

Forty Years Ago.



HAVING received intelligence of a party being about to leave Lawrence Kansas, for the Cheyenne Agency, and it being an almost indispensable consideration to have company, especially in the latter part of the journey, where for several hundred miles, there are no settlements, — the country being entirely an unsubdued wilderness, traversed by outlawed desperadoes and roving bands of Indians, — I left my home and family on the second day of the tenth month, 1871, in order to join them. On account of the direction of my line of travel, the connections were imperfect, and I was delayed fifteen hours before reaching Lawrence, causing me to miss joining the party at that place. Pushing forward, I overtook it at Emporia, where arrangements were made for the long journey, by wagon train, for the agencies. We left that place on the 6th, J. J. Hoag being wagon-master and superintendent of the train.

Before leaving this place, we were reminded of our proximity to the borders of civilization, and the character of the region we should now have to traverse, by the breaking open and robbing of the post office, from which six hundred dollars in money, besides the registered letters, were abstracted.

A German laborer also, who, according to frontier custom, scorning to seek lodging in a house, lay down by the coal-house near the Junction depot for a night's repose, was attacked by two men, who knocked him on the head with a revolver, and demanded his money. He, being rather thick-headed, was not stunned by the blow, and, springing up suddenly threw both of his assailants to the ground, thereby freeing himself from them, when, perceiving one of them in the attitude of shooting, he ran towards a light, which proved to be