Brown," *Kansas Historical Collections, 1926-1928* 17 (1928):114.

do. As I was starting out, my pony got away from me and took his way across the prairie. R. was good enough to saddle up one of his horses and catch him for me. I made Buffalo water-tank & station[33] ab't 1-30 p.m. & After explaining to the man in charge how I happened to be travelling alone. There is a gang of 30 horse-thieves in the country and everyone is on the lookout for them and a man travelling alone is more or less suspected if he does not convince someone he is all right.

I ate some of Mrs. R's sandwiches and some biscuit I bro't from camp and after trading a soldier $1.25 and a little brandy for his overcoat I started on to Grinnell[34] 14 miles away.

At the station I left were a sergeant and two soldiers. I understand squads are stationed all along the road to protect it from the Indians. It came on to rain hard soon after my leaving Buffalo and I found my new overcoat with my rubber cape over it a great protection. In travelling along the road I counted the weary miles as I past the figures on the tel. posts and in the wild, boundless prairie of the farthest frontier wh. I was now on, I placed my trust in God and prayed that I might safely pass thro' this region. Now & then or rather say three or four times in the course of a day I w'd meet section-men working on the road and glad enough I was to see even them for I w'd stop and graze my horse and chat with them asking each party their opinion of a single traveller passing thro'. I found all R.R. men said it was safe almost without exception. Toward 6½ o'clock or perhaps 7, I reached Grinnell and inquired of a young hunter for Bill James who R. at Coyote had told me knew about horses and he might tell me about my pony's wound.

Following my conductor thro' a number of rough looking men he came to a sod dug house in which seated around a table were about half a dozen men eating their supper. My guide pointed to one of them a slight, bearded, red-faced man with a pair of sharp looking eyes.

I got down from my horse and, without his getting up from the table I related to him my accident in shooting my pony & mentioned R's name to him. I then asked his opinion in regard to the wound. Bill James said "he *didn't know nothing* 'bout horses" but told me to take off my saddle feed my horse and come and eat something. The men were a wild looking set and I was desirious of keeping on their good side. One of their number had only three days before lost three horses all he had by the horsethieves near Coyote.

Although I thought many suspicious glances were cast at me I was not molested and B. J. in the morning gave me a breakfast and would accept nothing.

My pony's neck had swelled somewhat but not badly.

From Grinnell I keep on to Carlyle[35] where lunched off the few crackers I had left and meet (Aug. 29th this is) with John Cobb & John Kaser.[36] With K. at 4 o'clock I go along in his mule team with my pony tied behind. The solemn stillness of the prairie and anxiety at small objects at a distance the real sorrow & pity I had for my pony and regret I felt for such a misfortune all these things did not alleviate my rather sad state of mind.

On reaching Monument[37] met Charlie Harkley & Arthur Culver.[38] Next morning I sold my pony saddle bridle & blankets to Arthur for $55.—$50. cash $5.—to be sent in a fortnight to me at Col. Springs.

Ah! it may be foolish and silly to have felt so badly ab't such a comparatively trifling misfortune. But after all it was rather severe. I was forced to part for an insignificant sum with a pony & outfit which in Col. Springs I might have realized $125. for. Ah well! it wn't do for me to get dispirited so in the beginning.

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33. Located in northern Gove County on the Kansas Pacific Railway, Buffalo was sixteen miles west of Coyote and twelve miles east of Grinnell. In 1872 the railway station had a telegraph office, soldiers' quarters, turf house, and a tank and was a center for buffalo hunting. Weston, *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway*, 10, 85.

34. Located twenty-eight miles from Coyote in northern Gove County, Grinnell was the second station west of Coyote on the Kansas Pacific Railway. In 1872 it had "a section house, railway tank, six 'dug-outs,' and two large turf houses for the purpose of drying buffalo meat." Weston, *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway*, 10, 85.

35. Carlyle was located in Logan County near the site of present Oakley, twelve miles west of Grinnell on the Kansas Pacific Railway. In 1872 it was in Wallace County, but in 1881 that part of the county became St. John County and in 1885 was renamed Logan County. According to *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway*, Carlyle station had "a section house, six 'dug-outs,' wind-mill tank, and coal bin" in 1872 (10, 85). *See also* Blackmar, *Kansas*, 2:180; Montgomery, "Lesser Known or Extinct Towns of Kansas."

36. Notes on the end papers of the diary record "John Kaser, Fossil Station, Fossil Co., Kansas," and "J. L. Cobb, Carlyle, Kansas."

A station on the Kansas Pacific Railway, Fossil station was located in Russell County and became the present town of Russell in 1871 through the adoption of the Northwestern Colony Association of Ripon, Wisconsin, which settled there in April of that year. Weston, *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway*, 71-72; Adolph Roenigk, "Railroad Grading among Indians," *Kansas Historical Collections, 1903-1904* 8 (1904):384.

37. Monument is in the northeastern part of present Logan County and was a station ten miles west of Carlyle on the Kansas Pacific Railway. In 1872 Monument station had "a fine windmill tank, station and section house." Weston, *Weston's Guide to the Kansas Pacific Railway*, 10, 85.

38. Identified in the endpaper notes as "Arth. F. Culver, Russell, Russell Co., Kansas."

I must try & try on & place my trust in God and wait patiently for him.

Well in the evening of the day on which I sold my pony I took the train for Denver where I arrived the following morning. There I took breakfast and connected with the D. & R. G. R. W. arriving at Col. Springs ab't noon.[39]

Went to see Burnham to explain about the letters. Found him to be a pleasant appearing fellow & answered frankly his questions ab't the herd &c. My arrival was on Aug. 31st. In the evening I went with Donovan a friend of Burnham's to a Mrs. Millar's & took board at a rate of $7.50 per week.

Sunday
Sept. 1st 1872.

I received yesterday a letter from father of Aug 12 and two from mother Aug 11th & 23d. Today I wrote the P.M.'s at Wichita, Hutchinson & Salina to forward my letters and also wrote Mother Charlie Grace & Tom Sturgis. The latter to forward my trunk *by freight*. I cannot help feeling a little blue over my misfortunes but I am not beat yet by any means and can handle a pick & shovel if it comes to the worst. But will try something else first. In the evening I attended the only church in the place (Presbyterian)[40] hoping it might make me feel or rather that it might stir my soul and fill me with a more enduring & patient feeling than I have. My always great stumbling block way up to now.

So I get my little testament from my old worn out bag and with my ragged clothes & worn-out shoes and my great light hat under my arm I went in thro the door and took the very back seat. And surely that which I sought for I found here in this little remote simple far away Colorado church. I was the poorest looking & shabbiest of any one there I do not believe that *one* of them felt any more peace and soothing come over his spirit than did I as I *felt* I was once more after my troubles & trials & vexations once more in the presence of my God.

And after my long connection with men who blasphemed and took His name in vain daily hourly and that I myself could not be included in their number at times I could not but pray for forgiveness.

Well! at all events going to a church again did me much good and filled me with new resolution.

As I lay tossing on the bed that night unable to sleep for I had not done enough to tire me or had yet got used to a bed. As I lay there the thought suddenly struck me I would check it & hire out for a carpenter.

September 2d.

The thought of carpentering was unable to be carried out as the stock is supplied and bunglers not wanted. In the late afternoon after having passed the first part very pleasantly at the so-called but deserted library as everything is given up for money-making at the west. I went into Burnham's and we had a long and pleasant conversation. On my going out, he politely offered to introduce [me] to some of the sheep-ranchers.

Sept 3d

Walked over to Colorado City[41] after breakfast and back in time for dinner. Must get something to do at once or clear out to the mountains. KH

39. This was the Denver and Rio Grande Railway (later the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad), which began building south out of Denver in 1871. In October of that year the first section of the railroad, stretching seventy-six miles, reached the new colony town of Colorado Springs, whose town company had been established by William Jackson Palmer, builder of the Denver and Rio Grande. By early 1872 Colorado Springs claimed a population of eight hundred, a number of business houses, a newspaper, two churches, and a proposed schoolhouse. By the end of 1872, approximately the time of Hayward's arrival, it had grown to fifteen hundred. Robert G. Athearn, *Rebel of the Rockies: A History of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1962), 15-20; Carl Abbott, *Colorado: A History of the Centennial State* (Boulder, Colo.: Colorado Associated University Press, 1976), 92.

40. Apparently two church buildings existed in Colorado Springs by the latter part of 1872; the Methodist church, completed in April 1872, and the Presbyterian church, completed shortly thereafter. The Presbyterian church was located at Kiowa and Weber streets on a lot given to the church in 1872 by the Colorado Springs Town Company. Manly Dayton Ormes and Eleanor R. Ormes, *The Book of Colorado Springs* (Colorado Springs: Dentan Printing Co., 1933), 193-94, 197, 201.

41. Organized in 1859 as a mining supply city, Colorado City grew to become a commercial center in the early 1860s, and for a brief time was the territorial capital of Colorado. In the 1870s Colorado Springs grew up to the east of Colorado City to become a strong and progressive rival. Colorado City was able to retain its separate identity until 1917, when it was incorporated into Colorado Springs. Don and Jean Griswold, *Colorado's Century of "Cities"* (N.p.: 1958), 44-46.

Book Reviews

Lawrence, Douglas County, Kansas: An Informal History

by David Dary

468 pages, illustrations, appendices, selected bibliography, index.
Lawrence: Allen Books, 1982, $40.00.

IT is hard to know just what an "informal history" is, except that the author of this history of Lawrence says it is one. Certainly it is not a full-blown, scholarly history, as it makes limited use of primary sources, and, partly as a consequence, encapsulates known material about Lawrence as much as it contributes new things. It is not what is usually called pictorial history, although it is a large-format book with many well selected illustrations. The text in that genre consists of mostly captions, while this book contains an extensive, connected narrative. It comes closest to popular history, defined as well-crafted synthesis characterized by lively and readable style. Dary has succeeded with this before, but the style and organization of this piece fall short of *The Buffalo Book* or *Cowboy Culture*, while the focus sometimes alternates annoyingly between issues of national scope only incidentally set in Lawrence and minutiae not well placed even to the local context. Dary's *Lawrence* is a satisfactory history, far superior to the typical local production, but it may be frustrating to those who sense the potential in the combination of subject and author for real greatness.

On sources: If secondary sources are to be depended on, a longer list might well have been employed. The sources used on the Kansa Indians, on Isaac McCoy, and on Kansas place names, to take some examples from early chapters, do not include the best modern works on these topics. Also, a city history that uses none of the following kinds of primary sources in any detail—census, tax rolls, city and county government minutes and letter files, building permits, city ordinance books—and only hunts and pecks in the rich store of local daily and weekly newspapers listed in an appendix, sacrifices richness, color, and immediacy along with some perhaps stuffy detail.

On emphasis: By far the most detailed section of the book concerns the political troubles of the 1850s and 1860s, "Bleeding Kansas" through the Quantrill raid. Of all Lawrence's history, this is the most familiar, and Dary's account does not introduce much additional local detail that would make the specific time and place more alive. The late nineteenth century gets far shorter shrift and is dominated by "capsule histories" of local businesses. These are interesting in themselves, but mark a change in approach a bit abrupt for this reader. The early-twentieth-century section, by contrast, is almost entirely social history, and, very unlike the early section, aggressively local—right down to the kinds of fish caught in the river. Fewer than 40 pages of a 355-page book are devoted to the period since 1920, and nothing at all is included on Lawrence since 1950. Further, the chronological development is interspersed with chapters on natural disasters, Lawrence legends, and the history of the University of Kansas. Some of the comments on the exact current city locations of historical events are understandable given the book's Lawrence audience, but sometimes, as with extensive lists of names of people (all those killed in the Quantrill raid, for instance), the book resembles the genealogically based volumes published purely for local consumption, which it is definitely not.

On style: The book is clear, but its attempts to be lively sometimes sound chatty instead. To say "many residents of Lawrence knew" (p. 127) as a way of introducing background information, or to use "we" and "us" to bring the reader into the author's confidence while the author refers to himself as "this writer" (p. 142), are popularizing techniques of doubtful efficacy. Also, for a book that makes a point of being popular rather than scholarly, there is a great deal of mention in the text of the sources that are used.

That there may be a need for other and different histories of Lawrence in the future is something of which Dary is well aware. It is also true that this is the first overall history of the city published since 1895 and that it has considerable value. Many of its virtues as well as its faults come from an attempt to make this one history appeal to all interests. It may not fully please every reader, but a great number should find it interesting and useful.

Reviewed by H. Craig Miner, *professor of history at Wichita State University and author of* Wichita: The Early Years, 1865-80 *(1982).*

Singing Cowboys and All That Jazz: A Short History of Popular Music in Oklahoma

by William W. Savage, Jr.
illustrated by Rebecca Bateman

xii + 185 pages, notes on sources, index.
Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1983, $14.95.

ONE does not generally associate Oklahoma with jazz. The state has more of a country-western image when it comes to music. While the country western does come through loud and clear in William Savage's new short

history of music in Oklahoma, it also is filled with a few surprises.

For instance, Savage recounts how the blues as a published musical form had its origins in Oklahoma City, where Hart Wand wrote "Dallas Blues." The song was published in 1912 and became a hit several months before W. C. Handy's "Memphis Blues" was published in the East.

Savage also relates how a minister named Alexander Reid heard a group of blacks singing a spiritual on a Choctaw cotton plantation near the Red River after the Civil War. Reid, according to Savage, transcribed the song under the title "Steal Away to Jesus." Today we know the spiritual as the popular "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

The author, an associate professor of history at the University of Oklahoma, has gathered many other interesting facts about Oklahoma's musical history in this work. He examines the story of Otto Gray, the first singing cowboy in American show business. Gray, an Oklahoma native, began performing with his band—the "Oklahoma Cowboys"—over radio station KFRU at Bristow, Oklahoma, in the middle 1920s.

Savage also relates the stories of other notable singing cowboys, including Gene Autry, Bob Wills, Jimmy Wakely, Johnny Bond, and others, all with their roots in Oklahoma. He also looks at Woody Guthrie, and he includes the stories of well-known rock and jazz musicians who got their starts in Oklahoma.

Savage makes the point that the impact of the depression demanded an emphasis on the fine arts in Oklahoma to offset the Dust Bowl imagery of the period. During the 1930s, he believes, Oklahoma experienced an image crisis, and a degree of salvation came only when the New York musical *Oklahoma!* gained national prominence. He believes that it presented a more wholesome, appealing, and flattering image of the state. Residents responded by making the song *Oklahoma!* their state song.

The book is well written and highly readable. There are eleven chapters, notes, and an index. Pen-and-ink drawings by Rebecca Bateman are sprinkled throughout the work.

Reviewed by David Dary, *author of* Cowboy Culture: A Saga of Five Centuries *(1981) and professor in the School of Journalism and Mass Communications, University of Kansas.*

Ohiyesa: Charles Eastman, Santee Sioux

by Raymond Wilson

xii + 219 pages, illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1983, $16.95.

IN this first major study of Charles Eastman (1858-1939), Prof. Raymond Wilson of Fort Hays State University has produced a fascinating study of the mixed-blood Santee Sioux who became one of the most influential Indians of his time. Born to Many Lightnings (Jacob Eastman), a full-blood Santee, and Nancy Eastman, the half-blood daughter of Capt. Seth Eastman and Stands Sacred of the Santee, Charles was given the traditional name of Ohiyesa (The Pitiful Last) because of the untimely death of his mother shortly after his birth.

Raised a traditionalist by his paternal grandmother and then adopted by his uncle Mysterious Medicine after his father had been sentenced to be hanged for his alleged role in the New Ulm uprising of 1862, Charles Eastman's life at fifteen changed dramatically when he learned that President Lincoln had commuted his father's sentence to a three-year prison term at Davenport, Iowa. He was reunited with his Christianized father in 1866, attended various mission schools, and emerged as a progressive Indian with a tenacious syncretism that argued against any essential differences between the Christian God and the great Wakan Tanka of his native people. In 1911 Eastman wrote, "I believe that Christianity and modern civilization are opposed and irreconcilable, and that the spirit of Christianity and of our ancient religion is essentially the same (p. 87)."

An unusually bright and determined student, Eastman enrolled in the preparatory departments of Beloit and Knox colleges. Following additional preparation at the Kimball Union Academy in New Hampshire, he entered Dartmouth as a scholarship student in 1883. He was graduated with honors in 1887, the year of the Dawes Act (which he initially supported but later condemned), and with more scholarship aid and the assistance of New England friends—many of them activists in the cause for Indian Rights and assimilation—he entered Boston University School of Medicine. Upon graduation in 1890 he faced a more complex world where fewer friends would be available to encourage him in the manner to which he had become accustomed.

In chronicling Eastman's post-educational career—government physician at the Pine Ridge and Crow Creek Indian agencies, private physician, Indian inspector for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, leader with the Young Men's Christian Association and the Boy Scouts of America, legal agent (with Charles Hill, former Santee agent) for prosecuting the Lower Santee Sioux annuity claims dating back to the troubles of 1862-63, lecturer and writer, and winner in 1923 of a prestigious medal from Indian Council Fire "for the most distinguished achievement by an American Indian"—Professor Wilson displays reasoned balance and sensitivity in narrating the delicate dividing lines between Eastman's successes and failures. The result is a major contribution to our understanding of the ambivalence and conflict between acculturation and assimilation, and the humanness of a talented and ambitious Indian during the difficult post-allotment years.

Reviewed by William E. Unrau, *professor of history at Wichita State University and coauthor, with H. Craig Miner, of* The End of Indian Kansas: A Study of Cultural Revolution, 1854-1871 *(1978).*

The Cattle Guard: Its History and Lore

by James F. Hoy
foreword by Jimmy M. Skaggs

xx + 233 pages, illustrations, appendix, sources of information, list of contributors of information, index.
Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1982, $19.95.

A CATTLE guard is a structural device to deter livestock from going from one field to another through an intentional opening in a fence. The guard replaces a gate. Although designs vary, the usual guard consists of poles run crosswise to a road over a pit, although some guards run lengthwise. Hoy undertook a monumental research project to construct a narrative of the invention and use of this device. The guard became especially useful with the advent of the automobile. Drivers do not have to open and close gates and yet livestock remain confined. A quite suitable history of the guard is given on the back of the book's jacket.

Using this book someone may be able to write one or two fairly informative articles. Hoy gives the name and address of almost anyone he knew to have built, used, or seen a cattle guard. His account centers on the contributions of people on the Great Plains where the device had its greatest appeal. The guard, however, was not invented on the Plains, nor was it first used there.

All in all, Hoy did an impressive amount of travel and research for his book. The chapter notes, appendices, and illustrations all attest to his meticulous research. Hoy does not give specific citations to his sources. This may reduce the usefulness of the work for future scholars. Still, the book is a sort of original source in its own right.

The author includes seventy-five photographs of cattle guards. These he has adequately cited for source, and when he could, for time and place. He also includes patent specifications and drawings. These make up almost all of his specific citations. The photographs and drawings clarify a great deal.

Hoy shows only a casual interest in chronology. Not until late in the book does he take up the origin of the cattle guard as a railroad structure dating from 1836. The even earlier use in Cornwall and Devon, dating probably from the seventeenth century, also comes up late in the book. Plains inventors get first mention even though they often invented last. Priority of invention makes no difference, of course, but a chronological account would, perhaps, somewhat diminish the achievements of Plainsmen.

The author leaves some other questions to the end which might have been taken up earlier. Why does a cattle guard work? No one knows. Anyhow, Hoy belatedly tells us, he never found anyone who knew. This perfectly acceptable research result might have led some to wild speculation, but Hoy refuses to go further than his evidence allows. Still, almost at the start of his narrative, the author observes that lines painted on a road work almost as well as the real thing. Why then all the discussion about space between bars, depth of pit, and such?

The book ends with a discussion of current commercial cattle guard manufacturers. And, in conclusion, Hoy notes that most guards are home- or custom-made. Except for those who have a special interest in cattle guards, or who may be mentioned in the text, readers can learn enough by looking at the pictures and reading the dust jacket.

Reviewed by John T. Schlebecker, *a specialist in American agricultural history and curator of extractive industries, National Museum of American History, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.*

The Diary of James C. Hagerty: Eisenhower in Mid-Course, 1954-1955

edited by Robert H. Ferrell

xvi + 269 pages, illustrations, notes, index.
Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1983, $19.50.

ROBERT Ferrell's edition of the diary of press secretary James C. Hagerty is the latest publication event in the reevaluation of the Eisenhower administration. Hagerty began his diary in January 1954 and stayed at it, though sometimes with considerable interruptions, until the end of 1955. Entries for the first months are frequently brief and episodic, but those from December 1954 through March 1955 are especially full and analytical and throw into high relief the events of that period—difficulties with McCarthy and Knowland, the Quemoy-Matsu crisis, the first televised press conference, the fall of Malenkov, and the publication of the Yalta papers, to name only a few. All of this points to one of the best features of diaries of this type: historians sort things out into neat packages and leave the impression that history takes place on one track at a time. Here the events tumble over one another, and we can grasp the true situation where new problems continually intrude before old ones are resolved.

As we have come to expect from Ferrell, the editorial work is first class. He has pared the original down by more than half while retaining all the important items (though nine could not be printed in their entirety because of security or donor restrictions) and at the same time including enough of the routine entries to give us the flavor of the Eisenhower White House. Ferrell carefully identifies every person, even to Richard Nixon, and his occasional paragraphs in the text provide background for entries that might otherwise mystify the average reader.

Despite its value, the diary raises some serious questions. The first is the relationship of Hagerty and Eisenhower. Ferrell contends that Hagerty was more than just a press secretary; he was Ike's confidant and advisor. The role of confidant comes through in the entries, but the role of

advisor does not. Even though Ike sought his opinions, Hagerty was usually reluctant to give them; he was too much enamored with the President, and did not so much advise as sit at the master's feet.

There is also the matter of Eisenhower the political leader. He may have been as Ferrell claims, a master of dissimulation, but he was also dogmatic and even mean spirited. His mind might be changed by circumstance, but seldom by argument. Those small-fry Republicans in the Congress who crossed him even once found themselves cast into social and political darkness, but those with clout were tolerated no matter what the provocation. After a dozen clashes with Senate leader William Knowland, Ike inadvertently epitomized his attitude: "I am completely beginning to lose my patience with Bill Knowland" (p. 117). And for all the continual Eisenhower rhetoric that "either the Republican Party will reflect progressivism, or I won't be with them anymore" (p. 129), there is little evidence in the diary that he really did anything to foster "Modern Republicanism."

The Hagerty diary appears to indicate that perhaps it is time to reevaluate the reevaluation.

Reviewed by Loren E. Pennington, *professor of history at Emporia State University, whose current research project is a history of the Studebaker Corporation, 1945-66.*

Ash Rock and the Stone Church:
The History of a Kansas Rural Community

by Leo E. Oliva

viii + 405 pages, illustrations, maps, index.
Woodston: The Sons and Daughters of Ash Rock, 1983, $29.75.

IN recent years state and local history has gained visibility and respectability through the publication of community histories. And, at long last, such history has caught the imagination of trained historians and professional writers. Consequently, all Americans have profited.

Fortunately, for Kansas and the West, Leo Oliva (a trained historian and a capable writer) always has understood local history's importance, and over the years he has used his knowledge to bring local history home to college students and to Kansans in general.

These statements are not intended to downgrade the amateur efforts which have helped preserve our history since this country began. Far from it. If it were not for them ninety percent of local history would not have been written—or published. I want only to point out that it took most of the trained historians a long time to wake up to the fact that local history is vitally important to the understanding of the whole of American history.

The Ash Rock community is fortunate to have one of its own so deeply involved in its history. As a result of Oliva's research and writing and the contributions of many of his neighbors, this Rooks County township now has what might best be described as a monumental history.

It is all here. Census information, cemetery records, compilations of landowners, maps, and scores of photographs. Accompanying the valuable statistical and illustrative material are family history sketches which combine genealogy with brief chronicles of family comings and goings from the initial settlement to our time.

Finally, there is Oliva's narrative history of Ash Rock—its church, its cemetery, its schools, and its people. He takes the community from its beginnings in the 1870s through the Great Depression to a centennial celebration. The "sod house frontier" is described very well, and that same kind of attention to detail is included throughout the book.

This is rural history—Ash Rock Township never contained anything that could be called urban. And, most of the characteristics and activities of Ash Rock were (and are) duplicated throughout the rural Great Plains. That is one of the reasons for the importance of this kind of history. This is *representative* history. This is Congregationalism in Kansas, public education in Kansas, agriculture in Kansas, and people in Kansas; people with common interests, common goals, and common problems. People, who because of their sense of community, restored a historic building and cooperated in the publishing of a history.

The efforts of the Sons and Daughters of Ash Rock and of Leo Oliva should inspire other communities to embark upon comparable projects. Such efforts are admirable. They require great labors of love and strong commitments. Among those commitments is the willingness to invest money along with time. Historic preservation and book publishing are expensive, and if some potential purchasers of the Ash Rock history are put off by the price, let them try to publish a comparable volume at a lesser cost. It cannot be done.

Any resident of Rooks County should find *Ash Rock and the Stone Church* interesting, as should anyone who is aware of the value of this kind of local history. The book has much to recommend it.

Reviewed by Robert W. Richmond, *assistant executive director of the Kansas State Historical Society, who is vice-president of the American Association for State and Local History and a Rooks County native.*