

# FROM DULUTH TO BISMARCK IN 1872

## Travels with Artist Alfred R. Waud

EDITED BY ROBERT L. REID

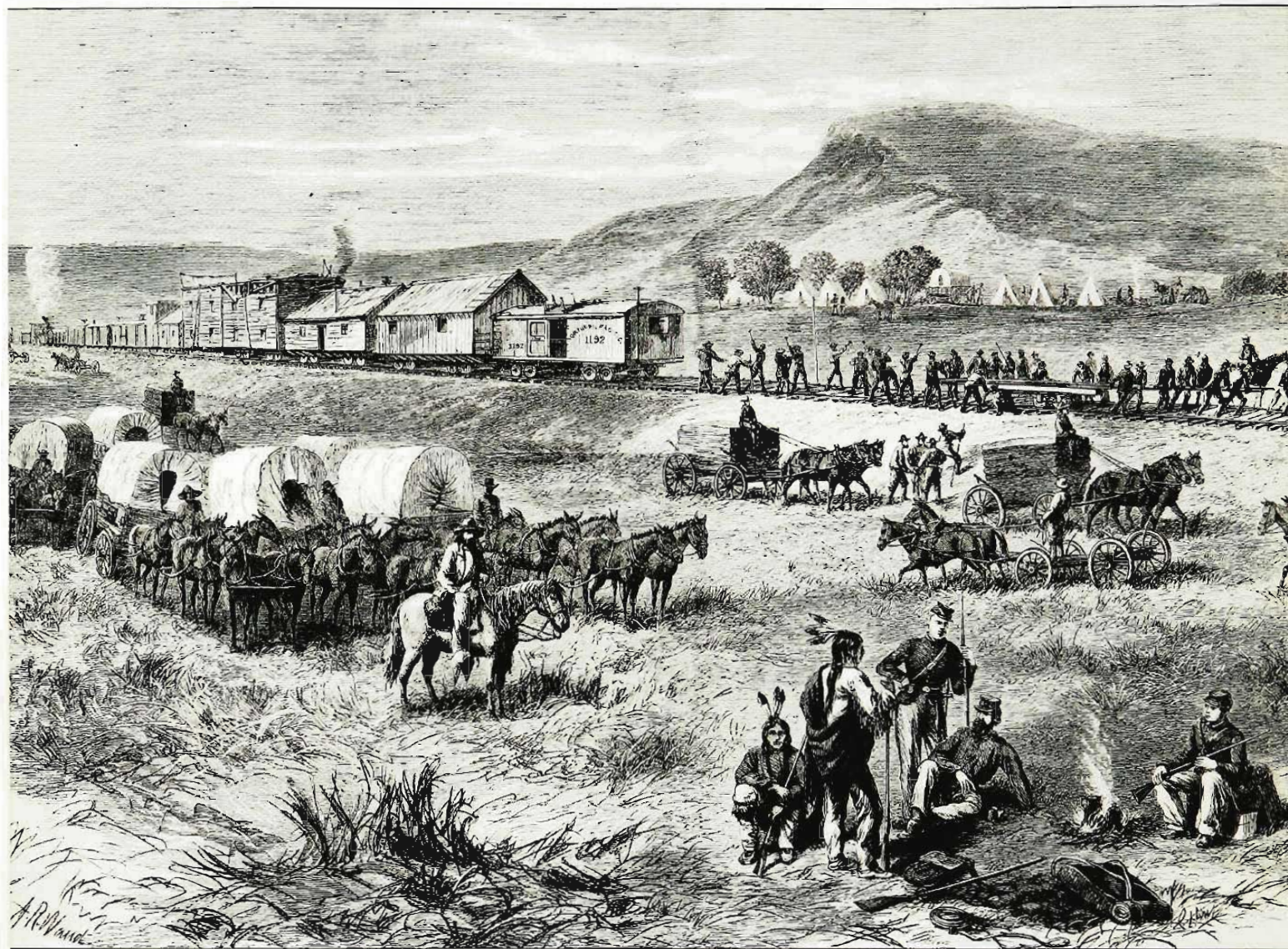
I N AUGUST 1872 ARTIST ALFRED RUDOLPH

WAUD JOURNEYED WEST FROM DULUTH ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, COMPLETED ONLY A YEAR EARLIER TO THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH. HIS ACCOUNT OF THE EXCURSION ACROSS MINNESOTA INTO THE DAKOTAS IS RICH WITH DETAILS AND INSIGHTS REGARDING THE EMERGING FRONTIER COMMUNITIES OF THE UPPER MIDWEST. MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN THE NARRATIVE, HOWEVER, ARE THE 48 PENCIL DRAWINGS THAT ACCOMPANY IT. MANY ART HISTORIANS CONSIDER WAUD (PRONOUNCED WODE) TO BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ILLUSTRATORS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. BEST KNOWN FOR HIS FIELD SKETCHES OF CIVIL WAR COMBAT, HE HAD A UNIQUE ABILITY TO CAPTURE THE IMMEDIACY OF THE SCENE WITH ACCURACY AND DETAIL. THE

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"Railroad Building on the Great Plains," 1875 engraving of an earlier Waud drawing

drawings selected to illustrate this presentation of his previously unpublished narrative, "From Duluth to Bismarck," testify to his artistic skill.<sup>1</sup>

Waud was born in London in 1828. While few details of his youth are known, a biographical

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sketch prepared during his lifetime noted that he studied at the School of Design at Somerset House and the Royal Academy in London. Waud moved to the United States in 1850 and began his long career as an illustrator. His first significant drawings are found in *Hunter's Panoramic Guide from Niagara to Quebec* (1857), a fold-out view some 12 feet long. In his later Duluth-to-Bismarck chronicle, Waud refers to an 1853 trip across the Great Lakes to Duluth, no doubt undertaken for *Hunter's Guide*.<sup>2</sup>

Following an assignment with the *New York*

<sup>1</sup> Library of Congress, *An Album of American Battle Art, 1755-1918* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1947), 166; *The Civil War: A Centennial Exhibit of Eyewitness Drawings* (Washington, D.C.: National Gallery of Art, 1961), 13-14; Frederic E. Ray, *Alfred R. Waud, Civil War Artist* (New York: Viking Press, 1974), 28, 31.

<sup>2</sup> Walter Montgomery, ed., *American Art and American Art Collectors* (Boston: E. W. Walker and Co., 1889), 2:836.



*Illustrated News*, Waud joined the staff of Harper Brothers and became the leading "special" artist for *Harper's Weekly*. He was with the major Union force, the Army of the Potomac, throughout the Civil War. According to one of his contemporaries, "He had been in every advance, in every retreat, in every battle, and almost in every reconnaissance. He probably knows more about the several campaigns, the rights and wrongs of several fights, the merits and demerits of the commanders, than two out of three wearers of generals' shoulder-straps. But he was a prudent man, who could keep his own counsel, and went on sketching."<sup>3</sup>

Waud was the most prolific of the 30 or so combat artists of the Civil War, men similar to today's news photographers or television-camera operators. His field sketches were sent back to studios, where skilled craftsmen transformed the art into wood-block engravings that were used to print the illustrations. Much of the spontaneity of the original drawings was lost in the process of engraving.<sup>4</sup>

After the war, Waud traveled widely in the East and South, documenting places and events for *Harper's* and other publications. His illustrations appeared in children's books, historical accounts, textbooks, fiction, and biographies. While most of his work was based on first-hand observation, this was not always the case. For example, he combined his personal knowledge of George Armstrong Custer with his artistic imagination to produce the famous illustration, "Custer's

Last Fight," the first known picture of the general's defeat at the battle of the Little Big Horn.<sup>5</sup>

In 1872 Waud was one of several artists that the New York City publishing house of D. Appleton and Company engaged to provide illustrations for a book project, *Picturesque America*. His roving assignments included the

Ohio River, Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, both the lower and upper Mississippi River, Chicago, Milwaukee, and the Northwest, which meant Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota Territory. A large number of his sketches were used in the elegant two-volume set, but only three depict his travel from Duluth westward: scenes along the Dalles of the St. Louis River, the Red River, and an Indian trail on the bank of the Red River. While *Harper's* and other journals occasionally used Waud's written accounts, his only contribution to *Picturesque America* was his art.<sup>6</sup>



Alfred R. Waud at the easel, 1870s

As it turns out, Waud was able to publish one other sketch from the 1872 Duluth-to-Bismarck journey. Entitled "Railroad Building on the Great Plains," it appeared in the July 17, 1875, issue of *Harper's Weekly* accompanying an article on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. The inscription on the caboose, however, reads "Northern Pacific," confirming that this is the scene that Waud describes in his narrative as being just west of Jamestown; the engravers at *Harper's* neglected to change the railroad name when using the art to

<sup>3</sup> George A. Sala, *My Diary in America in the Midst of War* (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1865), 1:302.

<sup>4</sup> *The Civil War*, 13-14.

<sup>5</sup> Sinclair Hamilton, *Early American Book Illustrators and Wood Engravers, 1670-1870* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1958), 1:218; Frederick Whittaker, *A Complete Life of Gen. George A. Custer* (New York: Sheldon and Co., 1876), 606.

<sup>6</sup> William Cullen Bryant, ed., *Picturesque America: or, The Land We Live In* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1872-74).



illustrate a different story. Unfortunately, the original sketch has been lost, but the discovery of Waud's writings many years after his death restores the engraved version to its historical place. The manuscript also proves art historian Robert Taft's conjecture that Waud based his 1872 sketch on direct observation rather than a photograph, a common practice at the time.<sup>7</sup> With its careful detail, the drawing merits consideration as the finest illustration of early western railroad construction.

Alfred Waud's travel on the Northern Pacific must have terminated at the construction site west of Jamestown in early September 1872. His handwritten narrative includes a final paragraph on Bismarck, a location he could have reached only by overland travel, as the first locomotive did not arrive there until June 1873. The name Bismarck was not selected for the site at the Missouri River crossing until April 1873; before that, the settlement was known as Edwinton. Two sketches, one of Fort Rice to the south and one of an Indian encampment, indicate that Waud did reach the Missouri River. His use of "Bismarck" rather than "Edwinton" and other internal evidence suggest that the text was most likely prepared in 1874, perhaps with some hope of publication. In fact, the manuscript appears to be edited in Waud's own hand, as if in preparation for press. But this was not to be. The increasing public disillusionment with the promises of the Northern Pacific reached its height in September 1873 with the financial collapse of Jay Cooke and Company. This debacle, along with the Panic of 1873, may have eliminated Waud's chances of publishing his narrative.<sup>8</sup>

Following his death in 1891, Waud's materials remained in the possession of his family. The Library of Congress acquired a set of 1,150 drawings, almost exclusively Civil War sketches, in 1919. In 1965 and 1977, the Historic New Orleans Collection purchased another set—nearly 2,000 sketches—primarily depicting Waud's travels across America. The Duluth-to-Bismarck narrative is the only substantial manuscript among these materials,

but the 48 sketches of the journey are merely a small selection from this rich treasure of art.<sup>9</sup>

Waud's manuscript reflects common late-nineteenth-century prejudices toward Native Americans. As a document, it reminds us that concepts such as race and ethnicity derive from their historical context and change with the times. Descriptions such as "redman," "buck," "squaw," and "wretched aborigines," convey an attitude of white superiority that was virtually unquestioned in Waud's day.

Except for the four illustrations discussed above, the narrative and selected sketches appear here for the first time. The editor has corrected minor irregularities in spelling, capitalization, and punctuation and supplied clarifications in brackets. The few deletions of anecdotes or lengthy descriptions are indicated by ellipses and explained in footnotes.

"From Duluth to Bismarck" presents illustrations of early Minnesota and North Dakota by an outstanding artist. As one Duluth newspaper predicted: "Mr. A. R. Waud, an artist of much celebrity, is now in the city at the Clark House. . . and will probably take back with him, among other sketches, a view of Duluth, taken from some position on Minnesota Point. . . . A splendid picture will be the result."<sup>10</sup> Alfred Waud's "splendid pictures" and narrative of the countryside, settlements, and workers along the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad enrich our understanding of the development of the Upper Midwest. — Robert L. Reid

## From Duluth to Bismarck

### "FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW"

The popular route to Duluth is by steamer from the lower lake ports through the Sault Ste. Marie canal and across Lake Superior. Another way is by the Lake Superior

<sup>7</sup> Robert Taft, *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850–1900* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953), 61–62.

<sup>8</sup> E. V. Smalley, comp. *Northern Pacific Railroad Book of Reference* (New York: Sackett and Rankin, 1883), 107; *Jewell's First Annual Directory of the City of Bismarck, Dakota* (Bismarck: M. H. Jewell, 1879), 10–14. A scholarly history of the Northern Pacific Railroad remains to be written. The best available study of its early years is Robin W. Winks, *Frederick Billings: A Life* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991).

<sup>9</sup> Three articles based on Waud sketches now in the Historic New Orleans Collection have appeared in *American Heritage* (AH): "When Chicago Burned," AH, Aug. 1963, p. 54–61; Oliver Evans, "Melting Pot in the Bayous," AH, Dec. 1963, p. 33–48, 107; and "Down the Mississippi," AH, June–July 1984, p. 86–95.

<sup>10</sup> Quoted in Ray, *Waud*, 63.





*View of Duluth from Minnesota Point*

and Mississippi R.R. from St. Paul. It was by this road that I reached Duluth in a bracing east wind, accompanied by rain and a temperature of forty-five Fahrenheit. At Minneapolis the day before it had risen to one hundred in the shade. As it was August, and no one had told us to take overcoats, we found the lighted stoves of the Clark House exceedingly agreeable and patronized them considerably during our stay.<sup>11</sup>

The harbor of Duluth is formed by the St. Louis River, which after a turbulent course, marked by wild rapids and many falls, calms down as it reaches Fond du Lac, as with the gravity of age; and soberly flows into the lake, of which it is the head waters.

That, from its position, the young city is destined to grow into a center of great commercial activity there can be no doubt. It, in fact, is a place of importance already, judging from the large steamers and other vessels daily arriving and departing, and the activity on the S[t.] P[aul] and

L[ake] S[uperior] and N[orthern] P[acific] railroads. Of course it may be said, without offence, that the Duluthians have not yet realized their sanguine expectations. Indeed, to an outsider they seem hanging to the future with grim endurance, waiting for expansion.

In the meantime the town has been spread about on the hill side in a way that gives ample elbow room. It might be imagined that in a country of strong winds, frequent rains, and dry arctic winters, the people would naturally crowd together in snug proximity; but they do not, and it may be that they get so used to cold weather in the summer that it loses the charm of novelty. But the cold certainly is dry.

Minnesota Point, a long promontory jutting out some nine miles, making the harbor perfectly land locked, affords an excellent view of Duluth. A canal has been cut through the point, to afford access to the inner harbor and save the long trip round by the mouth of the St. Louis. Crossing this

<sup>11</sup> First settled in the 1850s, Duluth was incorporated in 1870. The Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad was linked to the Pennsylvania Central, owned by Jay Cooke and Company. See Ryck Lydecker and Lawrence J. Sommer, eds., *Duluth: Sketches of the Past* (Duluth: American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, 1976), 193, 239; Warren G. Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names: Their Origin and Historic Significance* (1920; reprint, St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society [MHS], 1969), 480.



and mounting to a house top, almost every building may be seen rising one above another from the lake shore, the crest of the hills fringed with pine woods that once extended to the water's edge and now look like scattered lines retiring before the forces of civilization.

Beyond is almost unbroken wilderness to Hudson's Bay. Without doubt it is a fine situation for a city, and when the great forests of the St. Louis and the rapidly spreading wheat regions beyond give up their treasures, when the wonderful waterpower of the Dalles is fringed with mills, its stone and slate quarries developed, and above all the Northern Pacific finished to Puget Sound, and carrying the wealth of China and the Indies to Lake Superior, then it will be as bustling a port as the most sanguine of its lot holders can hope for.<sup>12</sup>

Along the shore of Minnesota Point is a favorite hunting ground for agates. Tourists bend their backs and contemplate the shingle of the beach with great earnestness; but it has been so well picked over that a stone of any beauty is rare. The Indians collect agates and dispose of them to the storekeepers, who display them in small bottles filled with water and sell them to tourists, passenger birds, who have no time to search for stones but hurry through Duluth in flocks, making trips of who knows how many thousand miles, at a cost of thirty or forty dollars.

The poorer classes seem to have selected the "Point" for their humble dwellings, and among sheds, fishing boats, and drying nets was a picturesque wigwam, its bark eked out by bits of sail cloth, tarpaulin and an old blanket, surrounded by a debris of drift wood, barrels, etc. It was scarcely removed from the spray of the grey breakers, which splashed a canoe, turned up in front of the structure, as they broke upon the shore.

One mile west of Duluth is Rice's Point. There are the workshops of the N.P. and the corporation owns large property in land there. From thence westward, passing the unimportant but euphoniously named stations of Oneota and Spirit Lake, the next place of any interest is Fond du Lac. Here in 1853 we saw two or three thousand Indians collected together to pow wow and get their annuity. An immense fleet of canoes lay in the river, and the then Indian agent Capt.

Godfrey was in high state.<sup>13</sup> Duluth was not dreamed of. Certainly if this writer had had any suspicion of what was to be, he might have preempted the whole country, and gained a reputation for insanity. As usual, the aborigines have retired before the march of improvement. The dilapidated buildings look desolate. A solitary birch bark skims, where they once collected by hundreds, and a forlorn Indian or two, attracted by the graves of their forefathers, may be seen lingering about the place; for one of the strongest feelings of the red man is his attachment to the burying place of his tribe.

At Fond du Lac, whoso has any use for the article can purchase a very good canoe for five dollars. To transport the bargain East would cost about thirty. It was probably the expense of carriage that induced our friend Capt. Ziegenfuss to reconsider his determination to buy one. The fact that he found it utterly impossible to occupy the cranky craft without upsetting it may however have influenced his change of mind.

From Fond du Lac to Thompson [Thomson] the scenery is very striking, and would be a very interesting walk if we all had a mission for crossing ravines on single track trestle bridges ninety feet high.<sup>14</sup> These trestles span savage gorges choked with living and dead vegetation beneath which lie hidden little streams hurrying to the St. Louis, here a very turbulent river, tumbling about uneasily on its rugged bed of slate, and winding through a great pine forest. A river admirably adapted for the growth of mills, the water never failing. Here are the steepest grades on the road, seventy feet to the mile, a portion of the track laid with much difficulty, owing to the nature of the soil, a treacherous foundation that before it was dug out altogether and replaced by masses of solid masonry had a habit of slipping away towards the rapids below. From a point above the railroad the trains can be seen puffing steadily up the grade and a magnificent view of the river lies below the spectator, a chaos of water and rock, till it is lost in the depths of pine forests beyond.

The red raspberry grows in great abundance along the countryside, but somehow, after eating a

<sup>12</sup> The Dalles refers to a rock-enclosed gorge of the St. Louis River which descended 400 feet over a six-mile stretch from Thomson to Fond Du Lac; Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 493.

<sup>13</sup> An early assignment apparently brought Waud to this area; see p. xx, above. Richard Godfrey was also present at the signing of the 1854 treaty at La Pointe with the Ojibway; Dwight E. Woodbridge and John S. Pardee, *History of Duluth and St. Louis County, Past and Present* (Chicago: C. F. Cooper and Co., 1910), I: 71.

<sup>14</sup> Although properly spelled Thomson, the railroad stop and township in Carlton County was named for David Thompson, a British fur-trade explorer; Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 76.



quart or two they fall upon the palate, being drier and not so luscious as the cultivated fruit. Groups of women and children gathering them are seen in the woods at each side of the track, all the way to Thompson. Near this place is the junction of the Mississippi and Lake Superior, and the Northern Pacific roads. A bridge crosses the St. Louis, and that river changes its course, coming now from the north, and a fearful time it makes of it, roaring through narrow passes, its dark waters storming to the black rocks, flanking them, making island fortresses of them, and fretting away into deep glens below: Whence its voice still comes, muffled and hoarse. Above the bridge, swirling, heaving, tossing, falling, it is one continuous rapid till it makes another turn about half a mile away closing the view with a picturesque fall. It is said that Indians do not hesitate to run this tempestuous water in canoes; we did not see any such performance, and as the Indian village is six or eight miles up the river by a blind trail, very hard upon city-made boots, we did not negotiate with the natives for the spectacle.

The slate rock which crops up in the river and heaves its great shoulders out of the land is of

poor quality; but as slate often improves with depth, these beds may increase in value by quarrying. For the accommodation of the quarrymen, a Swede put up, some years since, a squared log house on a bank near the railroad, quite an improvement on ordinary log structures. With its flagstaff, bell, balconied porch, and vine clad store house, it is a very pretty feature in the rugged landscape. It bears in rustic letters the words "Alpha," and "Welcome."

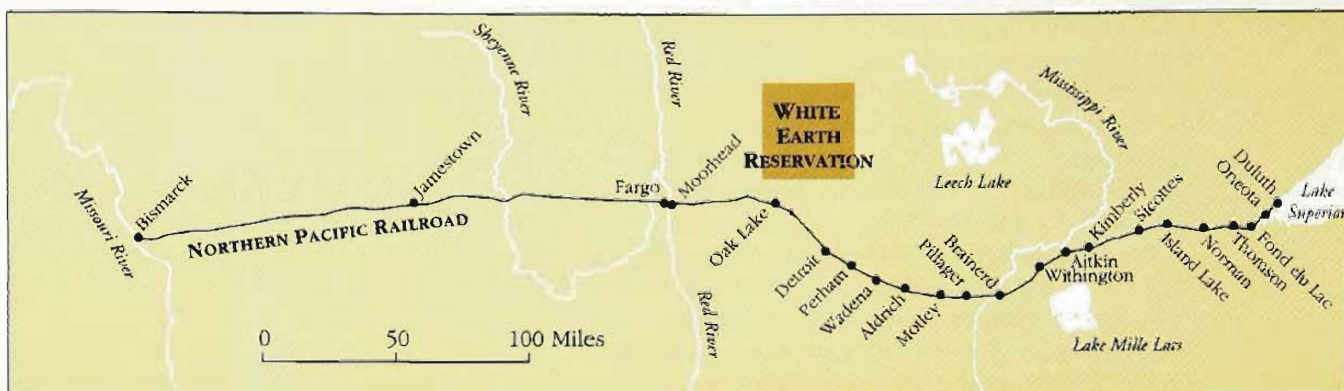
Tourists, charmed by the surroundings, stop at Thompson long enough to glance at the freaks of the river, gather the pretty rock ferns, and collect fragments of jasper. Owing probably to the illness of the landlord, the hotel afforded but scanty accommodation at the time of our visit. Let us hope it has improved. Certainly a well kept house at a point of so great attraction ought to thrive. The atmosphere, tempered by the extensive woodlands which lie between, is a great improvement on that of Duluth, which from its easterly winds may be considered the Boston of Lake Superior.

Leaving Thompson, with its half a hundred straggling buildings among the stumps and bush-

*Swedish proprietor's rustic lodging near the slate quarry at Thomson*







Route of the Northern Pacific Railroad that artist Waud traveled in 1872

es, we took the train bound west on the Northern Pacific and plunged into a wilderness, where conifers and a few "lady birches" seemed to prevail. A primeval and a dismal wilderness it is; and yet the clearings "blossom like the rose" with a perfect abandon of floral beauty. . . .<sup>15</sup>

**T**he next station, known as Norman [also called Skibo], presented no attractions. . . . Journeying onwards, past Island Lake, Sicottes, & Kimberly, the landscape gradually changes in character.<sup>16</sup> Innumerable ponds and lakes are scattered over the country. The woods are stunted. The ground not being overshadowed by trees supports a luxuriant amphibious kind of grass. We pass mile after mile of stunted pines; dwarfs from two to twelve or fifteen feet in height, clothed in the never absent moss, and dying of premature decay.

It is conceded that this district will not attract settlers for years to come. When they are occupied it will probably be for pasturage. They need drainage, and this want Nature is slowly providing for. All through this portion of the state, old settlers have noticed a decided diminution in the depth of ponds and creeks. Some of these shallow bodies of water have dried up, or filtered away, and are now mere depressions on the prairie. Others, once favorite fishing grounds, are now so shallow and filled up with weeds that a boat cannot be used upon them. There was probably a large body of water here once, a continuation of the Great Lakes perhaps, which in its subsidence has left the land speckled with innumerable lakes and lakelets, many of them tributary to the "father

Drama of the aurora borealis over a tamarack bog



<sup>15</sup> Lengthy description of this "wilderness" has been deleted.

<sup>16</sup> Railroad stations in St. Louis, Carlton, and Aitkin counties; Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 15, 78, 487.



of Waters" [Mississippi River] who draws his darkly tinted supplies from their abundance.

Fish are plentiful in this region. Pickerel, bass, and trout abound, of extraordinary size, and magnificent trout of much avoirdupois, strangers wholly to the fishermen in eastern waters, who feel lucky if they catch them of a dozen or fifteen to the pound. For the sportsman with dog and gun there are prairie chicken and deer, plover, snipe, woodcock, duck, everything that flies in northern America. For the invalid, an invigorating atmosphere of great recuperative power in affections of the lungs. And finally for all, there is the

tuneful and attentive mosquito, whose millions thrive apace.

Among the sights to be met with are real, veritable beaver dams, but the clever engineers that built them have almost entirely disappeared. By the railroad track at different points are huts, picturesque in their ruin. These structures were the temporary homes of the laborers on the railroad. Surrounded by and grown over with wild flowers, rank, waving grass, and tangled raspberry vines, they are now as desolate as the "Lost Cause" [the Confederacy]. Nevertheless there is an attraction about them, as there is in all evidences of former human occupation. There is the poetry of the past in them, especially at sunset or moonlight, or as dimly seen by the glow of the aurora borealis. The "spectral lights of the North" are presented in great intensity at times in Minnesota. Clouds of crimson rise to the zenith; up to them shoot long streamers of green, white and yellow, projected from fantastic, waving bands of light. Below ranges of vivid crystalized forms rise from the horizon and mysteriously sink back again. . . .

As we ride westerly, Aitkin and Withington, both at present unimportant places, are passed, and occasionally Indians are seen. . . .<sup>17</sup>

Near Kimberly a pretty picture was presented by an Indian camp on the borders of a clear lake. At the waters edge were several canoes, half drawn from the water, or floating in a lush growth of weeds. Children (imps) tumbled in the grass, or lay in wait for little birds with bow and arrow. Further up, women were engaged in cooking or playing with their babies. Conical wigwams, "teepees," crowned the bank, flecked by the shadows of the trees among which they were pitched, and the whole was beautifully reflected in the lake, just stirred by a slight ripple.

The land improves in appearance, and shows more signs of occupation and tillage as it approaches the Mississippi. On the banks of the mighty river, which cuts the United States in twain, is the town of Brainerd, the most important place west of Duluth.<sup>18</sup> Its appearance is very singular, the streets being merely glades and vistas cut through the forest, which stands in original integrity on either hand. Looking down Main St.



<sup>17</sup> Withington, later renamed Deerwood, is in Crow Wing County; Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 157. Descriptions of "squaw," "papoose," and "buck" have been deleted.

<sup>18</sup> Brainerd, founded in 1870 at the Northern Pacific's crossing of the Mississippi River, was named for Ann Eliza Brainerd Smith, the wife of the railroad company's first president; Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 156.



from the corner of Broadway we see an extremely wide thoroughfare, in which at the time the sketch was made, were groups of tall pines. On the right hand, elevated above the level is the railroad, running conveniently near to the hotel, restaurant, (twenty minutes for dinner), company, express, freight offices and so forth. To the left, on the southern side, are many stores and houses, of various construction, from the humble pioneer shed with its make believe square front, to the pretentious three story.

ened, one of them agreed to show the spot where she had been destroyed and led them the way to the ashes of a fire among which were some bones. This was enough; the excited citizens hung them, dispensing with legal formalities. A medical man, who visited subsequently the place the Indian had indicated, pronounced the bones to be those of a deer. No skull was found, and the disappearance remained a mystery. Those best acquainted with Indian character believe that the poor wretches imagined that the whites would let them off if

they could point out the remains, hence the subterfuge. This event was followed by what, in the annals of Brainerd, is called the "Blueberry War." Indians began to collect in the neighbourhood, and so great was the fear of retaliation that the militia of St. Paul and other places were hurried to Brainerd to defend the citizens. It soon appeared that the Indians had no more warlike desire than to find a market for blueberries, which grow to unusual size and of a delicious flavor in this locality. So the little army, having eaten its fill of the luscious fruit, returned to its civil avocations, with as little display as might be.<sup>19</sup>



*View of Brainerd from the Mississippi River*

Sitting among piles of newly cut ties was a family of the red men, trying to count the stamps for which they had sold their blueberries—incipient effort of bookkeeping. In front of the shanty liquor saloon, bearing the appropriate sign "The Last Chance," were the trees from which two Indians were hung for the supposed outrage and murder of a young white woman. We say supposed, for the crime had never been satisfactorily proven. The girl had disappeared, and the Indians were arrested on suspicion. Pressed and threat-

The prettiest building in the young town is the Episcopal church; a picturesque wooden structure, admirably in keeping with its surrounding. The resident minister, a pleasant unassuming gentleman, somewhat addicted to healthy recreation—on the day we had the honor of an introduction had just finished a little constitutional in the way of a swim of fifteen miles down the Mississippi, and a walk back.<sup>20</sup> The river winds away in beautiful reaches, which have a more romantic appearance from the presence of many

<sup>19</sup> This account conforms to the facts of the Helen McArthur disappearance on April 28, 1872; see Walter N. Trenerry, *Murder in Minnesota: A Collection of True Cases* (St. Paul: MHS, 1962), 76–84. The *Brainerd Tribune*, July 27, 1872, identified the saloon as the "Last Turn."

<sup>20</sup> The church, St. Paul's, was built in 1872. The minister was J. A. Gilfillan, who stayed from June 1872 until June 1873, before serving as a missionary to the Ojibway in northern Minnesota for 25 years. Gilfillan to Dr. Hawley, Oct. 6, 1881, printed in *Parish Directory, St. Paul's Church, 1917–18* (Brainerd, [1918]), [7–9]. See also Warren Upham and Rose B. Dunlap, comps., *Minnesota Biographies, 1655–1912*, Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society, vol. 14 (St. Paul, 1912), 258.





St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brainerd, newly built among the pines

Indian canoes, laden with mococks of blueberries. The mocock is a kind of basket of birch bark, holding nearly a bushel, which is usually sold for about two dollars.

Little can be seen of the town from the river, except some shanties and a saw mill. The railroad bridge is a prominent feature in the view, and above it is a rope ferry to West Brainerd, a suburb in embryo. Of the future of the young city who can tell? Is it to be a mere station at which to change locomotives and allow twenty minutes for refreshment, or will it develop into a lively center

of business and travel? Will the vast wealth, which is to be carried across the continent by this new route, all go by; or will a portion of it be diverted by the enterprise of its citizens to be a source of emolument and fortune? Both these views have their advocates. Time will show which is right.

Across the Mississippi the country changes again in character; timber becomes scarce, and prairies extend in all directions. There are more farms; indeed nearly all the land has been taken up; some by bona fide settlers and a considerable portion by speculators. Land without timber is held at lower rates than the wooded districts. As settlements increase, trees will have to be planted to meet the requirements of the farmers. Further west, in Dakota, it will be absolutely necessary to make such plantations to render the country habitable.<sup>21</sup> That they will thrive, no one need doubt; *maugre* [despite, from the French *malgré*] the experience of the railroad company and their non-success in raising living snow sheds. A contract, amounting to twenty thousand dollars, was made with a party to set out trees to form a barrier against snow drifts at exposed places. Crescent shaped furrows were made in the prairie, to receive the young trees. Either they repudiated such rough treatment, or had been too long out of the ground to have any vitality. Certainly they did not live. But some of the telegraph posts sprouted into leaf, as if in silent commentary on the transaction. So the road is at present protected by the humble picket fence.

Though timber is scarce, the lake feature of northern Minnesota is kept up, and after passing the stations of Pillager, Motley, Hayden, Aldrich, Wadena, Leaf River, Perham, Hobart, and Detroit, we alighted again at the village of Oak Lake, in its infancy known as "hell upon wheels."<sup>22</sup> When it earned this soubriquet, it was the headquarters and temporary terminus of the road, the center of attraction to a vicious and lawless crowd, similar to that which had previously cursed every step of the way during the construction of the Union Pacific track. There human beasts of prey, of both sexes, followed in the wake of the army of pioneers, to delude the unwary; and failing in that, rob or murder.

At Oak Lake they mustered in force, the tents

<sup>21</sup> Waud was anticipating the bonanza farms that came to characterize agriculture in the region; see Hiram M. Drache, *The Day of the Bonanza: A History of Bonanza Farming in the Red River Valley of the North* (Fargo: North Dakota Institute for Regional Studies, 1964).

<sup>22</sup> Hayden and Hobart did not survive. Detroit became Detroit Lakes, while Oak Lake was renamed Audubon; Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 27, 28. Alvin H. Wilcox, *A Pioneer History of Becker County, Minnesota* (St. Paul: Pioneer Press Co., 1907), 390, recalled that a "swarm of vicious 'roughs'" at Oak Lake accompanied the construction of the Northern Pacific.



of these Bedouins, covering a large space of ground—an encampment of liquor dealers, gamblers, and thieves, parasites upon the employees of the road and those drawn by business or curiosity to the spot. Lawlessness was the order of the day, and night. To quote Derby: "The soft note of the pistol was constantly heard accompanied by the pleasant scream of the victim." Men leaving the paymasters office would be ordered to throw their money on the ground, from whence it would be taken, as soon as they had obeyed the further order "march!" This was quite in the comic vein.

There were however tragedies so heartless, as to be beyond belief. . . .<sup>23</sup>

In a short time the advance of the road relieved White Oak [here and below, for Oak Lake] of its incubus, and the little settlement became a place of security. That noble missionary, Bishop Whipple, visited the place when it was at its worst and made efforts for its improvement. He fearlessly approached the wickedest haunts and talked with the abandoned inmates. He went from place to place and personally invited all to come and listen to his preaching. It was

<sup>23</sup> George Horatio Derby (1823–61) was a Western humorist who wrote under the pen name John Phoenix. The quote is actually a paraphrase of two lines from his poem "Sandyago"; see his *Phoenixiana; or Sketches and Burlesques* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1855), 158–59; George R. Stewart, *John Phoenix, Esq., the Veritable Squibob: A Life of Captain George H. Derby, U.S.A.* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1937).

A lengthy anecdote centering on Marshal Alfred Brackett has been deleted. The St. Paul lawman was known for bravery and for solving crimes; see, for example, Trenerry, *Murder in Minnesota*, 63–64.

#### *Episcopal mission buildings and grounds, White Earth Reservation*





love thrown away. They seemed past redemption. At White Oak we had the good fortune to meet the Bishop, whose earnest labors in the Wilderness have gained for him the title of the modern St. John. He was on his way, accompanied by a number of clergymen, to consecrate a church built by the Chippewas on their reservation at White Earth, about twenty miles to the north. At this place a strong effort is being made under the protection of the Episcopal Church to civilize, as well as Christianize, the Indian, thus far with a fair prospect of success. It is uphill work; for the wretched aborigines, steeped in ignorance and poverty, for years a prey to unscrupulous agents and traders, and only coming in contact with the most vicious class of the whites, are indeed in a forlorn condition. In an address, delivered by the Bishop at the consecration, he described them as the most miserable human beings he had ever known.<sup>24</sup>

The improvements the Chippewas had made on this reservation, the church and mission buildings, the agricultural operations, and their general good behavior is creditable to them. The Indians' worst enemy, "fire water," is studiously kept from them. The laws of Minnesota are very strict in this matter, a fine of five hundred dollars being levied on anyone selling or giving to an Indian a single drink of whiskey. That the law in so sparsely settled a country is absolutely enforced is not probable; but as every settler is interested in keeping his red neighbors sober, infringement of the statute is accompanied with great risk. Their efforts to get a taste of the forbidden fluid are sometimes comical. . . .<sup>25</sup>

At White Oak we had a demonstration of the plentifulness of prairie chickens. Flocks of them had taken wing at different times along the track as the train thundered by, and when the clerical party alighted at the log hotel, the landlord having a scanty larder, took down his gun, whistled for his dogs, and started out to cater for supper. At a short distance from the house he began to fire and in less than thirty minutes came in with fifteen birds, remarking that he had just got among them when supper time admonished him to return.

An occasional feature in the landscape is the emigrant wagon, slow, toiling along, or encamped by the side of the water: the cattle luxuriating in the wild grasses, the children prattling around

their mother, busy at the wash tubs; the father examining the country with sagacious eyes and perhaps making up his mind that he may go farther and fare worse. The majority of these travelers have their destinations settled before they start, and the halts they make are mainly for needed rest. The newcomers differ widely, as might be expected, about the merits of the country. Some appear thoroughly satisfied, praise their new homes, and talk trustingly of the future. Others make haste to leave before another winter overtakes them. It is possible that the latter, town-bred and softened, were not justified by their antecedents in attempting a life which of all others most requires a hardy temperament, sound health, courage, and the ability to make shifts and get along without help. People accustomed to live in more civilized districts, farmers as well as others, are apt to be dismayed by hardships that the pioneer must endure. The handicraftsmen, bred in cities, are most of all unfitted for an existence of this sort.

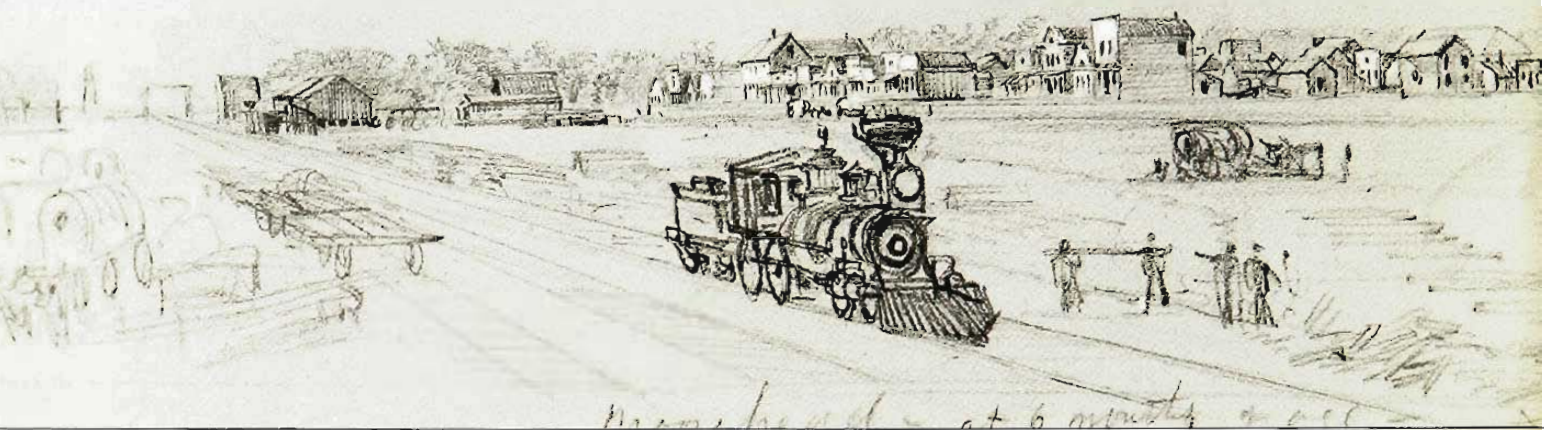
Fertile, blessed with a healthy climate, with its resources but half developed, Minnesota is already, with the exception of California, the greatest wheat producing state in the Union. Its population is vigorous, and the white race, which languishes in the far southern latitudes, finds here a cradleland from whence in the future less favored localities will draw the surplus of brain and muscle. In the fine autumn weather it is a land of promise. In the winter the settler must have fortitude. These prairies, now covered with tall grass and myriads of flowers, become dreary wastes. The lakes are icebound, and the unchecked wind at times rages unmercifully, carrying the snow before it in blinding drifts, obscuring all objects and landmarks at very short distances. It is to meet such seasons that the farmer banks his hut with earth and throws a heavy layer of it on the roof, which in summer is hidden by a mass of verdure and blossoms. Among these settlers, some of them emigrants from the north of Europe, we saw some good heads, square-browed, symmetrical, expressing thought and manliness.

Once more on the cars, there is little to invite delay till the town of Moorhead on the Red River is reached; though why Red River, it is hard to

<sup>24</sup> Henry B. Whipple (1822–1901), the first Episcopal bishop of Minnesota, was an early and consistent advocate of fair treatment for Indian people; Upham and Dunlap, comps., *Minnesota Biographies*, 846. White Earth Reservation was established by treaty in 1867; William W. Folwell, *A History of Minnesota* (St. Paul: MHS, 1956), 4:195. For an early settler's account of the dedication of the Indian church, see Wilcox, *Pioneer History*, 262.

<sup>25</sup> Folwell described this 1862 law as locking the door after the horse was stolen; *History of Minnesota*, 2:256. A lengthy anecdote about begging for alcohol has been deleted.





Waud's rendering of Moorhead "at 6 months of age"

say, the water being of a decided drab. Its sponsors certainly had "no eye for color." The banks are high and well wooded, cottonwoods, willows, elms, and oaks being in the majority. As it is the first water yet seen flowing north, we regard it with interest, and in imagination follow it on its course to Manitoba and Hudson's Bay. Moorhead, although but six months of age when the sketch was made, appeared quite presentable, although a few of the buildings were of no more substantial material than canvas, and those built of wood were innocent of lath and plaster.<sup>26</sup>

At the Knappen House, considering all things, were fair accommodations. To be sure there was no lock on our chamber door and a marauding fellow boarder confiscated our chair and the sixty-eight mirror. But as there was not enough of either to go round this was excusable. The hosts were pleasant, the food wholesome, and a fire was made in the office stove in the evening, for these August nights were bracing, not to say cold. Among the guests seated around, the topics were mostly of land speculations, contracts for ties, prospects of the railroad, and of projected buildings and city improvements.<sup>27</sup>

The bar did its fair share of business, and owing to the acoustic qualities of the building, you

could, on retiring to rest, employ your ears with edifying success in listening to the conversation of its frequenters. Or if this failed to interest, you might vary the entertainment by following the fortunes of the billiard players till the gentle rattle of the balls and the hum of voices faded into sleep. On awakening from the soundest of slumber, common to this latitude and longitude, it is the right thing, pending the breakfast call, to go out to see the departure of passengers by stage for Manitoba. This we did with the more satisfaction that we were not in for that trip of one hundred and fifty miles.

Bound to the same territory was a number of ox wagons, loading with a great variety of freight, at the side of a train of cars, a prominent object being a big boiler and the engine for a sawmill. In a short time they got under way, and the picturesque procession of loaded wagons, teamsters, and oxen disappeared over the plain. The track meanwhile was lively with the constant movements of locomotives, distributing or making up trains. More wagons continually came and went with freight. A workman just arrived was lamenting the loss of his chest. In the innocence of his heart, and relying upon its weight, he had left it by the railroad for a few minutes. In that time it

<sup>26</sup> Moorhead, on the Minnesota side of the river, was established in 1871. Named for William G. Moorhead, a partner of Jay Cooke, it had a population of 700–800 by July 1872; Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 117; Clarence A. Glasrud, ed., *Roy Johnson's Red River Valley* (Moorhead: Red River Valley Historical Society, 1982), 260.

<sup>27</sup> The Knappen House, operated by a Swedish proprietor, was one of three early hotels in Moorhead; *A Century Together: A History of Fargo, North Dakota and Moorhead, Minnesota* (Fargo: Fargo-Moorhead Centennial Corporation, 1975), 141.



had been spirited away. It will be noted that of the citizens of Moorhead, some are not altogether without guile. If all is true, one "Shang," short for Shanghai, and suggestive of his inches, should, with certain of his comrades, be serving the state between four walls. There was a family likeness between these members of society and the denizens of Water and Cherry Streets, New York, which extended to their lady friends.<sup>28</sup>

The public institutions did not detain us long. The principal of these were the water works, which if not extensive were apparently adequate to the demand and a subject of silent contemplation to the Indians, who watched the process of pumping the Red River into a cart.<sup>29</sup> Opposite these primitive works was an encampment of Indians, on the Dakota side of the river: a small

collection of conical tents, whose inhabitants had advanced in the social scale to the ownership of carts, and in one of these a party drove up from Fargo. Primitive cookery, the broiling of meat and corn cake on hot ashes, was in progress, which all fell to on the arrival of the cart. That family carriage was of the kind known as "Red River Cart," made entirely of wood and thongs of hide; no iron work; not even a nail. Caravans of them, loaded with furs, used to creak along the country from the Hudson's Bay Territory to St. Paul, each vehicle drawn by a single ox tied by the horns to the cart ahead. Now they stop at the railroad.<sup>30</sup>

We took the trail along the river, sheltered by overhanging trees. It is full of woodland beauty. A solitary residence enlivened the walk, the owner

<sup>28</sup> Charles Stanton, known as "Shang," was considered a land manipulator and "desperate character"; see Glasrud, ed., *Roy Johnson's Red River Valley*, 288; *A Century Together*, 138. For an 1878 episode in Bismarck involving an unpleasant character named Mr. Shang, see William A. Rogers, *A World Worth While: A Record of "Auld Acquaintance"* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1922), 69-71.

Water and Cherry streets, part of the waterfront district of the Lower East Side, was a notorious high-crime area in the midnineteenth century. See, for example, G. G. Foster, *New York by Gaslight* (New York: Dewitt and Davenport, 1850), 77-80.

<sup>29</sup> This pump is a prominent feature in a full-page illustration by William A. Rogers, "Fargo, Dakota—Head of Steamboat Navigation on the Red River," *Harper's Weekly*, Aug. 27, 1881, p. 588. For more on Rogers, see Forrest W. Daniel, "Wm. A. Rogers: The Artist Who Played 'Hooky,'" *North Dakota History* 43 (Summer 1976): 4-13.

<sup>30</sup> On the Red River carts and trails, see Rhoda R. Gilman, Carolyn Gilman, and Deborah M. Stultz, *The Red River Trails: Oxcart Routes Between St. Paul and the Selkirk Settlement* (St. Paul: MHS Press, 1979).

Waud described this Moorhead scene as "pumping the Red River into a cart."





evidently having no taste for the splendors of city life. Nothing could be more primitive than the architecture of this dwelling. A hole had been made in a bank and roofed with heavy logs and a thick layer of earth; logs lined the walls, and there was a door. Of windows it was innocent, the builder apparently despising such luxuries. It may have been, and probably was, close in warm weather, which would account for the stove being outside, under a ragged canopy of logs and bark.

With hardly a break, the prairie extends to the Cheyenne [Shayenne] Valley, a distance of forty miles—elegant country for track laying, and so perfectly even as to present no necessity to diverge from a straight line. The buffalo grass, spangled with wild flowers, grows plentifully, but the buffalo is seen no more, although skulls and bones are common enough. It will not be long before these ancient feeding grounds of the great American bison will



*The young town of Fargo, with the Northern Pacific's substantial Headquarters Hotel (right). Waud often jotted images such as the sandhill crane (upper left) at the margins of his work for future reference.*

As there did not appear to be anything about the place likely to attract Shang or his friends, the owner must have felt secure in the isolation of his Robinson Crusoe dwelling.

Nearby was the railroad bridge, a work substantial but not pretty. Beneath it a stern-wheel steamer lay by the inevitable saw mill, getting up steam for its passage down the river. Crossing over into Dakota, Fargo is soon reached, a picturesque camp of comfortable roomy tents and one large building, counterpart of the hotel and offices at Brainerd and about as ugly. This large building has been quite recently destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$40,000. A prominent object among the tents is an artesian well, rendered necessary by the alkaline quality of the surface water. Stalking about were tame sandhill cranes, pet birds.<sup>31</sup>

be covered with grazing cattle and wheat fields. Let us hope that to increase the interest and beauty of the scenery, patches of woodland may also be added to it. For now, not a tree exists to break the monotony of the view, or temper the blasts of winter.

In the summer the constant breezes that blow are very enjoyable, although they waft upon their wings hosts of importunate mosquitoes from the swampy regions of Rupert's Land to the north. Whilst seated in the cars, on our way further westward, the strong draft which existed as long as they were in motion kept the little pests comparatively quiet. At every stoppage, they became intolerable, and we found no resource but to alight and build a "smudge," in the smoke of which, it was possible, with tearful eyes, to cheat these savage insects of their prey.<sup>32</sup>

<sup>31</sup> On Fargo's settlement in 1871, spurred by the arrival of the railroad, see *A Century Together*, 11–16. Waud's sketch may be the only known drawing of the Northern Pacific's original Headquarters Hotel. *A Century Together*, 36–37, states that the hotel burned in 1874 and shows a photograph of a structure with twin peaks on the east side. This does not appear to be the building that Waud sketched.

<sup>32</sup> Rupert's Land, a part of the holdings of the Hudson's Bay Company, was named for Prince Rupert of England, the company's first governor. In 1869 this land was sold to Canada; Norah Story, *The Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature* (Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1967), 733–34. For more on mosquitoes, see Clement A. Lounsberry, *Early History of North Dakota* (Washington, D.C.: Liberty Press, 1919), 154.



At the crossing of the Cheyenne is a settlement, where we alighted and strolled among the stores and the tents of the road employees.<sup>33</sup> Some Sioux from an encampment of the tribe, about a mile off, were lounging about, as one of the passengers remarked, taking the measure of our heads. One of these fellows who had recently become a benedict [newly married after long bachelorhood] had his clothes elaborately ornamented with beads and fringe. His mission was to impress the pale faces by the bravery of his appearance. It was upon the whole a failure; the eye of marital affection may have been gratified to have him so gorgeous; his white audience saw in him only a lazy brute.

After the Indian massacres in Minnesota in 1862, the Sioux were removed into Dakota, greatly to the relief not only of the whites but of the Chippewas whose enemies they were. The Sioux are meat eaters, and have a becoming contempt for the fish-eating Chippewas, who are of milder disposition and less combative. Both tribes do an immense business in munching government rations on reservations. When will the sentiment of this country require of the government that the Indians be put in the way to support themselves, by farming and stock raising? They can work, as we see in Canada, but the "Ring" that grows rich by alternately feeding and abusing them must be abolished before any permanent good can be done to these red men.<sup>34</sup> In conversation with a man who expressed great contempt for Bishop Whipple and his endeavors to improve [the Indians], it came out that he (the contemptuous) had once been concerned in the removal of certain Indians for whose exodus Congress had voted fifty thousand dollars. This sum was very evenly divided between himself and his political backers, and the Indians were ordered to "get up and get." Mournfully enough must these poor wretches have prepared to leave the graves of their fathers and take up their appointed line of march to live or starve by the way; for not a dollar of the appropriation, nor an atom of sympathy, was expended upon them. How these Indians must love the white man—when his scalp is off!

To return to the Cheyenne; from the bluffs above the river its course can be traced,

by the line of timber winding away in the distance. Flying about us, fearlessly, were curlew, plover, and the friendly buffalo bird. The last accompanied our wagon, as we drove over the prairie, in little flocks, flying ahead and alighting on the trail till our near approach forced them to take wing again.

It may be monotonous to the reader, but we could never cease to admire the bracing air of these plains. Some invalids, traveling in search of health, became so cheerful that they brimmed over with irrepressible laughter as they tramped through the tall grass in quest of flowers, feeling no fatigue although the thermometer stood at eighty.

In an almost straight line, with little to break the undulating monotony of the prairie, the railroad carries us to the Missouri River. There is one stretch of fifty-four miles that is a perfect air line. Settlements are few and far between; with the exception of a small collection of huts and tents at Jamestown, the country is almost uninhabited to Bismarck.<sup>35</sup> The James River valley is picturesque, but the general appearance of the country is uninteresting and, except in the valleys, only adapted to pasturage. North of the road are numerous lakes, some of which become almost dry in summer. It is in fact a dry country, the rainfall being exceedingly light. Fortunately water can be reached at a reasonable depth, and of good quality, by digging wells. Of timber, with the exception of a fringe along the streams, there is none. But the ample forests of Minnesota can supply this deficiency. Coal adapted for fuel is plentiful near the Missouri and further west appears in inexhaustible quantities.

Near Bismarck [Waud probably means Jamestown] we overtook the track layers. The quaint train of boarding cars, nearly a dozen wooden houses on wheels, pushing on as fast as the rails are laid. This incongruous affair, looking like a street broken loose from the suburbs of a country town, was erected upon platform cars. The various buildings represented boarding houses, offices, a store, kitchen, etc.; more than half of them two stories high. The hospitality of the gentlemen of the road, who lived in this nomadic fashion, was as hearty as ever a traveler

<sup>33</sup> The settlement, originally known as the Second Crossing of the Sheyenne and later as Whapton and Worthington, is present-day Valley City. Until May 1873 the land was part reserved for Indian settlement; see *Valley City, Dakota: Its Commerce, Manufactures, and Progress* (St. Paul: Northwestern Publishing Co., 1882), 163; Elwyn B. Robinson, *History of North Dakota* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1966), 131.

<sup>34</sup> *Ring or Indian ring* generally meant "any corrupt group which designed to steal" from Indians; Henry E. Fritz, *The Movement for Indian Assimilation, 1860-1890* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1963), 27.

<sup>35</sup> Jamestown, where a handful of railroad men and soldiers camped in 1871, was 94 miles from Fargo and 100 miles from Bismarck. The railroad arrived on September 13, 1872; Robinson, *History of North Dakota*, 131.





*Northern Pacific contractor setting off across the prairie*

had the good fortune to encounter. The twenty-four hours passed at this moving village are amongst the pleasantest memories of the trip. The perfect novelty of the scene was better appreciated at sunrise, when there was a dewy freshness and sparkle that disappeared as that luminary mounted upwards. The train, gilded by its first rays, cast long purple shadows on the prairie. On either side encampments dotted the expanse where the teamsters had tented for the night, their horses picketed about, browsing the wet herbage. A contractor whose train of ox wagons had halted near was already on the move, his destination some distant military post or Indian reservation. The steam of the locomotive and the smoke from the kitchen and neighboring camp fires blushed rosy red as they soared into the dainty, amber-tinted morning sky. Soon the whole community was stirred by the bustle of preparation. Carts full of ties began to move forward, and a little way ahead the men were busy putting

the ties in position on the grade. Rails clanged as they were removed from the train, which had come up in the rear, to the wagons that transported them to a platform car in front of the boarding train. This platform car was hauled on by mule power as fast as the rails could be taken from it and fastened in place. Tracklaying had commenced in earnest. The company of sunburned workmen wielded their hammers with tireless arms, and when they rested at the close of the day, two miles of track had been laid since morning.<sup>36</sup>

Bismarck has about three or four hundred inhabitants; it is not an attractive spot, nor is it suggestive of energy; there is an unmistakable air about the place of waiting for something to turn up. A few farms exist on Apple Creek, which is about twenty miles long. These, with the forts and the railroad, presumably make the business of the place. As there is but one train a day, the citizens do not lose much time in watching the arrivals. Across the Missouri, on a bluff about two hundred feet high, is Fort Abraham Lincoln, General Custer's headquarters.<sup>37</sup> Lower down, on an inclined plateau, is the cavalry camp. The brightness and life of the military post make Bismarck appear a little dull. In the future, when the Northern Pacific road advances into the Yellowstone valley and reaches the rich mineral regions of Montana, it will be a busy place. Just now it strikes "the traveler out of the ordinary routes" as a good place to get away from. Acting upon this idea, we fought the mosquitoes (what a fortune they would be to Bismarck if there was a demand for them) till the departure of the next train, East.

<sup>36</sup> The most likely site for this scene is the hilly region between Crystal Springs and Cleveland, just west of Jamestown. In an official report, J. Gregory Smith, the Northern Pacific's president, stated that track was being laid at the rate of two and a quarter miles per day; *Annual Report to the Secretary of the Interior*, Sept. 30, 1872, p. 8, Northern Pacific Railway Co. Records, Secretary's Records, microfilm copy, MHS; original in Record Group 48, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.

<sup>37</sup> Ft. Abraham Lincoln was established in June 1872 to make the region secure for the railroad; Waud exaggerated the height of the bluffs. An older fort, Rice, stood 30 miles south on the Missouri River. Custer departed from Ft. Rice on an expedition to Yellowstone in June 1873; he returned to Ft. Lincoln in September for the winter. Robert G. Athearn, *Forts of the Upper Missouri* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1967), 265, 282-283; Brian W. Dippie, ed., *Nomad: George A. Custer in Turf, Field, and Farm* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1980), 103.

*The Harper's engraving on p. 70 is from MHS collections; the map on p. 76 is by Patti Isaacs, Parrot Graphics. All other illustrations are from The Historic New Orleans Collection.*





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