Nevada

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Contents

Front Cover: Christian Brousard, outside line backer at the University of Nevada, Reno, fall season 1999. *(Media Services, Athletic Department, University of Nevada, Reno)*

Book Reviews

Only in Nevada
America's Unique Experiment with Legalized Sports Gambling, 1931-2000

RICHARD O. DAVIES

Writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1936, journalist Thornton Martin lamented the rapid growth of illegal betting on college football, but conceded that gambling on sports was deeply imbedded in American popular culture. "Why do people bet?" he asked. "The answer is that the American public has a deep-seated and incurable mania for taking a chance."[1] As legalized gambling has spread across this nation during the past four decades the particular mania that Martin identified has been reflected in a wide spectrum of venues, including state lotteries, riverboat casinos, Indian casinos, card and bingo rooms, and a growing presence of electronic poker games in bars and convenience stores in many states. In the last quarter century, traditional opposition to gambling has been undercut by a significant change in how the American people and their elected representatives perceive gambling.

In 1999 the National Gambling Impact Study Commission—although its majority was controlled by individuals generally identified as social conservatives—presented a surprisingly benign document that failed to recommend possible draconian measures that many gaming executives had initially feared, such as new federal gaming taxes or the establishment of a federal gaming regulatory agency. In its two-year search for the truth the commission heard from a host of concerned governors, congressmen, state legislators, mayors, chamber-of-commerce executives, and gaming spokesmen who warned against any major changes in the new national gaming structure. As it held hearings the commission was confronted by a powerful phalanx of community and political spokesmen who did not want to have to pass new taxes to make up for the possible loss of gaming-tax revenues, or who feared a negative local economic impact from the possible loss of gaming-related jobs and profits.

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The commission, however, did advance one recommendation that has proven to be quite contentious, and in particular angered Nevada gaming officials. This was the recommendation that wagering on high school, Olympic, and college sports be made illegal. The Olympic and high school recommendations were largely irrelevant because legal sports wagering in Nevada does not include those venues. The real targets the commission had in its cross hairs were the seventy-five legal Nevada sports books that annually handle an estimated $1.2 billion in bets on college football and men's basketball. The commission based its view that wagering on college sports did not meet its test of providing the "positive impacts" of other forms of gambling: "In particular, sports wagering does not contribute to local economies or produce many jobs. Unlike casinos or other destination resorts, sports wagering does not create other economic sectors."[2]

This recommendation regarding wagering on college sports has been vigorously pushed by the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) for several years. In the early months of 2000 the NCAA lobbied hard in the United States Congress for passage of legislation sponsored by a host of senators led by Senator John McCain of Arizona. Both the commission and the NCAA regard gambling on sporting events as intrinsically damaging and dangerous, and a careful reading of the final report, recent congressional testimony, and NCAA press releases indicates that this viewpoint is rooted in values that have been prominent in American society since colonial times.[3] This outlook was cogently summarized in a 1992 speech presented on the floor of the United States Senate by former New York Knicks star and future presidential hopeful Bill Bradley:

> I am not prepared to risk the values that sports instill in youth just to add a few more dollars to state coffers . . . . State-sanctioned sports betting conveys the message that sports are more about money than personal achievement and sportsmanship. In these days of scandal and disillusionment, it is important that our youngsters not receive this message . . . . Sports betting threatens the integrity of and public confidence in professional and amateur team sports, converting sports from wholesome athletic entertainment into a vehicle for gambling. Sports gambling raises people's suspicions about point-shaving and game-fixing . . . .[4]

The commission's recommendation and the ensuing political battle over McCain's Athletic Integrity Bill thus constitute yet another curious stage in the history of sports wagering in America. Although illegal gambling on college sports has been with us for more than a century, and currently such illegal wagering constitutes a powerful economic force estimated to be of upwards of $300 billion annually, the commission candidly confesses that its recommendation is based upon very little hard data. It has become apparent as this issue has unfolded that it is one in which facts are of little importance, where perceptions, values, and myths are paramount. Because the target is legalized sports gambling in one state, it is instructive to examine the history of that unique gaming enterprise.[5]

Well established in Nevada's colorful history, sports wagering has existed there legally now for seven decades. After a lengthy period of scant public interest, in the past two decades it has expanded dramatically with the number of sports books reaching seventy-five, and the betting handle more than doubling in the last decade to approximately $2.75 billion in 1999. Its existence, however, has been overshadowed by table games and slot machines. Until the recent flurry of congressional interest, sports wagering in Nevada has received relatively little public scrutiny and has operated free from major controversy. Contrary to some misperceptions, it has also been free from scandal, especially of the onerous variety that Senator Bradley and like-minded individuals have repeatedly denounced.

Prizefighting provided the initial foundation for the Silver State's interest in sports wagering. Nevada was the only state to permit the open conduct of professional boxing matches well into the twentieth century, although the state did not offer wagering venues on those contests. One of the major attractions of boxing in Nevada, and elsewhere, of course, was the opportunity to invest one's money based upon an assessment of the relative merits of the two pugilists; wagers on these bouts were private transactions between interested individuals. Boxing matches in other states were held in violation of local and state law, although with the tacit cooperation of law enforcement agencies. Widespread legalization by state legislatures occurred during the so-called Golden Age of Spectator Sports of the 1920s to take advantage of the sport's newfound popularity and the substantial revenues it produced. From the 1880s until World War I, small Nevada communities such as Goldfield, Carson City, and Tonopah became the focal point of American boxing fans when they hosted nationally prominent bouts. Most significant of all was the classic championship heavyweight racial Armageddon held in Reno on July 4, 1910, between defending champion Jack Johnson and the former champ, the Great White Hope, James J. Jeffries. The large number of major fights that have been part of the Las Vegas scene in recent years constitute merely a continuation of a colorful historical tradition established more than a century ago.[6]

When the Nevada State Legislature defied national public opinion in 1931 and passed legislation permitting wide-open casino gambling, there was little initial interest evidenced in sports wagering. During World War II a few small casinos in Las Vegas and Reno introduced wagering on out-of-state horse races, using the controversial national horse wire lines operated by Mickey McBride, Cleveland businessman (and future owner of the Cleveland Browns football team), as their access to late-breaking results from major eastern and midwestern racetracks.[7] In 1947, shortly before he met his premature fate at the hands of an unknown assassin, New York City gangster Bugsy Siegel installed a small sports book in the corner of his new pacesetting Flamingo casino on the Las Vegas Strip. In 1951 Siegel's successors shut down that operation when the congressional hearings of Senator Estes Kefauver's Organized Crime

Committee inspired legislation that imposed a confiscatory 10 percent federal tax on sports wagers.[8]

In the late 1940s there began to appear in Las Vegas and Reno what were popularly known as turf clubs. These modest operations were usually located in small single-story concrete-block structures, their grimy interiors punctuated by a pungent aroma consisting of more-or-less equal parts cigarette smoke, stale beer, and greasy hot dogs, their floors littered with peanut shells, discarded losing betting tickets, and cigar butts that would periodically be covered by sawdust. These clubs, which did not offer slot machines or table games,[9] provided legal wagering on baseball, football, and basketball, but their primary business was horse racing. Despite their distinctly blue-collar ambience, these new enterprises operated under such exotic names as The Rose Bowl, Churchill Downs, Hollywood Sports Service, the Saratoga, the Vegas Race and Turf Club, and the Reno Race and Turf Club. Until the establishment of the Nevada Board of Control in 1955, the clubs were licensed by county governments and supervised by local police and sheriffs' departments. They attracted a dedicated clientele of gamblers, most of whom were locals.[10]

Because the normal commission (or vigorish) on a winning bet on team sports was (and remains) about 4 percent of gross revenues, the management of these marginal businesses had to find ways to circumvent the 10 percent Kefauver tax. Creative bookkeeping ensued. Jimmy Vacaro, a veteran of the Las Vegas sports betting scene, recalls, "As a kid I'd sit around the Churchill Downs book with some of the old timers and see things happen that would never happen now in one of our operations. For example, if you were a regular customer and went to the window to bet $1,100 to win $1,000 on a football game, the guy might write the ticket for $11 to win $10. It was between you and him, you see, and that way the tax was on only $11, not $1,100. The eleven bucks is all that went through the machine."[11] As *Sports Illustrated* observed in 1961, "It is estimated that 95% of all wagering on sports in Las Vegas is done sub rosa, or man to man, to avoid the tax and that if the government were more tolerant and reasonable business at the sports books would be up 1,000%."[12]

By the mid 1960s interest in horse racing had clearly reached a plateau and entered into a period of slow decline, a phenomenon that continues to this day. Younger and more sophisticated bettors were attracted to the seemingly more lucrative opportunities of football and basketball wagering. Their interest was undoubtedly stimulated by the advent of the age of sports television. The television set that sat behind the bar or in the family living room became a primary sports bettors' tool, sort of an electronic variety of *The Racing Form*. Gamblers could research future investments by watching teams play on television, and it was soon widely understood by television and sports executives that many persons would more likely be interested in watching a game on television if they had money riding on its outcome. Younger and more sophisticated gamblers were also less than enamored by the parimutuel betting system used for

horse racing. If they bet on team sports they could lock in odds or a point spread; further, the winners' pool was not diluted by deduction of the government's take and track overhead as was the case in the parimutuel system. They also appreciated the fact that, unlike the slots and table games, the book manager did not have a built-in statistical advantage, and lived daily with the possibility that he could take a loss on each and every game on the board.

The rapid increase in wagering on football and basketball was stimulated by the introduction of the point-spread system in the mid 1940s. The origins of this revolutionary new wagering system are murky at best, but it first appeared about the time of the end of World War II. It seems to have come into existence almost simultaneously in Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Lexington, Kentucky. The point-spread concept, originally called the "wholesale odds system" by one of its earliest proponents, the Chicago handicapper and bookie William McNeil, was an immediate and sensational hit. One ecstatic bookie told an inquiring journalist it was "the greatest discovery since the zipper."[13] Within just a few years it changed the nature of bookmaking throughout the United States. Whereas bettors formerly had to pick team winners based upon the traditional odds system, now the point spread made it possible for all games, no matter how lopsided they might appear, to become reasonable wagering opportunities for informed gamblers. If the bookmaker set a good line, he would generate equal monies on both teams, thereby assuring himself of walking away with his vigorish—the betting commission—intact.[14]

Well-publicized law enforcement crackdowns upon bookies and their customers during the 1950s in eastern cities—another legacy of Senator Kefauver and his committee—made sunny Las Vegas seem very attractive to serious sports gamblers. There thus ensued a migration from all points east to Las Vegas. This migration included such sports handicapping luminaries as Jimmy Snyder, Bob Martin, Sonny Reizner, and Lem Banker. In Las Vegas they could not only place their bets without fear of being nailed by an undercover cop, but they also found that they were part of an informal fraternity of like-minded men who, although they carefully guarded their own handicapping secrets, enjoyed each other's company. Yet today, the so-called Wise Guys constitute one of the more interesting subcultures of Las Vegas's complex gambling social structure. Many of these émigrés—possessed of important knowledge and applied skills—assumed positions in the turf clubs and later in casino sports books as supervisors and lines makers.[15]

It was within this context that Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder emerged during the 1960s as a popular national icon for the profession of sports handicappers. Snyder worked at several of the Las Vegas turf clubs located along the Strip and in Glitter Gulch, emerging as the first among equals in the setting of the daily line. In 1972, a national cartoonist aptly summarized Snyder's reputation when he pictured President Richard Nixon responding to questions about his upcoming re-election campaign: "I don't care what the polls say, what does

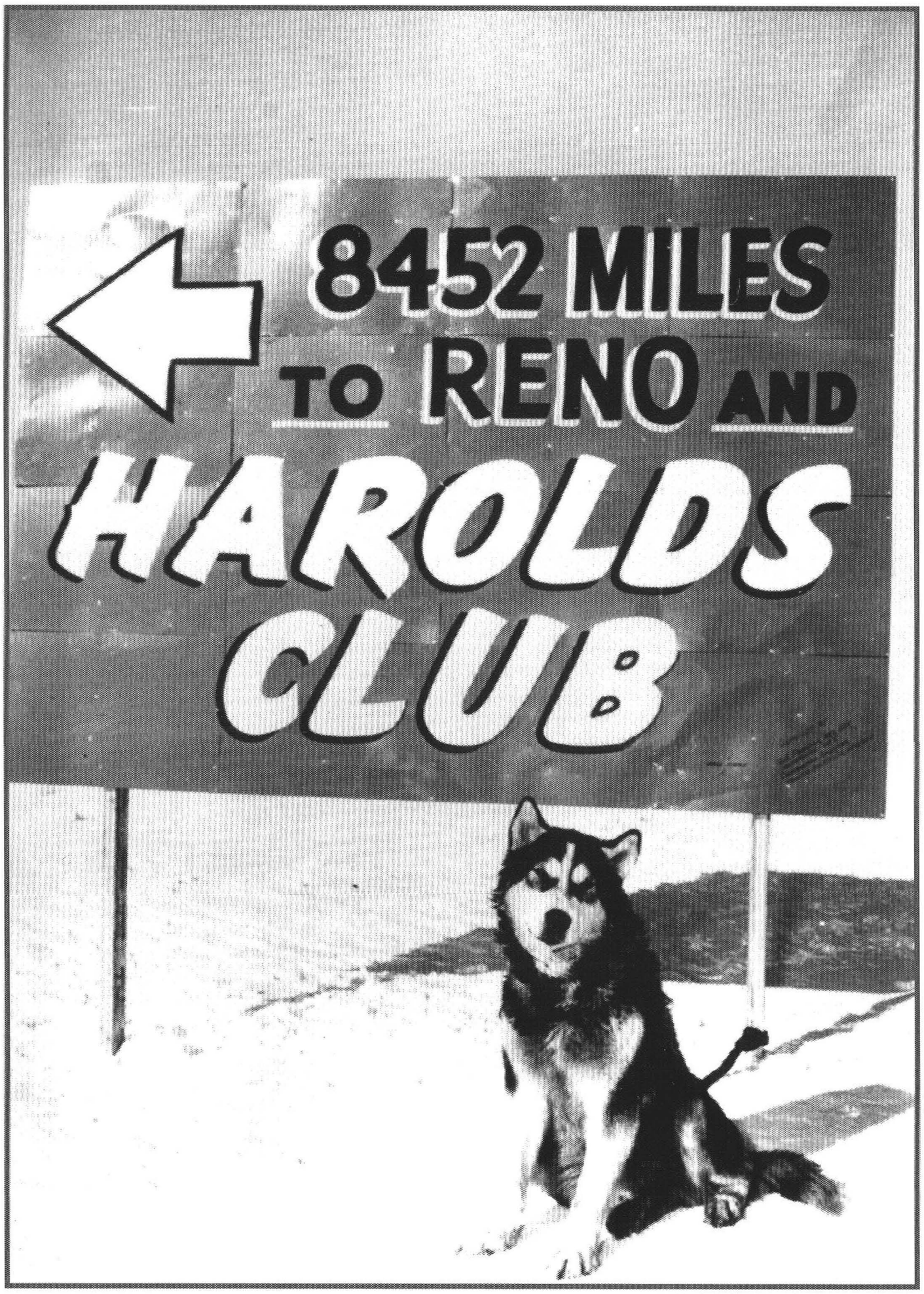
Jimmy the Greek say?" Insiders will candidly say that Snyder's reputation as a handicapper far outstripped his actual abilities. Whether or not Snyder was even an above-average handicapper might remain a point of serious contention among the Wise Guys, but there is no question that this affable son of Greek immigrant parents was a genius at self-promotion. Whereas most professional sports gamblers who moved west harbored unpleasant memories of encounters with the criminal justice system, and quite naturally preferred anonymity and shunned the spotlight, Snyder aggressively sought it out.[16]

He correctly perceived that a new era in sports gambling was dawning. By 1963 he was writing a column on his craft in the *Las Vegas Sun*. His was a pioneering journalistic endeavor that broke new ground, and by the early 1970s the column had been syndicated to more than two hundred newspapers. Snyder's column was of dubious journalistic quality, but it definitely contributed to his growing national reputation as The Wizard of Odds. Coupling this with the adroit operation of his public relations firm and his high-profile position in promotions at Caesar's Palace, Snyder created the public persona of "The Greek Who Makes the Odds," as a flattering *Sports Illustrated* article introduced him to American sports fans in 1961.[17]

Snyder's popular reputation as a leading sports handicapper combined with his outgoing personality made him the natural choice for a seat on CBS television's "The NFL Today" program in 1976. (He remained a program regular until his unceremonious firing in 1988 following his infelicitous comments about the qualities of African-American athletes.) When this convicted felon appeared in the living rooms of American homes on autumn Sundays to present his predictions for upcoming games, sports gambling moved into the nation's cultural mainstream, no longer the private preserve of secretive neighborhood bookies and exotic Damon Runyonesqe types.[18] As sports gaming executive Art Manteris observes, Snyder's major contribution was that "He brought our business out of the closet . . . by getting on network TV, [by] talking about point spreads in front of the American public."[19] Snyder, the consummate self-promoter, thus helped wagering become an integral part of the rapidly growing world of American sports.

During the 1970s and 1980s sports gambling grew rapidly, riding the coattails of the television-induced increasing popularity of team sports reflected in such new extravaganzas as the Super Bowl, Monday Night Football, and the NCAA men's basketball tournament. With legal sports gambling already in place, Nevada was poised to reap the economic benefits. By 1999 the number of sports books in Nevada had grown to seventy-five and they accepted more than $2.75 billion in bets that year; but this was, according to the guesstimates of various experts, about 3 percent of the total amount bet on sports each year throughout the United States.

At a pivotal point in the development of the popularity of sports gambling, Nevada benefitted from the astute legislative work of one of its United States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Senators. In October of 1974 Howard Cannon secured passage of legislation that reduced the 10% federal tax on sports wagers to just 2 percent. In 1983 Congress further reduced that levy to just .025 percent where it remains to this day. Even at 2 percent it was feasible for a well-run sports book to make money without having to engage in creative bookkeeping. In 1975 the Nevada State Legislature, as if on cue, instructed the Gaming Control Board to permit the establishment of sports books within casinos.[20]

The days of the turf clubs were now numbered. By 1986 all but one of those icons of the first generation of Nevada sports books had disappeared.[21] In 1977 the harbinger of the future of Nevada sports wagering appeared on the Las Vegas Strip with the opening of the lavish Sports and Race Book in the Stardust Hotel-Casino. This particular Strip casino had long labored under a questionable reputation regarding alleged connections with midwestern crime organizations. For several years, Charles "Lefty" Rosenthal, had operated the Stardust from behind various midlevel management positions, such as entertainment director and food-and-beverage manager. He never was granted a gambling license by the Gaming Control Board because of the noxious reputation he brought with him from his native Chicago. Born in 1929, Rosenthal had spent much of his adult life "dodging trouble," according to investigative journalist Nicholas Pileggi. In 1961 he invoked the Fifth Amendment thirty-seven times before Senator John McClellan's committee to investigate organized crime; among other allegations were charges he attempted to fix basketball games in 1962 involving the University of North Carolina. In 1968 his bosses in Chicago dispatched him to Las Vegas to oversee a sophisticated skimming operation at the Stardust and otherwise attend to the financial interests of their absentee ownership.[22]

It was Rosenthal—himself a talented sports handicapper—who most clearly recognized the potential inherent in Senator Cannon's legislative coup. He was even used by the head of the Gaming Control Board, Phil Hannifin, to educate the state legislature on the revenue potentials of locating sports books inside casinos. At the Stardust he carefully supervised the design and construction of his vision for the modern sports book, creating a dramatic environment with a 40-foot-high ceiling that hovered over a room consuming 9,000 square feet of floor space. He installed 250 individual desks for studious gamblers, complete with comfortable high-backed leather chairs. A reference library was placed within the facility to provide all of the latest statistical data and commentaries by betting authorities on upcoming races and games. Towering above the customers was a cluster of large television screens that showed the action from distant racetracks and ballparks. Rosenthal replaced the ubiquitous chalkboards that had long listed the odds at the turf clubs with brightly flickering electronic signboards, not only creating a surreal high tech atmosphere, but also making it possible for lines makers to change instantly the odds or point spread on a particular game in response to the flow of money across the ticket windows.

Rosenthal later proudly told Pileggi, "We put in a bar measuring nearly a quarter mile of inlaid wood and mirrors and the largest projection-lighted board system in the world. We had a forty-eight square foot television screen, and since horseplayers were still our biggest bettors, we had entry boards for five separate racetracks covering a hundred and forty square feet. It was the largest and most expensive system of its kind anywhere, and we had it all."[23]

The Stardust thus brought a new era to Las Vegas sports gambling. Despite the inevitable emulation that occurred in rival casinos up and down the Strip as well as in Reno, the Stardust set the standard for sports books for the next decade. Eventually, it was outdistanced by ever larger, ever more lavish, competitors, but it still retains a fierce loyalty from many of the old timers who remember its innovative impact. During football season its Stardust Line is released early on Sunday evening and attracts a bevy of loyal, serious players. Rosenthal's achievement, according to Pileggi, "made him a true visionary in the annals of local history."[24]

Although the process is relatively simple, a great deal of mythology and speculation surrounds the process of how sports books set their lines. During the early days it was done on location in the turf clubs, and because substantial differences in the line often existed among clubs, serious bettors learned to shop around for the most vulnerable lines, sometimes creating for themselves the most joyful of moments for the professional player, the no-lose "middle." During the period between 1965 and the early 1980s the unofficial oracle of Nevada line making was Brooklyn native Bob Martin, a congenial gentlemen who had the distinction of winning a reversal of a lower court conviction for illegal sports gambling by a 9 to 0 margin before the United States Supreme Court. After beating that rap—thanks to the skilled legal work of famed Washington insider and attorney Edward Bennett Williams and clumsy Washington, D. C., police wiretappers—he relocated to Las Vegas where he found employment at the Churchill Downs. In 1976 he moved to the downtown Union Plaza. Martin's expertise was soon the talk of the Wise Guys. They were amazed at his intuitive ability to set an astute line, referring to him in awe as The Man. As his reputation spread, his line was picked up by other Las Vegas books, and quickly sped across the land to illegal bookies everywhere by an informal but efficient telephone network. A hulking, jowly man with a twinkle in his eyes and a penchant for gaudy clothes, Martin was always good for a humorous quip or a contrarian opinion on an upcoming game. The last of an older breed, he relied upon newspapers and a national telephone network for his information, but ultimately called upon his own intuition that was guided by years of experience. He concerned himself not about the actual strengths of the two teams, but with his perception of how the run-of-the-mill gambler would view them. His goal was to set a line that would produce equal amounts bet on both teams so as to assure the book of earning a profit from the vigorish.[25] Martin's storied career came to an abrupt ending in 1983 when he was sentenced to

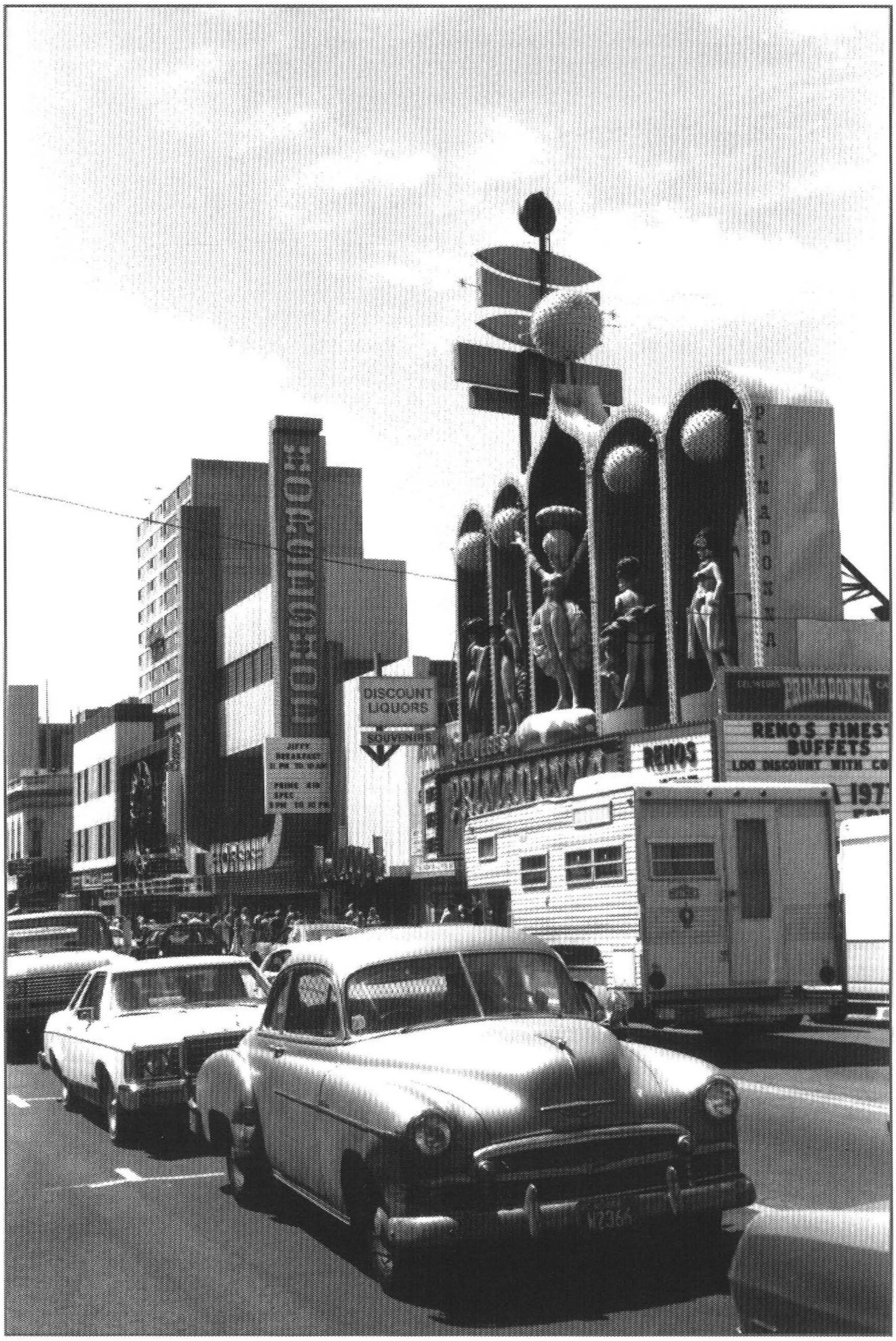
thirteen months in federal prison, having been caught once again by a wiretap. This time his lawyers could not produce a magical legal victory.[26]

The contrast with Martin's eventual replacement as the first among equals of Nevada's lines makers could not have been more distinct. Michael Roxborough, whose privately held corporation, Las Vegas Sports Consultants, came to dominate the sports betting world by the late 1980s, has for years operated out of a suite of offices on the top floor of a high-rise Las Vegas bank building. There the atmosphere is subdued and professional, and distinctly high tech. Computers draw upon enormous databases to generate trends that go back over two decades, pumping into the equation of each game a myriad of variables including artificial turf or grass, wind and rain, last year's score, injuries, relative strength of schedules, comparative scores against common opponents, coaching records, home-field advantage differentials, comparison of conferences, the status of the quarterback's love life, and on and on *ad infinitum*. His office crackles with the unique sounds of modern electronics equipment, for Roxy's world is one of computers, databases, the world wide web, cellular telephones, pagers, e-mail satellite dishes, and faxes. When a visitor once inquired of Roxborough as to how he set the line on a particular game, he quietly pointed to a three-inch stack of computer printouts.

Roxborough's subscribers—who circle the globe—gratefully pay him handsomely for his lines. Unlike Bob Martin, who enjoyed betting against his own line when amateurs moved it, as they often did, in the wrong direction with uninformed wagers, Roxy no longer bets on sporting events.[27] In contrast to the long hair, T-shirt, and scruffy blue jeans—the image he presented when he first arrived in Nevada in the late 1970s as he struggled to earn a living betting on sports and playing poker—Roxborough now carefully dresses the part of an internationally famous executive, exuding the image of button-down propriety in stylish business suits. Reflecting the basic principle underlying Nevada's legalized sports-betting enterprise that views even the perception of a fixed game as a threat to its integrity and financial well-being, he says, "I want to project a certain image that everything is on the up-and-up."[28]

The instructive career of Michael Roxborough thus occurred more or less simultaneously with the appearance of the opulent sports books along the Strip. This also occurred concurrently with the transformation of the image of Las Vegas from Sin City to Family Destination Resort. With the rapid spread of state lotteries across the nation during the 1960s and 1970s, the approval of casino gambling in Atlantic City in 1976, the introduction of limited casino and riverboat gambling in such diverse states as Mississippi, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, and Louisiana during the 1980s, and finally the widespread growth of Indian gaming in the 1990s, Nevada lost its cherished monopoly on casino gambling.[29] But as gambling spread nationwide, traditional values precluded the establishment of legalized sports wagering.

That fact was driven home in 1992 when Congress passed legislation that



Gambling on Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada, August 1977. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

Club CalNeva, Second and Center Streets, Reno, Nevada, September 1986. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

essentially gave Nevada a monopoly on legal sports wagering by making it illegal in all states where it had not been authorized by the state government. This is not to say that sports wagering does not flourish in all fifty states. Quite the contrary. Estimates of the amount of monies bet annually with illegal bookies vary widely, depending upon the political or social message the estimator is seeking. Federal tax and law enforcement officials have placed the annual figure in recent years at anywhere between $100 billion and $300 billion. In 1999, by contrast, Nevada's legal books accepted $2.75 billion in wagers, of which an estimated 95 percent was returned to those holding winning tickets. It is estimated that the sports books earn about $100 million annually in profits.[30]

In 1999, the National Gambling Impact Studies Commission took note of the lack of reliable information on illegal sports gambling, while lamenting its popularity among the American people. The commission conceded, "Even when Americans understand the illegality of sports wagering, it is easy to participate, widely accepted, very popular, and, at present, not likely to be prosecuted."[31]

Despite their increased popularity, Nevada's sports books have never quite overcome the negative historical legacy that has surrounded sports gamblers and the games they play. The American psyche retains a resilient strain of puritanism readily traceable to seventeenth century New England. Gambling,

the Puritans contended, undercuts the work ethic and provides a winning gambler the sensation of getting something without effort. Over the ensuing centuries opponents to sports gambling came to perceive the activity as encouraging a wide range of antisocial behaviors believed harmful to the proper development of youth and the welfare of adults. They also were offended by the often close relationship between gamblers and urban saloon culture, and by the social outlook of the preponderance of sports gamblers, mostly immigrants of working-class status. Those attitudes remain alive and well in the year 2001, and are cogently summarized by a member of the commission, James C. Dobson, head of the Colorado-based organization, Focus on the Family. "This infection [of sports gambling] threatens to undermine colleges, disillusion fans, and damage the careers and the integrity of some of our most promising young people . . . . We must not simply accept the unseemly spectacle of Nevada casino operators raking in millions of dollars a year from what used to be the wholesome competition of 18- and 19-year olds."[32]

Especially damaging to the image of the leisure activity of sports wagering has been an image of boxers taking dives, professional baseball players fixing a World Series, and college basketball players shaving points. Fear of having their product further besmirched by fixers explains the recent flurry of anti-gambling activity launched by an NCAA anxious to protect its multi-billion-dollar enterprise. Like Focus on the Family, this organization has also embraced the perception that sports wagering is inherently wrong. The NCAA's director of gambling activities, William Saum, has emphasized that sports fans should "go to games to watch the spontaneous action and reaction on the field, to watch the coaches' decisions, the officials' decisions and the athletes' decisions. And certainly we're not there to hope that an athlete runs up the score just for the point spread." Beyond that, he notes that most sports gambling "is a crime with victims. It also potentially affects the integrity of the game."[33]

Of special concern today is the potential for difficult-to-detect point shaving. The basketball scandals of 1951 and 1961, in which college basketball stars, including consensus All-Americans, accepted modest payoffs to shave points, added an especially cynical twist to the traditional fix. Now players could help gamblers make a big score, not by dumping a game, but merely by winning by a margin below the point spread, or by permitting a favored team to exceed the spread. Ever since the scandals of 1961-62 produced another flurry of headlines, however, the number of documented fixed contests has actually been quite few, and none has implicated Nevada's sports books. However, these more recent incidents have convinced the NCAA that the multibillion dollar enterprise it oversees on behalf of its several hundred institutional members is seriously imperiled, at least symbolically, by legalized gambling in Nevada.[34] If it is legal to gamble on college games in Nevada, they contend, that sends the wrong message to athletes everywhere. Although there is no direct connection between Nevada's books and fixed games, the NCAA's arguments certainly

made believers out of five of nine members of the National Gambling Impact Studies Commission, as well as Arizona Senator John McCain. Thus do the arguments advanced in colonial times over gambling as a leisure activity now reverberate through the halls of Congress more than three centuries later.

Nevada gaming interests are rightfully concerned about the current legislation that would cost them wagers, but the revenues generated on college games is, in the larger scheme of things, relatively small potatoes for Nevada's casinos, accounting for an estimated 3 percent of their total revenue.[35] Some casinos apparently offer their lavish books as part of their effort to provide a full-service gaming environment to their customers, and recognize that the large amount of floor space occupied by sports books could be used more profitably if devoted to more lucrative gaming venues.

Knowledgeable sports handicappers have in recent years also identified a new era emerging rapidly with the advent of Internet sports books. In the realm of cyberspace, sports gambling now exists far beyond the reach of the Nevada Gaming Control Board, the United States Congress, or the NCAA. Within the past five years, more than seven hundred sports books have appeared on the Internet, attracting a growing clientele of mouse clickers, with total estimated revenues already equal to that of Nevada's books. Located in such places as Australia, Mexico, and the Caribbean, they are immune from any meaningful form of regulation, save that of the free marketplace. Safely ensconced offshore but available in a nanosecond on the Internet, they cannot be touched by state or federal tax collectors or Nevada gaming regulators. According to such established sports-gambling publications as *The Gold Sheet*, while many cyberbooks are feared to be untrustworthy, others have proved themselves reputable and can be relied upon to pay off on winning wagers. Certainly these cyberbooks have no way of preventing teenagers—or, more ominous, college athletes—from using credit cards to place bets on their favorite teams. Much to the NCAA's concern, these cyberbooks lie no further from a college athlete sequestered in his dormitory than a few keyboard strokes. Although the cyberbooks do not provide the ambience of modern Nevada sports books that is so appealing to many conventional sports gamblers, the Internet books will undoubtedly take a substantial slice of future wagering revenues away from Nevada's books simply because they extend credit while Nevada books must receive cash on the barrel head when accepting a wager. If the current legislation regarding college sports betting is passed, the cyberbooks will undoubtedly reap an enormous bonanza from Nevada's regulars. Perhaps even more significant, these cyberbooks have the very real potential of taking business away from the estimated 250,000 illegal bookies who operate in the other forty-nine states.

Sports wagering in Nevada thus stands in striking contrast to the rest of the nation. Not only does Nevada's legalized approach reflect a much more tolerant view of a practice that remains in the minds of many a less-than-respect-

able, irresponsible, antisocial activity, it also provides insights into the rich and colorful history of the Silver State, where a vigorous tradition of social liberalism has endured and flourished. Furthermore, what is crystal clear—given the ominous tone of federal reports on the vast nationwide network of illegal sports bookies—is that a substantial segment of the American public enjoys putting money down on sports contests. Thus far, only the state of Nevada has taken advantage of that obvious truth, and it appears for the foreseeable future that no others will be able to join in the bonanza.[36] The insight of journalist William Johnson has not yet gained the attention of American policy makers. Writing in *Sports Illustrated* in 1991 he pointedly observed, "It isn't a question of whether we should legalize sports gambling in the U. S. It is a question of why we have been so stupid as to leave this lucrative and hugely popular segment of sport to the Mob and the office pool for so long. The great American gambling pot should be tapped—now—to help bail out our debt-ridden governments.[37]

At this important juncture it is clear that big changes are in the offing that will greatly alter Nevada's sports wagering scene, whether they come via congressional action or the multinational economy emerging out of cyberspace. That's a sure bet if there ever was one.

President Joseph E. Stubbs of the University of Nevada, c. 1900, taking his daily constitutional on the playing field of the Reno campus. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

NOTES

[1]"The Pigskin Games", *Saturday Evening Post*, (8 February 1936), 8.

[2]*The National Gambling Impact Study Commission, Final Report* (Washington, D. C., June 1999), 3-10.

[3]For a concise summary of the roots of anti-gambling sentiment in American history, see John Findlay, *People of Chance: Gambling in American Society from Jamestown to Las Vegas* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986). For opposition to sports gambling, see Eliott J. Gorn and Warren Goldstein, *A Brief History of American Sports* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1993), 3-17.

[4]*National Gambling Impact, Final Report*, 3-8, 9.

[5]Technically, four states are authorized to host gambling on athletic contests: Prior to 1992 Montana and New Jersey had taken legislative action to permit such wagering but had never authorized implementation. In 1989 the state of Oregon, through its state lottery, established a special parlay betting system based upon National Football League contests. Hence, because Nevada is the only state that has hosted legalized gambling on college sports, it is the only target of the McCain bill.

[6]Russell R. Elliott, with William D. Rowley, *History of Nevada*, 2d ed., (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1987), 200, 220.

[7]McBride, a combative urban businessman had previously operated a taxicab monopoly in Cuyahoga County, and purchased the Continental Sports Service from Moses Annen berg in 1940. At the time, Annenberg, the multimillionaire owner of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and longtime publisher of *The Racing Form*, was confronted with a federal indictment for income tax evasion, a charge which led him to spend the last four years of his life in the federal penitentiary in Lewistown, Pennsylvania.

[8]Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris, *The Green Felt Jungle: The Truth About Las Vegas, Where Organized Crime Controls Gambling—and Everything Else* (New York: Trident Press, 1963), 14-34; Arne Lang, *Sports Betting 101: Making Sense of the Bookie Business and the Business of Beating the Bookie* (Las Vegas: GBC Press, 1992), 34-35.

[9]Although there is no record of such an agreement, it is believed by some old-timers that during the 1950s the turf club operators agreed not to install slot machines in return for the casino leaders pledging not to install sports betting parlors.

[10]Sonny Reizner, interview with the author, 17 April 1999; Lang, *Sports Betting 101*, 34-35; Art Manteris, *Super Bookie: Inside Las Vegas Sports Gambling* (Chicago: Contemporary Books, 1991), 33-35.

[11]Quotation in Manteris, *Super Bookie*, 33-35.

[12]Robert Boyle, "The Bookies Close up Shop," *Sports Illustrated* (2 September 1962), 34.

[13]Quotation in Charles Rosen, *The Scandals of '51: How the Gamblers Almost Killed College Basketball* (New York: Seven Stories Press, 1978), 26.

[14]See Robert H. Boyle, "The Brain that Gave Us the Point Spread," *Sports Illustrated* (10 March 1986), 34; Danny Sheridan, "The Spread's the Point: Sports Betting Has Come a Long Way," *Sport Magazine* (July 1991), 75-76; Gerald Strine and Neil D. Isaacs, *Covering the Spread: How to Bet Pro Football* (New York: Random House, 1978), 12-15.

[15]Reizner, interview; Lem Banker, interview with the author, 20 April 1999; Scotty Schettler, interview with the author, 22 April 1999. See also Jimmy Snyder, *Jimmy the Greek, by Himself* (Chicago: Playboy Press, 1975), 100-113; Ginger Wadsworth, *Farewell Jimmy the Greek, Wizard of Odds* (Austin, Texas: Eakin Press, 1996), 89-102.

[16]Snyder, *Jimmy the Greek*, 145-56; Wadsworth, *Farewell Jimmy the Greek*, 226-36.

[17]Gil Rogin, "The Greek Who Makes the Odds," *Sports Illustrated* (18 December 1961), 56-65.

[18]In 1963 Snyder was indicted after being snared in a wiretap authorized by Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who was believed to have been enraged by Snyder's comment: "They lost in Laos, they lost in Cuba, they lost in East Berlin but they sure are giving the gamblers a beating." Snyder was caught discussing a football game between Utah and Utah State with a friend in Salt Lake City, a violation of the 1951 antigambling law inspired by Senator Kefauver. Snyder eventually pled nolo contendere and paid a $10,000 fine. In 1974 President Gerald Ford issued him a pardon.

[19]Manteris, *Super Bookie*, 99.

[20]Nicholas Pileggi, *Casino* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1995), 190-92.

[21]The lone survivor is the Reno Race and Turf Club, located just off Center Street along the Central Pacific railroad tracks in downtown Reno. It is, however, a satellite of the popular Race and Sports Book operated by the CalNeva Casino. Its future is imperiled by a current excavation proposal to relocate the railroad tracks below ground, a project that would require demolition of this historic building.

[22]Pileggi, *Casino*, 11-32.

[23]*Ibid.*, 192.

[24]Schettler, interview. Schettler managed the Stardust Race and Sports Book from 1985 until 1991; Pileggi, *Casino*, 192.

[25]Martin loved to relate his favorite story in this regard, when he made the Baltimore Colts a 17-point favorite in the 1969 Super Bowl against the underdog New York Jets. After the Jets, led by quarterback Joe Namath, won the game 16 to 9 he received a letter from a college student that sneered, "Don't you feel ashamed of yourself for putting out such a bad line?" Martin's answer was no, he was very proud of his line because it neatly split the money evenly between the Jets and Colts and only had to be raised one point when major Colt money poured in the final days before the game. With his vigorish intact, Martin responded, "I think it's one of the best lines we ever put up." Strine and Isaacs, *Covering the Spread*, 21-22.

[26]Strine and Isaccs, *Covering the Spread*, 22-25; Vic Ziegel, "He Draws the Super Bowl Line," *Sport Magazine*, (January 1981), 50; Richard Sasuly, *Bookies and Bettors: Two Hundred Years of Gambling* (New York: Holt, Rhinehart, and Winston, 1982), 196-201.

[27]Roxborough began his adult life managing a fast-food restaurant in Vancouver, B. C., for his father, but soon moved to Nevada. In 1980 he took a position at the Reno CalNeva sports book and soon thereafter demonstrated a knack for setting baseball lines. His meteoric career as a lines maker soon became the stuff of Nevada gaming mythology.

[28]John Cook, "If Roxborough Says the Spread is 7, It's 7," *Forbes Magazine* (14 September 1992), 350-63; Frank Deford, "Laying It All on the Line,"*Newsweek* (27 January 1992), 54.

[29]For a perceptive analysis of the implications of the acceptance of Nevada-style entertainment nation wide, see Jerome E. Edwards, "The Americanization of Nevada Gambling," *Halcyon: A Journal of the Humanities* (1992), 201-16.

[30]About 30 percent of its total handle is derived from wagers on college football and basketball; 70 percent of the total amount wagered is on professional football and basketball.

[31]*National Gambling Impact, Final Report*, 3-10.

[32]Quotation in *New York Times* (5 May 2000), 18.

[33]*NCAA News*, (5 July 1999); *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (31 March 2000), 34. See also Saum's testimony before the National Gambling Impact Study Commission, 10 November 1998, press release by NCAA.

[34]The major episodes include point shaving by the Boston College men's basketball team in 1978, a drug-related series of point shaving by members of the Tulane men's basketball team in the mid 1980s, a 1997 fumble by a Northwestern running back who had $400 bet that the Wildcats would not cover the spread, and an incident involving members of the men's basketball team at Arizona State University in 1994. A few allegations have surfaced over recent years but remain unproven. However, contrary to many recent comments by supporters of McCain's Sports Integrity Bill, the recent cases have never approached the magnitude of the scandals of the 1950s and 1960s.

[35]Paul Kane, "Gaming Forces Tackle Sports Offensive," *Nevada's Washington Watch* (May 2000), 8.

[36]In 1992 Congress passed The Professional and Amateur Sports Protection Act restricting wide-open sports wagering to Nevada, although making it theoretically possible for three others states—Oregon, New Jersey, and Montana—to join in the fun.

[37]William Johnson, "A Sure Bet to Lower Debt," *Sports Illustrated* (12 September 1999), 144.

Overland from San Francisco to Halifax in 89 Days of Adventure, Apprehension, and Surprise

Royal Navy Lieutenant Edmund Hope Verney's 1865 Letters and Narrative

Edited and Introduction by
DWIGHT L. SMITH

Introduction

In 1865, having completed his tour of duty at Esquimalt on Vancouver Island, Lieutenant Edmund Hope Verney, R.N., prepared to return home to England to await his next posting. Most travelers home bound from the British Crown Colony of Vancouver Island and the mainland colony of British Columbia—the two colonies were not united until 1866—returned to England by water, usually crossing the Isthmus of Panama to shorten the duration of the trip. Verney was not sure whether he wanted to do this or to cross the continent through the United States to another colonial Atlantic port. He did not reach a final decision until after he had spent several days as a tourist in California.

From the sixteenth century onward, the burgeoning British Empire sought to assert and maintain its presence in the Pacific Ocean. In time, its particular focus became the western flank of its several North American colonies that were emerging de facto under the rubric of Canada—thus the challenge to counter Spain's assertion of pre-eminence in the Pacific, the land and sea scramble to discover and control the fabled Northwest Passage across North America, the dramatic development of the trans-Pacific sea-otter-pelt trade, the geopolitical rivalries involving England, France, Russia, and the United States. Not the least of these was the American Manifest Destiny that was manifesting itself vigorously.

Through all of this, the Royal Navy was becoming the principal means of implementing the British Empire's political and commercial policies that

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reflected its rapidly developing interests in the Pacific Ocean. Admiralty ships were early protecting Pacific traders and whalers. During Latin America's liberation revolutions, the Royal Navy's vessels served as "amphibious diplomatic agents."

With the Anglo-American dispute over the Oregon Country and the apparent insecurity of the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island, the Royal Navy extended its active operations into the North Pacific. When heavy Anglo-French casualties were sustained from an assault on a Russian base on Siberia's Kamchatka Peninsula during the Crimean War, the Crown Colony erected and equipped hospital buildings in the harbor at Esquimalt. Esquimalt soon became the Royal Navy's Pacific Squadron headquarters.

These were the circumstances and this was the situation to which Lieutenant Verney was assigned in 1862 as commander of the gunboat *H.M.S. Grappler.* Although but twenty-four, he was a seasoned sailor with considerable experience and good reputation. Not yet thirteen when he entered the navy in 1851, by now he had served in the Mediterranean, South America, Australia, the Far East, and the West Indies. He saw action in the Crimean War and in the Mutiny in India. With his decorations and favorable commendations, he had advanced through the ranks to lieutenant.[1]

Verney was a dedicated and indefatigable letter writer, particularly to his father. Together, his letters compose what might be characterized as diary-journals, intimate accounts describing his experiences. They became principal sources of information for publications, for both Verney and others.[2]

Completing his tour of duty based at Esquimalt, Verney finally decided to journey across the American continent rather than go the more common way through the Isthmus of Panama. As was his wont, he wrote detailed letters to his father describing his west-to-east journey, by ship from Esquimalt to San Francisco, by land across the United States to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and finally by ship to England. He was a curious tourist and a keen observer who described and commented on persons, places, things, and experiences. The immediacy of this first-hand account makes compelling reading.[3]

A short time after he returned home, Verney published a narrative account of the journey.[4] It is a travelogue account written for a general reading audience.

His letters collectively and his narrative can each stand by themselves. The narrative sometimes borrows verbatim portions and generalized descriptive matter from the letters. As there are some details or passages in the narrative that can enhance the letters, I have incorporated them herein in brackets [in this manner, so as not to disrupt the flow of the letters themselves], with appropriate citations.

Keeping in mind the circumstances in which Verney wrote these letters, his sometimes erratic punctuation, the English spellings, as well as his sailor's use of certain words, and other irregularities as well as his abrupt changing of sub-

ject matter are understandable. They are retained, as the integrity of anyone's letters should be.

Although addressed to his father, the letters can be read by us today as their vicarious recipients. Whether as a tourist in California's big trees and Yosemite, or on his passage by stage, mud wagon, and rail across mountain and plain, in fear of holdup and hostile Indians; or his visits to Nevada mines, his extended stay in Mormonland, or his impatience with sightseeing as he awaits and makes the Atlantic passage home, he takes us with him.

Dwight L. Smith

Carrying the mail across the prairies - 1860 Butterfield Overland Mail Stage. *(drawing from "American Pictures" by Rev. Samuel Manning, 1970s)*

The Small Bower.[5] *Esquimalt. V.I.*
June 3, 1865

Dear Father,

I leave by the steamer this afternoon.

Edmund Hope Verney.

Cosmopolitan Hotel. San Francisco.
June 8. 1865.

My dear Father,

On the third, I left Esquimalt in the Steamer "Brother Jonathan": that was Saturday; on wednesday, yesterday, morning we reached San Francisco, after a very pleasant passage. I send you newspapers about the dinner. Tomorrow I start on a little trip to the neighbouring country, to see the Big trees, and shall be absent five or six days.

This morning I saw General McDowell, and asked permission to visit Alcatraz Island,[6] but he said he could not grant it: he said he himself was disposed not merely to throw it open to the public, but to let it be photographed, and to let everything be known to everybody, but that at present there is a strong public feeling that it should be kept secret. When this business was over, instead of dismissing me, he introduced me to Governor Low[7] who was sitting with him, and commenced a most interesting conversation, which lasted upwards of half-an-hour, in which he explained to me many remarkable facts concerning the manufacture of guns, and shewed himself to be a man of considerable ability and of very liberal views:

He has been a good deal in England and on the continent, especially at Liege: I must say I was very much struck with him, and I have concocted a plan whereby I hope to see him again, and become better acquainted with him. You will remember that he commanded at Bull's Run,[8] a circumstance that has perhaps rather stood in his way: he was an artillery officer and I could not but agree with him when he commented on the ignorance of gunnery among the officers of our line regiments, and on how little it is the custom for them to look beyond their own particular line of the service.

I am much struck here by the street railroads, large busses drawn by horses[9]: when shall we English get rid of our foolish prejudices, and cull all the good of other nations? many carriages and carts here have their wheels purposely made of the same gauge as the street railroad, and then what a relief it is to the poor horse, when he gets his load on to the railroad: at one time a butcher's cart

dashes merrily along the railroad, the horse enjoying it as much as the man: then a private carriage whose occupants are relieved to be clear of the jolting of the road. No one could see it working here without feeling what a boon it would be in London to both man and beast, and what idiots we are to be prejudiced against it.

My present plan is to start Henry[10] off with my luggage by the steamer that leaves for Panama on the 18th, and to start by way of the plains myself, a few days afterwards: so Henry ought to be with you a few days after you receive this: he will go by the West Indies and St. Thomas', while this letter will go by New York. I hope my telegraph will have been a comfort to you: it cost somewhere about £2.5.00., which I think you will admit was not out of the way: I expected it would have been more. I wish Henry to unpack everything when he arrives: if any things require repairing he is to have them repaired; I wish my things not to be left jammed up in the boxes longer than can be helped.

June 11. 1865. Murphy's. [11] This is the name of the village about fifteen miles from the Big Trees, where the stage stops: here among the hills is a pretty little village and a good inn. on Friday afternoon I left San Francisco in company with two Victoria friends. Gardiner, and Young: we went by steamer [winding through the narrow and tortuous 'sleughs' of the San Joaquin river] to Stockton where we arrived yesterday at 2. A.M. At 6 we left by stage [a four-horse 'Concord' coach], and after a fearfully jolting journey through clouds of stifling dust, we reached this place 'Murphy's', at 7. P.M. This morning we go on to the trees.

[Let me describe a Concord coach: it derives its name from the town in the eastern states where it is built, and is an overgrown loutish descendant of the English mail-coach of former days. It is usually painted bright red, and carries on its panels a glaring portrait either of a President, a maiden, or a general; over the door is written 'U.S. Mail,' generally translated 'Uncle Sam's Mail;' and along the top are the names of the termini between which it runs. Inside are three seats, each made to hold three people; the back and front seats are of course the most comfortable, those who are on the middle bench having but a strap to lean against.

[Thus, nine is the limit of inside accommodation; the limit outside has not yet been ascertained, but eight besides the driver may be comfortably seated, that is, if the word 'comfort' is at all applicable to a Concord coach. A most important part is its powerful break, applied by heavy pressure of the driver's right foot. These breaks are used in all American coaches and mud-waggons, and are indispensable in the steep country they traverse. The luggage is strapped on to a vast platform behind; small parcels are put in the front boot, and miscellaneous light baggage is placed on the top. No springs would support this cumbrous body over California roads, so it is hung on stout leather thorough-braces.

[The distance from Stockton to Murphy's is about eighty miles, travelled at

an average speed of seven miles an hour. The road is good, for a new country, but little has as yet been done by art.][12] The country we have passed through has been beautiful: for the first forty miles after we left Stockton, we drove through cultivated plains dotted with a tree which I can only describe as a weeping oak: certainly one of the prettiest trees I ever saw: I am told that its timber is white, and very brittle. Although I had of course heard of the agriculture resources of California, I was not prepared to see such vast tracts of grain-producing land: many of the farmhouses are of brick or stone, and give an idea of very substantial prosperity. The last thirty miles of drive were hilly, and whereas before we saw no tree but this weeping oak, there were now pine trees, and beautiful flowering shrubs and bushes. The whole country abounds with water, which is conducted along ditches and through flumes in every direction for mining purposes, or for irrigating the land. The surface of the land is dry and dusty, but there is every-where water to be obtained by sinking wells. We have not passed any very fine scenery nor is there any, I believe, until one passes the Sierra Nevada range of Mountains.

Whether I shall return by Salt Lake City or not, I cannot tell: yesterday's journey knocked me up more than I had expected, but then of course the first day or two is always the most trying. We have passed through two or three small towns, all more substantial in appearance than I should have expected.

June 14. Cosmopolitan Hotel. A great treat it is to be again in a comfortable Hotel, after the knocking about of the last few days: [Its comforts are an agreeable surprise to the traveller, almost stifled as he is by the dust, which tries the temper and equanimity of the most amiable.][13] we went to the Big Trees in the morning, and returned the same evening to Murphy's. At the Mammoth Grove[14] is a capital Hotel, and the owner, Mr. Perry, is very civil and courteous: [Mr. Perry runs a stage to the big trees—fifteen miles—every morning, returning to Murphy's in the evening.][15] he took us round the trees: many of the trees are named: any-one may name a tree on the condition that the name be inscribed in gilt letters on a marble tablet and sent to Mr Perry, who nails it on: there are trees named after Bright, Cobden,[16] and many celebrities: I saw a tree named "Nightingale.": I asked Mr Perry whether that referred to Miss Nightingale, and he said that it was named by a lady from the Eastern States, before Miss Nightingale's name was known: we had a little conversation which ended in my promising to send up a tablet bearing the word "Florence", to be nailed above the tablet "Nightingale".[17] I think you will be pleased to hear that I have done this: I shall order the tablet to-day.

I was much pleased with my visit, I send you the little printed account of the Trees, which I think is truthful: it really contains all that is to be said about the trees. I did not find that the immense size of the trees impressed one at first: it took some little time to realize their magnificent proportions, [the tallest is about three hundred and thirty feet high,][18] and then each one seemed to have been broken off: not one of them finishes off symetrically. all appear to have been

broken off: the young trees are very pretty, and the foliage is light and graceful: the cones too are regular and pleasant looking: the wood appears to be the same as the common "redwood" of California, but the foliage of the tree is different. The proper name for this tree is, I am told, the Secoria [sequoia gigantea]: the Americans very justly object to the name Wellingtonia Gigantea [and retaliate on our impertinence by calling it Washingtonia].[19] It is said that the tree only grows in two other places in the world and that both those are in California at the same altitude above the sea. The trees have all been much injured by fires that have from time to time swept through the forest; the most perfect one was cut down a few years ago, and a section of it was sent to New York: over the stump a summerhouse has been built; the tree is 28 feet in diameter and in various places one sees where the tree has grown round the bark, and the solid wood encloses bark in little patches: the bark grows in ridges like butresses, and in one place measured upwards of two feet in thickness. [The fibre of the wood is like the California red-wood, soft and rather fine grained; it is light the cubit foot weighing rather less than nineteen pounds.

The means taken for felling this tree were original and ingenious. A ring of bark was removed at a convenient height from the ground and the trunk was bored through with augurs, each hole touching its neighbour; it was then overthrown by wedges driven in on one side, the whole operation lasting three weeks.][20]

June 15. 1865. On the 12th we went to Copperopolis, where is a remarkable copper mine that we visited.[21] You will perhaps remember that some years ago I went down the Botallack mine in Cornwall:[22] that was a mere drain, a little hole in the ground, where the vein of ore varied in thickness from two to three feet, if I remember right: the vein at Copperopolis varies in thickness from twenty to twenty-eight feet: I suppose there is not such another in the world.

June 16. Now I will close my letter: tomorrow morning I shall pack Henry off in the steamer with my luggage; he will go by St. Thomas', and Southampton, but his letter will be sent by New York, so you should receive it a few days before his arrival: from all I can hear I think I shall probably go to the Eastern States across the plains by Salt Lake City, and leave there for that purpose in a week or ten days.

I think the Americans are not going to allow Maximilian to retain Mexico, but I am by no means sure that the Government of the United States will interfere in the matter: I think there will very likely be an exodus of volunteers to Mexico to act against the Emperor but that the United States Government will disclaim all share in it, at any rate at first.[23]

To find out the real state of public opinion in any country is, I suppose, never an easy task; but in America it is, I think peculiarly difficult: from such opportunities however as I have had of forming an opinion I should say that the people here are not anxious for war with England, and do not expect it. I do believe this, that if the English nation understood the American character

as well as it does the French, and if this understanding were mutual, there could be no war between the two countries. The fact that an American speaks English prevents an Englishman from realizing that he belongs to a different nation and must be judged by a different standard: if the people of the United States spoke Chinese and adopted the dress and customs of the Hindoo, there would be a far better understanding between the two nations.

Why should I write any more bosh for Mama[24] to laugh at? Believe me your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

Cosmopolitan Hotel. San Francisco.
June 19. 1865.

My dear Father,

On Saturday morning I packed off the sagacious Tyler in the noble steamer "Constitution", and now I am utterly friendless and desolate: how I wish I had gone too: I should now be three days nearer Panama. After I left Henry I visited the U.S. Marine Hospital,[25] a sadly neglected place. It is a three story brick building, each floor being alike in plan: I send you a rough plan of the first floor: each long ward has two rows of beds, one against the blank wall, the other in twos between the windows, but the Hospital is evidently little cared for: it is supported by the Federal Government who takes little interest in so distant an Institution.

June 22. I cannot excuse my idleness, but I confess I have been a very bad correspondent. Tomorrow I start for the Yo Semite valley, and intend to work my way thence to Virginia City and so across the plains.

June 23. My saddle-bags are packed, and I am ready for a start this afternoon. I shall keep you constantly informed of my movements: it is by no means impossible that I may find the overland route too hard travelling, return to San Francisco, and go round to New York by Panama.

I have had the best advice as to what I had better take with me, but if I should turn back you must not reproach me for a want of perseverance: I bind myself by no promise, but hold myself quite free to go on or come as the spirit moves me.

This climate of San Francisco is charming: taking all the year round it is probably one of the best in the world, cool in summer and mild in winter: fruit and flowers all the year round, lovely scenery within easy distance, easy communication by land or sea, electric telegraph, and every luxury and comfort

the soul can desire.

Mr Booker, the consul,[26] has been very kind, as he always is to English travellers: Lascelles[27] is staying in this Hotel, and on the 3d of next month starts for England via St. Thomas': he is suffering from some sort of ophthalmia which is very trying to him: the more so that he has so few companions or friends here: he is not allowed to read, and has to sit in a darkened room: he has a good servant, however, to take care of him.

At a party last night, I met a Miss Mowry, who also goes to the Yo Semite tomorrow, so we shall travel part of the way together: she is a strong minded girl, an orphan without brother or sister, and she told me she was going to travel in Bloomer costume.

Good-bye my dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

Coulterville. California.
June 25, 1865.

My dear Father,

On Friday afternoon I left San Francisco on my travels: leaving at four o'clock by a river-steamer, I reached Stockton at 2. A.M: being now fairly on the road I did not indulge in the luxury of a bed, but slept on the deck, and at six on Saturday morning left Stockton by Stage Coach on the Sonora road: passing the small town of Knight's Ferry,[28] I changed coaches at about 3. P.M. at a wayside house called the Crimea House: the new coach was but a covered waggon on somewhat sorry spring, and after a couple of hours rough jolting, I was not sorry when the driver offered me a ride for the rest of the journey on a return horse: this change was most grateful, and I arrived here last night at eight o'clock, about half an hour before the stage: I was too much worn out to enjoy the scenery thoroughly but it was from some points of view glorious: at the top of one hill the road opened out on a vast amphitheatre of hills, the like of which I never before beheld: [the pine is the most observable tree, but the hills are lightly timbered, and other foliage is intermixed, giving an impression quite different from the grand monotony of the gloomy pine forests of the north.]

The grass is all dried up, so that the ground between the trees shows out yellow, but large rocks and boulders, and gullies washed out by the heavy

rains in winter, diversify the scene. At the bottom of this amphitheatre winds a rapid muddy stream, marked in the map as Horse[s]hoe creek: all the streams in this country are muddy, owing perhaps to the softness of the red soil, but also to the extensive mining operations: through one little gap in the opposite side of the amphitheatre could be seen mount Diablo,[29] and a portion of the plain level as a sea, which we passed through during the first forty miles of our drive yesterday morning. Nearly the whole of this plain is in a high state of cultivation, producing grain, now being harvested.

Coulterville is but a small dull place, principally remarkable as the termination of carriage way to the Yo Semite valley.[30] Today is indeed to me a day of rest; and tomorrow morning I start on horseback for the valley with a young man of the name of Coulter, the son of the godfather of the village, and a gunsmith of the name of Robinson: we are to take our own provisions with us, and to camp out: I hope I shall be able to write you something interesting about this famous valley.

Young Coulter had a brother shot in this Hotel about a year ago, by the man who keeps the livery stable here: it was done coolly and purposely when the man was drunk, but he was acquitted by the jury: it seems he belonged to the "Union League", in which men bind themselves to stand by each other through thick and thin, right and wrong: young Coulter, with whom I go tomorrow, is determined to take the murderer's life some day: he is just biding his time, as he naturally does not wish to be hanged for it, and if the jury were composed of League men, they would be sure to bring him in guilty.

There is no parson here, but there is a Sunday school, one of the teachers of which rides in every Sunday ten miles. This is said to be elevated 2500 feet above the sea: it is very hot and very dry: the paper I write on curls up with dryness, and one drinks gallons of water.

June 27. Yo Semite Valley. On Monday morning, when the time arrived for starting, George Coulter had not been able to find his horses, so I joined a Mr & Mrs Baker, and came here with them: [We travelled on horseback, accompanied by a guide, and what few articles we required were strapped on to the saddles.][31] they proved to be very nice people indeed, and knew the Bishop of Columbia,[32] having travelled with him the other day from Panama to San Francisco. Mr Baker is an ironmonger of Sacramento, and his wife is the jolliest little woman in the world: although this alteration in my plans is much more expensive, as it involves a share in a guide, and stopping at the Hotels, it is of course far pleasanter.

[Mrs. Baker possessed in an eminent degree the art of at once putting a stranger at his ease, and, like most American ladies, thoroughly understood the leading topics of the day, and how to express herself clearly and intelligibly.][33] Mrs Baker has been singing like a martingale [nightingale] all day, [and as we rode through the forests her clear sweet voice rang out the patriotic melodies the late rebellion has given birth to and cherished.][34]

But I suppose I must tell you a little about it: well! you know Mama says I am the worst hand possible at descriptions, so I will say that we left Coulterville at 9. A.M: we three and a guide: after travelling up the hills all the forenoon by a dusty waggon road [soft with a reddish impalpable dust that found its way everywhere where it ought not,] through merely pretty scenery, with occasional glimpses of distant views, [the glorious snow-capped valleys and plains to the westward,] we reached soon after noon a cave called the Bower Cave: this was not a very remarkable sight, but worth seeing, as it was on the road: the owner of it [the Frenchman and his wife] keeps a wayside house where are good butter, cream, and eggs, which are one great attraction, and the other is that the weary heated traveller can spend an hour in the cool cave: [At the bottom is a deep pool of clear green icy water, by the side of which grow a couple of trees whose topmost branches are level with the ground above . . . . among which swallows and squirrels make their homes.][35] a few stalactytes from the limestone roof are pretty, but still nothing very remarkable.

After refreshing ourselves we went on to our resting-place, Black's [—a wayside house], distant about 18 miles from Coulterville: here we arrived at about half-past four, and after shaking off a little of the dust, sat down to absolutely the best meal I have had in California; just plain meat and farm produce, but oh! so good and genuine [—so we made merry over our excellent fare.][36] Then I slept on my Scotch plaid in the verandah [with my saddle-bags for a pillow]. This morning June 27. 1865. we left Black's at half past six, and followed only a mule trail: there is, as yet, no road into the valley from Black's, a distance of about thirty-six miles. Our way lay through much finer scenery, with grand views at times, now towards the coast range, now towards the Sierra Nevadas: the forest was never thick, but consisted principally of spruce or sugar pine thinly growing in a red sandy soil, with granite or trap boulders and knobs cropping up. [A group of these boulders was arranged in a hollow form like Stonehenge, enclosing an area about fifty feet in diameter, and a round boulder on top of a slab seemed as if it must have been placed there by human hands.][37] The light underwood was often of the manzanita, a celebrated mountain wood [which takes a fine polish, but is seldom found to grow to any thickness and can only be used in veneers], and although the time for wild flowers was said to be passed, I thought the flowers in bloom were exquisite, and many, indeed most, were quite new to me: as we reached higher levels, the varieties varied, and we found large quantities of sweet white azalias.

Then at last we topped the hill overlooking the valley, and that was a grand sight: [Its remarkable feature was that it appeared to be an enormous rent in the rocks, whose perpendicular sides had opened out.][38] of course, what struck one was the depth of the valley, not the height of the hills: but now from the bottom, as one looks up, the height of the hills strikes me with awe, and they are the more impressive that all are nearly precipitous: the waterfalls that we saw in riding up the valley were ornamental, but not striking; it is necessary to

visit them to appreciate them, and that is the object of our visit here. A river [which is seen like a bright serpentine line] runs through the perfectly flat level rich soil of the valley, at times spreading out into a lake, and the scene is beautiful as fairy-land.

[The descent occupied about an hour, and was tedious from its steepness and the roughness of the trail, and when we reached the foot we had still five miles to go to the hotel at the east end of the valley. The trail lay through perfectly level park land, with long rich grass, and it abounded in picturesque retired spots, where nothing could be heard but the murmuring of the river and the distant thundering of the falls . . . . The melting snows threw their waters over the precipices at many points, but we saw only one of the grand falls, the Bridal Veil.][39]

However, at a quarter past five, we arrived at the Hotel, pretty tired on the whole. Here we find a party of about a dozen [people staying there, besides one or two picnic parties living in tents by the river-side], and among them two young ladies in Bloomer costume: Now as we approached the Hotel, we met three young ladies riding with a gentleman, two Bloomers and one petticoat: now here be it recorded that the Bloomers had the best of it by far [well fitted for this kind of travel]; Mrs Baker regretted that she had not brought her Bloomer rig: as far as comfort and appearance go, all young lady tourists should be Bloomers. This evening we procured a violin and a guitar, and what with quadrilles, chorus songs, [patriotic songs] and co[u]ntry-dances, we have spent a hilarious evening: for a partner in a country-dance, give me a Bloomer.

Now, adieu; I must send this off by a party leaving the valley tomorrow morning, and I am glad to think that you should have so late news of

Your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

Yo Semite. California.
June 28. 1865.

Dear Father,

This morning did a letter for you go by a party that started for Coulterville, so I continue my scattering remarks.

I should not be surprised if waterfalls surpassing the Yo Semite falls should some day be discovered on the coasts of British Columbia. I have in some of those inlets seen scenery more impressive than this, and mountains much higher,

but I do not remember to have seen perpendicular precipices of equal height: the remarkable feature of this valley is that it appears to be a reft in the mountains, where a perpendicular crack has opened: it is a valley of unexpected depth, the mountains on their [illegible] sides not being very steep, and so the sudden fall of the streams into the valley are such marvellous works of nature. This morning we visited the Mirror Lake, where the mountains approach very nearly on either side, and are perfectly reflected in a small sheet of still water: the effect is quite unique: one feels as if suspended in space; endless heights above, and boundless depths below, but this is only seen to perfection in the early morning, [when the air is still and clear, and] before the sun shines directly on the water.

June 29. 1865. Today I have visited the two finest falls of the valley, [that is, those which contain the largest bodies of water,] the Vernal and the Nevada falls, both on the same stream, the latter being above the former: [For the latter part of the way they can only be approached on foot, over a rude trail through forest and among boulders.][40] the sight was certainly very impressive, and I think far superior to anything of this sort I have ever witnessed: the water thunders down over the granite mountains in the former case 300 and in the latter case 900 feet: [The Vernal Fall is the one first reached, but its roaring appeals to the ear and its spray to the touch long before it is seen.][41] the Vernal fall is on the whole the most impressive, as it is quite unbroken, while the Nevada fall strikes the side of the rock about half-way down: [The rushing of such a volume of water produces a constant and unvarying wind, while][42] a great deal of spray in each case damps the ardour of those who seek the most picturesque points of view. [Thus the soil is always moist, even during the hottest summers, and the trees and bushes are luxuriant, but all bow in one direction before the prevailing wind.

A very narrow trail made along the slippery face of a naked rock, leads from one waterfall to the other. The precipice over which the water pours has to be ascended by two long flights of ladders, the results of much perseverance and ingenuity; after which we come to the connecting quarter of a mile of smooth swift water. The ceaseless flow has worn the rocks away in circular basins, and the stream runs from one into another as if they were artificial.

The top of the Nevada Fall may be reached by laborious climbing, but it is beyond the route of most tourists, and there is little to reward one for the labour of the ascent. Precipitous rocks so lofty are probably to be found nowhere else in the world, and the effect is bewildering.][43]

I have certainly realized today more than yesterday the grandeur of the stupendous mountain rocks that appear to overhang us: I noted this more particularly this evening, when I was washing some clothes in the stream.

June 30. Today we have visited the Yo Semite Fall, the one opposite the hotel, not half an hours walk, but it seemed somewhat tame after our sights of yesterday: [The Yo Semite Fall is the highest in the world, 2548 feet; but it is

caught by the rocks in two places, dividing it into three falls; the lower one is about 700 feet high, while the upper is about 1448 feet, and between the two is a series of rapids rather than a fall.][44] it is remarkable how a waterfall is ever changing, swayed from side to side by currents of air: I think one never gets tired of watching a waterfall. [I despair of being able to convey . . . the emotions experienced at the sight of these stupendous falls. The enormous size both of them and of the mountains of rock is almost stupefying; the eye wanders up higher and higher, till the brain quite loses the power of judging heights and distances. . . .][45]

I shall always remember my visit to the Yo Semite Fall with peculiar pleasure, because of the unreserved friendliness with which a party of American ladies and gentlemen at once freely admitted me to their society, knowing nothing of me except that I was a British sailor.][46] The pleasant companions I have had here have just made all the difference of my enjoying my visit: indeed they have been almost too pleasant as I shall leave them with sincere regret: and indeed I have been charmed and delighted with all the party, and not the two young Bloomers only: my companions, Mr and Mrs Baker have been full of interesting conversation, and many an interesting discussion have we had on the comparative advantages of our forms of government: every evening we have had singing and feminine games.

But withal, I am at this moment sorely tempted to return to San Francisco and to go by Panama: travelling alone is after all but poor fun, for so long a time: but I am sure that I shall hereafter regret it if I do not see everything that is to be seen: I miss having neither letters nor newspapers, but, thank God, I am strong and well, and I dare say the time on the overland journey will pass quickly enough.

July 2. 1865. This morning, after a short ride of sixteen miles, I arrived at Coulterville with my charming Bloomer companions. One gets to know people very well in a short time on such journeys as this, and my fair companions have quite won my heart: indeed their society has done much towards the enjoyment of my excursion which otherwise would be very lonely: it is pleasant to be able to discuss the state of American society, and to compare it with the English: my return journey from Yo Semite has passed too quickly.

July 3. Sonora.[47] [Illegible]. Que je suis desole: my heart is broken: we left Coulterville at midnight and soon after 6. A.M. I parted with my two dear, charming, sweet, little bloomers: they went to Stockton en route for San Francisco, while I came on here: I know you will not sympathize with me one bit: I know that in a few days I shall only think of them as a sweet dream, but having lived intimately with them for a week, I do to-day miss them very much indeed: I could not feel tired or discouraged while I had to cheer them, but now my bit of sunshine has vanished: I had no sleep last night of course; I am very cross and grumpy and it is raining cats and dogs, a thing unheard of in California at this time of year, and evidently a perverse trick on the part of the weather

purposely to annoy me.

Well: I suppose that instead of growling I ought to be thankful for the week's great pleasure I have had, but it is sad to think that I shall probably never see nor hear of my companions again. While I accompanied the party, I was treated with great distinction, it not being quite clear whether I was husband, brother, or cousin to one of the young ladies, or which. Now I am a solitary batchelor, shoved away anywhere: no more singing or games in the evening:

I arrived here[48] soon after ten this morning, the stage for Mokelumne Hill started at seven, so I have to wait here until tomorrow, a good opportunity to have clothes washed, and to effect certain repairs of garments. The mountain scenery may be considered to have ended at Coulterville, and our journey this morning was through rather monotonous hilly country: for the next day or two, I believe the character of the country is the same, and then, I cross the Sierra Nevadas to Virginia City: that, I am told is very fine. This day month I left Victoria: how the time has flown by, and how little I seem to have done: however, I am now fairly en route for the East.

July 5. Latrobe. Leaving Sonora yesterday morning at 9. I reached Mokelumne Hill[49] at 5.30. Travelling thus alone, makes an unfavourable contrast to my delightful time at Yo Semite: I am tempted to return at once to San Francisco: the father of one of my darling little Bloomers is a stockbroker: perchance he wants a clerk: oh! how happily could I end my days as a stockbroker's clerk in San Francisco.

By the way, the following is an inscription on a rock at Yo Semite;

Thy beautys [sic] dear Yo Semite
shall never be forgot
By such a poor fool as
Yours truly. R. J. Scott.

On my way from Sonora I met a Lady and Gentleman who had just come from the Big Trees: they told me that the slab bearing the name "Florence" had arrived safely, and been put up in its place, and that purity of the marble was greatly admired, being whiter than any other there: It is a piece of Californian marble that I selected.

There were great 4th of July doings at Mokelumne Hill last night, fireworks, and a ball which I honoured with my presence in travelling dress. I was greatly diverted by the American custom of calling out the directions for the figures in quadrilles and country-dances, like a dancing school. I danced one with a little girl of ten years old, as sharp as a weasel. I left the ball-room at 1.30. A.M., put my baggage into the stage, then got in myself and went to sleep: we started at 4. A.M. and[50] reached the Latrobe railway station, whence I now write, at 11. A.M. I have to wait until 7.30. P.M. for a train. Latrobe is but an unimportant place consisting of a few houses.

July 6. By train 7.30. P.M. I left Latrobe last night, reaching Shingle Springs in a couple of hours;[51] thence by [a six-horse] stage I reached this place,

Placerville at about 11. P.M., and incited much indig[nation] in mine host because I preferred sleeping on my own blankets on the floor to paying for a bed: I argued that it was a free country where you had no right to make a man happy against his own will. This morning at half-past four I got up to go on to Virginia City by stage, but when the coach arrived it was full: two gentlemen had engaged six seats, that they might sleep at their ease: the night being far spent, I asked one of them to rent me one of their three seats, but he stated that the pleasure of obliging me on his arrival at Placerville, was not the motive that had induced him to engage three seats at San Francisco: I begged him not to let it prey upon his mind, and I don't think it did, as I saw him settled down in his feather pillow for another nap as the stage drove off: there will be another coach at noon which I shall probably get on by, but I shall thus miss some of the scenery by daylight.

This is quite a nice little town, with trees in the streets, and ice in the hotels. [Many of its houses are of brick or stone, and well built.][52] This is however the third serious delay I have had since parting with my Bloomers, and I am anxious to get on. The nearer I get to the overland route, the better accounts do I hear of it, although strictly speaking I am on it now: as far as Virginia City. the country is all settled up; the roads are [always kept in first-rate order; during the summer] sprinkled every night, so [kept hard]. the six-horse coaches [are first-class,] make good time, and light travel.

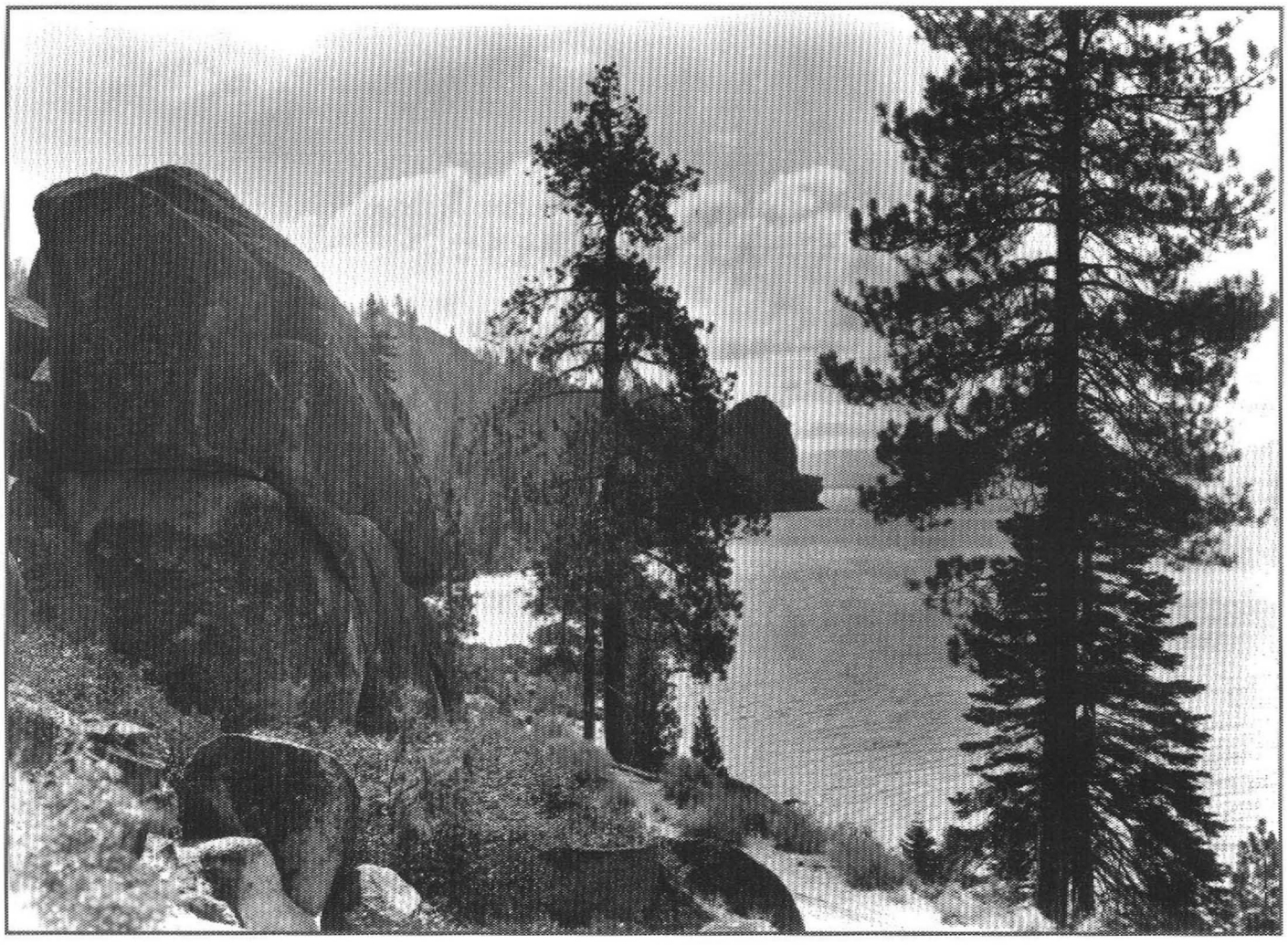
[the six horses are always carefully chosen and well matched, and the drivers are selected for their skill and good character. It is said that some of the 'tallest' driving in the States may be seen on this road, and, as far as my experience goes, I certainly never saw such driving. One passes heavy waggons drawn by long teams, both journeying east and west; the road is often narrow and steep, with sharp turns; and when the driver, rapidly swinging his six horses round a bluff, sometimes comes suddenly on a waggon labouring up the hill, only great skill and experience, and firm nerve, prevent either a collision on the one hand, or a capsize on the other. The hills are descended at full gallop, and ascended at a smart trot. At one place it became necessary for us to go very near the edge of the steep; the earth crumbled and sunk under the outer wheels, and for a moment the coach heeled over a little, but, at the pace we were going, soon recovered itself. Accidents are very rare.][53]

July 7. 1865. Virginia City. At noon yesterday I left Placerville by the stage,[54] and shortly after sunset we reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, whence the view is magnificent: mountain after mountain rolled away in the distance as far as the eye could reach: during our ascent we followed the course of the American river, a mountain stream; the road was a good one, but we saw from time to time the old [emigrant] road over the mountains, looking about as impracticable as a road can look. [Anything less like a road, or more like the track of an avalanche could scarcely be imagined;][55] Then we drove down the Eastern slope of the mountains at a break-neck pace, the driver

steering his six in hand like a jolly-boat round the sharp curves: pretty considerable tall driving, you bet! Presently we saw lake Tahoe among the trees, and followed its shores for nearly twenty miles, and then even Sierra Nevada scenery by moonlight failed to keep me awake, and I slept the troubled sleep of the wicked.

[All day I had been jolted on the top of the coach, but when night came I took my place inside, where was a vacant seat. This was my first experience of a night spent in a Concord coach. Looking back to my first middle-watch as a midshipman, to my last middle-watch as a lieutenant, or to my first night after I caught the measles, I can remember no night of horror equal to my first night's travel on the Overland Route . . . .

An American friend, who had himself crossed the plains, had recommended me to bring an air-pillow. This became my mainstay:][56] I have an air pillow with a hole in the middle: in the day time I sit on it, or lean back against it, and at night I put it on round my neck, and it keeps my head from being bumped: no one except a man who has crossed the pampas, can know what the jolting of a stage is like, be he never so pampered, or the weariness of the fatigue this jolting induces. At 1. A.M. we reached Carson City, and I got out and walked once round the stage [while the horses were being changed, and were amused



Cave Rock, Lake Tahoe, north view. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

by a lady who had no money herewith to pay her fare any farther, and at the same time declined to alight. The mail agent was in an awkward fix: he did not like to engage in a fray in the dead hours of the night, as the awakened neighbours would be sure to side with the woman they did not know, for the pleasure of abusing the man they did know; and yet if he allowed her to proceed, the amount of her fare would be charged against his pay. At last, however, he was persuaded to leave her in possession by her assurance that she was a person of great consideration, owning houses and land in Virginia City, and that everybody knew where she lived.][57] by that time the new team was hitched in, so I poked my head into my air pillow again, and woke at Virginia City at 4. A.M. The day was just breaking, and we were told that the stage for Salt Lake City would leave in two hours: I was glad to go to the [International] Hotel and lie down, but a frowzy-looking saint who had come as an inside passenger was going on that morning.

I shall probably not leave here until Monday the 15th, as I wish to spend tomorrow in seeing the great Gould and Curry silver mine.[58] Today I have been glad to rest, and a quiet Sunday will do me no harm. The Episcopal clergyman here, Mr Rising, I met at the Big trees, so I am not quite alone. [He has opportunity for doing much good, and it appeared that his efforts were appreciated. He has a numerous attendance at his Sunday-school of both teachers and pupils, and their harmonious singing showed that trouble had been taken to cultivate that art.][59]

This is quite a nice little town and a stirring place: [Virginia City is a remarkable specimen of the towns that seem to spring up by magic in the mining districts.][60] not a tree is to be seen in any direction, except in two distant valleys, and far away roll the dusty hills and mountains, covered for the most part with grey sage brush. [It is situated near the foot of a conspicuous hill, Mount Davidson, in a land where][61] Rain is <u>almost</u> unknown: in winter is plenty of snow but no rain: the Sierra Nevada snows and heavy winter rains fertilize the country west of the mountains but here it is always dry, and the melting snows after uniting in rivers either feed lakes or just sink into the ground; there are two large streams, probably twice or three times the size of the Ouze at Buckingham,[62] that sink into the ground within twenty miles of Virginia City.

July 9. Although this country is so desolate and bare of trees, within a few miles of this place are forests of petrified pine, which would seem to imply that it had once been well wooded and enjoyed a totally different climate.

[There are many well-built brick buildings in Virginia City, including two theatres. The mines gave birth to three towns, Gold Hill, Silver City, and Virginia City; and houses have now sprung up between them, making one continuous street, three or four miles long, running along the side of a hill, which is burrowed and tunnelled in every direction. Like most speculative towns, Virginia City lives in a condition of normal collapse; every man you meet assures you that the place is 'caving in,' and that the mines are 'played

International Hotel in Virginia City, Nevada, pre-1914. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

out;' yet, if you walk around the town, you will see houses springing up, and much business being transacted in the 'stores.'][63]

Yesterday afternoon I visited the Gould and Curry Quartz Mill, in company with a Mr Little from China, who intends making the overland journey. [The pleasure of meeting an English gentleman in such a distant land cannot be exaggerated.][64]

Yesterday morning I visited the Gould and Curry silver mine, [Some letters I had brought with me, assisted by kind recommendations from Mr. Rising, secured for me the privilege of visiting the . . . mine in company with the foreman . . . . We entered the side of the hill, following a level tunnel, and carrying greasy candles; we went down shafts, clambered up ladders, crawled along drains, examined muddy pieces of rock, tapped them with pick-axes, broke off lumps and held them to the candles, and declared they were very beautiful and very rich. We were soon wet through with perspiration, and envied the miners in the scantiest possible clothing. Although quite tired out after a couple hours, I had still to follow the foreman on his rounds,][65] remaining for three hours and a half underground [in this noisome hole]:

it is one of the richest mines in California [*sic*], and is worked on a magnificent scale: [The silver is contained in quartz, which is crushed in a stream-quartz-crushing machine, worked with ninety stampers;][66] its silver is alloyed with 25. per cent of gold: its resident manager receives £2,500 a year [and a good house]: I have offered to manage it for £2,000. This may be considered the limit of Pacific civilization, because here is the last hotel where they clean your boots without extra charge.

By the way I forgot to tell you the other day that there are fields of grain on the plains near Stockton and Sacramento of from two to five thousand acres in extent. The patient is slowly recovering from the effects of the severe Bloomer fever. I may as well send this letter to-day, although I presume it will leave here tomorrow morning with myself in the overland stage.

Your affectionate son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

I am sending you three stuffed birds which I have noticed as most numerous here: the mountain quail, with two long streamer feathers on its head [which quiver with every quick nervous motion of its little head, as it runs over the rocks and among the bushes]: the California quail, a smaller bird with two little crest features on its head, and the red-headed woodpecker. The two descriptions of quail are to be bought in New York, and may be reared like chickens: [Both species are numerous, of beautiful plumage, and good eating. They are difficult to catch alive, but I have seen a large cageful of them at a wayside house among the mountains.][67] would you like a pair of each?

Salt Lake City.
July 15. 1865.

dear Father,

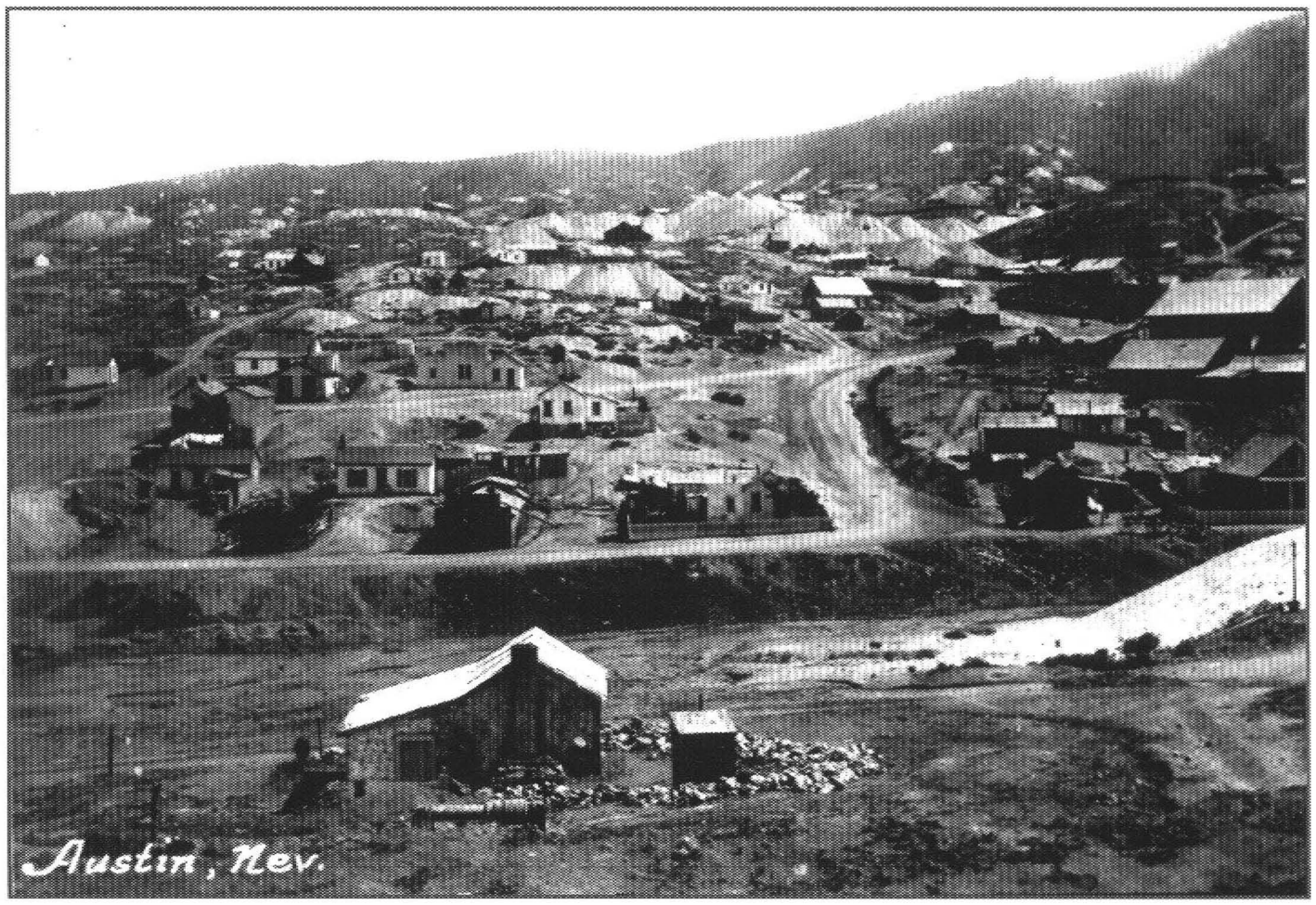
Last night at 9.30 P.M. I was glad to end my weary journey to this place: we left Virginia city, a large party, by stage at 6.30. A.M. on Monday, and travelled day and night, five days and four nights: [The coach was quite full, nine inside and one out, the greatest number ever carried on this road. Three Mexican women and an American lady were among the passengers; the other five were miners, and proprietors of mule or waggon trains.][68] sometimes the stage was full, carrying ten passengers, and then the discomfort was very great, but for the most part we numbered six or seven. [After journeying for two or three miles, we found there was plenty to try the temper of the passengers. We began to feel cramped, the heat of the sun made us hot and irritable: and not only was there a difficulty about stowing away one's feet, but we had even to fit in our knees, one with another, and then occasionally give and take pretty smart blows caused by the jostling of the carriage. Most of the men chewed tobacco, and those who occupied centre seats had to exert considerable skill to spit clear of the other passengers. Americans are generally adepts in this art, but we had one or two unskillful professors, although it must be admitted that they had hardly a fair opportunity of showing off their proficiency, from the jolting of the coach. Occasionally they would unconcernedly expectorate among the baggage on the floor. The smell caused by this abomidable practice was intolerable and sickening at first, until one became somewhat accustomed to it . . . . The females of the party had many small packages which they insisted on having inside with them, as is wont of their sex. In this department the ladies from Mexico were distinguished. One basket, with the contents which I must confess they were truly hospitable, thus quite disarming the grumblers, contained cheese, biscuits, dried fish, and onions. A very large soft flabby bundle contained dirty linen which they had not had time to have washed. I fear one of the gentlemen who chewed tobacco found it rather in his way.

After we had been an hour or two on the road the heat became oppressive; a light westerly breeze sprang up, which carried the dust along with us, and was at times stifling. The severe discomforts of this travelling can hardly be exaggerated, but one learns to endure them. The character, the language, and the manners of the class of people who chiefly use this route, however, became impossible even more repugnant to me each day.][69]

We left Virginia City in a grand red Concord Coach, [nearly a new one,] drawn by six splendid black horses; [We changed horses about every ten miles,][70] but at each stage the horses were less showy, and after 45. miles [great was our chagrin, after bolting our dinners at Cottonwood,[71] . . . to find that the coach went no further,] we exchanged our coach for a mud waggon: [it rides on thor-

ough-braces; its sides and top are of leather or folds of stout painted canvas stretched over a wooden frame; inside are three seats, each carrying three persons[72]; a platform behind carries the mail-bags and heavier luggage, while the front boot holds the express bags and small parcels, and there is one seat for a passenger alongside the driver. These carriages are generally painted red, without expensive or elaborate ornament,][73] after about fifty or sixty miles we changed waggons, and for the rest of the time we travelled in indifferent waggons on thorough-braces instead of springs drawn by four [or sometimes six] passable horses. [Some of the teams are fierce little mustangs, which draw very well, but are difficult to drive; others are respectable old carriage-horses that have seen better days, but staging is severe work, and soon kills them.][74]

We passed through but one town of any size, Austin City,[75] where we arrived on Tuesday evening: it is a mining town that has sprung up within the last year or two, and already makes a good show of brick and stone houses. [It stands among the hills and is purely a mining town, some of the mines opening on to its street.][76] It is the principal town of the Reese River mining district, whither is rather a rush just at present: Reece River rises to the northward of Austin from two or three springs, flows some seventy or eighty miles, being at the best a mere ditch and then sinks nowhere in particular: yet it is marked on the map like a respectable well-conducted river, and gives its name to a large district.



Austin, Nevada, 1870s. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

At a place called Egan Cañon[77] we found that a man had been murdered the day before by a party of friends with whom he was travelling: we found about a dozen armed men waiting for daylight to arrest the party, and we heard since by telegraph that the murderer was hung that morning: three men were hung at the same place for the same offence about three weeks ago. so active and prompt is Lynch law: We hear to-day by telegraph that the stage from Virginia City in Idaho to this place has been robbed by highwaymen: [The driver and] four passengers out of five were shot: the saved man was wounded, and fell down to the bottom of the stage, and was saved by the dead bodies of his companions falling on him: [The murderers escaped with a booty of seventy thousand dollars, or fourteen thousand pounds, in gold dust.][78] this same stage was robbed last summer, the passengers being murdered: [some of] the robbers escaped to V.I. and I remember their being brought before me and remanded, and being ultimately given up to the U.S. authorities.[79]

The journey from Virginia City is through desert alkali plains, barren red hills and mountains, marshes and sands: in some places were pretty views, some of the hill tops and a few of the valleys are adorned with pine and cedar scrub, but little can be said in favour of the scenery: the ground is invariably covered with grey sage brush, which is dull and wearying to the eye: the ranges of hills and mountains invariably run north and south, with absolutely flat plains between them, varying from ten to twenty miles in breadth: the hills have seldom to be ascended: in almost every instance is a natural road on nearly the same level as the plains, a natural pass: one, four miles long, had almost the regularity of a very deep railway cutting: in these passes the Indians used to attack the stage two or three years ago. Now there is not really much to be told about the road: the food at the wayside houses [distinguished from the stations where only horses are changed by the name of home-stations,] was sometimes terribly indifferent, and sometimes very good when fresh butter and cream were to be had. [The meal set before us at Cottonwood was certainly good, consisting of meats and vegetables, bread, butter, and milk, and tea and coffee . . . but at some home-stations there was very little to be had; in one or two instances only bread, beans, and bacon, and even those were very bad.

The stages profess to stop for three meals a day and to allow half an hour each time. This sounds fair enough, but it must be remembered that no other time is allowed for washing or change of clothes; the latter is a luxury never attempted, the former seldom. Between Virginia City and Salt Lake City the electric telegraph follows the stage-road, and so the number of passengers and the hour at which they may be expected is telegraphed from station to station. Ten minutes after arrival the food is on the table; ten minutes afterwards, you choke yourself as the driver calls out 'all aboard'; and ten minutes after that again, you are fairly under weigh, inhaling dust; and ten minutes later still you are suffering from a severe attack of indigestion.

During the first part of the journey, tolerable punctual time is kept, but time

once lost cannot be made good afterwards, and as the home stations are at irregular distances, the results are apt to be inconvenient. One night at 11 o'clock we reached a home station where we ought, according to the way-bill, to have breakfasted. Breakfast was ready, but dead tired as we were, we refused to turn out. The driver warned us we were a long way from the next home station, but who thinks of the morrow when he is worn out with fatigue? The next day we had to pay for our neglect, as we did not reach a home station until two in the afternoon. By that time we were all more or less ill, and only a box of prunes from my hamper kept us at all alive.][80]

I thought I had met the roughest specimens of miners and Americans in other places, but I met rougher men on this road than I had ever met before. Precious metals exist in greater or less quantities all along the route, but at the present high rates of food and labour they cannot be profitably worked.

[On the morning of Friday the 14th, we reached Fort Crittenden,[81] about fifty miles from Salt Lake City. Here we stopped to breakfast, and I made acquaintance with the Mormon innkeeper. He had but two wives, the youngest of whom I saw, herself a mere child, with her baby at her breast. Our mud-waggon from hence was rather better than those we were accustomed to, and the horses were finer and fatter.

At a distance of twenty-five miles from Salt Lake City we forded the river Jordan, the water being about four feet deep. It runs in a northerly direction about forty miles, from the fresh-water Utah Lake to the Great Salt Lake. These lakes lie at each end of a valley some fifteen miles in breadth. At the north end, the Salt Lake does not run across the whole breadth, but the mountains sweep round to meet its eastern shore; and on an elevated 'bench' at their foot, sheltered from the north and east, is situated the famous city of the Latter Day Saints.

We entered the valley from the southward, passing over a rising ground from which we could see it stretching out. For twenty-five miles the road ran due north, and at its termination the city was before us, bearing the appearance of white specks on a green ground—a striking contrast to the surrounding arid desert. On our right rose grand mountains, six or seven thousand feet high, thrown like a sheltering arm behind the City of the Saints; and on our left stretched the broad Salt Lake, with two mountainous islands standing out in bold relief, while the river Jordan, passing almost under our feet, was seen winding its way to the Dead Sea.[82] The air of these regions is so pure, that distant objects are seen with a distinctness very deceiving. The drive into the city passes between fields irrigated by streams descending from the eastern hills. We changed horses every ten miles, and as we advanced, signs of prosperity were more numerous, for we saw houses, gardens, and small farms. At length it became dark, and it was not until 9.30 P.M. that our long, long drive terminated as we drew up in front of the Salt Lake House.][83]

July 16. There is much to be related about this extraordinary place and its

inhabitants that I quite despair of satisfying either myself or you. I saw but little yesterday: [I was too much knocked up for sight-seeing.][84] I did not feel tired, but somehow or another I was continually dropping off to sleep. I went in the evening to see the temple that is being built: it is two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet broad: the walls are at present only about two or three feet above ground, but the foundations go down sixteen feet, and all is built of immense blocks of granite, every one numbered: I will measure one of the largest blocks: the temple, as far as I can learn, is to be a place for the performance of religious rites and ceremonies, but not for preaching: a [new] tabernacle capable of holding fifteen thousand people is being built near the temple: it is in the form of an oval, [surmounted by a huge dome,] and will be finished next fall: the roof is to be supported on massive red sandstone buttresses or columns, the spaces between which will be closed by sliding doors or windows in winter, and left open in summer. the last of the square pillars is nearly finished.

This morning I have attended the service held here by Mr Norman McCleod, a Scotch congregationalist [Chaplain to the Forces stationed here]:[85] he appears to be an earnest man of considerable force of character: he is the only Gentile parson here, and his congregation sometimes numbers two hundred: The service was held in the room of a young men's literary association, which is not however patronized by the Mormons: a few Mormons sometimes come to the service.

July 16. 1865. Last night I went to the theatre, where two plays were performed. I was told that the performers were nearly all amateurs, and one of the actresses was a daughter of Brigham Young: I saw five of Brigham's wives sitting together, and there was another, his principal wife, who was not pointed out to me: those whom I did see appeared strong healthy sensible women, neither one was handsome or beautiful, but all appeared very intelligent: they were dressed with great simplicity and neatness, and had children with them. From different sources one hears different reports, but I believe that Brigham Young has sixty-four wives,[86] besides two or three hundred spiritual wives, who are married to him as a ceremony whereby they hope to reach Heaven:[87] there is here a Captain Dalghren, son of the celebrated American Admiral:[88] he is intimate with a son of Brigham Young, named Oscar, and from Captain Dalghren I have obtained much of my information: he has served during all the last four years, and has commanded a regiment, with commission of Colonel of the 79th regulars, and has also commanded an iron-clad, with commission as lieutenant of the U.S.N. He was originally brought up in the U.S. Navy, but he has now thrown up all his commissions, and has come here to work a silver mine [as superintendent and confidential agent for a silver mining company, about to commence operations in the neighbourhood].

You would be surprised to see what a charming town this is: I never saw a place that seemed at first sight so attractive for a residence: [The streets divide

the town into ten-acre blocks: they are all 128 feet broad, and at right angles to each other.][89] on each side of every street runs a stream of the clearest water under a row of [cotton-wood and] locust trees: this is the design, and in several of the principal streets it is completely carried out: almost every house has its beautiful garden: were it my duty to lay out a town I know not where I could find a more beautiful or practical model than the Great Salt Lake City. When one remembers that seventeen years ago this valley was but a dry sage desert, one is struck dumb with astonishment [at the enterprise and perseverance of the Mormon leaders]. I had a long talk last night with the old scotchman in charge of the works at the temple: Temple square contains 10 acres. he appeared to be a truly devout man [—the only Mormon I met whom I should be disposed so to characterise]. and in defending his religion he soon defeated me by his intimate acquaintance with the bible [and seemed sincerely to pity all who did not belong to the Church of Latter-Day Saints].[90] truly I believe there must be many good and holy men among these Mormons, but I hope to know more of them in a few days.

Brigham Young is away visiting his outlying settlements which extend fifty miles east, and fifty miles west, one hundred miles north and two hundred miles south. he is expected to return on wednesday. This morning I went to bathe in the hot sulphur springs, just outside the north part of the town: the water is received in a large wooden bath about five feet deep, and its temperature is about sixty or seventy: the bath is much used and is said to be very conducive to health. it is strongly impregnated with sulphur, and gushes out with varying force.

Great attention has been paid to agriculture and irrigation, and now every variety of the most excellent garden produce is to be found here: large quantities of ice are stored in winter, so it is very cheap in summer: when the great Atlantic and Pacific railroad is completed, and travelling is made more easy, I am convinced that this beautiful spot will be a great place of resort.

July 17. Yesterday afternoon I attended the Mormon service: when I entered the large booth [in the Temple Block], called the Bowery, in which the service was held, the Sacrament was being administered, the bread being passed round in a basket to the whole congregation, including the children: water is used instead of wine until they shall be able to obtain the pure juice of the grape. Two addresses were delivered, and constituted the whole service, except when the speakers were interrupted first to ask a blessing on the bread, and then on the water: these addresses were not sermons, nor was even a single verse of the bible read: they were utterances of the most disjointed description; passages and experiences from the life of the speaker were mixed up with tirades against the Gentiles and laudation of Mormonism; [When the first address was concluded, a second was given by a cadaverous-looking man. He urged the great weight his opinion of Mormonism ought to have with his audience, because, he said, he had tried all other religions and found them to be false. He said he

was educated as a Baptist, but that religion did not satisfy him: he felt he wanted more, so he tried Presbyterianism; but that did not satisfy him, so he tried the Church of England and various sects, till at last he had found a home among the Mormons, and was happy. This climax was received with a sensation approximating to applause.][91] I was never more utterly disappointed: I had expected to have heard something about Mormonism and to have heard preached some truths from the gospel with which I could have sympathised but from the beginning to the end there was nothing resembling religion or reverence: occasionally the speaker would raise a laugh, and quote one of the slang American phrases of the day: both the speakers were evidently men of a very inferior stamp, and ranters of the lowest description.

After the two addresses, the service concluded with a piece of music very sweetly sung by the [large] choir, and this it was really delightful to listen to: the singing was led by an inferior harmonium[92] but the sweet voices soon drowned it, and the effect was charming: a large proportion of the choir are Brigham Young's [sons and] daughters, whose voices have been carefully attended to: the congregation did not pretend to join in the singing [this the only devotional part of the service]. Altogether, my visit to the Bowery yesterday has very much lowered Mormonism in my estimation: there can be no elevated sentiment among a people who will allow themselves to be led by such palpable ignorance and folly. I believe however that I heard two of their worst preachers yesterday, as all the best men are making a tour in the surrounding country with Brigham Young: I hope to hear something better next Sunday. Mr McCleod, the congregationalist clergyman here, has a Sunday School numbering nearly two hundred children, chiefly Mormons: I believe he is going to do a great work here: the days of Mormonism are numbered, but its fall will be brought by such agencies as Mr McCleod's, by immigration, and education, and not by persecution. It is contemplated to erect a handsome church for Mr McCleod, in the course of a few months, and subscriptions will be easily collected: when this is done Mormonism will receive a severe blow.

There seems to be no doubt among the Gentiles here, that Brigham and his bishops are just making money out of the Mormons as fast as they can: I am told that his wealth is enormous, that he is the next wealthiest man to the Rothschilds.[93] Each Mormon pays a tenth of all his income to the Church, and I cannot learn where it goes to, unless into the pockets of Brigham and his Bishops. I just jot down my thoughts on these matters.

[After the service, we strolled round the Temple Block, which, like the other squares or blocks in the city, is ten acres in extent. Besides the booth in which the service was held, it contained two finished and two unfinished buildings. The former are the tabernacle and the endowment-house, presently in use, and the latter are the new tabernacle and temple. The tabernacle is used for preaching in on cold or wet days, when the booth cannot be used: the ceremonies performed in the endowment-house are secret . . . . The tabernacle is a long

building, like a chapel, with a round roof; the sun's rays, emblems of divinity, being carved in the wood at the ends. I did not go inside. The interior of the endowment-house[94] can of course only be seen by saints; but from without it appears to be a plain two-storied house.][95]

July 18. 1865. It is said, and I believe with truth, that Brigham Young is on a tour among the settlements with a view of finding out how far the people are willing to apply the torch to their farm buildings and houses, and to migrate elsewhere if an attempt is made to enforce in Salt Lake City the laws of the United States, and it is reported that he has not in every case received the answers he desired: there are many here, both among the Mormons and others who would not be surprised if Brigham were to run away from the Mormons altogether: a carpenter told me to-day that he had left the Mormons about two years ago, that he joined them seventeen years ago, and still believes in the mormon faith as it then existed, but that now it is entirely changed and corrupted, and the chiefs are but a set of the lowest, brutal, degraded men: he continually suffers persecutions from them and of course has no redress: only a few days ago they broke his windows during the night, and of course he spoke to me under the influence of very bitter feelings.

[The town, however, has generally a sober and moral aspect; no retail liquor shops are allowed, and it is rare to see a drunken man. Offences are few. Sunday is scrupulously respected, and the people walk about in a quiet and orderly manner in their 'Sabbath-day suits.' The social evil is supposed not to exist, but this is not exactly the case. It is commonly said by the Gentiles that it exists for Mormons only, under the sanction and control of Brigham Young. I certainly know that all Mormons in good standing are not moral men . . . .

As a people the Mormons are supercilious and insolent to outsiders, generally treating them with coldness and reserve—often with rudeness. There is great jealousy against them, and no prudent effort is spared to render their residence here uncomfortable. The insulting bearing of the Mormon hotel-keeper of the Salt Lake House, his indifference to the comfort of his guests, the bad food and slovenliness of the establishment, made me rejoice when on Sunday night I moved into a boarding-house, kept by Mrs. King, where I spent the remainder of my stay in the enjoyment of cleanliness and civility. Mr. Little and Captain Dahlgren joined me there, so we Gentiles consoled each other. Excellent food is always to be had: fresh meat, vegetables, cream and eggs as good as in any English country town.

The Mormon women wear large sun-bonnets, and when they meet a Gentile they turn away their heads and look down. As a class I believe them to be modest and well-behaved—probably above the average—but ignorant and unintellectual.][96]

There are here some seven or eight hundred United States troops in cantonments at Camp Douglas, two or three miles out of the city.[97] [A cheerful site has been chosen for their barracks on a plateau somewhat higher than the

town . . . . Here there is a parade ground, encircled, Mormon-fashion, with young locust-trees and running water, where their brass band plays daily. The houses are built of adobie (sun-dried) bricks or timber, and command a fine view of the valley to the southward. A small theatre has been built, there are some workshops and storehouses.][98] [Colonel George] and the officers have been very civil to me: they warn me however not to send my letters through the postoffice, as they will probably be opened and possibly destroyed. From all I can gather I think there must have been a good deal of genuine earnest piety among the early Mormons, but now there is very little heart religion: The Gentiles here have established a Young Mens' Literary Association, and yesterday evening they invited me to be an Honorary Member: then without the slightest premonitory hint, they called upon me for a speech about V.I. and B.C. [The Association is of considerable importance, because it forms the only point of union for the Gentiles, who probably do not number more than a couple hundred residents, besides the troops.][99] [Its president is the Chief Justice of the territory, Judge Titus, appointed by the Federal Government,—a man of high reputation, who ably fills his difficult post. Owing to the acquaintance with English law and precedents which he must have, a first-rate American lawyer is usually agreeable and interesting man to meet.][100]

Brigham is expected to return tomorrow, and this afternoon a number of his followers have gone out to meet him to escort him back in triumph. The houses here are built of sun-dried bricks, and have a very neat and clean appearance: the walls are generally strengthened by boards placed among the bricks: the [door-posts,] window-sills and coping are in many instances [of wood, painted bright green, or] of the red sandstone found in the neighbourhood, and set off the houses to great advantage: in the main street are houses [built close to each other] two or three stories high, entirely built of the red sandstone [burnt bricks, . . . or granite, but most are of white sun-dried bricks].[101] Except in the main street, every house stands in its own little garden or orchard. [The gardens are well and tastefully kept, and fruit-trees are particularly successful.][102] Farm and garden produce are abundant and good. [The streets chiefly used are gravelled; and as the plateau on which the town stands slopes gently to the southward, there is good drainage.][103] [All English fruits and vegetables thrive well; the currant grows to a great size, but its skin becomes hard, and it loses its flavour.][104]

The town is divided into wards, twenty in all, and each ward [is presided over by its own bishop, and] has its own officials enforcing sanitary rules: the water from the streets is at night turned by the water-masters of the wards into the gardens for irrigation: each ward has its own system of spies, so little that goes on in the city is unknown to Brigham Young. The climate is very warm in summer and cold in winter, but since I have been here, unusual daily showers have kept the atmosphere at a delightful temperature, and laid all dust. [Ice is stored in the winter in large quantities, and is cheap even through the dry hot

summer.][105]

[Three newspapers are published at Salt Lake—two in the city, and one, The Vidette,[106] in the Camp. This last is a daily Gentile paper, and is probably safer in the Camp than it would be in the city. The Deseret News is a weekly Mormon paper, printed and published at the Tithing Office; and there is also a daily Mormon paper.[107] At only one shop in Mormondom could books be purchased, and they were few in number and of the most paltry description. This is a significant fact with regard to a town which has a population of at least 10,000 souls.][108]

There is great jealousy against the Gentiles, and no effort that can be made with safety is spared to render their residence here uncomfortable: but for the check exercised by the presence of the troops, residence here would be quite unsafe.

July 19. This morning I visited Heber Kimball the next in rank to Brigham Young in the Mormon Church: he was civil and conversed with me for about half an hour: [he stated his belief that in a few years polygamy would be legalised all over the world; that the rapid strides made by the social evil proves this; and that it is a necessary thing for all young men.][109] he appears to be quite an uneducated and low-minded man, and I felt quite shocked when at parting he blessed me with great unction. He, in common with the other Mormons, is evidently much afraid that the days of Mormonism are at an end: [The Speaker of the House of Congress,[110] and other influential Americans who have lately visited Salt Lake City, plainly said that the Federal Government would insist on its laws being respected.][111] some thousands of United States troops are expected here shortly, and he interrogated me eagerly as to their object in coming here: he said that the Indian troubles in this neighbourhood are being greatly exaggerated as an excuse for bringing here troops to act against the Mormons. Continual showers of rain keep the air very cool, and pleasant.

July 20. This morning I called on Brigham Young: he did not strike me as a pleasing man although in conversation he was very civil and easy: [He was very reserved, but courteous and obliging. His dress and appearance are those of a farmer of the better class. I should say that his countenance has in it nothing sensual or repulsive, but he gives one the idea of a man of strong character and determined will. He is about sixty years of age, but looks ten years younger. His manner is perfectly natural, without the smallest vanity or arrogance, and he seemed by far the most superior Mormon I saw.][112] I expressed a wish to see his schools, when he sent for his superintendant of schools, Mr Campbell, who took me to two of them [and of these two I formed but a poor opinion, both from the appearance of the children and from their stock of knowledge.][113] I suppose the education of the pupils would be about on a par with that of English country schools. I had some conversation with Mr Campbell which was chiefly remarkable for the amount of ipse dixit[114] which entered into all his arguments: he assured me that Christians do not know Jesus Christ, that they

have not the gospel, that they do not even try to follow the ordinances of God as laid down in the Bible; it is clear that we do not pray earnestly and heartily to God or he would give us wisdom, and we should become Mormons.

When Freddy was a little boy, he came to Portsmouth, and tried to convert by a coup de main a Roman Catholic, Captain Galway, a brother of Mrs Lutyens: when I tried to argue with Mr Campbell I was foiled in every direction with my own weapons, and felt very much like Freddy. It strikes me that the hottest Mormons are very anxious to be persecuted: I hope they will be disappointed: persecution would at once infuse new life into the sect. I frequently greet people here by saying they are not very good Mormons: then when pushed with a little questioning they admit that they would leave the Mormon faith if there was any way open to them, but that at present to secede from it would entail great distress and perhaps even personal danger.

July 21, 1865. Mr McCleod tells me that there is an instance of a man here with thirteen wives, two sisters and their eleven daughters. When I was coming across the Sierra Nevada mountains, I talked with the driver about the facility with which the coach might be upset: "yes," he said, "such things had been done on purpose before now; I know there is one Southerner in the coach, and if I thought the whole crowd were copperheads[115] I would turn it over right away." I immediately expressed strong union sentiments, and begged him to forbear if only for my sake. And he forbore.

Today I visited the Great Salt Lake: four Gentiles, visitors, hired a carriage [-and-pair], and drove across the valley about twenty miles: [to visit a point on the Great Salt Lake, where is a small inn, and where boats are kept. The only bridge over the Jordan is on this road: it is remarkably well built, and very creditable to its designers.][116] we rested during the heat of the day, and then went for a sail on the lake: three of us bathed the water being exceedingly buoyant, as it holds in solution as much salt as possible: the first was wise, and wetted not his cranium: the second, your son, did slantindicularly dive; the brine got into his eyes, and made them to smart and burn painfully: the third dived perpendicularly, [with the view of reaching the bottom,] and came up ill: he got into the boat and lay down in the bottom suffering from the most acute headache: [we were quite alarmed lest he should be seriously injured:][117] the extreme density of the water had forced it into his eyes, ears, and nose, and for twenty minutes he suffered great pain and was even unable to dress: by degrees our pains passed away leaving us sadder and wiser men.

[At the inn we were amused by seeing full-length portraits of the martyrs, Joseph and Hiram Smith. I am afraid there is something ludicrous in the idea of a martyr in a claw-hammer coat.

Driving back, we were struck by the parallel water-lines, one above another, on the sides of the hills.][118] On one hill side, we counted seven water marks which seem to indicate beyond a doubt that the valley had once been the bottom of the lake: the highest water mark must have been about six hundred feet

above the level of the valley. The lake is said to be in its deepest part from thirty to forty feet deep. No fish, seaweed, or living thing is to be found in the Lake, whose shores are covered with thick deposits of brown salt [to a depth of three or four inches, and the only living creatures we could detect were minute flies, myriads of which settled on the water in patches, looking like scum until, on being touched, they rose in a cloud].[119] After my bath, I rubbed the salt off my body like sand.

The site of Great Lake City has been admirably chosen: it is built on a very gentle slope looking to the southward, at the North end of a valley, well sheltered by the mountains to the North and N.E.

Here, you see, I have marked the relative positions of the Jordan, the Lakes, and the City, and the boundaries of the valley: from one Lake to the other is probably between thirty and forty miles, or even more: the valley is perhaps fifteen miles across, but its lower end near the Great Salt Lake is composed chiefly of marshes overflowed in the spring. Fruits of all kinds flourish here well, except currants, and they flourish too much: currants brought here grow to the size of a small gooseberry, and have a thick skin with a bitter taste, so they are used only for pies or preserves.

July 22. The number of murders in these parts is quite appalling: yesterday accounts were received of two Mormons having been killed by Indians at a settlement about fifty miles to the southward of this, and this morning we hear that the bodies of two murdered men have been found in a stream near Fort Bridger, 120 miles to the Eastward: the latter are supposed to have been robbed and murdered by white men.

8. P.M. This evening we learn that the stage from the Northward [from Virginia City in Idahoe (*sic*)] has again been stopped in the same place as before, but was allowed to proceed as it contained neither passengers nor treasure:

truly this is a wild country.

July 24. Millersville.[120] *10. miles East of Fort Bridger.*[121] I left Salt Lake City yesterday morning at four o'clock, and arrived here at 10. A.M. this morning: [Our mud-waggon was a poor make-shift, and our horses were but sorry beasts . . . . I rose at three, and came downstairs at the half-hour, to 'fix a bite' before starting. At that moment the waggon drove up, and the driver declared it was four o'clock, and he could not wait a moment. I bundled in my chattels, and we drove off. Presently we stopped at a house in the suburbs, to pick up another passenger. The driver, with many execrations, surlily declared he was behind time, and could not wait a moment. This passenger, who had not finished his breakfast, understood the language which had been lost on me, and produced a bottle and glass, which the driver enjoyed, while the passenger completed his meal at his leisure. Presently he got up on the box-seat, which had been refused me, and we went on our way. I have no doubt that a box of cigars and a keg of whisky judiciously applied, would have smoothed at least some of the unpleasantness of stage-travel.][122]

[I bade farewell to the Great Salt Lake City; and while following the course of a stream flowing down from the Wahsatch Mountains, I looked back rather regretfully at the peaceful valley I should probably never revisit. Accounts of the eastern road were gloomy: rumours of Indian troubles, of drivers and travellers murdered, and stage-horses driven off, were not wanting . . . .

After ascending mountains the whole forenoon, we came to a plateau of comparatively good land, watered by the Weber and Bear Rivers. These are separated from each other by a rocky ridge, which we passed through by a gorge called Echo Cañon. The forms assumed here by the soft red sandstone were more grotesque and striking than on any other part of the road. In some places we saw solid buttresses projecting far from the side of the rock, or standing out like towers, unconnected with the cliff, and in other places were caverns and archways, with the face of the rock seamed in all directions.][123]

I write while the mules are being caught for the stage. On Saturday I had some conversation with Judge Titus, the Chief Justice of Utah Territory, a very intelligent man: he insisted strongly that it was the duty of every English magistrate to bind over every Mormon missionary to be of good behaviour: he says Mormonism is founded on two crimes first, polygamy; second, murder; for every mormon swears on donning his endowment robes to fulfil the will of the prophet as regards taking the life of those Mormons who violate their oaths or speak against the Mormon priesthood; so every Mormon missionary is soliciting crime, and may be held to bonds to be of good behaviour: he assured me that on that ground, every Mormon who shows his nose in Austria or Prussia is immediately imprisoned, that England favours Mormonism more than any other country, and that the greater proportion of Mormons are British, probably seven tenths.

The road I travelled, must be a hard one for emigrants: we have passed up-

wards of a hundred west-going waggons already: the men, women, & children all look in the best health, but the beasts are often sorry: in some places the road is literally lined with bones of beasts who have died either from cold, starvation, drought, or overwork. We are now in the middle of the rocky mountains, travelling along a high plateau; to the south are loftier snow capped peaks; the nights are cold, but the days are warm, and the benches of table land abound with bright flowers.

Yesterday morning we passed a house in which lay the body of a settler: he had been shot the day before by a neighbour with whom he had an old grudge: we saw his poor wife and children. the body of a third murdered man has been found in the stream near fort Bridger, mentioned by me July 22. 1865.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that even this high plateau has at one time been under water: the ground is covered with alkali and salt; and with ['the everlasting'] sage brush: from the plateau rise hills of sandstone rocks, deeply scored with horizontal water lines, the comparative dead level of the plateau gives them the appearance of islands, streams flow through the plateau, generally along green water-courses that appear to have been washed out when the river has been swollen: these abound with bushes and small trees, and are a great relief to the eye, but it would not pay to cultivate them on account of the extreme cold of the winter. here may have been seen an emigrant camp, with the draught cattle grazing round: emigrants often select a horse-shoe bend in a stream, and plant their camp on the neck of the promontory [while the cattle graze on the broad enclosed land, and are easily caught when wanted].

[It is very difficult to ascertain anything about the Mormons which has not been published to the world, owing to the overwhelming flood of gossiping-stories which are retailed from one Gentile to another, many of them palpably false, and nearly all exaggerations. I believe, however, that one of their ceremonies—that of initiation—I received a tolerably accurate account.][124] Mormons have a ceremony of initiation, which is called passing through the endowment house. [The candidate is left in the temple, to fast and pray for a day and a night;][125] Brigham Young sits to represent the deity, and Eber [Heber] Kimball to represent the Saviour: the neophyte is washed, brought in, [baptised by total immersion,] and clothed in his endowment robes, when he takes the oaths: some exemplary mormons wear their endowment robes at all times, under their clothes: the robe is white, woven in one piece, and gashed open at the left breast, the stomach, and the thigh, the cuts being bound with red: these signify that the apostate, or he that betrays the order shall have his heart torn out, his belly ripped, and his throat cut, and that any brother may without sin perform these kind offices for him: there used to be among the Mormons a body called the Danites or destroying angels: it was their duty to execute the vengeances of the Church, and by them were many foul murders committed:[126] [They are now, however, released from that duty.][127] one of them was pointed

out to me, and a more repulsive looking wretch I never saw. [He was drunk, and driving a waggon through the street.][128]

5. P.M. I write now and then when the stage stops: I am the only passenger; and have it [the interior of the waggon] all to myself [succeeded by crafty disposal of my blankets and kit in making myself tolerably comfortable]:[129] we have come to a station called Big Bend; there is no relay of mules, so we wait three hours while our team pick up some grass, and then go on again with the same animals. The country we have been journeying through has very much the appearance of a desert: on some of the benches near are antelope, I am told, and we see numbers of ground squirrel and field mice which are very tame: they come up out of their holes and sit in front of them to see the stage go by; just as the human beings do in the few little settlements we pass. I saw a pair of fine birds, which the driver told me were sage hens: they were just like large grouse, but their feet were not feathered.

July 25. 1865. At about eleven last night we crossed a river [known as the North Fork] where the water was up to the axles: when we were within ten yards of the bank [and stuck in the mud], one of the mules lay down in the water: then ensued a scene of utmost confusion, the four mules and their harness becoming tied in an inextricable knot: [The driver had an assistant with him who held the reins and beat the mules with a rope, while the former . . . broke his whip over them . . . and lavished upon them all the most endearing epithets from the slang dictionary of a Western rowdy. Strange to say, even this had no effect; all four mules quietly lay down, with their heads just above the stream,][130] the pole broke, and the driver had to get down into the water and loose the animals: [There was no help for it but to unhitch the team, which the two drivers drove to the bank, leaving me in the waggon with the water up to the floor. I cried to them to carry me on shore, which after a little hesitation one of them did.][131] fortunately the next relay station was but half a mile distant. so we walked on, and left the coach in the river till this morning: some passing immigrants put eight oxen to it and hauled it out:

[I was the first up, so I lighted the fire, and began preparing breakfast. Soon the drivers joined me, and one of them addressed me thus: 'I guess, Mister, you've travelled round a bit.' I replied that I had 'travelled some,' and inquired what made him think so. He said, 'Well, now! when we was stuck in the crick last night you sat still and says nothin; now if you'd a begun cussin at us, as some does, there you might have stayed, or got yourself wet walking out.' After this we became bosom friends of course, and he borrowed my knife, which he quite forgot to return until he had been asked for it three times.][132] we have spliced the pole, and now I write from the stage again, where I have found everything dry & safe. The station-keepers have put me through an examination about the British Navy: they express great admiration for the cat-o-nine-tails: they say it is just the institution their army requires.

P.M. Before noon we reached a place called Green river, having crossed the

streams called the Black Forks, yesterday. Part of our way this morning lay along an elevated ridge, whence we obtained a fine view of the country: on each side of us, N.W. and S.W. were the high snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, while directly behind us lay the high table land of the pass through what we had come: we must have a great deal of down hill to work out bye and bye: when we descended the Sierra Nevada Mountains, we did not appear to have descended on the East side nearly as much as we had ascended on the West side: now that we have ascended the rocky mountains there is no corresponding descent, only high level country. I started from Great Salt Lake City on Sunday morning in the hope of overtaking the superintendent of the stage line, who had started for the East twenty-four hours before: I am glad to hear now that I shall probably overtake him tomorrow: the advantage of travelling with him will be that I hope to meet with more attention and civility from the drivers who are a terribly rough lot, that we shall probably be put through as quickly as possible, and that he will try of course to secure as large an escort as possible through the troubled Indian country: he is travelling with his son, and I had almost despaired of overtaking him.

This is a barren sage-brush country; here the Green river winds through a narrow valley: a little grass and a few trees on its banks are a great relief to the eye: the hills assume strange and picturesque forms: the earth and soft stone have been washed away, and pillars and buttresses of red slaty sandstone are left standing alone.

July 27. Ferry House: Platte River. When I arrived at Salt Lake City, and enquired what were the prospects of getting East, I was informed that the Indians were very troublesome, and that the stage agent gave enquirers very short answers, and did all in his power to discourage people from going [between Salt Lake City and Denver City]. Acting on this knowledge, I set to work to make the acquaintance of Mr Roberson, the [mail] Agent, merely mentioning that I was looking out for some opportunity of travelling Eastward: bye and bye it came out that Mr Reynolds the Superintendent was shortly expected to pass through on his way to Denver, and I laid out snares to entrap him: he slipped through my fingers, however, on the Friday when I went out to the Great Salt Lake, and I did not find it out until Saturday morning, some hours after he had started: in despair I went to Mr Roberson, and got him to telegraph to Mr Reynolds to ask his leave to send me on; evening came, but no answer, I went to the Telegraph Office, and found they had neglected to send the message: I rushed off to Mr Roberson, who consented to allow me to chase Mr Reynolds, it being distinctly understood that I went on my own responsibility, and might not be able to overtake Mr Reynolds or even get through at all, as he had no authority to send passengers. At 4. A.M. on Sunday morning I started, and Mr Roberson telegraphed to Mr Reynolds, Lieutenant Verney of the British Navy leaves today: he wishes to overtake you and to travel with you through the troubled country: then the telegraph wires broke down, so Mr Roberson did

not receive Mr Reynolds' answer which was, send no passengers. Yesterday afternoon I overtook Mr Reynolds at a place called La Cla[?]: he pretended not to be glad to see me, but I soon shewed him his mistake, and in half an hour we were bosom friends. [I was fortified with letters from Colonel George to the officers commanding the troops along the road, and these, together with Mr Reynolds' office, which he made the most of, secured us attentions by the way, large escorts, and occasionally government mules.][133]

This morning we shook off some women and children would-be passengers at Sulphur Springs, and arrived here this afternoon: Mr Reynolds has with him a Mexican young man, something between a servant and an adopted son, named Manuel, and we three have the stage to ourselves: a small escort of four soldiers from the 11th Kansas volunteers accompanied us yesterday, but now we are in the disturbed country, so we have an escort of eleven men: [We were ourselves well armed with rifles and revolvers. The escort was changed every ten or fifteen miles, when we came to small detachments posted at those intervals. Generally I found one of the escort very glad to travel in the waggon, and to allow me to ride his horse—a benefit to both parties.][134] by changing with one of the escort, I have ridden thirty-five miles to-day, and I hope to get another ride tomorrow: it is far better than stage travelling.

About two miles from here, we passed the place where the stage was attacked by twenty-seven Indians a fortnight ago: the stage escort at that time consisted of only seven men, yet with the help of two or three passengers, they drove the Indians away after an hour's skirmishing: no white man was hit, but one of the stage horses was killed and two were wounded, and several Indians were wounded: the Indians fight tied on to their saddles [by stout leather thongs], so even if they are killed, their horses bear them away. [Their weapons are bows and arrows, and rifles, with which they are expert, but they prefer fighting at long range. It is said that there are white men among them who teach them to fight, and encourage them in their present rebellion. They have good telescopes, and signal by directing the rays of the sun from looking-glasses, reflecting from one to the other.][135] I was so strongly recommended to buy a rifle yesterday that I did so: it is a very small, light, breech-loader. today I have tried it, and am well pleased with it.

The night before last I was awakened by a loud report of a musket, I thought at first that the Indians were on us, but it proved to be the driver's piece [a double-barrelled blunderbuss loaded with slugs] which had gone off by accident, blowing away part of the side of the coach, iron as well as wood. While riding close to the serjeant in charge of the escort to-day, his revolver went off by accident: the ball passed through his saddle, inflicted a slight wound on his horse and went into the ground: it must have passed pretty close to my foot, as I felt the blow of the explosion on my boot. [For the remainder of that stage I rode on his left side.][136] On wednesday night, we were as nearly as possible upset, having got out of the road in the dark: I do not believe we could have

had a narrow escape of a capsize: Mr Reynolds pitched into the driver pretty sharply.

The food at the roadside houses is very poor: to-day no fresh meat could be procured: the price of meals varies from six to eight shillings each. I am told, and it appears to be true, that there is great laxity of discipline in some of those volunteer regiments: Probably the officers are elected by the men, as all come from two or three neighbouring counties in a State and sometimes this election turns their heads, and [illegible] them to work for the rest of their lives electioneering to get offices: in this case they always keep an eye to the future while serving in their regiments, and are careful not to offend their men whose vote and interest they will probably solicit shortly: each one makes sure of being President in time.

We met three passengers this morning who told us that at one place the escort had refused to start until $40 (£8.) had been subscribed and divided among them. This afternoon we came through Bridger Pass, the watershed between the Atlantic and Pacific: there we saw two tiny streams within a few yards of each other flowing one into the Colorado to the Pacific, the other into the Platte River, Mississippi and Atlantic: this then was the summit of the Rocky Mountains in that latitude, and yet we were among hills, and there were no mountains near: only the patches of snow a few yards up the hill side, still enduring in this hot weather, when one is glad to have a broad-brimmed hat and wear a linen coat, showed that we must be very high up. I had a delightful bathe in the Platte river this afternoon, which refreshed me very much. The enjoyment of this travel is much reduced by the endless dirt of travelling day and night: in this troubled country the Indians have run off the stock, so we are obliged to take the same team through and to travel slowly: it is wise however to sleep with my revolver buckled on, and my rifle by my side. The advantages of travelling with the superintendant were not overestimated: I am well repaid for the trouble it cost me to overtake him.

July 28. 1865. I have continual cause to congratulate myself that I am travelling with the superintendant of the line: wherever we arrive, horses and escort are at once provided, where perhaps ordinary passengers would have been detained, and the best of everything is put before us: had I not overtaken Mr Reynolds, I should have been detained certainly one week, probably two and possibly three weeks. This afternoon we arrived at Fort Halleck:[137] from Colonel George, who commands at Camp Douglas, G.S.L.C., I brought a letter of introduction to Colonel Plum in command here: the Fort consists of but a dozen or so huts, stables &c, and is merely a military post in the heart of the troubled country: it lies in a rather pretty green valley, with two or three streams running through it, while to the south is a rather unusual sight of a wooded hill: the country round is not quite so barren and desolate as it has been on our road. We saw three antelopes on a plain this morning. and I rode slowly towards them with one of the escort, but we could not get within 1000 yards of

them: we came upon a covey of some half dozen sage hens, and the whole escort opened a heavy fire upon them with carbines & revolvers but not one was touched: they did not run away at first, but dodged about among the sage bushes almost under our feet: I fired with my rifle several times, but I believe the reason we all missed them was because they were so very close to our far-shooting weapons; in fact we overshot the mark.

Now, our journey today has passed without any further incident: we have travelled continually on the qui vive[138] for two days, and have seen no sign of an Indian: now we have but tomorrow and the next day to pass in the most dangerous country, and then our anxieties will be at an end, although escorts accompany the stage all the way to Atchison. Distance ridden to-day 36 miles.

July 29. 1865. Cooper's Creek. Our third day's journey through the hostile country has terminated without our seeing a single Indian: at Fort Halleck, we heard yesterday that tracks of about twenty-five Indians had been seen, going northward, so we have to-day been, if possible, more on the alert than before, and Colonel Plum, of the 11th Kansas volunteers increased our escort: I have had a jolly day, riding escort horses all the way. The aspect of the country is changing: several of the hill sides we passed were lightly timbered, and picturesque. We have no sage brush, but coarse grass: there are many streams, and I think the country might be brought under cultivation by irrigation. I am told that more or less gold is found in all these hills, and I am persuaded that it will all be a mining country some day: the reddish soil abounding in quartz is just like the gold bearing earth of some parts of California. Coal is also found in the neighbourhood, and so near the surface that it is dug up by hand and used at Fort Halleck.

This is a deserted station, where we remain a few hours to recuperate: we hope to reach Laramie tomorrow morning, and Denver on Monday evening. Then I hope to go on at once, and arrive at Atchison on Saturday night, Aug. 5. Leave there by rail on sunday morning, and get to new York on wednesday Aug 9. Now I have counted my chickens & wonder how they will hatch.

July 30. My bit of letter yesterday was penned under difficulties, and I see it has not a copperplated appearance. At 9. last night we started off, and went seventeen miles to little Laramie: there I slept a few hours and came on to Laramie,[139] which we reached this morning at nine: here we obtained fresh horses, and having ridden upwards of seventy miles in the last 24 hours, I was glad to travel in the stage: this afternoon we have arrived at [a romantic little station among some rocky hills, called] Virginia Dale, whence I now write, and very thankful am I to have come through the troubled country without any mishap.

A heavy thunderstorm is passing over us, and the appearance of the country showed that we have left the land of drought: our drive this morning has been through rolling grass prairies, watered by little streams, while the hill sides have been timbered both in patches and by solitary trees; after a bit we came to

rocky country, abounding in pine, and little green dells, vales, and streams: the rock was a red sandstone, worn into grotesque shapes sometimes in square blocks, built up with the regularity of a wall, and at other times, in stonehenge-like pillars, or blocks: and now the little station of Virginia Dale is in as pretty a situation as a man could desire, the rain brings out the colours of the red stone & green grass, and the sun shining all the time.

July 31. St. Vareins. 33 miles from Denver. We arrived here this morning at eight, having left Virginia Dale at six yesterday afternoon. These places that I name to you consist, in most instances, of but the stage house and stables, and at the best, there are but one or two houses besides: the places are in themselves of no interest, but they are the only landmarks across a great continent, and may some day give names to cities and districts. The road, after leaving Virginia Dale, lay through rocky scenery, the red sandstone blocks being in some places piled up with the utmost regularity, and reminding me in one place of the river fortifications of Allahabad.[140] I was heartily tired with much riding; riding with a rifle, revolver, & thirty rounds of ammunition, on a rough cavalry horse over wild country, is not like riding one of our horses in Totten Row with Emily.[141]—or anyone else. All the wayside log-houses are loopholed, and no man stirs without at least a revolver; though we have now passed the dangerous Indian country, one sees all around signs of being in a hostile land.

7.30 P.M. At four this afternoon we reached Denver, and I intend to start for Atchison tomorrow for several reasons: first, because in any case I must be later at New York than I told you I should be, and that might upset some plan of yours; secondly, because there are no mines nearer this place than forty miles, and they are probably little different to what I have seen elsewhere; and thirdly, every day I spend in this frontier country adds alarmingly to the expense of an already most extravagant journey. After this I shall probably be unable to write for some days, as the coach runs to time, night and day, barely allowing people time to swallow their victuals.

I am indeed most thankful to have passed safely through the troubled country: we hear today that Fort Laramie, about seventy miles from the road we travelled, was attacked two days ago by between two and three hundred Indians and that one officer and sixteen men were killed: I fear that there are going to be very serious troubles with these Sioux tribes and others. The adieus of my friends at Salt Lake were not encouraging: they were on this wise "Good bye old fellow, I hope you'll get safe through; I hope you'll get your scalp safe to Denver, I hope we shall meet in England; I trust you'll get safe to Denver &c &c &c": and now that I run the gaun[t]let, I do not think I have done anything rash or fool-hardy, what I should not do again under similar circumstances: the Indians between this and Atchison have been stealing cattle, but I learn that nothing serious is to be apprehended from them, and that escorts accompany every coach.

Although I am still at such a great distance from dear old Claydon[142], I feel

now as if my journey were nearly over, for the rest appears tolerably certain, and after I once reach New York my discomforts will be at an end: indeed, I assure you they have been no inconsiderable discomforts, and I do not think anything would induce me to undergo them again: sometimes I have felt very unwell, but when this has been the case I have always felt unusually well a few hours after: when the journey seems dreary and monotonous I shut my eyes and think of Claydon, which has for so long been to me a forbidden subject of thought, and I remember that every mile diminishes our difference of longitude.

[Denver, a young and thriving town, with many brick buildings . . . . is built at a ford over the south fork of the Platte river. Last year the water rose suddenly, carrying off some houses on its banks, and since then all new houses have been built on higher ground . . . . Here was a fair inn, a daily newspaper, telegraphic communication, and iced drinks; but I was only two-thirds of the way across the uncivilised country, and was anxious to press on. Early in the year there were Indian troubles between this and Atchison: the savages came in large bodies and drove off the stage-cattle, killed and horribly mutilated the station keepers, and carried off the women. Lately, however, they have been comparatively peaceful. A Concord coach arrives and departs daily, and a small escort of only three or four men accompanies it.][143]

August 7. 1865. How thankful I am to think that all my staging is over, I cannot tell you: we reached Atchison, in Kansas, this morning early, and it was with a feeling of inexpressible delight and relief that I descended from the stage for the last time.

Our journey from Denver was by no means as safe or as simple as it appeared. When we drew near Julesburg, we found that considerable apprehensions were entertained of the Indians: we left Denver on the morning of Tuesday, the first instant; on the previous saturday, two men travelling with their waggons near Julesburg, were attacked by about thirty [Sioux] Indians, killed, and, as usual, shockingly mutilated: their waggons, were burnt, their horses and goods stolen. this news was sufficient to make us all keep a good lookout, and of course every man in the coach was well armed: this part of the road having been hitherto considered comparatively safe, the troops were very thinly scattered, and our escort at no time exceeded four men. We learned that the attack made near fort Laramie was by from 1,000 to 1,500 Indians, and that one officer and twenty-six men were killed, and sixteen wounded, at a place called Platte Bridge.

The Platte river is everywhere fordable, and abounds in quicksands and little bushy islands so it is no protection against the incursions of the Indians: after leaving Denver, the road follows the South Platte[144] through dry praries, abounding in antelope and buffalo, but destitute of trees: I had two or three shots at antelope with my rifle, from the top of the stage: there are also numbers of prarie dogs, which appear to be a sort of ground squirrel: they sit chattering

and yelping at the mouths of their holes as we pass, but when fired at they disappear like lightning: On thursday morning one of the stage horses had a fit and died: we at once put in one of the escort horses, and moved our fingers pretty quickly too, I assure you, as we were in a narrow pass where Indians might have had us at a great disadvantage: these Indians are no mean antagonists, very different from those in British Columbia and Vancouver Island, they are provided with good telescopes, and carefully scrutinize all that passes along the road: they also signalize to each other from one hill to another by reflecting the sun in looking-glasses: there is no doubt that they have white men among them, probably who were guerillas during the rebellion. I thought there was a moral to be got out of the poor old dead horse: it is a noble thing to die in harness, just zealously doing one's duty to the last, even though that duty may not be very romantic, or attracting much notice in the world: when I told other drivers along the road of the death of this old horse, they all seemed to know him however, and said he would always pull his best and overwork himself.

Many of the volunteer regiments are, I find, composed of boys and very young men, so much so that one felt inclined to laugh sometimes at the children sent to escort us: and yet I learn that in the war these boys have invariably distinguished themselves beyond older men both by their pluck and their power of endurance.

[The dress of our escort was at times little more than parti-colored rags. At some places on the road between Denver and Atchison, they did not start until half-an-hour after the stage had gone on; in one instance they were all drunk; on another occasion they were too lazy to bring their carbines, and would fire off their revolvers at marks on the road, leaving themselves quite defenceless.

In conversation with the soldiers, I was surprised to find how readily they admitted the many advantages of a monarchical form of government, and the incorrectness, to say the least of it, of the passage in the beginning of their Declaration of Independence, which says that all men are born free and equal, and entitled to the blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They confessed that it was all 'bunkum' in a marching regiment in wartime. All whom I saw were armed with breech-loading rifles; but different kinds were in use in different corps. Among both officers and men it seemed to be quite the general opinion, that on the whole the Joslyn rifle was the best, and ultimately would be adopted throughout the army.][145]

The annual emigration across the Rocky Mountains to the westward appears to average about five thousand waggons, and twenty thousand persons. On thursday forenoon we reached the junction of the North and South Platte rivers, and after this the river side was always bordered with trees, and trees were seen in the little valleys but the hill tops continued bare, and covered with short grass.

On Friday morning we reached Fort Kearney[146] [where is a small village] and leaving the Platte river followed the Little Blue: at an eating station here, I

met with much rudeness from a man who had come on the coach a short distance: [He studiously strove to pick a quarrel with me, which I as carefully avoided.][147] he kept repeating that I was not the sort of man for that country, [that he knew quite well who I was;] that there were too many of my sort in the country already: that he saw through my game perfectly &c &c: as I saw he had been drinking, I laughed and took no notice of him, and when we drove on I asked a fellow-passenger what I had done to provoke his wrath: he told me that he was mortally offended at my asking for a second plate to eat my tart from instead of using the same one I had for my meat, that he believed me to be a New York [travelling-clerk to a] dry-goods merchant, "putting on style" in the far West:

Along the little Blue River, we traversed rolling prarie with no trees except along the banks of the stream. On Friday afternoon we saw a body of about twenty horsemen a mile or two off: the driver walked his horses that if they were Indians they might not think we were afraid, and [while we felt rather uncomfortable] we all got our arms ready; presently we opened out a hollow where we saw a camp of soldiers, so we concluded that the horsemen we saw were either a cavalry picket, or an Indian picket watching the soldiers; an hour or two later we saw a body of thirty or forty Indians travelling northwards: they had passed close to a train of emigrants without attempting to molest them, probably deterred by the proximity of the soldiers. We saw at night many fire flies, or as the Yankees unromantically term them "lightning-bugs."

On Saturday we made but little progress owing to the muddy state of the roads, and some difficulties about the horses. On Sunday morning we reached the Big Blue river, and found it so much swollen by the late rains that it could not be forded: we were forced to cross it [one at a time,] on a rude raft made of [three] shapeless logs [nailed together, which our weight completely submerged], with the water up to our knees: of course, most of our things got wet, but a coach was waiting for us on the other side, and we spread our wet things on the top thereof, where they soon dried [quickly in the sun]: then we proceeded, and arrived this morning without further adventure: I leave by train this afternoon, so I am just a day later than I had counted on: I think you must admit that my chickens are hatching fairly.

Now I will close and despatch this long letter, to get it off my hands: I hope to reach New York on Thursday or Friday.

Your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

August 7, 1865.

Quincy. Illinois.
August 8, 1865.

My dear Father,

Approaching again the lands of civilization, and civility, I have not much to complain of: travelling East by railway I near Claydon rapidly: at every station the character of my fellow travellers improves: at every fresh railroad company the pace is swifter and the road smoother: at every refreshment room the food is better: in every town the hotels are better, and the servants are less brusque: but I have not yet reached those parts where railway companies think it is worth while to make their lines to connect with those of their neighbours, and I believe I shall be liable to detentions and vexatious delays until I shall have passed Chicago. At the latest I believe I shall reach New York on Friday the 11th, two days later than my calculations when at Denver. Last night I got from Atchison to St. Joseph by a freight train; today I have come on to Quincy, too late, of course, to catch this afternoon's train for Chicago.[148]

Our journey to-day lay over the roughest road I have ever travelled in a railway carriage: to look at it, one wondered that any-one should have the hardihood to attempt to drive a train over it: in some places we crawled along at a foot's pace, and we could see the bank give under each sleeper as we passed over it: the rocking and swaying of the cars was more violent than I have ever experienced before, reading was impossible. The line has the reputation of being the "meanest" in the States. From St. Joseph I mailed a very long letter to you, as the mails are sometimes taken on an engine when passengers are not taken, and my letter might just catch some steamer at New York: I am longing to hear of your return for Buckingham:[149] American papers say that the liberals are being defeated in several instances, I fear I cannot hear certainly about you until I reach New York, and there I expect to find a tremendous budget of news:

Fifth Avenue Hotel. New York. August 12. 1865. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! My period of bondage has expired: Richard, I mean to say Edmund, is himself again. How thankful I am to be again dressed like a gentleman, and to again live like a gentleman, I cannot express on paper: after the discomforts of my journey, just to sit and look at the things about my room is perfect happiness: a blissful abiding sense of cleanliness pervades me. Man wants but little here below, but when he has got used to it he misses it, especially when it takes the form of Gosnell's Patent Irichosaron hair-brush.

You may suppose that I have felt great anxiety to hear the result of your election, or rather canvass: when we reached Chicago, I employed the time allowed for dinner in going into the town and getting the Illustrated London News, and delighted was I to see there that you were safe. I reached New York

yesterday afternoon,[150] but I did not get my trunk or letters from the Consul till this morning: I did not see Mr Archibald, as he is out of town for a day or two; I saw Mr Edwards the vice-consul.[151] Now, I intend to stay here a day or two to get put to rights, to get my clothes ironed out, and to be made generally presentable after my long journey: perhaps I may do something of this sort; go to Washington the 16th: leave on the 19th; go to Niagara and reach Montreal on the 22nd; Halifax, where Uncle Hope[152] is, on the 25th, and Claydon in the first or second week in September. Your letters all agree in begging me not to hurry home, and I take you at your word. Perhaps you may write something in answer to my telegraph from Salt Lake City that may alter these plans.

My strong desire is at once to rush home in the hope of catching George before he leaves England, but you do not at all advise that, and perhaps I might just miss him after all.[153]

When I do come home, I shall probably telegraph from Liverpool, and wait there for your answer, or wait a day in London. I shall earnestly desire to return to America some day, to pay a lengthened visit to the United States; it is the school for an English statesman, pardon my "highfiluting". I am "alone in a crowd", and as I near the longitude of Claydon my heart beats faster, and I long for my beloved home: but, patience heart; beat steadily yet a little while, and in God's good time you shall throb and thump at Claydon Station.

August 15. 1865. I must now close this letter, as the Cunard steamer leaves Boston for England tomorrow morning: how I wish I were going: I am going by train tonight in the opposite direction namely to Washington, where I shall probably remain a day or two, and possibly the steamer that leaves Boston this day fortnight and calls at Halifax may carry me to old England. I hope George has not been inhabiting my room; if he has let him be at once ignominiously expelled: inundate with three jars of chloride of zinc, to take away the smell of tobacco, and sprinkle with a quarter cask of eau-de-cologne, the same to be charged against his wages by the Deputy Assistant Adjutant General of the 60th Rifles.

Your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

Willard's Hotel. Washington
August 17. 1865.

My dear Father,

Leaving N.Y. by the train on Tuesday night, I reached Washington yesterday morning: I went to call at the embassy, and was very kindly received: I dined there last night, and I dine there again tonight: nothing could be more charming than the manners of the gentle Lady Elma:[154] I cannot believe that Britain contains such another: I can say no more.

August 19. Leaving Washington last night I regained the 5th Avenue Hotel this morning: I did not enjoy my visit to Washington much: the heat made me feel quite unwell: having no companion I am sure that I missed much that was worth seeing; only the two evenings at the embassy were a great treat: if you knew how little pleasure I am deriving from my stay here, you would, I think, counsel my immediate return. However, I shall go steadily on with my programme, and leave here probably tomorrow for West Point, then Niagara; after that probably, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax: a steamer leaves Halifax for Liverpool on the 31st, and I think you may be pretty well sure that I shall come in her.

I was much disappointed not to hear from you by the mail that arrived a day or two ago: I have no doubt that I shall find a letter at Halifax: it is all very well for you to write to me to see everything worth seeing, but I feel that I am just wasting time and money, and prices in New York are enormous. What I do see I do not see well or thoroughly: I have no introductions, and find myself very commonly regarded as an imposter. A man in New York who absolutely knows nobody, who can give no reference is naturally an object of suspicion: the waiter keeps a sharp eye to the spoons, albeit they are electro-plate; the porter is on tenter-hooks lest I should slip by him with my luggage, and leave my bill unpaid; there was quite a flutter in the establishment when I sent my portmanteau out to be repaired: I can see by the Clerk's eye as he sits at his desk and watches my goings out and comings in that he knows I either roam the streets disconsolately like a wandering star, or sit upstairs writing like a rebel and conspirator: then I never go to the bar and take drinks, a fact which shows plainly that I do not want to be recognized: the chambermaid secretly rejoices when she does my room in the morning, and finds some of the linen abstracted: of course she is Irish, and when I try to be seductive, and talk about the Emerald Isle, and try to make out that I was a very near relation indeed to old Lord Dunsany,[155] she only scowls at me, and detects some geographical error on my part.

You see all this is very mortifying and harrassing, and pothering, and not at all ludicrous from my point of view, and when I am not actually sight-seeing I have no <u>work</u>, and I am not given to literature. Pity the sorrows of a poor

young man. If this sort of life were to last, I should learn to play at billiards, or whist, or do something desperate.

Our text today is Luke 14. 31.: I hope we agree. I find Captain Mayne is in New York: I do not know whether we shall meet: I have called on him, but he was not at home.[156]

August 20. I must close this note to you: it will go by the Cunard steamer on wednesday, and by the Cunard steamer leaving on the following wednesday I hope to return to the old country. I went this morning to the highest of churches; a collect was introduced into the service, which I had never heard before; it was something about the Apostolic Succession, and such like, and on the whole I am afraid I was not very much edified: at the same time I think it is a pity one should be a slave to prejudices; far better to have the gift of seeing and extracting the good from the circumstances in which we find ourselves. As Mayne has not turned up yet, I suspect he does not want to be bothered with seeing me, but I shall be sorry to leave New York without giving him the latest news from V.I. and B.C.

I do not answer Uncle Frederic's letter, or Aunt Fremantle's, as I look forward to being with them soon:[157] with love to Mama and to whichever brats you have at home; believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

Cataract House. Niagara Falls.
August 22. 1865.

My dear Father,

I arrived here this afternoon, and have nearly "done" Niagara already: the sooner the better: I want to get away from this miserable, solitary, friendless life: tomorrow morning at daylight I am going to see the Falls, they deserve a capital F., from the Canadian shore, and by this time tomorrow, if my washing is sent home in time, I hope to be leaving tearing away to Boston: thence I shall proceed to Halifax to the quickest route.

I went this afternoon into the Cave of the Winds: one has to take off everything, and dress in a suit of flannels &c, and go down slippery ladders under heavy showerbaths, and then pretend to [be] pleased and happy, while one's teeth are chattering, and one is being buffeted in the face with dabs of water, now on this side, and now on that: when the guide despotically commends

you to admire the falls, and you try to lift your eyelids, the wind and water beat them down: then the guide says that the smallest fall is the prettiest, adding that that verifies the saying that good stuff is made up in small parcels, and you can see by the way he says it that it is his stock remark that has been made at that particular point of the cave to every tourist during the last three years: then, if the sun is well-disposed, you see circular rainbows in two or three places, and then you stagger up the slippery ladders again, take off your wet rags, pay two dollars and go away. So now you know all about Niagara Falls.

I suppose there is no place where tourists are more mercilessly fleeced than they are here: I was warned of it by a gentleman in the train: I suppose you know there is a tower built on a rock jutting out towards the horse-shoe fall: this is reached from the centre island, "Goat Island", which is connected by a bridge with the American shore. The Horse[s]hoe fall is thus on the Canadian side of Goat Island, and it contains the major portion of the river, although the fall is six feet lower than the American fall: The mass of the water looks green, even after it turns the edge of the precipice, and this more than anything else shows what a body of water must be falling: but a week might be spent here without one's being weary or ceasing to discover fresh beauties every day: it seems a pity to rush through one's sight-seeing as I am doing, but I shall enjoy my next visit to America all the more for having first a general idea of it.

August 24. 1865. Boston. Yesterday morning I rose at five, and, in company with an American gentleman, visited the falls on the Canadian side: I think the view thence is the grander, but on the whole the chief attractions are on the American side: I went a short distance under the Falls, near the Table Rock, but it was not to be compared to the Cave of the Winds I visited the previous day.

[Thence we went to what is called the Burning Spring, a mile or so up the river; the water is strongly impregnated with sulphur, and emits a gas that burns brilliantly. Returning, we crossed the river by Ferry, just below the Falls, and had a farewell look at them in all their grandeur: they are strikingly like their pictures, and I had heard so much about them, and seen so many photographs of them, that they seemed like familiar friends and no descriptions enable one to realize their grandeur: the impression they give one may be summed up in the sublime words of the bard who has immortalized himself in the book kept for contributions, in the words, Niagara! Niagara! you indeed are a staggerer.

Having <u>done</u> the Falls, I set to work to find out how to get to Halifax, a point on which I had vainly sought information at New York, and you may imagine my disappointment at finding that the steamer for Halifax was to sail from Boston this morning, without the possibility of my arriving before this afternoon: it was no use making myself miserable: it was plain that the fates were adverse, and that I was doomed to a prolongation of this miserable solitary existence, so I committed myself to the care of the railway conductor last night, and found myself at Boston this afternoon: the next steamer for Halifax leaves

here on Monday, so I shall probably have at most thirty-six hours there: this letter will leave by the steamer from New York on Saturday, and you may confidently expect me by the Cunard steamer that leaves this on Wednesday the 30th. I do not see what is likely to alter that arrangement: I should be much pleased to find a letter from you awaiting me: if you address it to the Agent of the Cunard Company, will he not see that it is handed to me on arrival, or would not one of the Custom House people deliver it to me: would you send Henry to meet me with a letter, telling me where you are, and the latest intelligence, or have you not got a spare brat you could send to meet me at Liverpool. You do not know how I yearn for a friend. Now I have got to kick my heels in Boston till Monday. Satan finds some mischief still, for Your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

as Dr Watts says.

Revere House. Boston.
August 27. 1865.

dear Father,

Although I hope that when you read this letter I shall be sitting opposite and grinning at you, yet I may as well keep up the correspondence, if only as a journal of events. My last letter to you should have left New York yesterday, and is by this time I hope speeding across the waters to the old country, so you will have timely notice when to expect me. I went over [to] the Navy Yard yesterday, and visited the double-turreted monitor "Agamenticus"[158]: I am very glad to have seen her: I was much impressed by my visit: she gives far more the idea of a serviceable sea-going vessel than any monitor I have hitherto seen: her appearance is most formidable, and suggestive of great power, and her arrangements are far superior to any that I have seen before: I wonder how our English iron-clad navy will strike me after what I have seen here: I confess that I have a very high opinion of such a vessel as the Agamenticus: she is <u>almost</u> a sea-going vessel fit to go any where alone, but I do not think the monitor class can ever quite achieve that.

Yesterday at noon, I went to hear the performance of the great organ in the Boston Music Hall: both remind one of St. James' Hall, but they are not so large nor so handsome: still large enough and handsome enough to be fine and impressive: there were not many people there, and the handbills announced that Mrs Frohock would be the organist: while we were waiting, all of us being in the gallery looking down on the floor and platform, a side door near the organ

opened, and there appeared a shy little lady of perhaps 18 or 20, simply dressed in white, with her golden hair bound plainly round her small brave little head: she gave but a demure glance at the gallery, tripped up the steps as lightly as a fairy, went fearlessly up to the big monster whose enormous shining pipes like Armstrong guns were upheld by grim carved figures, with colossal muscles, and——disappeared! vanished!

I must own I was puzzled, but soon discovered that she was stooping down to pick up some music, and so one did not notice her dress as she sat on the music bench among that forest of stops, and before the four key-boards: then she sat up, threw back her shoulders, and went rapidly through a little private gymnastic exercise in about six seconds, and tucking up her dress to leave her feet free that little fragile thing in a moment made the hall and galleries tremble again, and the great organ under her manipulation poured out for the space of one hour floods of delicious melodies from the works of the great composers. An air from the "Elijah" was her greatest success with her audience: it was throughout played on the softest stops, and with the fullest harmony, and as the air now and then seemed to die away in the far far distance till it was all but inaudible the people seemed to hang breathlessly upon every note, and maintained the most absolute quiet: a better behaved audience I never saw: and then when the music seemed as it were to come back again, and the decided air swelled up again upon us, quite a sigh of relief passed through the assembly: the applause at the conclusion was very subdued, but I think there was not a hand there, but gave a little pat. My ill-luck and drearifulness follows me like a spectre even to Boston, and I can truly say that I never took my pleasure so sadly as I have during the last fortnight. I hate the Yankee waiter; he sits on my soul like Edgar Poe's raven: he is attired in shabby black, with heel-trodden slippers and crumpled white tie: he stands by my chair, not behind it, scrutinizing each morsel of provender: in vain have I implored him to leave me: he only returns with iced water or greasy indian corn, and whispers in my ear ever "More?"

September 2. Off Cape Race:[159] On Monday morning I left Boston by train, and got to Portland at about one: there I looked about the town, which appears to be a thriving little place, and at five left by steamer for St. John's.[160] We reached St. John's on Tuesday afternoon, and left by another steamer for Windsor[161] where we arrived on wednesday morning early: there we took a train, and got to Halifax by noon: here I learned for the first time that Uncle Hope was at Quebec, so on Thursday night I left Halifax by the steamer "China" whence I now write, my heart bounding with joy to think I am at length fairly en route for Claydon: of course this is hardly to be taken literally, as I presume that 10 days bounding might terminate in heart-disease: it is a form of speech, you know.

Had Uncle Hope been at Halifax and asked me to remain until next mail, I should have done so; had he left a note to say he should be glad to see me,

I might have followed him to Quebec, but he left neither note nor message. I think you told me you had written to me to Uncle Hope's care, so I was disappointed to get no letters from you at Halifax: but I was certainly disappointed not to get a note or message from him: I did not write to him, as he gave up answering my letters long ago, and I did not wish to give him to understand that I came there expecting an invitation: indeed, I took my ticket by the "China" before I left Boston.

But Captain Maguire in the "Galatea" was senior officer, and he received me most warmly. said he would do anything for me, and placed his gig at my disposal: he asked me to dinner to meet the other captains present, and introduced me to the Governor, Sir Richard McDonnell,[162] and to the General, General Doyle:[163] and when the steamer came in after midnight he took me on board and recommended me to the good offices of Captain Hockley, whose brother was a messmate of mine in the Britannia. Altogether, barring the Admiral's absence, my visit to Halifax was a success, and every one showed me great kindness: of course I studied that Uncle Hope should not on his return hear even the minutest of his nephew, that might displease him: I wonder how I succeeded.

On board the steamer, we have Mr Phipps, late attaché at Washington and his wife, and I think that several nice people will turn up when sea-sickness has ceased to reign. We have also Mr Wood, late banker of Victoria, with his wife and two children: I parted from him last in the Yo Semite valley.

September 5, 1865. As might have been expected, there are several nice people on board who begin to emerge as they overcome the mal de mer. I find that we call off Queenstown before going to Liverpool, and that had I been cunning I should have asked you to write to me there; as it is, I shall telegraph to you from Ireland, and send this letter on shore at Queenstown: I am busily reading up reviews and periodicals, so as not to be altogether in the lurch when I get home: I think the Shannon, the vessel in which I went from Southampton to St. Thomas, was on the whole a more comfortable vessel than this one, the "China."

September 8. Last night we saw a curious, and I believe a rare sight; a lunar rainbow with its colour as distinct as a solar one, although of course not so bright.

We expect to reach Queenstown tomorrow morning at about six, not having made a very prosperous passage on the whole, and then we shall get to Liverpool on Sunday morning: my present intention is to sleep at the Adelphi Hotel, and leave Liverpool by the 9 A.M. train on Monday morning, which will bring me to Claydon at about three or four in the afternoon: I hope to hear from you by some means or another at Liverpool.

Your affectionate Son,

Edmund Hope Verney.

NOTES

[1]For biographical data about Verney and his family, see Allan Pritchard, ed., *Vancouver Island Letters of Edmund Hope Verney, 1862-65* (Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1996), 8-10, 50-51. See also Allan Pritchard, "Letters of a Victorian Naval Officer: Edmund Verney in British Columbia, 1862-65," *BC Studies* 86 (Summer 1990), 28, 56; Allan Pritchard, "More Letters of Edmund Verney," *BC Studies*, 96 (Winter 1992-93), 100-103.

[2]For example, Edmund Hope Verney, *The Shannon's Brigade in India: Being Some Account of Sir William Peel's Naval Brigade in the Indian Campaign of 1857-1858* (London: Saunders, Otley and Co., 1862); Gerald Lloyd Verney, *The Devil's Wind: The Story of the Naval Brigade at Lucknow from the Letters of Edmund Hope Verney and Other Papers Concerning the Enterprise of the Ship's Company of H.M.S. Shannon in Campaign in India, 1857-58* (London: Hutchison, 1956).

[3]I became aware of these letters through Allan Pritchard's publication of Verney's Vancouver letters, of which this project is, in effect, an epilogue. I am further indebted to Pritchard for his helpful suggestions and encouragement to pursue the Verney saga. I am grateful to Sir Ralph Verney for permission to publish the letters and to Mrs. Susan R. Ranson, Archivist, Claydon House, Middle 104 Claydon, Buckingham, England, who facilitated my access to the letters.

[4]Edmund Hope Verney, "An Overland Journey from San Francisco to New York, by Way of Salt Lake City," *Good Words*, 1 June 1866, 378-93.

[5]Small Bower was Verney's cottage, which he described as a "picturesque little shanty." Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 131-32, 245.

[6]The harbor island was fortified and occupied by artillery detachments. Writers' Program, California, *San Francisco: The Bay and Its Cities* (New York: Hastings House, 1940; reprint, St. Clair Shores, Michigan: Somerset Publishers, 1972), 362-64.

[7]Frederick Ferdinand Low was governor of California, 1863-1867. *Dictionary of American Biography* s.v. "Low, Frederick Ferdinand."

[8]Irvin McDowell commanded the Union army that was raised to defend the capital. His defeat at Bull Run in July 1861 has been characterized as "one of the most humiliating defeats in American military history." Roger J. Spiller, *Dictionary of American Military Biography*, S. V. "McDowell Irvin."

[9]Verney probably referred to the horse line that ran on Fifth Street between Market and Townsend streets. It and five cable lines had been established in 1860 as the Market Street Railroad Company. Gladys Hansen, *San Francisco Almanac: Everything You Want to Know about the City* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1975), 231.

[10]Henry Tyler was Verney's servant. Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 47.

[11]Formerly a thriving gold mining center, Murphy's, earlier called Murphy's Bar, now served as the gateway to the sequoia tree country. Remi Nadeau, *Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of California* (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1965), 93-94; J. S. Holliday, *Rush for Riches: Gold Fever and the Making of California* (Oakland: Oakland Museum of California, and Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999), 68.

[12]Verney, "Overland Journey,"378.

[13]*Ibid.*

[14]The local use of Mammoth Grove as the designation is understandable as the descriptive stories about their immense sizes that spread following the 1852 discovery of the trees called them Mammoth Trees or Big Trees. Lawrence F. Cook, *The Giant Sequoia of California* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service, 1942), 8, 24.

Given Verney's approach to the big trees from Murphy's, Mammoth Grove is probably what is presently designated as North Calaveras Grove in the Calaveras Big Tree State Park. Richard J. Hartesveldt, *et. al.*, *The Giant Sequoia of the Sierra Nevada* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service, 1975), 3, 158.

[15]Verney, "Overland Journey," 378.

[16]Verney's reference here is to prominent English statesmen John Bright and Richard Cobden, who sometimes cooperated to achieve economic and other significant reforms. *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. "Bright, John (1811-1889)"; *idem*, s.v. "Cobden, Richard (1804-1865)."

[17]Florence Nightingale, the famed English nurse and hospital reformer, was a sister of Verney's stepmother. *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. "Verney, Sir Harry (1801-1894)."

[18]Verney, "Overland Journey," 378.

[19]*Ibid.*

Some botanists speculated that the origin of the name *Sequoia* was derived from the Latin *sequi* or *sequor* (Verney's use of *Secoria* herein), alluding to the fact that it was a remnant or follower of extinct species. An English botanist who had never seen the tree named it *Wellingtonia gigantia* in honor of the English war hero, the Duke of Wellington, who also had never seen it. Hartesveldt *et al.*, *Giant Sequoia*,19-28.

[20]Verney, "Overland Journey," 378.

[21]At this time, Copperopolis was "the principal copper-producing area in the nation." Donald C. Miller, *Ghost Towns of California* (Boulder, Colo.: Pruett Publishing Company, 1978), 45.

[22]The Botallack mine was a very productive tin mine in Cornwall. In 1841, when it was about to be abandoned, a rich copper lode was discovered. Roger Burt, ed., *Cornish Mining: Essays on the Organisation of Cornish Mining Economy* (New York: Augustus M. Kelley Publishers, 1969), 194 n. 30.

[23]France justified its 1864 invasion of Mexico as being a move to counter Mexico's moratorium on its foreign debt. After partially occupying the country, France established an imperial form of government and crowned the Austrian Archduke Maximilian as emperor. With the end of the American Civil War and the possibility of French support of the Confederacy, the American government openly proclaimed its displeasure and overlooked Mexican agents who purchased arms and ammunitions and recruited volunteers. Some three thousand Union veterans joined Mexican units. The French army withdrew and Maximilian was executed. Alfred Jackson Hanna and Kathryn Abbey Hanna, *Napoleon III and Mexico: American Triumph over Monarchy* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1971), 248-89; Michael C. Meyer and William L. Sherman, *The Course of Mexican History*, 4th ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991), 385-401.

[24]In his letters, Verney referred to his stepmother as Mama. Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 10.

[25]The U.S. Marine Hospital was built in 1853 "to combat cholera, yellow fever, and general unsanitary conditions existing among seamen." Hansen, *San Francisco Almanac*, 37, 192.

[26]William Lane Booker was British consul at San Francisco. Great Britain, Foreign Office, *The Foreign Office List and Diplomatic and Consular Year Book for 1911* (London: Harrison and Sons, 1911), 467.

[27]Horace D. Lascelles commanded another gunboat stationed at Esquimalt during Verney's tenure there. Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 263 n 1.

[28]Knight's Ferry crossed the Stanislaus River along present California State Route 120 between Oakdale and Jamestown. Nadeau, *Ghost Towns*, 106; Erwin G. Gudde, *California Place Names: The Origin and Etymology of Current Geographical Names* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1969), 167.

[29]At 3,849 feet above sea level, Mount Diablo, a conical, nonvolcanic peak, dominates the horizon skyline some twenty miles to the east of Oakland. Gudde, *California Place Names* 89-90; Writers' Program, *San Francisco*, 416.

[30]Known as Coulterville after George W. Coulter who built a store and hotel there about 1850, its post office from 1852 to 1872 was designated as Maxwell's Creek after gold miner George Maxwell. Gudde, *California Place Names*, 77, 196; Miller, *Ghost Towns*, 47.

[31]Verney, "Overland Journey," 379.

[32]George Hills was the first Anglican Bishop of Columbia. Hills and Verney's father were cousins. *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, s.v. "Hills, George;" Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 12.

[33]Verney, "Overland Journey," 379.

[34]*Ibid.*

[35]*Ibid.*

[36]*Ibid.*

[37]*Ibid.*

[38]*Ibid.*

[39]*Ibid.*

[40]*Ibid.*, 380.

[41]*Ibid.*

[42]*Ibid.*

[43]*Ibid.*

[44]*Ibid.*

[45]Verney did very well in visiting many of the principal features that would later be included in the Yosemite National Park: Bridal Veil, Vernal, Nevada, and Yosemite falls, and Mirror Lake. His claim for Yosemite Falls at 2,548 feet—its measured height is 2,425 feet—as "the highest in the world" is now known otherwise as probably the third highest. It is exceeded by Angel Falls in Venezuela at 3,212 feet and Tugela Falls in Natal, South Africa, at 2,800 feet. *Columbia Gazetteer of the World*. 3 vols. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1998), I:1112, III:3231, III:3534.

[46]Verney, "Overland Journey," 380.

[47]The settlement was named after the Mexican miners who established it. Sonora had flourished as a prosperous and important gold-rush town. Gudde, *California Place Names*, 316-17; Nadeau, *Ghost Towns*, 100-105.

[48]Sonora, by way of San Andreas. Verney, "Overland Journey,"380.

[49]Mokelumne Hill was another mining-camp settlement. It had been the scene of disputes, referred to locally as wars, involving French and Chilean miners. Nadeau, *Ghost Towns*, 78-83; Miller, *Ghost Towns*, 119-24.

[50]Passing through Jackson and Drytown. Verney, "Overland Journey," 380.

[51]Latrobe was named for a civil engineer of viaduct building renown. Shingle Springs was the home of a shingle manufactory. Verney had traveled from Labrobe to Shingle Springs on a completed segment of the projected Placerville and Sacramento Valley Railroad. Gudde, *California Place Names*, 174, 307; Gilbert H. Kneiss, *Bonanza Railroads* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1963), 26-27, endmap; David F. Myrick, *Railroads of Nevada and Eastern California*. 2 vols. (Berkeley, California: Howell-North Books, 1962-1963), I:2, map.

[52]Verney, "Overland Journey," 381.

[53]*Ibid.*

[54]Verney was now traveling on the Overland Mail route that would take him across the mountains and the Great Plains. For the more than forty stations along the route between Placerville and Salt Lake City, see "Letter *[of* Transmittal] from the Postmaster General," January 13, 1881, in U.S. Congress, Senate, 46th Cong., 3d sess., 1880-81, Ex. Doc. 21. Serial 1941.

The names of the stations have conveniently been culled from the contractual documents and have been listed in Roscoe P. Conlding and Margaret B. Conkling, *The Butterfield Overland Mail. 1857-1869. Its Organization and Operation over the Southern Route to 1861; Subsequently over the Central Route to 1866; and under Wells. Fargo and Company in 1869*. 3 vols. (Glendale, Calif.: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1947), II:385-86.

[55]Verney, "Overland Journey," 381.

[56]*Ibid.*

[57]*Ibid.*, 382.

[58]Gould and Curry was one of the richest early silver mines in the Comstock Lode. Gilman M. Ostrander, *Nevada: The Great Rotten Borough, 1859-1964* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966), 8, 27; Helen S. Carlson, *Nevada Place Names: A Geographical Dictionary* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1974), 125.

[59]Verney, "Overland Journey," 382.

[60]*Ibid.*

[61]*Ibid.*

[62]The Ouse River that Verney mentions here is not to be confused with the Ouzel. The latter flows into the former several miles downstream from Buckingham in Verney's home county in England. William Page, ed., *The Victoria History of the County of Buckingham*, 5 vols. (reprint London: Dawsons of Pall Mall, 1969), vol. I: Orographical Map, between pages 20 -21; 23.

[63]Verney, "Overland Journey," 382.

[64]*Ibid.*

[65]*Ibid.*

[66]I*bid.*, 383.

[67]*Ibid.*, 381.

[68]*Ibid.*, 383.

[69]*Ibid.*

[70]*Ibid.*

[71]Verney was traveling on an Overland Mail and Stage Company stage. To service the silver mining needs, Overland had expanded its service. At this time, it had 13 stations, 8 drivers, 78

horses, and 15 coaches and mud-wagons in service for the 180 miles between Virginia City and Austin. *History of Nevada with Illustrations and Biographical Sketches of Its Prominent Men and Pioneers* (Oakland, Calif.: Thompson & West, 1881); (reprint Berkeley, Calif.: Howell-North, 1958), 106.

[72]Verney, "Overland Journey," 333.

[73]*Ibid.* 384.

[74]*Ibid.*

[75]For the 370 miles from Austin to Salt Lake City, Overland Mail established 36 stations, used 60 wagons and 190 horses, and employed 22 drivers. *History of Nevada*, 106.

[76]Verney, "Overland Journey," 384.

[77]The village of Egan was established some fifty miles to the north of Ely in eastern Nevada to serve the needs of two gold stamp mills at the entrance to the canyon. Stanley W. Paher, *Nevada Ghost Towns and Mining Camps* (Berkeley, Calif.: Howell-North Books, 1970), 242.

[78]Verney, "Overland Journey," 385.

[79]When three suspects, George Smith, Lawrence Dulligan (Brecky Jack), and Mr. Murphy were released from several weeks in custody, they fled by sloop.

When extradition charges were filed by American authorities, Smith and Dulligan were apprehended, cross-examined, and their extradition ordered. *Daily British Colonist* (Victoria, Vancouver Island, 3, 12, 13, 15, 16, and 17 December 1864); Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 59 n. 78.

[80]Verney, "Overland Journey," 384.

[81]A few miles to the west of Utah Lake, Fort Crittenden, first called Camp Floyd, had been abandoned as a military base in 1861. Francis Paul Prucha *A Guide to the Military Posts of the United States, 1789-1895* (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1964), 69; John W. VanCott, *Utah Place Names: A Comprehensive Guide to the Origins of Geographic Names, a Compilation* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1990), 63.

[82]The Mormons renamed it as the Jordan River from earlier designations because of its similarity to the biblical Jordan River's drainage system flowing from the fresh water Sea of Galilee (Utah Lake) into the Dead Sea (Great Salt Lake). VanCott, *Utah Place Names*, 208.

[83]Verney, "Overland Journey," 384-85.

[84]*Ibid.*, 385.

[85]*Ibid.*

[86]Although the number remains unsettled, this is an exaggeration. For example, in 1992 Leonard Arrington said that Young, by the time of his death in 1877, had twenty plural marriages. Subsequently, in 1999, Arrington had modified this to "several wives." *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*, s.v. "Young, Brigham"; *American National Biography* s.v. "Young, Brigham."

[87]Mormons perform saving ordinances vicariously for persons who did not receive them in mortal life. *Encyclopedia of Mormonism* s.v. "Genealogy," "Eternal Marriage."

[88]Admiral John A. B. Dahlgren—Verney's spelling here is incorrect—was well known as the inventor of the heavy naval cannon used in the Civil War. Spiller, *Dictionary of American Military Biography.* s. v."Dahlgren, John Adolphus Bernard."

[89]Verney, "Overland Journey," 385.

[90]*Ibid.*, 386.

[91]*Ibid.*

[92]The harmonium is a small keyboard organ.

[93]Making adjustments for dramatic changes in economic structure and relative prices, the Rothschilds' wealth and financial muscle easily exceed the combined wealth of today's Saudi royal family. Between the Rothschild level and whatever Brigham Young's level might have been, there were most certainly several others.

Niall Ferguson, *The House of Rothschild* 2 vols. (New York: Viking, 1998-99); W. D. Rubinstein, "British Millionaires, 1809-1949," *Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research*, 47 (November 1974), 202-23.

[94]An endowment house is a building in which certain specific temple ordinances or endowments, essentially ritualized courses of instruction, are administered. *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*, s.v. "Endowment," "Endowment Houses."

[95]Verney, "Overland Journey," 386.

[96]*Ibid.*, 387.

[97]Camp Douglas was established in 1862 to control the Mormons and to protect the overland mail route. Prucha, *Guide to the Military Posts*, 72.

[98]Verney, "Overland Journey," 387.

[99]*Ibid.*, 388.

[100]*Ibid.*, 387-88.

[101]*Ibid.*, 385.

[102]*Ibid.*

[103]*Ibid.*

[104]*Ibid.*, 387.

[105]*Ibid.*

[106]*Daily Union Vedette*. Winifred Gregory, ed., *American Newspapers. 1821-1936: A Union List of Files Available in the United States and Canada* (New York: H. H. Wilson Company, 1937), 686.

[107]The *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph* had been established as "a journalistic foil to the Vedette." Gregory, *American Newspaper*, 686; J. Cecil Alter, *Early Utah Journalism: A Half Century of Forensic Warfare. Waged by the West's Most Militant Press* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1938), 340.

[108]Verney, "Overland Journey," 387.

[109]*Ibid.*, 388.

[110]Schuyler Colfax served as Speaker of the House of Representatives, 1863-69. The Colfax official junket was in Salt Lake City just a few weeks beforeVerney's visit. Samuel Bowles, a prominent newspaper editor and a member of theColfax party, wrote extensive letter accounts of the visit. *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress, 1774-1989*, Bicentennial Edition (Washington, D. C.: United States Government Printing Office, 1989), 809; Samuel Bowles, *Across the Continent: A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax* (Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles & Company, 1865), 79-130, 391-98.

[111]Verney, "Overland Journey," 388.

[112]Ibid.

[113]Ibid., 389.

[114]An assertion without proof.

[115]Copperheads were northerners who sympathized with the South during the American Civil War.

[116]Verney, "Overland Journey," 389.

[117]*Ibid.*

[118]*Ibid.*

[119]*Ibid.*

[120]For the stations on Verney's itinerary on the Overland Mail route from Salt Lake City thus far, and those on his continuing Overland Mail route to Denver, see "Letter of [Transmittal]"; Conkling and Conkling, *Butterfield Overland Mail*, II:385-86.

[121]Fort Bridger was built on the site of a former trading post on the Overland Trail in present southwestern Wyoming. Prucha, *Guide to the Military Posts*, 62.

[122]Verney, "Overland Journey," 389-90.

[123]*Ibid.*

[124]*Ibid.*, 386.

[125]*Ibid.*

[126]In 1838, during the Mormons' sojourn in Missouri, the Danites, a renegade Mormon guerrilla band, was organized to protect the Saints from anti-Mormon outrages. Its commander was excommunicated and the group was disbanded. The Danites soon became the grist for sensational novels of the day. After the Mormons were established in Utah, popular accounts alleged that the secret Danites had been resurrected by the church to wreak vengeance on Mormon defectors and Gentile interference. *Encyclopedia of Mormonism* s.v. "Danites"; Terry L. Givens, *The Viper on the Hearth: Mormons, Myths, and the Construction of Heresy* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997), 190 n. 11.

[127]Verney, "Overland Journey," 387.

[128]*Ibid.*

[129]*Ibid.*, 390.

[130]*Ibid.*, 390-91.

[131]*Ibid.*,391.

[132]*Ibid.*

[133]*Ibid.*

[134]*Ibid.*

[135]*Ibid.*

[136]*Ibid.*, 392.

[137]Fort Halleck was established to protect travelers along the Overland Trail. Prucha, *Guide to the Military Posts*, 77.

[138]Watchful, on the alert.

[139]The stations called Little Laramie and (Big) Laramie should not be confused with Fort Laramie (modern Laramie) in southeastern Wyoming. Prucha, *Guide to the Military Posts*, 84. Verney confirms this distinction in his entry for July 31, below.

[140]A large segment of the Bengal army was involved in the Indian Mutiny in 1857, which developed into a widespread movement of agrarian and military revolt against British rule. For an account of his participation in the Royal Navy campaign against the uprising, see Verney, *Shannon's Brigade.*

[141]Verney's sister Emily, an invalid or semi-invalid, was afflicted with consumption. Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 54 n. 1.

[142]Claydon House, an English country house, remains the Verney family home. Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 5-9.

[143]Verney, "Overland Journey," 392.

[144]The stations Verney passed along the Butterfield Overland route from Denver to Atchison, Kansas, save for the last few miles where the route branched with one going to Atchison and the other to St. Joseph, Missouri, are indicated in "Letter of [Transmittal]"; Conkling and Conkling, *Butterfield Overland Mail*, II:384, 386.

[145]Verney, "Overland Journey," 391.

[146]Fort Kearny's principal purpose was to protect emigrants traveling the Oregon Trail. Prucha, *Guide to the Military Posts*, 82.

[147]Verney, "Overland Journey," 392.

[148]From Quincy, Verney traveled the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. *Atlas of American History.* 2d rev. ed. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1984), 150.

[149]Sir Harry Verney, Verney's father, representing Buckingham, sat in the House of Commons for fifty-two years. *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. "Verney, Sir Harry."

[150]From Chicago, Verney traveled on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad and on the Pennsylvania Railroad. *Atlas of American History*, 150-51.

[151]Edward Mortimer Archibald was posted as consul to New York City. Pierrepont Edwards served as his vice consul. Great Britain, *Foreign Office List*, 236, 465.

[152]A brother to Verney's mother, Vice-Admiral James Hope, was commander in chief in North America and the West Indies. *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. "Hope, Sir James (1808-1881)."

[153]Verney's brother George, an army ensign stationed in India, was at home on leave. Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters* 10, 293 n. 2.

[154]As Verney does not mention the ambassador, Frederick William Adolphus Bruce,it may be assumed he was not present on the occasion of Verney's visits to the embassy. The ambassador was unmarried, so Lady Elma may have been the embassy's official hostess. *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. "Bruce, Sir Frederick William Adolphus (1814-1867)."

[155]Verney's great-aunt on his mother's side was the widow of "old Lord Dunsany," Edward Wadding, the fourteenth Baron of Dunsany. She and the wife of Admiral James Hope were sisters. Further, as noted above, Admiral Hope was a brother of Verney's mother. This explains Verney's connection with Lord Dunsany as his "very near relation." "Dunsany," in L. G. Pine, ed., *Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Peerage and Knightage*, 102d ed. (London: Burke's Peerage, 1959), 746-47; Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 289 n. 5.

[156]Commander Richard Charles Mayne had been a lieutenant stationed at Esquimalt during 1857-61. Verney had read Mayne's book and wrote to his father that "I think it [is] capital, and wish I could write one half as well." *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. "Mayne, Sir Richard (1796-1868)"; Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 130; R. C. Mayne, *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. An Account of Their Forests, Rivers, Coasts, Gold Fields, and Resources for*

Colonisation (London: John Murray, 1862).

[157]Uncle Frederic was Verney's father's brother, Frederic Calvert, a barrister. Aunt Fremantle, the wife of an Anglican clergyman, was a sister to Verney's father. Pritchard, *Vancouver Island Letters*, 10.

[158]Monitors, ironclad armored warships with low flat decks and heavy guns mounted in revolving turrets, made their debut as part of the Union forces in the American Civil War. The monitor *Agamenticus* was not completed in time to see service in the war. Verney may also have had the opportunity to visit two other monitors in the same class when they visited European ports in 1866. Richard H. Webber, *Monitors of the U.S. Navy, 1861-1937*, (Washington, D. C.: Naval History Division, Navy Department, 1969), 19-21.

[159]Cape Race is at the southeast tip of Newfoundland.

[160]Saint John, New Brunswick.

[161]Windsor, Nova Scotia.

[162]Richard MacDonnell was lieutenant governor of Nova Scotia. *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, vol. 11, s.v. "MacDonnell, Sir Richard Graves."

[163]Charles Doyle was in command of British forces in North Amenca. *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, s.v. "Doyle, Sir Charles Hastings."

Notes and Documents

Yerington: Millennium Bound

STEVEN W. PELLEGRINI

Yerington is a farm boy, freckled and shy, and, despite clean overalls and a coat of polish on worn boots, is more a denizen of the past than a citizen of the new millennium. Change comes slowly here. New mown hay still scents summer air, and farmers still park pickups head to tail on back roads to share gossip. Vain attempts have been made to spruce the town up, to bestow upon it a more cosmopolitan appearance. Nowadays Main Street sports a renewed if not a modern look, and the place has almost assumed the demeanor of a modern, progressive minicity. Antique lamps grace broad sidewalks, and on any day except Sunday the single main street is abuzz with cars, pedestrians, and knots of neighbors visiting in the shade of store porticoes. The decorative lamps wink on at twilight, and people retreat to their homes for supper, but scattered passersby linger in safety on sidewalks out front of one of town's two modest casinos. Down the street lights play on colonnades of the county courthouse, a beautiful turn-of-the-century brick building. But there is a palpable undercurrent of something more. The past lurks everywhere, memories of large events by small-town standards, of high school days, memories of love and tragedy, of celebration and sorrow. Sometimes from the corner of the eye and fringes of nostalgic imagination one glimpses a fifties rod—a low-slung Ford with headers and dim blue dash lights—as it moves vaporously in the mix of modern streamlined buggies. It roars and crouches on lowered haunches in the style of the fifties street dragger, and then full consciousness transforms the apparition into a more domestic, more familiar Honda. The vision fades, but it is almost as if—if one turned quickly—it could be conjured again. If one squinted and concentrated hard enough, warm days of our past would ghost up from deep shadows waiting between tightly appressed buildings. Excitement of high

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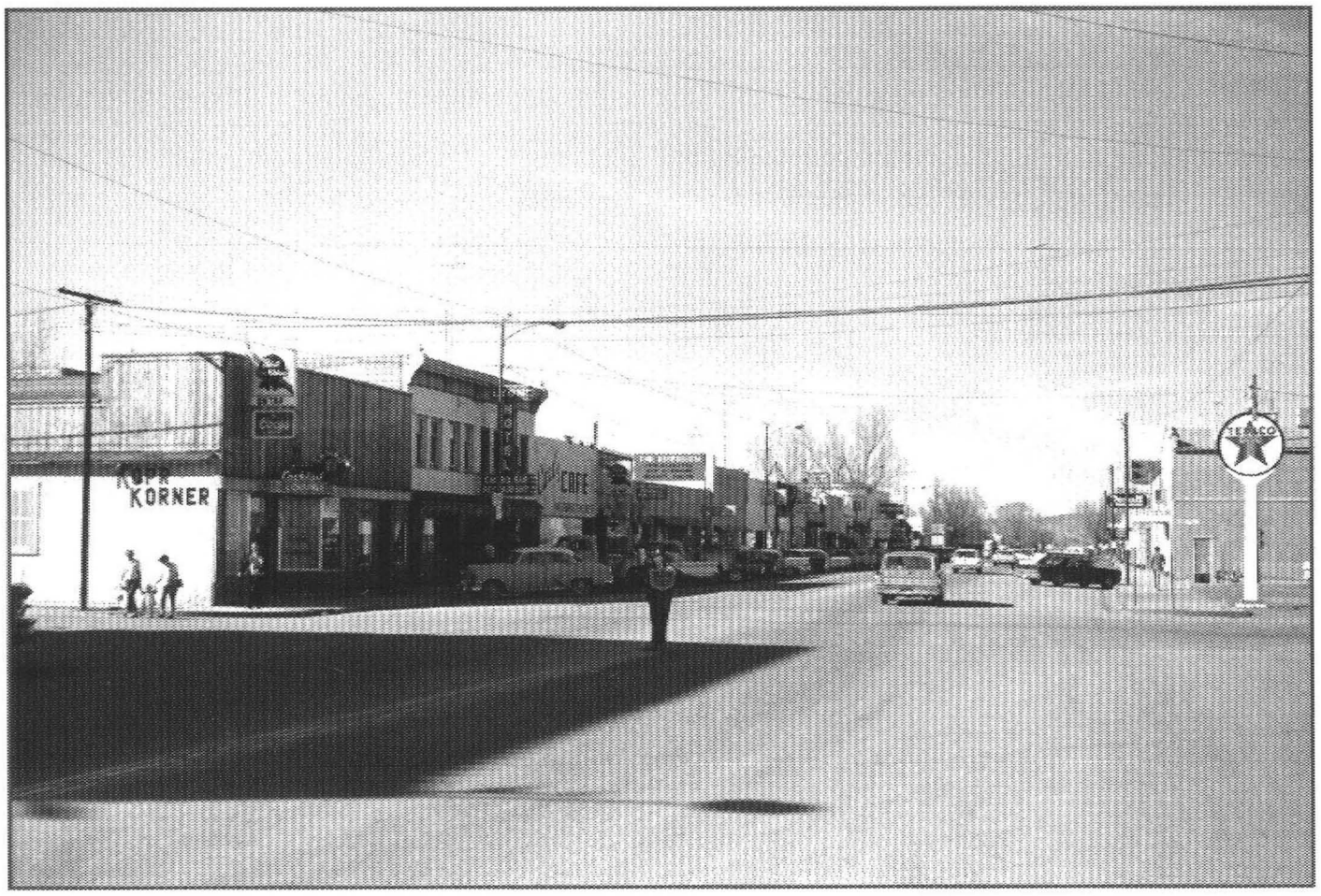
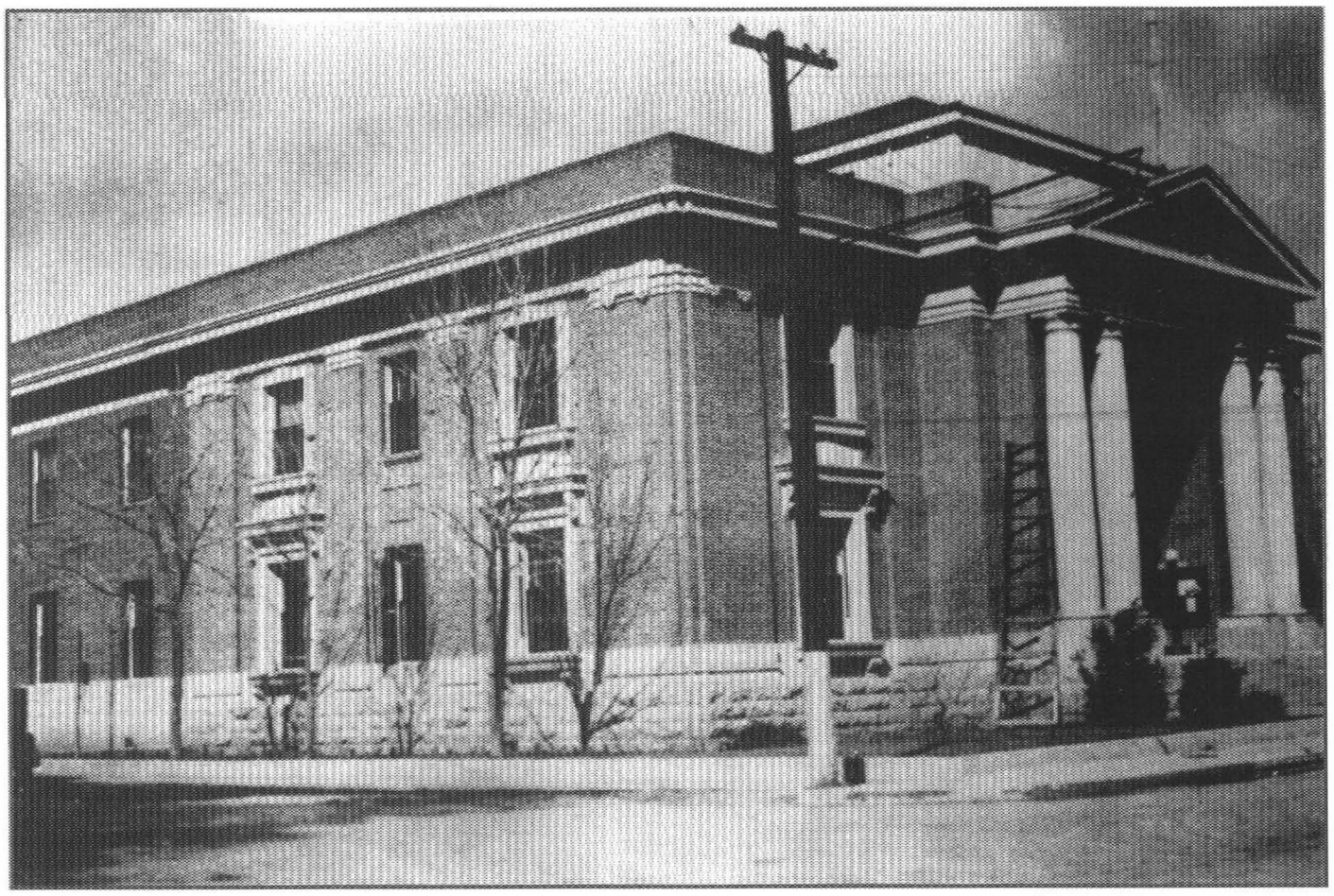


Yerington, Nevada, 1967. *(Nevada Historical Society)*



Lyon County Courthouse, Yerington, Nevada. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

school football games slumbering in antiquity and exhaust from our cars those days we dragged Main seem poised to emit from hiding places just beyond our ability to retrieve them.

Square-fendered cars, solid metal relics, line both curbs at slants, and a Model A chugs by, its fuel set too lean. On one side of the street a lavender, neon sign flashes Y RINGT N THE TRE. A tight cluster of kids and adults feeds quarters under the glass, and Gina passes tickets back. Posters display tonight's feature, a western starring Randolph Scott. Escape at end of a hard week.

Kitty corner and across the street, home-cooked soup beckons from Carl's Cafe, and through the windows, in booths and lined along the counter, sit families, cowboys, and a few miners, victims all of Carl's soup snare. On the wall is traced an outline of Lyon County, the Star of Nevada, festooned to resemble a boy in a straw hat on his way to his favorite fishing hole. Low voices and click of plates warm the room with talk about Walker River water and hay prices. Some things never change. A bat-wing door near the cash register swings and flaps like a trapped bird. Beyond, in a haze of cigarette smoke, miners and others line the bar with amber cylinders of bravado stacked before them. Dice rattle in a leather cup; men laugh, and four sit at a green felt table, heads bent in concentration over a pinochle deck. Wives watch the street out front of home and hold supper a while longer.

Back outside to the sidewalk and freshness of a Nevada evening. Either way and on either side of the street one need not go far to find the next saloon. The L and L, Lyon, Eagle, Silver Palace, and Dini's Lucky Club. Take your pick. From each emits the sweet-rancid aroma that hooks men on their way home from work. The acrid aroma of whiskey, cigar smoke, and the permeating notion something significant on the scale of small-town occurrences is happening within. A bartender, the Italian who owns the place, balances his job as listener, judge, bouncer, and chemist. A crude comment, laughter at someone's expense, and the roll of dice.

Stores, closed at this hour, line the street like forbidden caves, and bare bulbs burn dimly in their dark recesses. Necessities, the tools of bucolic lives, grace their windows. Levis, hats, all sorts of farmers' clothing, bib overalls, gum boots, and shovels. Good shovels with hickory handles, shovels for lifting sloppy scoops of Mason Valley mud from new lands to levees without snapping. And around the corner, down a darkened street, Freitas Funeral Home looms in darkness. By some unspoken agreement it seems to have been decided to tuck it away out of sight as if in denial mundane unpleasantness such as death occurs here. A screen door slams and somewhere across town a dog barks unenthusiastically. Cars disappear from Main Street as most people go home, and the supper hour begins. A cat crossing the blackened street out front of the morgue is the loudest sound in town.

Behind golden panes of glass, high school kids sit and lean at booths in the Eff and Bee. Mort, white aproned, delivers trays of cokes and shakes and en-

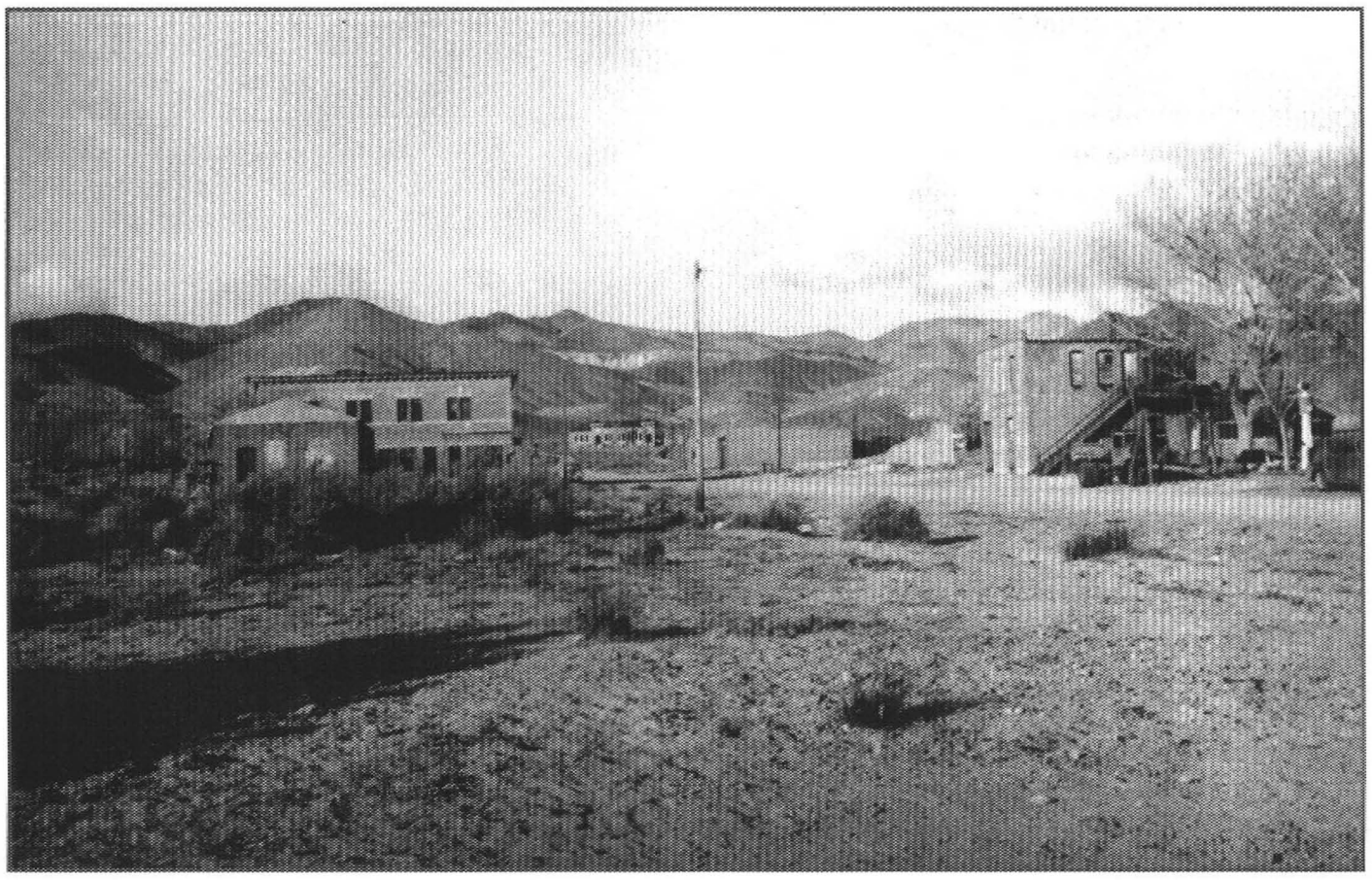
joys and enjoins raucous fun only teenagers understand. Fred Stallard stoically loads hamburgers on the grill, and someone tilts the pinball machine. Steel horses, the mounts of the purple-white brigade, await their masters on the street out front. Packards, Chevys, and Fords with cherry-bomb mufflers, devices of teenage rebellion. What will become of these kids anyway?

Fall breezes, chill in the still, golden air like ice cream on warm apple pie, scuttle cottonwood leaves down gutters and pile them against fences. Giant locusts around the Episcopal church on South Main shed pods like paper daggers across the lawn and onto the sidewalk. Sweet decay of summer vegetation greets me as I crunch through carpets of leaves. Down the street, Hillygus's Texaco huddles like a warped cracker box. Fire Chief and Ethel, a cold pair more than compensated for by the warmth of the Hillygus family. A couple dollars worth of gasoline conjures a flurry of sponges and rags on every glass surface of the automobile no matter its vintage or state of disrepair. And the smiles, always the small-town, "I am happy to see you" smiles.

Back down Main Street the olfactory magnet draws one to the Nevada Bakery. Glazed donuts, eclairs, and myriad pastries and breads line the tiny shop with mouth-watering appeal. Sometimes on the way to school there's even a free slice of bread, fresh out of the oven, for a hungry boy. Mrs. Petersen, heavy German accent warm with friendliness, bustles about the shop dropping sugar donuts into bags while her husband, unseen to the rest of the world, produces magic in the forbidden back recesses of the antiquated building. Immigrants who rolled sleeves every morning of their lives to earn their very own version of the American dream. These were role models scarcely noticed by those of us who cherished their wares.

Main Street was and remains center stage. Here we passed to and from whatever occupied our day. Here we watched solemn cavalcades of fellow citizens of this humble community pass on their final journey to Mountain View Cemetery. Parades, friends, curious bystanders, and all those days that measured our lives passed here. Gossip was exchanged and business transacted. In the curious edict of small towns, the assemblage has always been an elite group of longtime residents. Newcomers are perennially suspect, and only filtered versions of the hottest news ever reach their ears. Sometimes these newcomers have enjoyed forty summers here. No one ever articulated the rules governing the rite of passage to become a Mason Valleyite. Usually it just happens in its own good time. Sometimes it does not. And Main Street has always been the artery of our existence where, in the course of a half hour, anyone of significance to the community can be seen.

While Main Street provides the focus of town, it is back to the east and west of the main thoroughfare that we live. Center Street, West Street, California, and Nevada. Graveled at first then later lined with redwood curbs and paved. Oases of trees and carefully clipped lawns leave no doubt people who dwell in unpretentious houses along their lengths are here for the long haul. This is



Mason Valley, hotel on left, school in middle, and bank on the right.
(Nevada Historical Society)

home. For better of worse, they intend to stay. It was here on warm summer evenings kids chased the mosquito fogger as it hissed billowy clouds of vaporized diesel and malathion. Yellow light throbbing on its lid, it pulsated down the streets like a hyperventilating hippo. These streets remain safe thoroughfares for walkers and bicyclists. Not many kids complain of nothing to do. Vacant lots become baseball stadiums, and everyone's yard is open to the greatest game of cops and robbers kids ever played.

Early summer mornings, early enough that almost no one is up, embody the untrammeled elegance a small town offers. Robin songs awaken a silver presunrise sky. Low hum of the street sweeper two blocks away on Main Street scarcely interrupts the silence. Somewhere a screen door slams, and a dog barks. Soon a car passes; sun bronzes roof tops. More cars pass, and more doors slam. The day begins. To the west, trucks drone almost unnoticed at the Anaconda Copper Mine. Zinnias nod dew from heavy heads.

Fifty years ago, when I was almost certain Yerington was the rotational center of the universe, it seemed such a large place. Nowadays when I pass down Main Street on my way to work in the predawn gloom of a winter day, I am satisfied with its modest length. Others have their reasons why the town should grow, but unfortunately those very things that attract newcomers are the first things lost when a community grows. Most of us think nothing of leaving the keys in our cars, and seldom do we feel it necessary to lock our houses. There is no danger in allowing our children to walk home alone. They are village raised.

Mason Valley, Lyon County, Nevada. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

People have come and gone, new buildings have appeared and old ones have been torn down, but little has truly changed. Main Street gossip clubs still convene, but their intent is as benevolent as ever. Good will is a currency that outshines all other riches. Newcomers are at first appalled we have been content to live here all these generations. Then after a time they come to understand what early settlers meant when they said, "If you wear out one pair of shoes in Mason Valley, you will never leave." You cannot leave, and even if you do, I am told, you carry a longing for the place in your heart forever. Afternoon light on furrowed cottonwood bark and cobalt mid-day skies etch indelibly on one's memory. After a time, Mason Valley autumn afternoons and summer mornings become the ruler by which all things of beauty are measured. Nothing measured ever again equals the ruler.

Yes, nothing much changes, and for that I am grateful. Much has changed in the world these past fifty years, but Yerington is still a freckled farm boy innocent as when cottonwoods lined its mile of Main Street. On warm Saturday evenings teenagers straddle hoods and talk of romance and of last night's game. Excited dogs in pickup trucks herald chukkar season, an event that almost competes with Lions' football games. The drone of lawn mowers on back streets on summer evenings and the street sweeper before most folks crawl from their beds remain traditions.

Folks who pass this way say this is a town locked in time past. Perhaps it is a lack of worldly sophistication they see. Perhaps what they find provincial is

nothing more than a natural trust of one another and a small town's suspicion of outsiders. Or perhaps it is that life here condenses to the essence of what life should be everywhere. And then again, maybe there is something to what they say. Perhaps there is an element of truth to what I have suspected. Maybe if the moon is exactly right and one turns quickly he'll see Dr. Tebbe stroll from his tiny office between where the Lyon and the L and L once stood. Perhaps the faint aroma permeating Main Street on a cold winter evening is Carl's soup after all. And maybe, maybe if one ventures in the dim crepuscular twilight of a summer dawn to where the Yerington Theater once stood, teenagers will appear lazing against jacked-up fifties Fords, Camels rolled in sleeves of their tee shirts, Elvis and Buddy Holly crackling from the ethereal voices of their radios.

I'd like to think this is it, that time, as they suspect, has stopped here.

Book Reviews

Rush for Riches: Gold Fever and the Making of California. By J. S. Holliday (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1999)

Gold: The California Story. By Mary Hill (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1999)

The sesquicentennial of the California gold rush has inspired a general reassessment of the internationally important phenomenon that brought hundreds of thousands of people to the North American west coast. The University of California Press has published two books related to this anniversary; they deal with the gold rush from different perspectives.

J. S. Holliday's *Rush for Riches: Gold Fever and the Making of California* is an extraordinarily well-produced book that appears in both soft- and hard-bound editions. Holliday is the director emeritus of the California Historical Society and former director of the Oakland Museum of California. He won a permanent place in western historiography with his monumental work, *The World Rushed In: The California Gold Rush Experience,* first published in 1981. His new, beautifully illustrated book is a striking complement to his earlier work.

Where his book *The World Rushed In* treats the gold rush as a national phenomenon, spending many of its pages on the ordeal of traveling to California, *Rush for Riches* takes a different approach. Although *Rush for Riches* also deals with the various ways immigrants reached the gold country, its focus is primarily elsewhere. Holliday's chief aim in *Rush for Riches* is to describe how the phenomenon of the gold rush created the culture of one of the nation's most remarkable states. The two Holliday books use many of the same illustrations, but the added luxury of having many in color in the recent publication makes it a welcome addition to any western history library.

Rush for Riches covers the expansive history of California from its Mexican period through the discovery of gold and the great rush. Holliday then looks at subsequent development, hydraulic mining, and the legal contest that finally stopped it. His discussion of the discovery's fiftieth anniversary, in 1898, of the discovery of gold provides an excellent vehicle for his epilogue. *Rush for Riches,* so concerned with the relationship of the gold rush and California during its epic early years, provides a means to understand not only the state but also the role of the gold rush in national history.

It is good to see that Holliday completes the story of the California gold

rush by treating Nevada's Comstock as one of the last manifestations of that western phenomenon. Some of the incorrect details about Virginia City—substituting 1860 for 1859 and confusing some terminology—are easily forgivable. His use of George Lyman's novel *The Saga of the Comstock Lode: Boom Days in Virginia City* (1934) is more regrettable. Lyman's work, although it pretends to be history, is filled with flamboyant creations that have no place in honest portraits of the past. Still, none of this really matters. At least the Nevada mining district is given its proper place in the discussion.

In his characteristically eloquent style, Holliday concludes by commenting that "California's most valuable commodity has not been gold or agricultural produce, barrels of oil, Hollywood movies, or computer chips. More than these emblems of wealth and success, the gold rush experiment bequeathed the idea of California as a place where the impossible is possible" p. 304. In all, Holliday uses *Rush for Riches* to revisit the subject, his distinctive flair making the story flow. *Rush for Riches* serves as good evidence of how public historians and their historical societies can play aggressive roles in developing and promoting regional history. The volume is a highly recommended, wonderfully presented publication.

Mary Hill's *Gold: The California Story* takes a different approach to this topic. Hill has written several books on western geology, served as the editor of the magazine *California Geology*, and was an information officer for the United States Geological Survey. *Gold: The California Story* sets out to examine the relationship of gold to the history of California. It focuses on ways this relationship shaped the state, but much of the book is devoted to things such as mining techniques and the role of gold in society.

There is one point of particular concern. Hill comments on the use of metal detectors as a tool to locate "gold nuggets as well as coins, jewelry, can lids, and other buried objects." This calls to question federal and state laws that restrict such activity on public land. Finding such a discussion in a book published by the reputable University of California Press is surprising. The author, particularly as an information officer for the United States Geological Survey, would have done well to warn readers of the need to obey pertinent laws. In spite of this, Hill's book is well suited for readers whose interest lies more in the mineral itself than in how the gold rush transformed a region and a nation.

Separate vignettes pursue a variety of topics. Extensive appendices provide diverse types of information, including annual gold production throughout California history, the physical properties of gold, the places where the biggest North American nuggets have been found, conversion tables for ways to measure gold, and state museums that feature exhibits related to gold mining. The appendices represent an eclectic assemblage of information, much like the book itself. It leads the reader to wonder if *Gold: The California Story* was born more from years of research and collection of information than as a consequence of a central theme and purpose.

These are not the only books that the sesquicentennial of the California gold rush has inspired. Malcolm J. Rohrbough's *Days of Gold: The California Gold Rush and the American Nation* (1997) is yet another fine publication appearing in part to coincide with the anniversary. Taken together, these additions to the historiography of one of the West's greatest moments are welcomed.

Ronald M. James
Nevada State Historic Preservation Office

Lies across America: What Our Historic Sites Get Wrong. By James W. Loewen (New York: New Press, 1999)

America 's National Historic Trails. By Kathleen Ann Cordes (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1999)

James Loewen' s *Lies across America* and Kathleen Cordes' s *America's National Historic Trails* both explore aspects of America's roadside and public history. Loewen deconstructs monuments and historic sites around the nation while Cordes details America's National Historic Trails system. Although both books are focused on public historic resources, they have little in common. James Loewen is best known for his iconoclastic book *Lies My Teacher Told Me*. In this popular book Loewen assails the history taught in high schools arguing that the version of American history presented to school children is little more than a pack of lies, a distorted view of the past that most students find unconvincing and offensively boring. According to Loewen, only one American in six ever attempts to learn American history after this initial tainted high school experience, which raises the question, where do Americans turn to learn about the past? Recent work by historians Roy Rosenzweig and David Thelen suggests that Americans turn to public history as an antidote to the history presented in schools and universities. The public, according to Rosenzweig and Thelen's data, prefer unmediated sources of history, especially material artifacts and oral histories, to mediated sources like texts or lectures. If this is true, then the content of America's historic monuments and other public historic markers and sites is of critical importance.

James Loewen's latest book, *Lies across America*, picks up where *Lies My Teacher Told Me* leaves off. In *Lies across America*, Loewen turns his attention to the eclectic landscape of roadside history. Not surprisingly, he finds this resource, so valued by the general public, to be sorely lacking in historical accuracy and scholarly rigor. In addition, he argues that most monuments are laden with heavy

political baggage. The book begins with a series of concise and insightful essays on the "Ways We Were Warped," the "Functions of Public History," the "Sociology of Historic Sites," and the "Heretic Scale in Historic Monuments." Each of these essays situates the discussion of monuments and roadside history in the larger context of contemporary debates about history, myth, and public memory. The book then launches into the analysis of specific sites across the country. Loewen breaks the nation into regions and then presents an example or two from most states within the region. The book concludes with appendices that explain his methodology, provide an intriguing set of questions to use when evaluating a monument, and Loewen's personal hit list, "Twenty Candidates for 'Toppling'."

In state after state Loewen discovered monuments that presented weak history or racist history, monuments scarred by glaring omissions, and monuments that commemorated fictional history and outright fabrications. Loewen argues that most errors on public monuments are not the product of bad history but of crafty and self-serving politics on the part of the private individuals and organizations that sponsor public history projects. Loewen offers the absurd monument to the Confederate dead of Helena, Montana, as the most obvious example of an attempt to use fabricated history as a tool for contemporary politics and politically motivated mythmaking. In fact Loewen finds that what often appears to be easily dismissible amateur history is really part of a more sinister plot on the part of elites and extremists to shape American history for their own benefit.

Monuments lie by falsifying history, omitting crucial actors, or, in the case of Mount Rushmore, simply existing in a place that deeply offends Native Americans and negates their role in history. Monuments, according to Loewen also lie in more subtle ways. The book provides examples of monuments that tell a racist tale through scale alone, elevating whites to heroic stature while shrinking nonwhites into childlike figures forced to gaze up through eternity at their white superiors. For Loewen, the most troubling thing about these monuments is the power these half-truths or outright lies have once they are cast in stone or bronze. "What one generation puts on the landscape thus becomes a force imprisoning the minds of the generations that follow" p. 28. If Americans abandon their formal study of history after high school and turn thereafter to monuments, historic sites, and collections of artifacts as their primary sources for history, then there is little wonder that there is such a gulf between public perceptions of the uses and meanings of history and academic standards of critical scholarship.

Some may dismiss Loewen's criticisms of the artifacts of public history as nitpicking at sites that few take seriously. Public historians and caretakers of the criticized monuments will surely be offended by Loewen's suggestion that public historians fail to uphold the standards of academic scholarship and perpetuate racism by allowing outdated monuments to stand uncorrected. Critics

from the right will find much to dislike in Loewen's caustic and uncompromising revision of grass-roots history. These critics will certainly accuse him of being a presentist with a political agenda of his own. The majority of readers, however, will find Loewen's book an entertaining and eye-opening contribution to the ongoing debate about who owns American history.

In *America 's National Historic Trails,* Kathleen Ann Cordes also looks closely at one of America's less-known public historic and recreational resources, the National Historic Trails system. Although similar at first glance in subject matter, and very similar in organization, this book could not be more different from Loewen's. Unlike Loewen, Cordes sets out not to debunk, but to promote and celebrate, in a mostly uncritical way, a landscape of preserved "stories of our country's past that have been told for centuries and are part of the fabric of the American spirit" p. 3. The book is designed for a public audience and meant to be used as a travel guide for those wishing to explore historic trails. An associate professor of physical education at Miramar College, Cordes is primarily interested in investigating the recreational possibilities of the vast and winding system of historic trials that crisscross the country.

The book begins with an introduction and brief history of the National Historic Trails system. Twelve well-organized chapters on the specific trails follow. Geographically the trails range from the Selma-to-Montgomery trail in the deep south, to the Iditarod trail in Alaska. Each chapter contains detailed information on travel to the trail heads, a list of current points of interest, well-executed maps of the current route of the trail, and most important, a thoughtfully rendered history of the trail that attempts to provide some larger context for travelers. Cordes concludes her book with two helpful appendices containing public and state land information. The National Historic Trails detailed in Cordes's book are punctuated by historic monuments and present a perfect opportunity for the curious to explore a special type of trailside history. The book is full of photos of obelisks, tablets, and monuments that one might find along the trail. The author presents these monuments as attractions for the traveler, rather than as objects that merit critical scrutiny. Likewise, the historical narratives in each chapter tend to highlight the positive aspects of the trail's history and present an uncritical portrait of the heroic characters that blazed them. Chapters on the Selma-to-Montgomery trail and the Trail of Tears do highlight the darker sides of trail history. Cordes faced a difficult task in traveling and describing this broad and convoluted historic resource. It is hard to fault Cordes for her light historical analysis because history is not her field and historical analysis was not her primary goal for this publication.

Travelers interested in exploring America's National Historic Trails will find Kathleen Cordes's guide indispensable. Students of history, history buffs, and public historians will find James Loewen's book irresistible. Ambitious travelers who want to avoid having their minds "imprisoned" by the pernicious history of past generations might want to purchase both books, and use

the questions in Loewen's appendices, along with the maps in Cordes's guide, to become more critical consumers of public history.

Andrew Kirk
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The Rise of the Biggest Little City: An Encyclopedic History of Reno Gaming. 1931 - 1981. By Dwayne Kling (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 2000)

As its subtitle indicates, *The Rise of the Biggest Little City* is an encyclopedia of Reno gaming, 1931 to 1981. Entries are of two types: the names of what must be every club existent in Reno during this fifty-year period with appropriate additional information, and the names of all prominent (and many not so prominent) individuals involved in the city's gambling activities. Dwayne Kling joined Harolds Club as a change person in 1954 and worked his way up in the gaming industry to executive positions at various hotels and clubs in a forty-one-year career. He thus has an insider's view of the casino world, and the book is meticulously researched, extremely detailed, and a true treasure-trove of information.

Kling' s main source of information, aside from his own considerable knowledge, stems from a painstaking perusal of fifty-five years of the *Nevada State Journal.* His use of non-newspaper sources is unsystematic. He has used many relevant items produced by the Nevada Oral History Program, but he does not refer to Mead Dixon's important oral history, even in the biographical entry under Dixon's name. Extremely disappointing is his failure to refer to use Eric Moody's excellent and authoritative Ph.D. dissertation, "The Early Years of Casino Gambling in Nevada, 1931-1945," despite apparently being aware of its existence.

Sometimes, Kling seems too positive in his assessments of certain individuals or clubs. The description of the Peppermill and its "beautiful interior and exterior" is not untypical. "The customer is truly the king or queen at the Peppermill, and the business's extraordinary treatment of its patrons has had a great deal to do with its success" p. 128). sounds a bit too booster-like for a book published by a reputable university press. There are, however, individuals the author is not fond of—Charles Mapes being a notable example. "Mapes created much animosity in the community, especially in the gaming community, when he closed both the Mapes Hotel and the Money Tree unannounced and failed to pay his employees for the last days they worked" (p. 101) has an appropriately venomous ring to it. The tone is generally upbeat though, and this work is, quite obviously, a real labor of love. At times it takes an exces-

sively parochial view, and Kling's assertion, that "during the forties, fifties, and sixties Reno was known as the entertainment capital of the world" (p. 140) is simply an incorrect evaluation.

One should not mess around with Kling when it comes to the facts. Harold Smith, Jr. (who should know), in his *Coming Up Winners*, states that Harolds Club was founded by the Smith family on February 23, 1936, Harold's "twenty-sixth birthday." Kling gives the founding date as February 23, 1935, one year earlier. Kling is correct and Smith is wrong. Kling's essay on Harolds Club, written with an insider's knowledge, is superb, probably the best section of the book.

Generally speaking, this is excellent work and a really useful compendium of information. Kling does not generalize much from his information, but the materials for analysis and generalization by others are amply provided.

Jerome E. Edwards
University of Nevada, Reno

The First 100: Portraits of the Men and Women Who Shaped Las Vegas. Edited by A.D. Hopkins and K.J. Evans (Las Vegas: Huntington Press, 1999)

Originally published as a three-part series in the *Las Vegas Review Journal*, this compendium is another of the several weighty coffee-table books recently emerging to address facets of Las Vegas history. This book, however, does not attempt a narrative history of Las Vegas. Rather, the editors, in the words of the introduction, wanted to "tell the community's story through the lives of 100 people who played significant roles in it." Accordingly, historians, journalists, and the newspaper's readership were invited to nominate people for inclusion. From those nominated, the editors then selected one hundred individuals for the book. Alongside the editors' own considerable contributions to the volume in the way of selection and writing, each contributing more than forty vignettes, they also attracted a number of other writers, both scholarly and popular, to contribute in their areas of expertise.

The editors ingenuously disclaim at the very beginning that the one hundred selected were the most important, thus attempting to deflect any negative criticism about the selections, but they do aver that all are "significant and interesting people," a description that holds for just about anyone. Nevertheless, it was disappointing to see so few women included, and, for the eleven whose stories were told, the writing was occasionally less developed and detailed than the other entries. Even less represented are minorities, constituting

only six of the articles. It is sad that the stories of the many women and minorities who were a vital part of the development of this community remain untold. Perhaps another volume can address this omission.

The presentation of the articles, however, is eye-catching, pleasing, and over-all quite readable. Catchy subtitles are used for each vignette, which provoke interest in the story, and the photographs that accompany each are well selected and informative. Yet, problems exist in this area as well. Although the stories were grouped in the newspaper articles in three parts addressing "The Early Years," "Resort Rising," and "A City in Full," and these divisions appear in the volume with page dividers, this organizational structure is not made clear in the table of contents. Despite the chronological presentation of the articles, a more detailed table of contents would assist the reader in envisioning the total project. It would also help if the table of contents indicated the author of each article. The stories included a graphic of the approximate time of the individual's life in relationship to the total life span of the city, which was really unnecessary.

These criticisms should not detract from the over-all value of the project or the book. The articles are well researched, detailed, informative, lively, and quite readable, presenting material about these individuals and the city that is not found elsewhere. The personages presented often come to life, and the editors are to be commended for not omitting even the unflattering. The book will be of value and interest to both the general public and students of Las Vegas history.

Candace C. Kant
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License to Steal: Nevada's Gaming Control System in the Megaresort Age. By Jeff Burbank and K.J. Evans (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 2000)

In *License to Steal: Nevada's Gaming Control System in the Megaresort Age*, Jeff Burbank provides readers with an insightful book containing valuable material on the regulation of casinos in Nevada. Burbank knows the Las Vegas casino industry very well. During the 1980s and early 1990s he was a reporter specializing in gambling for both the *Las Vegas Sun* and the *Las Vegas Review Journal*. He is currently the editor of the *Las Vegas Business Press*. In this volume, he ties his informed perspective about Nevada gambling regulation both to an historical record and to contemporary case studies of regulatory decision making. He completes the text with seven profiles of recent members of the

Nevada Gaming Commission and the Gaming Control Board, members who played key roles in the decisions discussed. Two appendices present descriptions of Nevada regulatory structures, and statistical details regarding taxation of gambling and staffing of the agencies.

Burbank presents the historical record in the initial thirty-four pages of his 263-page book. While less than 15 percent of the book, the first chapter nonetheless deserves extra attention from any serious student of Nevada gambling. Burbank walks the reader through critical events guiding gambling in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries: prohibition, legalization, prohibition, and new legalizations of casino-type gambling. These events provide a cultural backdrop to the final legalization decision in 1931. While much of this history can be found in other volumes, his treatment of local government regulation in the city of Las Vegas and in Clark County during the 1931-47 period is unique. The book presents the first close examination of the records of the city and county during a time when gambling law first became compromised by Mob influences. The 1931 Nevada gambling law gave cities and counties complete control over who would receive a license to conduct games, how many games they could conduct, and the rules they had to follow in the operations. As the purpose of legalization was economic, the local agencies quickly adopted a posture of friendliness toward operators.

Burbank then takes the reader through the era of state predominance in regulation which began with state licensing and taxation in 1945. He shows how the state adjusted to various outside pressures—United States Senate investigations in particular—by altering its supervision processes.

The next seven chapters closely examine seven interesting cases of regulatory law and regulatory politics. Jeff Burbank had covered each case closely as a reporter, and he spares neither detail nor the investigative reporter's rhetorical skills in presenting the facts. The first case involves murder—the hired killing of an employee of American Coin Machine Company. American Coin was exposed for operating gambling machines which were rigged so that large jackpots could not be won. On January 1, 1990, Larry Volk, a computer programmer for the company, was brought down by a bullet outside of his home. He had been cooperating with authorities in a criminal investigation of American Coin. The company had already lost its gambling license and suffered a civil fine of $1 million for its cheating activity. The case study then takes the reader away from the gambling regulators and into the criminal courts. The case introduces Ron Harris, a technician working for the Gaming Control Board's Electronic Services Division. Harris is the subject of another story. As a state agent, Harris examined the computer chips for new slot machines and keno game number generators. He discovered some flaws in the programming in the chips. However, rather than reporting the same, he worked to develop new understandings of the programs and figured out a way to set the chips on certain machines and then to play the games in order to win big jackpots. Harris was

caught because he used a confederate who drew suspicions of New Jersey regulators when he attempted to collect a big win at a keno game. Harris was convicted of cheating, served a few years in prison, and he was also placed in the state's Book of Excluded Persons. He is banned from going into casinos. Harris expressed the notion that he wasn't all that guilty, albeit he knew he was "wrong." Rather he felt after years of observing casinos getting all the breaks from the Nevada Gaming Control Board, he was "the little guy against the casinos."

Ron Harris was also involved in the case of Universal Distributing Company, a slot manufacturer. Universal developed a machine that would select winners and losers randomly. However, if a computer determined a player was a loser, the program then displayed a combination of symbols that made it appear to the player that he had been very close to having a win. Universal's sales of machines increased considerably in the mid 1980s when the issue of "near-miss" was brought to the Nevada Gaming Control Board and Gaming Commission. Rival slot machine companies presented their belief that the machines should not be permitted. Universal was a Japanese company, and their competitors were Nevada companies. The board had approved the machines before, but after lengthy hearings, the Nevada Gaming Commission ruled 4 to1 that Universal had to reprogram all its machines to remove the near-miss factor. Accordingly, Universal's competitive advantage disappeared and so did most of its sales.

The author takes a long look at one of the most embarrassing cases in Nevada gaming history. Ralph Englestadt, owner of the Imperial Palace, was exposed as having held Hitler Birthday Parties in 1988 and before in the private quarters of his casino property. He also had World War II memorabilia displayed in ways that seemed to glorify Nazi Germany, at least to many observers. When the matter came to public attention, Nevada's regulators sensed that they had a problem. National news media gave it prominence. Englestadt apologized and removed many of the offensive materials from his "war room." Nonetheless, his critics indicated that he had brought disrepute to the state's gaming industry, and that he thus violated gaming rules. The Gaming Control Board asked the state attorney general's office to formulate an appropriate complaint. The board presented the complaint to the Nevada Gaming Commission. Some voices suggested that the Imperial Palace lose its gaming license. While hearings were progressing in front of the Nevada Gaming Commission, a deal was struck with Englestadt. He agreed to pay a fine of $1.5 million and to dispense with several relics such as touring cars that had belonged to Adolph Hitler. The deal was accepted by all parties.

The case of The Royal Nevada Casino and the case of the Sport of Kings were agonizingly long episodes during which the gaming authorities seemed to bend so far backwards before closing the doors of the operators that one wonders if they were regulatory boards at all. They were certainly seen as a

political group of decision makers when the Gaming Control Board recommended that the commission not license a key figure with the Sands. The person was given a license, and casino owner Sheldon Adelson moved forward with plans that eventually resulted in the creation of the billion-dollar-plus Venetian Casino.

The seven profiles reaffirm the notion that the regulatory agencies are not totally separate from the industry, and probably do have the well-being of industry members in mind as they make decisions. All the regulators provided a picture of hard-working public servants who were quite above partisan politics. Nonetheless, the fact is that more than one had ties with the industry before serving, and five of the seven worked with the industry in some way after service on the Nevada Gaming Commission or the Gaming Control Board. All were politically connected to leading office holders who without pretense represented the industry in their positions.

The meat of the case studies placed alongside the seven profiles offers substance for considering the proper relationship between an industry and its governmental regulators. In the cases, the regulators for the most part exhibit an extreme patience with operators, seemingly ready to go the extra step to leave the industry alone, yet in each case they did act to discipline individuals and organizations in gaming. The text provides evidence anew to allow an examination of a political theory known as the Law of Capture. Formulated by scholars such as Samuel P. Huntington ("The Marasmus of the I.C.C.," *Yale Law Review*, 1944), and Marver Berstein (*Regulating Business by Independent Commission*, 1964), the theory suggests that over time regulatory agencies established to control businesses inevitably come to be advocates of the businesses. Hence the Federal Communication Commission comes to accept policies that will help those holding television and radio licenses, and the Interstate Commerce Commission comes to represent truckers. We can ask if the gaming boards in Nevada have gone through such a metamorphosis. Are the board members really regulators, are they like traffic cops that enforce laws and give tickets? Or are they more analogous to traffic engineers intent on building more and bigger roads to keep the maximum possible amount of traffic moving? We find here that, unlike the agencies in the political science literature, the Nevada gaming boards were not set up by a public eager to have a traffic cop stopping the industry at various points of activity. Instead, the Gaming Control Board and the Nevada Gaming Commission were established in response to an industry that wished to have a state government serving as a buffer against potential federal control of the industry. From the beginning the boards were captured, and even today they remain captured. Hence, they are very reluctant to change from being traffic engineers to being traffic cops. Yet when they see some members of the industry acting as rogue motorists, they will not sit by and leave them unchecked. Perhaps they realize that good relationships within the industry demand certain behaviors and without these behaviors, the federal

government may move into the arena.

Jeff Burbank has not jumped into the fray and offered conclusions regarding the capture theory. His style is not academic and he does not seem to have set out to prove anything. That is a criticism, but also a mark of approval for his effort. It could be that Burbank seeks only to do what the meticulous investigative reporter does, reveal the story, give the facts. It is especially gratifying to have a book that, title aside, illustrates the regulators' sincere efforts to guard the industry against attacks on its integrity in order to keep the games going—and the local economy growing, while at the same time abandoning the state's mantra that "we do it [regulate] the best," and that "there are no bad people in the industry."

This book is a good read for anyone with an interest in the gaming industry, and it is a must read for all—citizens and officials alike—who may be called upon to participate in policy decisions concerning gambling activities anywhere.

William N. Thompson
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Race, Police, and the Making of a Political Identity: Mexican Americans and the Los Angeles Police Department, 1900-1945. By Edward J. Escobar (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1999)

The Los Angeles Police Department is currently facing a scandal that involves well over a hundred officers and, more important, one that involves discriminatory treatment of a racial minority, in this case mostly Mexican Americans. The Ramparts Scandal, as it is coming to be called, represents the latest in a long line of scandals. Going backward in time we have Rodney King in 1992, Operation Hammer and other antigang suppression efforts in the 1980s (targeting African-American gangs), scandals during the Parker era of the 1950s, the Zoot Suit riots and Sleepy Lagoon case of the 1940s, and all the way back to 1903 and the railway workers strike. Edward J. Escobar explores the social and historical context of the Los Angeles Police Department in one of the most penetrating studies of the subject I have ever read.

Escobar cites what many historians of the American urban police have noted: These agencies were established to protect propertied interests and maintain class and racial divisions, too often ignoring the civil rights of urban minorities. The chief finding from Escobar's historical analysis is that during the first half of the twentieth century the relationship between Mexican Americans and the LAPD shifted from one where neither had any particular view of the other

to one of mutual hostility and suspicion. The LAPD in time took the view that Mexican Americans—especially youth—were a "criminally inclined group that needed to be dealt with harshly." This view reflected the much larger one, derived from nineteenth century notions of Manifest Destiny, that Anglos are a superior race, which gave them the right—that is, the destiny—to control most of the North American continent. The subjugation of Mexican Americans began with the Mexican-American War (1846-48), (initiated by the United States in order to acquire Mexico's northern provinces, mostly California), and ended with the infamous Zoot Suit riots of 1943. During this era the LAPD was one of the main tools that the ruling class of Los Angeles used to suppress dissent—specifically by busting the unions (which were despised by local rulers, especially General Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the powerful *Los Angeles Times*) and controlling minority populations, starting with Mexican Americans and continuing with African Americans after World War II.

Throughout the book, Escobar continues to probe the seeds of distrust between the LAPD and the Mexican-American population. One unique aspect of Escobar's treatment of the subject is that he includes in his analysis the fact that the Mexican-American population of Los Angeles did not sit idly by without attempts to resist subjugation. They did this in many ways, but chiefly through developing a strong political association, starting with their involvement in the labor union movement.

One of the things that impresses me the most about Escobar's book is that he never ventures far from the role of the urban police in the class conflict of the period. Echoing the works of Sidney Harring and other scholars critical of the police, Escobar notes the central role of the police as agents of the ruling class. He notes that the police, sometimes overtly, sometimes covertly, "enforce racial restrictions as part of their normal mandate to maintain order" (p. 12). The word "order"—as in maintaining "law and order"—is typically translated into a social order of class and racial hierarchy. Part of the routine duties of the police includes undermining the protest activities of minorities. More important, the police serve in this role overtly by engaging in a "war on crime," whereby they define certain groups as being more "criminally inclined" than others. Thus, in the 1940s the word "gang" came to be associated with Mexican Americans; in the 1970s and 1980s it had become attached to African Americans. Escobar notes that crime statistics provided by the police department contradict such a belief, as they show Mexican Americans no more likely to engage in crime than other groups. Throughout the twentieth century, both minority groups were seen as inferior races that needed to be exploited for their labor power, and at the same time controlled so that they remained in their "place."

While the main focus of the book is on the development of the tense relationship between the LAPD and the local Mexican-American population, Escobar never fails to include the larger social and political context. In chapter

2, for instance, he provides a fascinating look at how a local ruling class rules, concentrating on the efforts of the owner of the *Los Angeles Times* and the owners of the other three daily newspapers to remain in power. They never hesitated to use the police to protect strikebreakers, disrupt union meetings, and enforce obviously class-based laws that targeted Mexicans. The police, in short, were obviously first and foremost servants of General Otis and his ruling class.

While there were some significant changes within the police department during the next twenty or thirty years, the police remained a military-type force that continued to help subjugate Mexican Americans. The hysteria associated with the Zoot Suiters during World War II, together with the infamous Sleepy Lagoon case (in which an otherwise ordinary murder was hyped as gang-related), culminated in what came to be called the Zoot Suit Riots: Marauding groups of white men (mostly sailors) rampaged through downtown Los Angeles indiscriminately attacking anyone who looked Mexican, and especially those who wore the zoot suit style of clothing.

Escobar's penetrating analysis provides a detailed look into the continual conflicts between a white-dominated society and urban racial minorities, with agents of the state (not just the police, but the courts as well) standing squarely in between, siding more often than not with those in power. This book might well be regarded as one of the most important contributions to such fields as urban history, race relations and, of course, the history of the criminal justice system.

Randall G. Shelden
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Black Mass: The Irish Mob, the FBI, and a Devil's Deal. By Dick Lehr and Gerard O'Neill (New York: Public Affairs, 2000)

The Merger: Conglomeration of International Organized Crime. By Jeffrey Robinson (Woodstock and New York: The Overlook Press, 2000)

Red Mafia: How the Russian Mob Has Invaded America. By Robert I. Friedman (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2000)

Law enforcement officers often characterize their role as constituting a thin blue line which protects the fundamentally good citizenry from criminals disposed to plunder their possessions and even whimsically deprive them of life itself. Just how thin is the line between plunderer and at least some who perform the policing role is explored in rather gripping fashion by two

award-winning *Boston Globe* journalists. *Black Mass*, their well-documented case study of the extensive corruption of the Boston office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation over a twenty-five year period provides insight regarding how easily politically savvy and determined informers can turn the tables and become manipulators of their presumed handlers.

Dick Lehr and Gerard O'Neill, while providing appropriate background on an unwise and unethical relationship between a murderer/informer of predominately Italian ancestry and a Boston FBI agent of the same ancestry which began in the mid 1960s, focus their attention, as the subtitle indicates, on how an ambitious FBI agent of Irish ancestry entered into a relationship with a murderer/informer of Irish ancestry. Indeed, Special Agent John Connolly and James "Whitey" Bulger had grown up in the same neighborhood, South Boston—an overwhelmingly Irish American enclave which came to symbolize the resistance of so many European Americans to court mandated busing to achieve racial integration in the 1970s. When Connolly met Bulger at a deserted beach just south of Boston in 1975, he was taking the first step along a path that would bring first considerable fame, and eventually a five-count indictment which included obstruction of justice and racketeering conspiracy twenty-four years later.

Connolly, like most of his colleagues across the country in this time of *Godfather I* and *II* movies and Peter Maas's book, *The Valachi Papers*, knew that the quickest way to achieve the type of fame that could lead to lucrative book contracts and prestigious private sector employment after retirement was to put mafia (often written with an initial capital, perhaps to convey that this shadowy group of Italian-American organized crime figures constituted something akin to the board of directors of a corporation such as General Motors) leaders behind bars. No one could better assist Connolly in providing information about Gennaro Anguilo, always identified in the press as the mafia capo of the greater Boston area, than Whitey Bulger, a convicted truck hijacker and armed robber whose crimes even before serving time in Alcatraz and other federal prisons may well have included rape and murder. Bulger's brother Billy served as president of the Massachusetts Senate for much of the period during which Whitey passed information to Connolly that led first to Gennaro Anguilo and his brothers and then to scores of lower-level Italian American mobsters, all ultimately convicted of violating federal RICO statutes, and similar laws. Meanwhile, Whitey engaged in a variety of lucrative criminal endeavors that certainly included loan sharking, extortion, and drug trafficking, and, as the recent unearthing of corpses in the Boston area indicates, probably included murder.

For quite a while it seemed that FBI Special Agent John Connolly and notorious criminal Whitey Bulger had made the perfect arrangement. Connolly had not only received great praise from his superiors but also had become some-

thing of a celebrity, indeed one who was never reticent about his views on crime and justice before the television cameras or on one of the many talk shows on Boston radio. Bulger gained the money and sense of excitement that flowed from knowing that his connection to Connolly and, indeed, to many of Connolly's FBI colleagues, made him virtually invincible. The authors speculate that even more satisfying to Bulger than knowing that his connection to the FBI virtually precluded prosecution by suspicious state or local police, was the knowledge that the Boston mafia had been virtually destroyed as a result of information that he had provided and thus constituted no threat to his expanding criminal empire.

Perhaps the authors' greatest contribution to the literature on the corruption of law enforcement officers is their detailed account of how Whitey Bulger and his closest associate in crime, Stevie "the Rifleman" Flemmi, ingratiated themselves with Connolly and several of his fellow FBI agents. Meetings moved from furtive encounters in cars to dinners at the suburban homes of agents; Bulger and Flemmi first bought small gifts for the agents, then more expensive gifts, and finally substantial cash along with the gifts. Some agents experienced varying degrees of anguish about the dinners, the gifts, and the protection effectively being provided to men who had demonstrated the capacity to do violent crime. If John Connolly had any second thoughts about what was happening, he did not share them with others. He explained often, especially as his indictment drew near in 1999, that he was only accomplishing the fundamental stated goal of the FBI—destruction of the mafia. As virtually all law enforcement agencies use informers, and, in turn, are used by informers, *Black Mass* ought to be required reading at the FBI Academy and in criminal justice training centers throughout the fifty states.

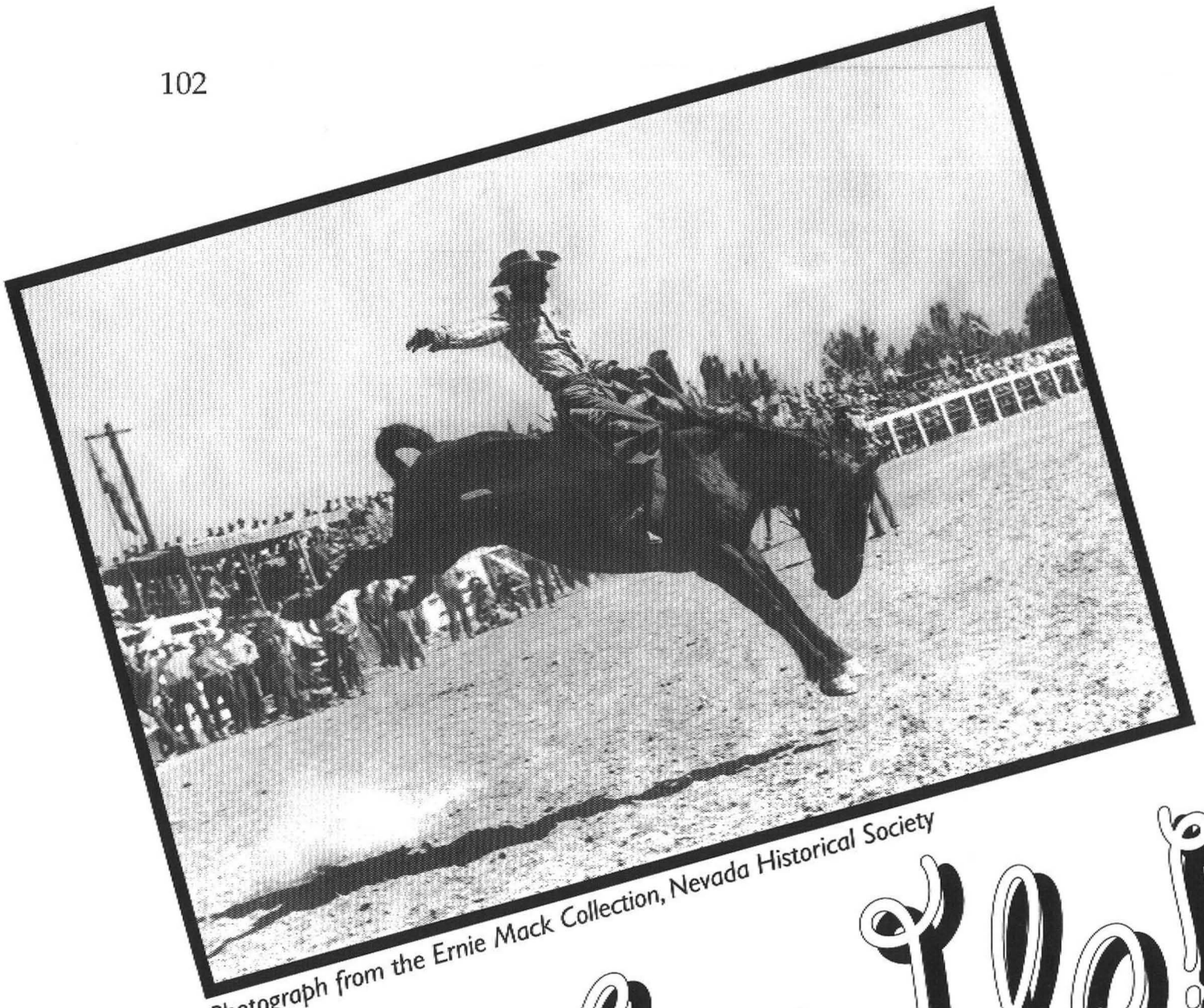
Lehr and O'Neill made effective use of the leave of absence they were granted by the *Boston Globe* editors to write this book. In addition to interviewing more than 180 individuals, they relied extensively on court records, especially those in which Judge Mark L. Wolf of the United States district court in Boston brought to light the extent to which John Connolly had become in effect an accomplice of one of the two or three most notorious criminals in Massachusetts during the past quarter century. Unlike so many other journalists who have written about organized crime, Lehr and O'Neill fully inform the reader of the sources and methods used to gather the material that they wove into an exciting story and a compelling case study of just how thin that blue line *may be.*

Readers seeking at least as much excitement as Lehr and O'Neill provide, but not troubled by the rather minimal documentation will enjoy Jeffrey Robinson's *The Merger* and Robert Friedman's *Red Mafia.* Both authors write in a manner to give the reader the impression that organized crime is growing faster than the number of burgers sold at McDonald's throughout the world. Their sources are often unidentified law enforcement officials. Perhaps not sur-

prisingly, it seems that some of these unidentified sources have communicated with both Robinson and Friedman in regard particularly to what is often termed Russian organized crime, but might better be termed Russian-Israeli-American organized crime. Similar to the central theme of the *Black Mass*, Friedman makes the point—actually, he emphasizes it—that fear of alienating American Jewish organizations has prevented federal, state, and local law enforcement agencies from allocating appropriate resources to bringing wily and vicious Russian-born criminals to the bar of justice; rather, laments Friedman, the focus of organized crime squads remains a weakened La Cosa Nostra run by an increasingly geriatric group of Italian Americans. Robinson does not focus on only one ethnic group, and gives attention to Colombians, Mexicans (especially law enforcement criminal gangs), Chinese, Nigerians, and indeed to those most transnational of criminal enterprises-the ones dominated by men of a variety of ethnic origins.

Upon completing these books, one might well feel that the pleasant middle-aged bank manager is coordinating a moneylaundering scheme, the local pizza- store owner is delivering more cocaine than pepperoni pizza, the smiling hotel check-in clerk is selling your credit card information to a band of thieves in Tirana, and the police detective who just wants to ask you a few questions has informers who are committing heinous crimes without fear of prosecution. Perhaps one should, but only perhaps.

Alan Balboni
Community College of Southern Nevada



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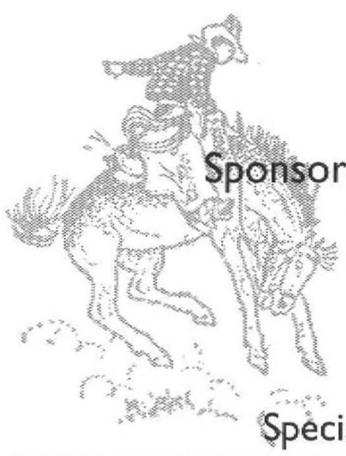
Cowboy Up!

One Hundred Years of Rodeo

An Exhibition at the

Nevada Historical Society

May 18 - September 22, 2001



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For Public Programming Information, please call 775 688-1191, ext. 223

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Nevada Historical Society • 1650 N. Virginia Street • Reno, Nevada

Open Monday - Saturday, 10:00AM - 5:00PM

Nevada Historical Society
May 18 - September 22, 2001

Programs for Everyone

Come Learn about the History of Cowgirls

Thursday, June 21, 2001 at 7:00 PM

Meet Mary Lou LeCompte, author of Cowgirls of the Rodeo: Pioneer Professional Athletics. A rodeo historian for over 20 years, Professor LeCompte will talk about the origins of the cowgirl and the trials and tribulations cowgirls experienced in their quest to be taken seriously in the world of rodeo.

Fun for Kids - Broncos and Buckaroos: Cowboy Arts Day Camp

Tuesdays, July 10, 17, and 24, 2001 from 10:00 AM to 12:00 NOON

Children ages 8 to 15 are invited to attend a 3-day camp for three Tuesday mornings, from 10 AM to NOON Come and explore the life of the cowboy. Participants will write cowboy poetry with cowboy poet, Richard Elloyan, send a letter by Pony Express, check out the Reno Rodeo Chuck Wagon, and participatein hands-on activities with a western flair.

Pre-registration is required for the 3-day camp; a single, prepaid $15.00 materials fee reserves your child's place for all 3 days.

Family Fun Day at the Nevada Historical Society

Saturday, July 14, 2001 from 1:00 to 3:00 PM

Visit the Nevada Historical Society for lots of family fun. View the exhibition *Cowboy Up! One Hundred Years of Rodeo*, enjoy hands-on activities for the kids, and free ice cream, homemade cookies, and lemonade for everyone. Admission is free.

Discover Reno Rodeo History

Thursday, August 16, 2001 at 7:00 PM

Come to a panel discussion on the local rodeo scene. Reno—and Nevada—has a rich and fascinating rodeo history. Local rodeo historians and rodeo participants will come together to share their rodeo knowledge.

Nevada Historical Society

1650 N. Virginia St. ✶ Reno, NV 89509 ✶ 775 688-1190

Exhibition Galleries Open Monday - Saturday, 10 AM to 5 PM

The programming for Cowboy Up! is sponsored by the Nevada Historical Society Docent Council, the Nevada Humanities Committee, and the Reno Rodeo Association. The Nevada Historical Society will present Family Fun Day and Broncos and Buckaroos Day Camp as part of the sixth annual Artown Festival, July 1-31, 2001, hosted by the City of Reno. The month-long summer arts festival features more that 200 events produced by 52 cultural organizations and businesses in three dozen locations city wide.

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Nevada Historical Society Quarterly

Founded in 1904, the Nevada Historical Society seeks to advance the study of the heritage of Nevada. The Society publishes scholarly studies, indexes, guidebooks, bibliographies, and the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly;* it collects manuscripts, rare books, artifacts, historical photographs and maps, and makes its collections available for research; it maintains a museum at its Reno facility; and it is engaged in the development and publication of educational materials for use in the public schools.