


## The Photographs of the President Arthur Yellowstone Expedition, 1883

All of the photographs below are found in the digital collections of Southern Methodist University, DeGolyer Library, and are scans from printed work of the Arthur expedition, *A Journey Through the Yellowstone National Park and Northwestern Wyoming 1883*, by Frank J. Haynes. Some of the individual images may be found in other online galleries, including those of the National Library of Congress and the Jackson Hole Historical Society. The basic URL for the SMU collection with thumbnail images of the photos, as viewed on 1 August 2016 is:

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The DeGolyer Library at SMU has generously made available the entire body of the published Haynes volume in PDF format. It is included here in its entirety, and includes both the text and photographs of the book.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE  
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK  
AND  
NORTHWESTERN WYOMING,  
1883.

The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a complex marbled paper pattern, likely a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern, featuring swirling, feather-like shapes in shades of deep red, blue, and white. The marbling is framed by a decorative border consisting of parallel diagonal lines in gold and black. A small, rectangular, cream-colored label is pasted in the center of the cover, containing the name 'Colonel M. W. Sheeidan, U. S. A.' written in a cursive hand. At the bottom left corner, there is a larger, rectangular, cream-colored label with the text 'THE DeGOLYER FOUNDATION LIBRARY' and 'DALLAS, TEXAS' printed in a simple, sans-serif font. The book's spine, visible on the right, is bound in a dark, textured material, possibly cloth or leather.

Colonel M. W. Sheeidan, U. S. A.

THE DeGOLYER FOUNDATION LIBRARY  
DALLAS, TEXAS

JOURNEY  
THROUGH THE  
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

*M. V. Sheridan*  
*St. Cal*

AND  
NORTHWESTERN WYOMING.  
1883.

PHOTOGRAPHS  
OF  
PARTY AND SCENERY ALONG THE ROUTE TRAVELED,  
AND  
COPIES OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES SENT WHILST EN ROUTE.

THE PARTY:

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, President of the United States.  
ROBERT T. LINCOLN, Secretary of War.  
PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant General.  
GEORGE G. VEST, United States Senator.  
DAN. G. ROLLINS, Surrogate of New York.  
ANSON STAGER, Brigadier General, United States Volunteers.  
JNO. SCHUYLER CROSBY, Governor of Montana.  
M. V. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant Colonel and Military Secretary.  
JAMES F. GREGORY, Lieutenant Colonel and Aide-de-Camp.  
W. P. CLARK, Captain, Second Cavalry, Acting Aide-de-Camp.  
W. H. FORWOOD, Surgeon, United States Army.  
GEO. G. VEST, JR., Saint Louis, Missouri.

ESCORT:

TROOP G, FIFTH CAVALRY, Captain E. M. HAYES, Lieutenant H. DEH. WAITE.



1654. FORT WASHAKIE, WYOMING.

GREEN RIVER, WYO., *Aug. 5.*—On the arrival of the Presidential train at Cheyenne at 9 o'clock last night a large number of people were at the station, and during the short time we stopped there the President, Secretary Lincoln, and Senator Vest made a few remarks and were introduced to the officials of the Territory. At 9:30 the train moved out from the station under the charge of General Superintendent Dickinson, of the Union Pacific Road. Eighteen miles west of Cheyenne we passed over the summit of the Black Hills of Wyoming, the highest point on the Union Pacific Road, and where has recently been finished a monument to Oakes Ames, one of the original projectors of the road. The train arrived at Green River, Wyo., at 10:30 to-day (Sunday), and in consequence of the pre-arranged plan to spend Sunday at this point, we remained quietly on the train all day.

To-morrow morning at 7 o'clock we take the spring wagons for Washakie, and will encamp to-morrow night on the Sweetwater, one hundred and one miles north of this point. The next day we will drive into Fort Washakie, fifty-five miles. There are three of these spring wagons. The President, Secretary Lincoln, and Gen. Sheridan will ride in No. 1; Senator Vest, Judge Rollins, and Gen. Stager in No. 2; Gov. Crosby, Mr. George Vest, Surgeon Forwood, and your representative in No. 3. We expect to make about ten miles an hour over a fine natural road, and to reach Washakie about 3 p. m. August 7. As there is no telegraph station this side of Washakie, you will not hear again from me till after reaching that point.



FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., *Aug. 7.*—The President and party left Green River Station on the Union Pacific Railroad, at 7 o'clock the morning of the 6th, having spent Sunday at that place. The three spring wagons in which the party were seated were drawn by four fine mules to each vehicle, and the first day's drive was made by relays which had previously been placed about twenty miles apart; one hundred and one miles had been covered, and the evening shadows had only commenced to settle behind some of the highest hills when we arrived at the Sweetwater, a beautiful mountain stream upon the banks of which Captain Lord, Depot Quartermaster at Cheyenne, had, by direction of Gen. Sheridan, pitched tents for our use, and accumulated all the conveniencies necessary for our comfort, even to a most elaborate dinner. As a compliment to the Captain for the perfection of the arrangements, this camp was named "Camp Lord." The President enjoyed the ride greatly, being seated on the outside of the wagon with the driver during the last forty-five miles. The road leads over a country much of which is covered with sage brush and sand, but there are also some smiling valleys, rolling prairies and rugged bluffs, and the gravelly loam of the soil, for a portion of the distance, makes a splendid natural road, use only being necessary to perfect it.





1556 WASHAKIE HOT SPRINGS NEAR FT. WASHAKIE.

The grey, dreary, desolate sage brush region, and places where the sand had been drifted by the winds into little piles behind every bush and stone by which we passed, at first glance would seem to be absolutely worthless, but here in winter herds of cattle and flocks of sheep crop the white sage and long spears of grass and thrive wonderfully well without other food. At this season, except on some few of the better ranges, the antelope, jack rabbit and sage hens have undisputed possession.

At 7 o'clock a. m. of the 7th, after a bountiful breakfast, the party left Camp Lord for Fort Washakie, distant fifty-five miles. Only one relay of mules had been pre-arranged and these had been placed at Little Po-po-Agie, thirty-one miles away. Nine miles out from camp we came upon South Pass City, on the banks of a small tributary of the Sweetwater, walled in by granite hills, but deserted and desolate. Two or three of the buildings were occupied, the rest were fast falling into decay. Four miles over a mountain road brought us to Atlantic City, also nearly deserted, a stage station, post-office and saloon sole relics of the activity and prosperity which a few years since thrived and pulsed with all the vigor which bad whisky and rich anticipation could give the reckless inhabitants of a new mining camp.



Each of these camps should have been proud at any time to have been called a village, and now in their decay and desertion seem only physical representatives of broken hopes and ruined lives. Near by as we rode along we could see that a little work was still being done at some of the mines, but this seemed mostly the effort and tenacity of despair. We passed old Fort Stambaugh, abandoned, sold and metamorphosed into a quiet sheep ranch, and rising to the crest of quite a high mountain we found, five miles from Atlantic City, a small collection of huts, hovels and frame buildings called Miner's Delight. There some little life and activity still existed, but the name seemed the acme of irony and sarcasm. Both placer and quartz mining are carried on. The party stopped and some miners brought to the President a "pan" of "pay dirt" and went through the process of washing out the gold and a few glittering grains resulted. Passing down the steep slope of the divide and through the Red cañon, walls of argillaceous sand stone, colored deep red with hematite, we reached the Little Po-po-Agie and stopped an hour for luncheon. Following down this stream some little distance, then crossing a small divide, we came upon the Big Po-po-Agie and the town of Lander.



Thrift and industry had turned the waters of the river upon the lands of the valley, and the magical touch had brought prosperity to the little community, and given the inhabitants Homes in striking contrast to the mining camps we had passed. Here women were to be seen and little children were running about. The valley seemed smiling and happy, while in the mining camps only men herded together and now only the ashes of their fierce dissipation and blasted expectation remain.

From the crest of a hill nine miles from Lander, we looked down upon the white tents, pitched in the valley near the "Hot Spring," which were awaiting our arrival and which will be our shelter until we reach the railway beyond the distant Yellowstone Park. As we drove across the plain, some three miles in extent, the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians, upon whose reservation we now are, turned out in large numbers to welcome the Great Father, and dashed around the President's party most gaudily and fantastically arrayed, displaying their skill in horsemanship and gratifying their curiosity.

The party will rest here to-morrow and then mount their horses and take the trail for the Yellowstone National Park.



1559 - PRESIDENTIAL AMBULANCE TRAIN, FT. WASHAKIE.

FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., *Aug.* 8.—The Presidential party has spent the day here at Fort Washakie, preparatory to setting out on their ride to the Yellowstone in the morning.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the Shoshone and Arapahoe Chiefs their people were afforded an opportunity of calling upon the President at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Shortly before that hour they gathered on the plains to the number of about 500 warriors, and, mounted upon their handsome ponies, dashed forward in line for about 1,000 yards to a point near which the President stood awaiting them. The column then halted, and several Chiefs dismounted and approached him. Among them were Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, from whom this post takes its name, and Black Coal, Chief of the Arapahoes, a tribe which, within a few years, has been permitted to share the occupancy of this reservation.

The President thanked his visitors for calling upon him; congratulated them upon their fine appearance; assured them of his interest in their welfare and of the satisfaction with which he had heard of their exemplary conduct and growing attention to the practice of industrial pursuits.





1860 INDIAN RECEPTION TO THE PRESIDENT.

His address, which was admirably suited to the occasion, was interpreted to the Shoshones by an English-speaking member of the tribe, who bears the name of Norcutt, and to the Arapahoes by one of their number, who has been educated at the Carlisle School, in Pennsylvania.

The Chiefs repeated to their respective tribes what had been said to them by their Great Father, and the announcement was received with demonstrations of applause.

Both Washakie and Black Coal made pertinent replies. They thanked the President for honoring them with a visit; avowed their purpose of living at peace with the whites, and adopting as fully and as rapidly as possible their customs and manners of life. These addresses, as interpreted, were full of expressive metaphors, and were at times positively eloquent. The Arapahoe interpreter found no little difficulty in making himself understood. His efforts were ably seconded by Capt. Clark, of Gen. Sheridan's staff, who has thoroughly mastered the beautiful and expressive sign language, which affords a medium of communication for the two tribes in their intercourse and also with the whites, and which fully supplies the place of vocal speech.



1561 PRESIDENTIAL ESCORT, FT. WASHAKIE

After the addresses were concluded Sharp Nose brought forward an Indian pony and placing the lariat in the hands of the President presented the handsome animal for the use of his daughter. Gifts of moccasins and leggins were also made to the members of the President's party. Then followed a war-dance, in which twenty young Shoshone braves took part; eight beating the drum and chanting a weird song for exciting the efforts of their fellows. Some of the dancers were nearly naked, their skin being painted in various colors; others were gayly dressed in flashy-colored costumes, no two of which were alike. Some were adorned with beads, feathers, and every sort of Indian ornamentation. The dance afforded much entertainment to the Presidential party.



1582 PRESIDENTIAL ESCORT, FT. WASHAKIE

CAMP ROLLINS, WYO., *via* FORT WASHAKIE, WYO. TER., *Aug. 9.*—  
After the Indian dance yesterday at our camp, near Fort Washakie,  
Captain Hayes, commanding Troop G, Fifth Cavalry, gave the Presi-  
dent an exhibition drill, the commands being given by trumpets. The  
drill included ordinary manoeuvres by troop formation, skirmishing  
both on horseback and on foot, and ended with a charge. Just after  
this about 250 mounted Indians, Shoshones and Arapahoes, gave a  
sham battle exhibition, with the manoeuvres executed by them in actual  
warfare. Their horsemanship was surprising, nearly every one riding  
bareback, and many without bridles.

Senator Vest, member of the Senate Committee, had an interview  
with Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, and Black Coal, of the Ara-  
pahoes, about 5 o'clock, there being present a large body of Indians  
from both tribes. The Senator's inquiries were directed principally as  
to whether the Indians would accept tenure in severalty instead of  
tenure in common, as now held by them. The Senator urged them to  
take their lands, 160 acres to each head of a family and eighty acres  
to unmarried Indians.



1884 WASHED BLUFFS, WIND RIVER VALLEY.

They have 2,800,000 acres in this reservation and about 1,900 Indians, both tribes included, and under the tenure in severalty would get \$250,000 interest annually upon the bonds for these lands if sold to the Government. All the Chiefs expressed themselves against tenure in severalty. They were very anxious to have permission to trade with the post trader at the fort, which is the only other store on the reservation allowed besides the Indian trading store, stating they could only receive \$7 for a buffalo robe at the agency store, whereas at the military store they were offered \$10.

At 7 o'clock sharp this morning the President and party broke camp and started on horseback, with the escort and pack-mules following, crossing Little Wind River near Fort Washakie, then passing over a rough and broken country, with no water a distance of nine miles, stopping for a short time on the top of the divide, giving us a fine view of Crow Heart Butte and the Owl Creek, Wind River and Shoshone Mountains.





1565 WASHED BLUFFS, WIND RIVER VALLEY

From this point we passed over a very rocky country, climbing and descending alternately high and stony hills until we reached this camp, which is situated on Bull Lake, a fork of the Wind River, a distance from this morning's camp of twenty-one miles. The party are well and enjoyed the ride greatly. The President proves to be a good horseman and came into camp like an old campaigner. Immediately after our arrival at this place, which is near a beautiful trout stream, the President took his rod and soon landed the first trout, keeping up his old reputation of being a fine fisherman. He enjoys camp life very much, is up and out of his tent among the first at 5 o'clock each morning, and with flannel shirt and large hat roughs it with the rest. Surrogate Rollins having distinguished himself in horsemanship on this march of twenty-one miles, and in compliment to him, Gen. Sheridan named our first camp "Rollins," which honor was thoroughly approved of by the whole party.



1887 GROWING BUTTE WIND RIVER VALLEY

CAMP VEST ON SPRING CREEK, *via* FORT WASHAKIE, WYO. TER.,  
*August 10.*—[Special.]—The day so far since leaving Camp Rollins, at  
Bull Lake Fork this morning at 7 o'clock, has been very uneventful.  
The President and all the members of the party are in excellent health  
and spirits. The country traveled over to-day has been mostly sage-  
brush and bunch grass mesas, varied by alternate ascents and descents  
of steep hills, covered with loose stones, which made precarious footing  
for the animals. We cannot help wondering why so much material  
was wasted in the making of so many apparently useless ridges when  
there are plenty of gulches that could so well be filled all along the  
route. However, the glorious Wind River and Owl Creek Mountains,  
with their snow-clad peaks, are in sight, and afford restfulness to the  
eyes of travelers who are pursuing their way across the dry and heated  
mesas below.

The Camp on Spring Creek, however, is a very delightful one, on  
pleasant ground, with plenty of the essential requirements of good  
camping places—wood, water and grass. To the eastward of us is the  
Crow Heart Butte, which is a noted landmark of the Wind River  
Valley, and of it the photographer has obtained several pictures.

This dispatch has to leave by couriers at 3 o'clock this afternoon, so  
no reports can be made to-day of the results obtained by the fishermen.  
The camp is named Camp Vest in honor of Senator G. G. Vest, who is  
one of the most enthusiastic and successful anglers of the party. After  
my dispatch of yesterday from Bull Lake Fork, both the President and  
Senator Vest brought into camp fine creels-full of trout as the result of  
their afternoon's sport.

There are no special or professional correspondents with the party,  
and all dispatches purporting to be from such persons are spurious.



1567 CROSBY CANYON SUN WIDDEL RIVER

CAMP CROSBY ON DINWIDDIE CREEK, WYO., *Aug. 11, via* FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., *Aug. 12.*—Breaking camp at 6:30 a. m., a leaden gray sky and drifting clouds, added to the slight rain and heavy dew of last night, gave a delightful freshness and coolness to the air, as the party started on the day's march. The rest from the burdens of official and social life, the exhilarating effects of the climate, the wearing away of the little soreness that some of the party had felt from the riding—all the good effects, in fact, of this outdoor life were seen in the buoyant manner in which the members of the party mounted and rode away. Senator Vest again scored the greatest number of trout yesterday, but a shower in the afternoon quickly put an end to the sport and prevented very much competition. The route lay along an old Indian trail made dim and faint by time. A portion of the party left the column and skirted the foothills and mountains to the left in search of game and scenery, but the game had nearly vanished; it is well nigh exterminated; only one deer and one antelope were seen. As coming events are sometimes said to cast their shadows before, so this may perhaps indicate the sad fate of the Indian race.



1568 CROSBY CANYON, LOOKING EAST.

A march of fourteen miles brought us to Dinwiddie Creek, a noisy mountain stream rushing down in a boisterous way to join its waters with Wind River. In honor of the Governor of Montana this camp has been named Camp Crosby. The country passed over to-day was mostly rolling, interspersed occasionally with valleys susceptible of irrigation, but the future prosperity of this section depends mainly on its being utilized for grazing purposes. The grass has already taken on a brownish tint, the first indication of the curing process of this climate, and in this lies the great secrets of its retention of nutritious properties.

It seems a pity that these streams should have lost their Indian names, like, for instance, the creek where we made our first camp. It is called by them Moaning or Crying Buffalo Creek, and here in the winter when there is ice on the lake a weird and pitiful sound is heard, much resembling the moan of a buffalo in distress. Again, at our present camp the Indians call the stream the creek with God's Bridge, and some ten miles above its mouth a natural bridge about 300 yards wide spans the chasm through which the waters rush. This bridge is scarred and marked by trails made by Indians and game, which are distinctly visible from the heights a mile above it.





1569. CROSBY CANYON AND NATURAL BRIDGE.

The cañon is grand—so grand and beautiful in fact that one of the party who has wandered much in foreign lands says of it: "Nothing there can in any way compare with it." This gorge in the mountains carved by the Master's hand is hard to describe, but one cannot look at it without some awe of the Great Architect. Near the head of the stream it is crescent in shape, backed by mountains, far down whose sides lie great snow-banks which have rested there during all the eternity of the past. Then come the sombre gray rocks, gloomy and barren, above all vegetation, and seeming to frown down upon the bright waters and green foliage below. The stream opens out at a short interval into lakes. Several of these are two miles in diameter, and have a pale green color.

The tents had been pitched but a few minutes and the fishermen had just commenced their efforts when from the northwest a great black cloud came sweeping over the bluffs, and a hail and rainstorm really made the party feel that they were enduring hardships, but they are just mild enough to be agreeable.



1870. CAMP BISHOP, HEAD WIND RIVER.

CAMP STAGER, ON TORRY'S LAKE, WYO. TER., *Aug. 12.*—It was determined last night to move our camp this morning a few miles to a place where there would be more abundant grazing for the horses and mules. Accordingly at 6:30 a. m. every one was in the saddle and we started up the valley on the right bank of Wind River. Owing to the rain of yesterday the trail was in splendid condition for comfort in marching. The sun was obscured by clouds, and, with a temperature of below 50 degrees Fahrenheit all day, our short journey could not but be enjoyable. At the end of an hour's travel over hills and rolling land the Wind River was reached at a point where it passes through gorgeous masses of rocks known as Red Buttes. The first crossing was made by fording in a diagonal direction up stream where the water was so rapid in its flow that one's neighbor seemed to be moving up the river with the speed of a running horse. Soon by a short ford the river was recrossed and at the end of another mile the western boundary of the Shoshone reservation was reached. From this point our travel was a very interesting, but not too difficult journey over a series of lofty divides, to escape the precipitous banks of small streams flowing from the mountains into the river. In descending one of these it was necessary to dismount and lead the horses.



1871 PACKER'S CAMP - CAMP BISHOP

On the highest divide we halted to take in the beautiful view covering scores of miles up and down the river, with the snow-covered peaks of the Shoshone Mountains in front of us, and those of the Wind River Mountains at our backs. Here we took our last look at the great landmark, "Crow Heart Butte," thirty miles away, which had been in view since leaving Fort Washakie. "Wallowing Buffalo," one of our Arapahoe guides, tells us that it got its name from a great battle between the Shoshones and Crows many years ago. The victory of the Shoshones was celebrated by burning the hearts of the dead Crows on the summit of the butte.

After a ride of twelve miles we have reached the banks of some beautiful lakes, which are called after Capt. Torrey, formerly an officer in the army, but now owning large cattle herds on the range near by. The lakes are said to abound in large trout, and we expect to spend to-morrow fishing. Game is not very abundant in this neighborhood, but our hunters brought in two antelope yesterday, and a few mountain grouse were killed on the march to-day. "Shoshone Dick," a white member of the tribe, who was captured probably from an emigrant train when so young as to have lost all recollection of the event, is one of our Indian party, and has gone off to look for signs of game, and we hope for a good report from him. Our camp is named "Camp Stager," in honor of Gen. Anson Stager, of Chicago.



1672 PRESIDENTIAL PARTY CROSSING GROSVENTRE RIVER.

CAMP BISHOP, FORKS OF THE WIND RIVER, WYO., *Aug. 14, via*  
FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., *Aug. 15.*—The President and party are en-  
camped at the Forks of the Wind River, upon the same ground occu-  
pied last year by Gen. Sheridan. The camp was then named Camp  
Bishop in honor of Mr. H. R. Bishop, of New York, who was a mem-  
ber of the General's party, and the name has been retained for the  
present camp. Here we remain to-day for the double purpose of af-  
fording opportunities for the various members of the party to hunt and  
fish and to arrange the pack loads. This is our supply camp, whence  
we have to take on the packs, rations and forage enough to last through  
to the Park. At the present moment, whilst the correspondent is  
writing this dispatch, all members of the party have gone out either  
hunting or fishing. The President has gone on horseback in company  
with Gen. Sheridan to a place about three miles up the main fork of  
Wind River (wrongly called by the people of this country De Noir  
Creek), where he last evening caught some fine trout. The march of  
nineteen miles from Camp Stager to this point led us through the beau-  
tiful scenery of the Upper Wind River, where gorgeously colored and  
fantastically shaped mountains alternate with those which are covered  
with grassy slopes and timbered ravines. The weather is delightful,  
and the march was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. Three antelope,  
a bear, several grouse and a rabbit were brought into camp last evening  
by the hunters of the party. So there is at present no immediate dan-  
ger of starvation for anybody. The results of to-day's sport will have  
to remain over for to-morrow's chronicle.





1573 PRESIDENTIAL ESCORT CROSSING GROS VENTRE RIVER.

CAMP ROBERT LINCOLN, WYO., *Aug. 15, via FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., Aug. 16.*—The President's party left the forks of Wind River at 6:30 o'clock this morning, followed the tortuous windings of the river nearly to its source, and then commenced the ascent of Robert Lincoln Pass, used by Lieut. Gen. Sheridan last year and named in honor of the Secretary of War. The pass is the shortest and easiest of the routes between the valley of the Wind River and the valley of the Snake River. The party reached camp at 11 o'clock, having traveled about seventeen miles. The camp is named Robert Lincoln, and is situated on the crest of the backbone of the Rocky Mountains, at an altitude of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Within a hundred yards of the camp are streams which flow respectively into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The President spent part of yesterday trout fishing, and returned to camp with the heaviest catch of the party. The average weight of the trout was two pounds. Surgeon Forwood returned to camp, having shot an elk of enormous size and weight. The other hunters of the party brought in two antelope and a good supply of mountain grouse and wild ducks.

To-morrow morning the party commence the descent of Lincoln Pass, and will camp in the valley of the Gros Ventre River, where the first view of the grand Teton Mountains will be obtained. Game abounds, but Gen. Sheridan has given peremptory orders that no more shall be killed than is absolutely necessary for the wants of the command.



574 PRESIDENTIAL COURIER LINE CROSSING GROS VENTRE RIVER

CAMP ISHAM, GROS VENTRE RIVER, WYO., *Aug. 16, via FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., Aug. 18.*—The President and party left Camp Lincoln, at Lincoln Pass, this morning at 6:30, and continued the march down a tributary of the Gros Ventre and the main stream a distance of nineteen miles, going into camp at a grassy point on the main river, which has been named Camp Isham, in honor of the Hon. Edward S. Isham, of Chicago. Camp Lincoln was a beautiful spot, presenting to the eye, towards the east and north, all the grandeur of the Shoshone range of snow-clad mountains, and to the west and south the snow-capped peaks of the Gros Ventre range. Pines and tamaracks cover the base and lower lines of the ranges, opening at intervals into beautiful grassy parks.

The descent down the mountains to the valley of the Gros Ventre is rugged, but was accomplished by the President and party without accident, they only dismounting at one steep and difficult place. As we approached Camp Isham a depression in the range enabled us to get a view of the lofty peaks of the Teton range, at the base of which we expect to encamp to-morrow night.

Secretary Lincoln and Capt. Clark, with two Indians, started early this morning in pursuit of elk. They will render no doubt a good account by bringing into camp to-night the results of a fine day's hunt in a country which abounds in game.

The President and remainder of the party, by reason of both the exercise and rest which their trip had given them, are in fine condition, and are not in the least fatigued by their ride on horseback.

The weather is cool, the air delicious and invigorating, and the scenery grand.



1875. CAMP ARTHUR. GROS VENTRES RIVER.

*Geo. Arthur*

GROS VENTRE RIVER, WYO., *Aug. 18, via FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., Aug. 19.*—At 6:30 a. m. the President and party mounted their horses and started from Camp Isham. We marched down the valley of the Gros Ventre about ten miles, and then crossed that stream to the north side. Thence the trail lay away from the river through cañons and over mountains of considerable elevation. At one point we wound round the precipitous side of a mountain, at the base of this nearly perpendicular bank, about 1,000 feet below, the green waters of the river rolled and tumbled and lashed themselves into a white fury. A stumble, and horse and rider would have gone headlong to almost certain destruction. Much of the country of this valley is rolling, the soil rich, and the grasses thick and nutritious. The Indians with us claim that the snow falls to great depths here in the winter, but there are evidences that game subsists itself in the valley at that season of the year. In olden times this region was one of the favorite winter camping-grounds of the Sheep-eater band of Indians, a branch of the Shoshones, who lived at all seasons near the snow, and subsisted mainly on the flesh of the mountain sheep or big-horn, which they hunted with dogs and killed with arrows and clubs.



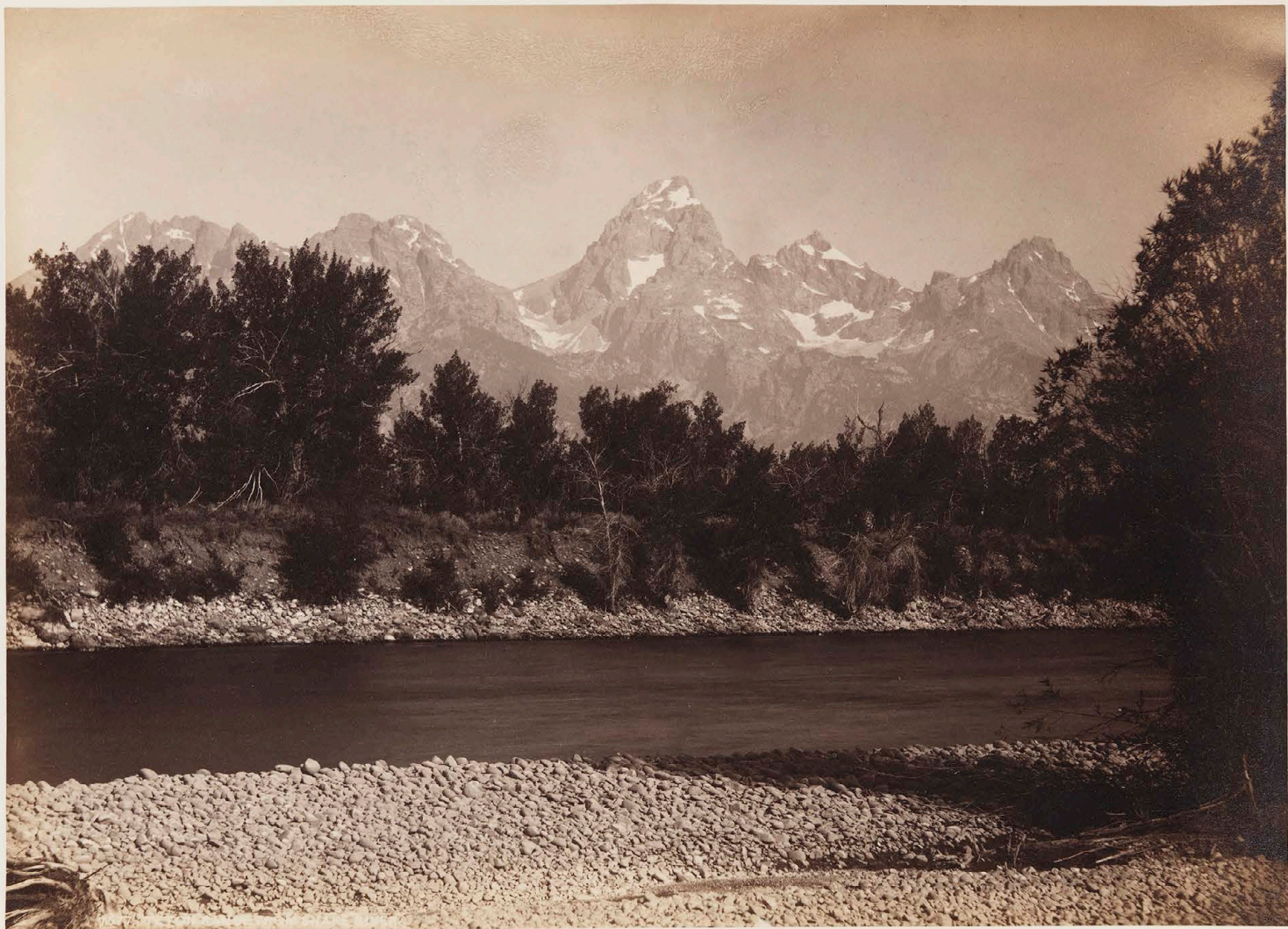
1576 GLIMPSE OF THE TETONS.

*Cresty.*

The Sheep-eaters have been absorbed by the Shoshones and Bannocks, and now live at agencies, but their old trails can still be seen leading across mountains over which it would seem impossible to take their families and rude belongings. The latter were indeed poor, as they dressed mostly in skins and furs, cooked their meat over the coals and lived in the rocks and caves. One of our guides belongs to this band, but he—an old man now—was a boy when his band gave up this peculiarly wild and savage life.

About fourteen miles out we rose to the crest of a high bluff, from which a most beautiful crescent-shaped little valley met our gaze. Somber pine-clad mountains to the left, at the base of which ran, swiftly and turbulently, the Gros Ventre River, to the right high hills of dark red argillaceous rocks, with here and there ravines filled with foliage; part way down their sides the short bunch grass commenced, thin at first, then thickening to almost a turf when it reached the little mesa below; beyond this some low-lying hills.





The beautiful blue sky above, the dark green mountains to the left, the rich red hills to the right, the russet brown grass of the valley, relieved here and there by the bright green willow bushes and small cottonwoods, the stream of pure cold water made a grand picture of an ideal camp, and with one accord the whole party voted to remain there over night. We rode down, and after our appetites, sharpened by exercise and mountain air, had been satisfied by a hearty luncheon, rods and reels were gotten in shape, and the entire party went fishing. Gen. Stager made the largest catch, Senator Vest next and the President third, but many of those caught by Gen. Stager were white fish, while those of the President and Senator were wholly trout. Enough fish were caught by the members of our party, not only for our own use, but for the soldiers, packers and Indians with us, all of whom had a fish feast. Capt. Clark returned this evening from a two days' hunt after elk and bear. He had but little success. All the party are well and enjoying the fishing, hunting, horseback exercise and mountain air with keenest zest. In honor of the President, Gen. Sheridan named this camp "Camp Arthur."



1878 THE THREE TETONS FROM SNAKE RIVER.

CAMP TETON, *Aug. 18, via FORT WASHAKIE, WYO., Aug. 20.*— Promptly at 6:30 this morning we mounted our horses, and not without longing, lingering looks behind, rode away from Camp Arthur. Our course was in a westerly direction, along the north side of the Gros Ventre River. The air was clear and bracing, and the day as fine as any with which we have been favored since we set out from Fort Washakie. The trail was beset with few of those difficulties with which our fortnight's travels in the wilderness have made us so familiar. Indeed, in the absence of fallen timber, rocky side-hills and steep ascents and pitches, the ride would have seemed somewhat monotonous but for a single feature which actually glorified it. We had climbed to the summit of a long hill about five miles from Camp Arthur, when there suddenly burst upon our view a scene as grand and majestic as was ever witnessed. Below us, covered with grass and flowers, was a lovely valley many miles in extent, through which was threading its way the river on whose banks we had just encamped. Along the whole westerly edge of this valley, with no intervening foothills to obstruct the view, towered the magnificent Teton Mountains, their snowy summits piercing the air 13,000 feet above the sea level and 8,000 feet above the spot on which we stood in reverent admiration. It was the universal sentiment of the party that that sight alone would have fully repaid all the toils and perils of the march. We are encamped in the Teton basin on the bank of the Gros Ventre. The locality, aside from the splendid views of the mountains which it affords, is our least attractive camp. The river at this point has an excellent reputation as a trout stream, but the wind has been blowing at too many miles an hour to permit much success in angling. It has been powerful enough to break the ridge-pole of our mess tent, but fortunately not beyond repair.

To-morrow we shall resume our march and expect to make camp near the so-called Buffalo Fork of the Snake River.



1580 THE TETON RANGE AND SNAKE RIVER.

CAMP HAMPTON, ON SNAKE RIVER, *Aug. 20, via FORT WASHAKIE,*  
*Aug. 23.*—The President's party reached this camp after traveling about eighteen miles along foothills between the Shoshone and Teton Mountains. The camp is named in honor of Senator Wade Hampton, who was expected to accompany the party. Its location is grand, being on the banks of the Snake River and facing the entire range of the Teton Mountains. Judge Rollins shot and brought in his first antelope. Nearly all the party are engaged to-day in angling for trout, the President and Senator Vest outstripping the rest, and vying for supremacy. Each landed a two and a half pound trout from the bluff facing the camp, which feats were witnessed by the entire command. Their catch for the day is much larger than on any day during the trip. At our last camp the temper of all the party was severely tried by the extremes of weather experienced. Hot weather in the middle of day, and severe gales of wind throughout day and night, accompanied with blinding clouds of dust. Ice formed one-half inch thick on water buckets standing before the tents during the night. To-day the weather is clear and bracing, and all the party are in perfect health. To-morrow's march will take us to near the southern boundary of the Yellowstone Park.



1579 THE GRAND TETON.

CAMP STRONG, WYO., *Aug. 21, via BOZEMAN, MONT., Aug. 22.*—  
Reveille call at 5 awoke us all from a refreshing sleep, though the ice  
in our buckets this morning was proof that three blankets had been  
none too many during the night for our comfort.

Half-past 6 found all the tents struck and packed on the mules, and  
the Presidential party in the saddle.

Our route to-day of thirty miles lay nearly northward over the foot-  
hills of the Shoshone Mountains, avoiding the marshy bottoms of the  
Snake River, which are very treacherous. It was a rough and rugged  
country, covered for nearly a quarter of the distance traveled by dense  
tracks of burned and fallen timber. At noon we reached a sparsely  
timbered knoll which commanded a view of Jackson's Lake, with the  
snow-covered Tetons rising from its shores in the background, which  
repaid us for our severe, hot and dusty march in the early part of the  
day.

The omniscient reporter who claims to be with us, and who has been  
purely a mythical personage since we left the railroad at Green River,  
carefully and considerably located the Secretary of War at Fort  
Washakie for an indefinite period after we had started on our present  
trip across the mountains, and as the Secretary has never been absent,  
it is a matter of much curiosity as to how the inventive genius of this  
fictitious correspondent would be able to restore him to us. As a mat-  
ter of fact, Mr. Lincoln has been one of the keenest daily observers of  
the resources of the country through which we are passing, and is con-  
stantly and pleasantly reminding us of his presence.

This evening we are camping at the crossing of Snake River, which  
was named last year, by Gen. Sheridan, Camp Strong. Our tents are  
pitched on the banks of the stream in a grove of lofty pines. Trout  
are abundant, an opportunity the party are taking advantage of, for it  
is their last for fishing before reaching the Yellowstone region. The  
surroundings of this camp are beautiful and the opportunity for sport  
so good that the President has decided that we remain here another  
day.





1881 CAMP HAMPTON ON SNAKE RIVER

H. A. H. H.

CAMP LOGAN, LEWIS LAKE, *Aug. 23, via* LIVINGSTON, *Aug. 25.*—The white frost was still thick on the blades of grass, leaves, shrubs and plants, and glistened in the morning sunlight like diamond dust, and the mists and vapors rested close on the surface of the river as the Presidential party mounted at 6:45 a. m., and started out for the day's march. Last night was the coldest we have experienced, being 20 degrees Fahrenheit at 6 a. m., and in the mess tent the water which had been served a few moments before the party sat down for breakfast formed a beautiful network of ice on the inner surface of the glasses.

The trail was very crooked to-day, and led over a low range of mountains covered with pine forests. At intervals we found open, grassy parks, but the most of them were only a few acres in extent. About twelve miles out we came upon the lower falls of Lewis or Lake Fork, a dark gray gorge cut through solid walls of volcanic rock, its sides nearly perpendicular. About 600 feet below us the stream rushed and tumbled over its dark bed, broken white by its fretting. The upper falls, some six miles from the lower, we saw at a distance through an opening in the evergreen trees; it seemed to drop from out the dark foliage behind it like a flood of lace. Five miles further on we went into camp in a lovely open park at the head of Lewis Lake, the only spot on the shore line which is not densely timbered.



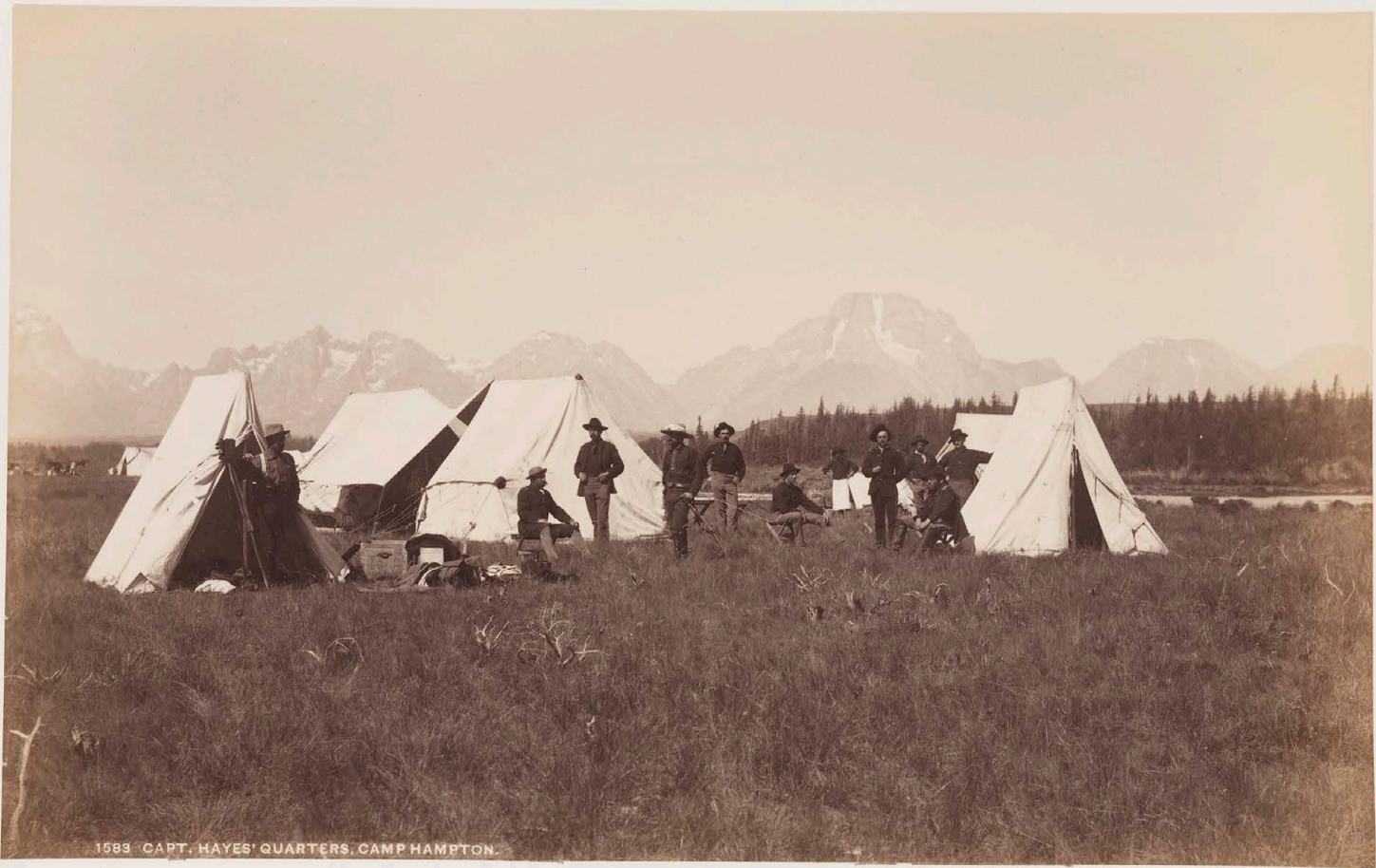
1582 - CAMP HAMPTON, TETONS IN DISTANCE.

William

The camp has been named Logan, in honor of the Senator, who was to have been one of the party, and whose unavoidable absence we have all regretted. Our tents look out on this beautiful sheet of water. The sound of the swirl of the waves on the beach mingles pleasantly with its twin sister sound, the sighing of the winds in the trees near by.

Along our line of march to-day we saw large quantities of Indian tea, diminutive species of evergreen whortleberries five to ten inches high, found only in timber and at an altitude of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet. The Indians are fond of the tea made from the dried leaves and stems of this plant, and I have been told by those who have drunk it that it forms a pleasant substitute for our own.

Yesterday we remained at Camp Strong, and its surroundings are worthy of more than a passing notice. A grassy bottom surrounded by mountains clad with evergreens, trees of all sizes from the young seedling up to mature age, scattered singly, grouped in clusters, or massed into dark forests. Our tents were pitched on the banks of Snake River, which here possesses all the attributes of a first-class trout stream. Clear, pure water rippling over pebbly bottoms, with here and there swift currents, eddies and deep holes. The President and Senator Vest, our two most expert fishermen, made the best of our stay, and scored the greatest victory yet achieved over the finny tribe.



1583 CAPT. HAYES' QUARTERS, CAMP HAMPTON.

At one cast the President landed three trout, weighing in the aggregate four and one-quarter pounds, and at each of some six other casts took two fine specimens. The President secured the greatest weight, the Senator the largest number, the total weight being 105 pounds. The sport is now about over. Senator Vest has caught the largest trout during the trip, it weighing three and one-half pounds.

Looking back over our course from Fort Washakie, where we first mounted our horses, abandoned wheeled vehicles, and took the Indian trail which has led us through some fertile valleys, across some bad lands, and over rugged mountains, many memories linger pleasantly in the mind of every member of the party. The hailstorm at Camp Crosby, the dust which sifted in our tents at Camp Teton, the trials of fallen timber, are lost and forgotten in the pleasant associations of the rest of the journey.

Picturesque Camp Lincoln, with its banks of snow lying placidly and slowly melting near the trail, and near the snow flowers, which had all the freshness of early spring, tender forget-me-nots, wild asters, buttercups, columbines, the latter with a delicate and scarcely perceptible shade of blue in its rich white, and for which many deem it the most beautiful of the wild flowers found in the Rocky Mountains, a carpeting of scarlet and blue and gold; added to this the White Mountain flox, nestling close to mother earth, and in such profusion as to suggest the idea that the hand of Nature had grasped some of her myriad stars and scattered them in wanton profusion on the grassy slopes of this romantic region.



Camp Arthur, grand beyond the power of pen to describe, located in a bend of the Gros Ventre River, and looking down upon it from the crest of the hill over which the trail led, we also got the first good view of the royal Tetons, or Titans, as they should be called. To the west forests of pine and spruce mantling the mountains. To the south and east clay and sand stone rising high in the sky, and rich red from its iron coloring, masked here and there by green foliage. The short, thick grass of the little valley furnished splendid grazing for our animals, and the trout, within twenty feet of the tents, made the immediate surroundings most delightful. Then the Teton basin, large as the state of Rhode Island, and covered at this season of the year with nutritious grasses, and profuse in evidences of being the winter grazing grounds of antelope, deer and elk. The near future must practically determine its value for stock purposes. Then Jackson's Lake, as we saw it from the crest of a high bluff on our line of march, a gigantic sapphire, its surface fretted and blown into white-caps by the winds which swept down over Mount Moran, and moanings lost themselves in the gloomy forests beyond.





1585 PRESIDENTIAL PARTY CROSSING LEWIS FORK, SNAKE RIVER.

Nature has indeed given a royal setting to this jewel, twelve miles long, three miles wide—on the east and north a fringe of quaken asp and willow brush, on the west and south spruce and pines clothing the feet of the grand Tetons and scrambling up their sides until vegetation dies out. Above this the fissures and chasms of the grim, gray pile of rocks, filled with snow-banks, some of them 3,000 feet deep and of dazzling whiteness in the sun. Yes, the scenery along our route will furnish many pleasant memories in the years to come.

Enough game has been killed to satisfy the wants of the party, but to-day we entered the sacred precincts of the park, and the buffalo and elk can look at us with perfect safety, for Gen. Sheridan has given strict orders that nothing shall be killed.

The members of the party are enjoying their usual good health—are commencing, in fact, to realize something in the way of robust strength for the investment made in taking a trip of this kind.

" The Yellowstone National Park. Historical and Descriptive."  
By Capt. H.M.Chittenden,U.S.A. 8vo illustrated. 396 pages.  
Cincinnati,Ohio, 1895.

( Excerpts from pages 106-7.)

Page 106. " The most elaborate expedition that ever passed through this region took place in August,1883. It included among its members the President of the United States,the Secretary of War,the Lieutenant General of the Army,a United States Senator,and several other distinguished officers and civilians. The party traveled entirely on horseback.... Couriers were stationed every 20 miles with fresh relays,and by this means communication was daily had with the outside world.... The great pastime enroute was fishing, trout & etc."

The catalogue of F.J.Haynes,of St Paul,for the year 1888 contains a list of the photographs which Mr. Haynes took on this trip,and these coincide with the descriptions and numbers of those in this volume.

The photograph of the Presidential Party,opposite page,is reproduced on page 107 of Chittenden's book,and a key is given at bottom of the half tone in the book referred to as follows:

1. John Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana Territory.
2. M.V.Sheridan, Lt. Col., and Military Secretary.
3. P.H.Sheridan, Lt.Gen. U.S. Army.
4. Anson Stager, Brig.Gen. U.S.Volunteers.
5. W.P.Clark, Captain 2d Cavalry,U.S.A.
6. Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States.
7. Dan'l G. Rollins, Surrogate of New York.
8. James F. Gregory, Lt. Col., and Aide de Camp.
9. Robert T.L. Lincoln, Secretary of War.
10. George G. Vest, U.S.Senator from Missouri.

*Chittenden*





1896. PRESIDENTIAL PARTY, UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
*In the... the... 1895... p 107.*

UPPER GEYSER BASIN, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, *Aug. 24, via*  
LIVINGSTON, MONT., *Aug. 26.*—At 1 o'clock to-day, after a dusty  
march of twenty-six miles over a rough trail, the President and party  
arrived in Upper Geyser Basin of the National Park, and went into  
camp near Old Faithful Geyser, who greeted us a few moments after  
dismounting with one of its hourly eruptions. All of us were very  
tired and hungry, and the exhibition that seemed specially to greet the  
Chief Magistrate could induce but few of our number to abandon their  
lunch and rush to a point for observing the display.

This afternoon was devoted to resting, bathing, and overhauling our  
outfit, and but little attention was paid to the Geysers beyond those in  
the immediate vicinity of our camp. All are impressed with wonder  
at what surrounds us, and to-morrow will no doubt prove a day of in-  
terest and pleasure. Of the curious freaks that Nature exhibits in this  
section I shall say nothing. The whole park and all it contains have  
been often described, and I would not undertake to write up that which  
has been so well pictured by Barlow, Doane and others. After our  
ride on horseback of 230 miles every member of the expedition is in  
the best of health, and not an accident of the slightest character has  
occurred on the whole journey to mar our pleasure.



1797. CAMP GREGORY ON BIG POOPIE



1798. PL. WASSANA, WYOMING



1750. LITTLE WIND RIVER CANYON



EAST



YELLOWSTONE LAKE, *Aug. 26, via* LIVINGSTON, MONT., *Aug. 28.*— It was the intention of the President's party to remain over Sunday at Upper Geyser Basin until it was ascertained that the vicinity of the camp offered insufficient forage for the animals. This discovery made it necessary to resume our march this morning. We broke camp at the usual hour, and returning to Shoshone Lake by the same trail over which we rode Friday, proceeded thence in an easterly course to the Yellowstone Lake, on whose borders we are now encamped. Our journey to-day has been somewhat tiresome. Its difficulties can perhaps be most effectually summarized in the statement that we have twice crossed the Continental Divide in the space of twenty miles. For the toils of the march we have, however, received abundant compensation since we halted. Our camp is in one of the most attractive spots which has greeted our eyes since we began our tour through the wilderness. It affords us a view across the widest breadth of a more magnificent sheet of water than any other of equal altitude in the known world.



1742 INDIAN DANCE--PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION



1740 INDIAN RECEPTION TO THE PRESIDENT



1743 INDIAN RECEPTION TO PRESIDENT TRUMAN



1748 INDIAN RECEPTION TO PRESIDENT ARTHUR



1744 INDIAN RECEPTION TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY



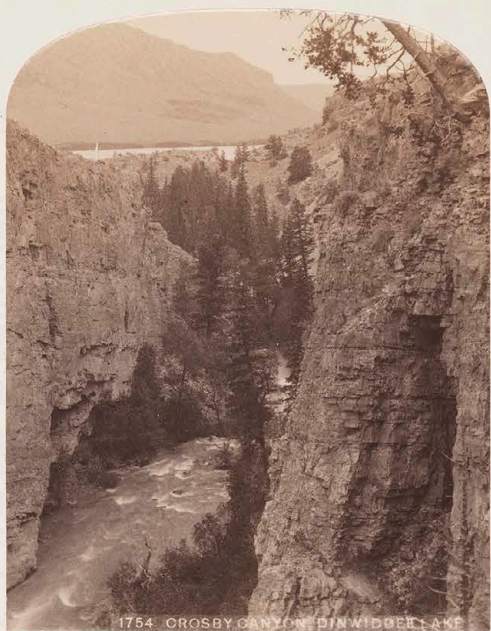
1752 CROSBY CANYON, DINWIDDEE RIVER



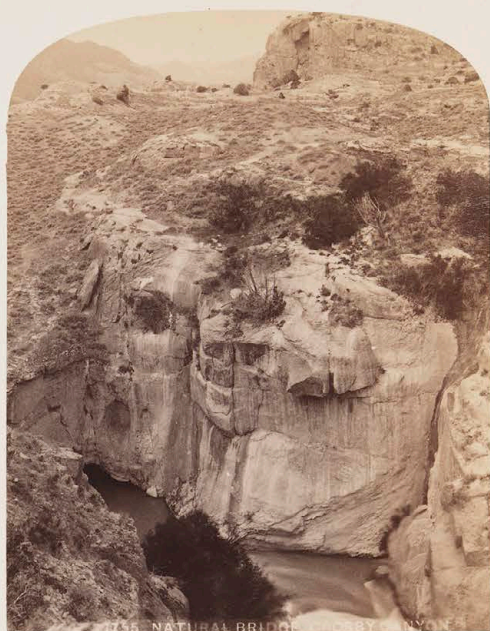
It has given some of our party an opportunity to verify the truth of a statement which has been often made, but widely doubted, that it was possible to capture a trout in the waters of this lake, and without detaching it from the hook to fling it into an adjacent geyser and bring it forth cooked. It is not generally known that this locality abounds in those natural phenomena which are the chief attraction of the Lower Geyser Basin. The paint-pots of that region here find worthy rivals, and within a hundred yards of our encampment mud geysers are constantly busy fashioning the curious creations which have been so frequently described by tourists. A few steps from these geysers are hot springs of various sizes and temperatures. Their waters are clear as crystal and close to their edges grow flowers as rich in color and as dainty in structure as those which carpeted Camp Lincoln. The day has been crowned by a sunset which has glorified the summits of the distant mountains, and the "shining levels of the lake." With the darkness has come a refreshing rain, the first which has visited us for many days. While not serious enough to cause annoyance or inconvenience, it will suffice to rob to-morrow's march of the dust and heat which have given to that of to-day no small part of its discomfort.



1753 CROSBY CANYON. DISMAL RIVER



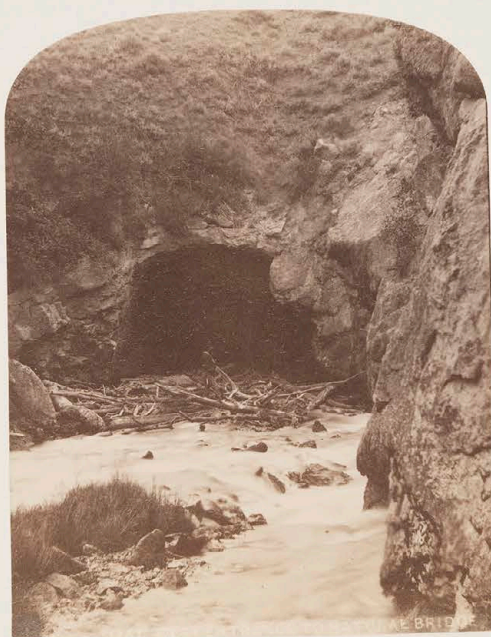
1754 CROSBY CANYON. DISMAL LAKE



1755 NATURAL BRIDGE. CROSBY CANYON



1756 CROSBY CANYON AND NATURAL BRIDGE. WEST



NATURAL BRIDGE



1758 CROSBY CANYON. LOOKING SOUTH

CAMP CAMPBELL, FOOT OF YELLOWSTONE LAKE, WYO., *Aug. 27.*—  
The President and party arrived at this camp about noon to-day, having marched from the most southwesterly point of the lake a distance of twenty-two miles. The trail by which we came over winds around the borders of the lake almost entirely through timber, and the agreeable shade and absence of dust made the ride one of the most enjoyable of the whole journey.

At the point where we remain to-night there is abundant and nutritious grass. Our camp is in the fringe of the fine pine timber which covers the mountain-sides, and is elevated enough to overlook the splendid meadow upon which our animals are feeding, and to command a comprehensive view of the lake whose waters wash the precipitous cliffs of the Shoshone Mountains beyond. Many of the peaks are snow-capped, and by the light of the setting sun are made visible for many miles.

The President, accompanied by Capt. Clark, went fishing this afternoon, whilst the rest of the party were contented to rest and enjoy the panorama spread before them. The President caught thirty-five fish, weighing forty-five pounds. The head of an extinct species of rhinoceros and two vertebræ of a large fossil saurian, in an excellent state of preservation, were found on the bank of the lake near our camp by our surgeon and naturalist, Major W. H. Forwood. The specimens are interesting, and will be sent to Prof. Cope, of Philadelphia.



1750 CAMP BISHOP HEAD WIND RIVER



1760 PACKERS' QUARTERS, CAMP BISHOP



1761 PACK TRAIN CORRAL, CAMP BISHOP



1768 ELLEN'S PEAK, WIND RIVER RANGE



1764 THE PRESIDENT'S FIRST '1' OUT



1765 PRES. ARTHUR & SEN. VINT'S CATCH OF TROUT

CAMP ALLISON, YELLOWSTONE FALLS, *Aug. 28, via LIVINGSTON, MONT., Aug. 30.*—Leaving the Yellowstone Lake at 6:25 this morning, the President's party journeyed eighteen miles over a splendid trail to this point. The road was equal to any turnpike in the states, and on the way the party halted at the wonderful mud geysers. One of them is known as "Editor's Hole," and one as "Devil's Caldron." As we looked into the first and listened to the rush and roar of the seething water and mud that eternally boils, but finds no outlet, it was generally remarked that the place was properly named. The cañon of the Yellowstone, on which we are now camped, surpasses description in grandeur. The two falls between which we have pitched our camp are equal in sublimity and beauty to any upon the continent. Leaping and rushing between precipices of red and yellow rock, the Yellowstone River seems to tear its way through the solid mountains, leaving in its pathway forms of uncouth and awful majesty seen nowhere else. Mingled with these scenes of nature, we find here also the inevitable tourists, male and female, each of whom is anxious to see not only the cañon but the President, and it is wickedly suggested by some that the eyes of these lovers of nature are directed more frequently to the latter than to the former. We will probably remain here to-morrow, and expect to reach the railroad September 1st. So far the trip has been one of unalloyed pleasure, and all are in the best of health.



1766 SEN. VEST'S CATCH, GROS VENTRE RIVER



1767 THE PRESIDENT'S CATCH, GROS VENTRE RIVER



1768 LARGEST AND SMALL



1770 SEN. VESTER'S POINT



1771 CAMP ARTHUR, GROS VENTRE RIVER

CAMP ALLISON, YELLOWSTONE CAÑON, *Aug. 30.*—The President and party remained at Camp Allison yesterday so that an excursion could be made to the neighboring points of view from which the Grand Cañon and great Falls of the Yellowstone can be seen. Our camp was in a beautiful grove, and the day was very interesting, but uneventful. We start for the Tower Falls this morning.

As our trip is drawing to its end, this is probably as good an opportunity as will be presented to refer to the inventions of newspapers which have continuously published pretended special telegrams purporting to be from correspondents with our party. No special correspondents have been with us. The falsehoods of these pretended specials are apparent to any one knowing the distances to be traveled in this region, as the correspondents seem to transfer themselves and to send their reports in one day over distances which cannot possibly be passed in three or four days.



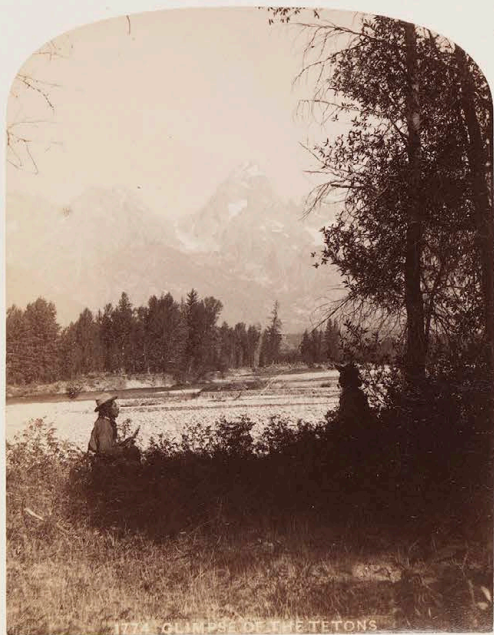
1779 THE PRESIDENT'S QUARTERS, CAMP ARTHUR.



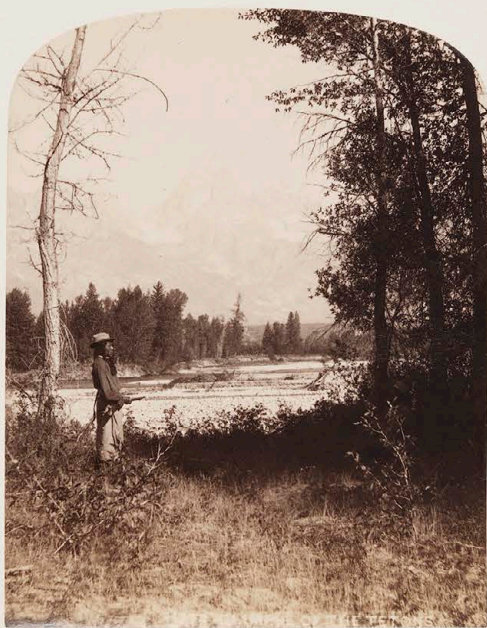
1778. LEIGH LAKE AND THE TETONS.



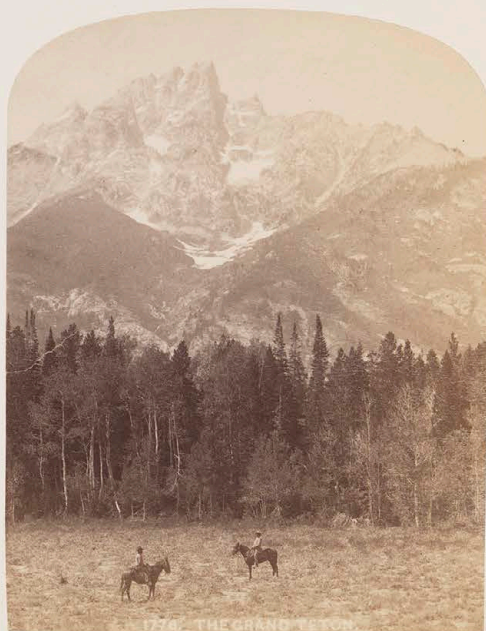
1773 FIRST VIEW OF THE TETONS



1774 GLIMPSE OF THE TETONS



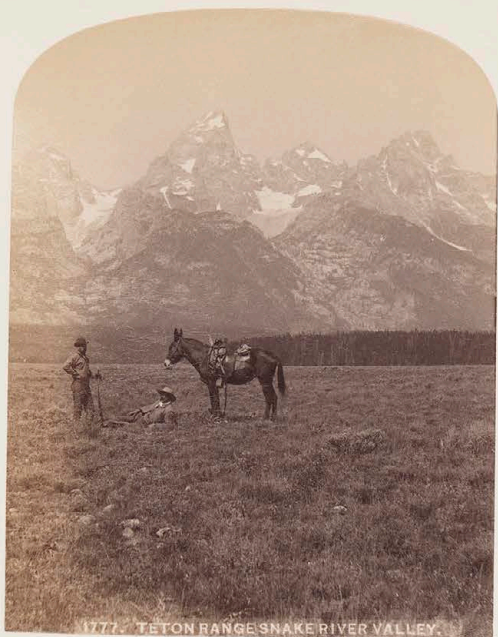
1775 VIEW OF THE TETONS



1776 THE GRAND TETON



Their silly stories of personal incidents are not of sufficient consequence to be denied, but stories of danger to the President and of his being in bad health go beyond the bounds of permissible hoaxes as misleading the public in a matter of general interest, and for this reason it should be known that there has not been at any time the slightest ground for any such stories. The President is and has continuously been perfectly well, and has traveled the whole journey on horseback, being excelled by none in his enjoyment of our marches and camp life. The only other falsehood worthy of mention as being on a subject of public interest is that on this journey any attention has been given by the President, Secretary of War, or Gen. Sheridan to a new policy of dealing with the Indians. If such matters were to be dealt with, the Secretary of the Interior would have been present, and it is sufficient to say that many newspapers have been fighting a man of straw. A simple illustration of the deceptions of these specials is found in their having made our party arrive at the Upper Geyser Basin on a day when we were four days' march distant from it.



1777. TETON RANGE SNAKE RIVER VALLEY.



1779. MT. MORAN AND LEIGH LAKE.



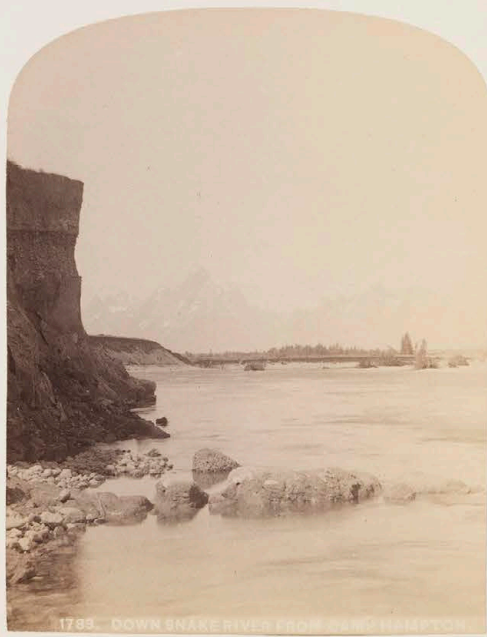
1780. CHIEF PACKER MOORE.



1781. PACK TRAIN MASTERS.



1782. THE FAVORITE MULE.



1783. DOWN SNAKE RIVER FROM SAND HAMPION.

CAMP CAMERON, BARONETT'S BRIDGE, *via* LIVINGSTON, MONT., *Aug.*  
31.—Camp was broken as usual at 6:30 yesterday morning, and all of  
the party, rested and invigorated by a day's sojourn amongst the grand  
scenery about the Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone, gladly took the  
trail leading northward to our last camp on the banks of the famous  
river.

There are two trails leading from the lower falls to Baronett's Bridge.  
One follows the cañon, along its brink, for five or six miles, then leaves  
it and passes to the eastward of Mount Washburn. It is a very diffi-  
cult route, the last twelve miles of which are a constant descent. The  
other and better one we followed, and passed over the westward slope  
of the same mountain.

From the summit of Mount Washburn, 10,000 feet above the sea,  
an extended and comprehensive view of the park scenery was obtained.  
To the northward and east the grand, serrated and snowy ridges and  
peaks of the Rocky Mountains rise to the sky. To the eastward and  
south great banks of snow lay low upon the peaks of the Shoshone  
Range. The Grand Cañon, from this point of vantage, looks like a  
narrow gorge fringed with dark pines. In the distance can be seen  
some of the great geysers sending forth puffs of steam and giving their  
locations the appearance of an aggregation of busy factories.



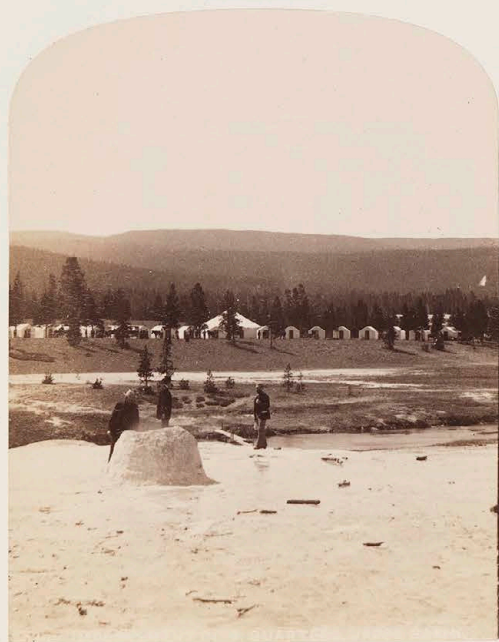
1754. RAPIDS OF LEWIS FORK OF SNAKE RIVER.



1051. A GLIMPSE OF THE GEYSER BASIN.



1038. GRAND GEYSER CONE—UPPER BASIN.



1306 OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER DURING ERUPTION.



1303 OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER DURING ERUPTION.

The gray volcanic rocks which crown the summit of the mountain are relieved at intervals by grassy slopes, and upon them are sprinkled beds of lovely wild flowers.

In a cairn of stones which is at the very top of the mountain those who have had the courage to make the ascent have left their cards with notes, some giving most wretched accounts of the experiences of the writers, the results of the cold winds, snow and sleet which had greeted them, and while making them bodily miserable had also shut off from their eyes the splendid landscapes which they had climbed so far to see.

The President and Senator Vest tried their luck at fishing yesterday afternoon after our rather trying ride of twenty-one miles over a rough mountain trail, and were respectively rewarded by a catch of eight and six fine trout.

Our camp is named Camp Cameron by the President in honor of the Senator from Pennsylvania. It is situated on a grassy slope beside a grove of aspens, and overlooks the valley of the river upon which our herds are peacefully grazing. To-day's march is over a wagon-road to the Mammoth Hot Springs, and to-morrow we expect to reach the terminus of the branch road of the Northern Pacific Railroad.



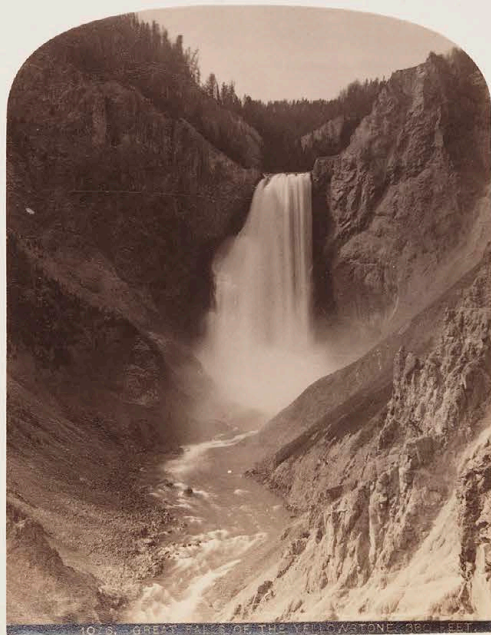
1058 OLD FAITHFUL IN ACTION.



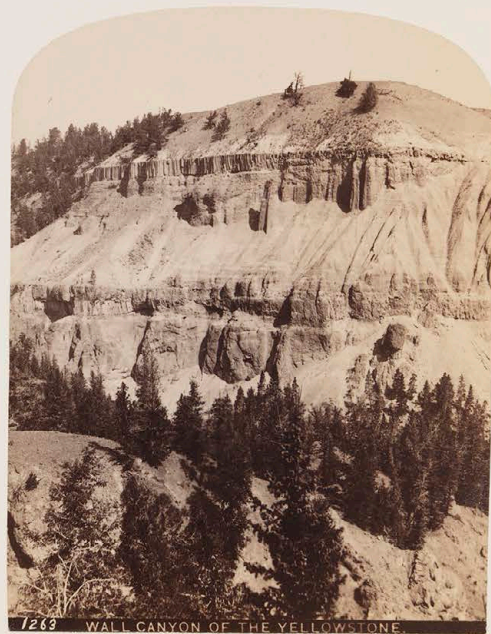
1072. PETRIFIED INDIAN—YELLOWSTONE LAKE.



1281 THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE UPPER FALLS.

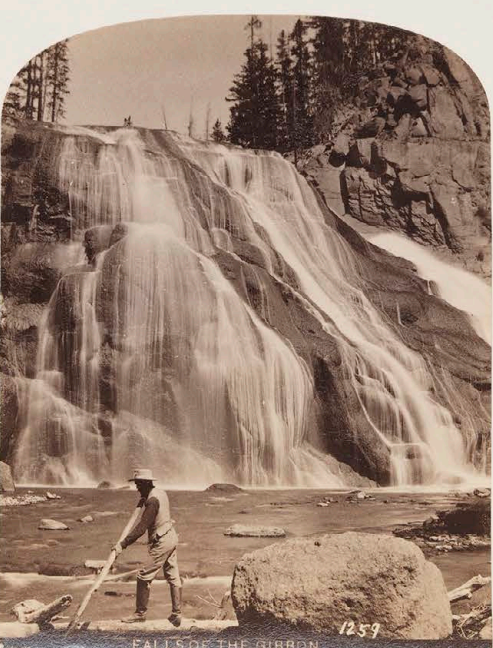
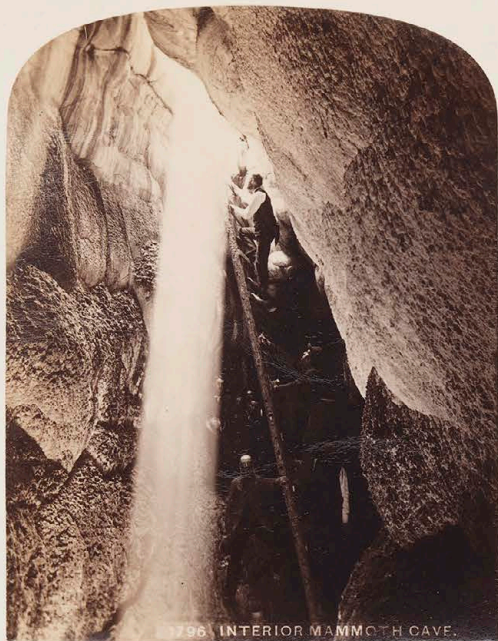


1059 GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE—380 FEET.



1269 WALL CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, WYO., *via* BILLINGS, MONT., *Sept.* 1.—  
We began our day's march yesterday morning at the usual hour. During the previous night sufficient rain had fallen to lay the dust on the wagon road by which we traveled and to rob our journey of all the discomforts which would else have attended it. Our route to-day lay through a portion of the park as yet little visited by tourists, but scarcely less interesting than other sections which are more widely known and admired. The view of the Gardner River and Falls, as seen from the roadside half a mile below, can never be forgotten by any who have been so fortunate as to enjoy it. The Mammoth Springs presented a very interesting appearance from the moment when the white basin which they have builded for themselves on the mountain side greeted our eyes. It is this elevated basin, rather than its contents, that justifies the term Mammoth as descriptive of the hot springs in this region. The enormous spring, a few rods from the Sheridan Geyser, is much larger than any which is here to be seen, and pours out a far greater volume of water.





We encamped in an enclosed lot near the residence of the Park Superintendent. Some of our party made haste to enjoy the luxury of a hot bath, and others visited the hotel, 300 yards away. Senator Vest and Governor Crosby remained at yesterday's camp to fish, and after capturing seventy-five fine trout rejoined us this afternoon.

The great camp-fire of logs and fallen timber had been lighted but a few moments, and its glare was throwing the dark green foliage of the pines into bold relief, when a party of tourists from the hotel called to pay their respects to the President, and entertained us with some excellent music. In this quartette were Mrs. Fisk, of Buffalo, contralto; Mr. Hermann, basso, and Messrs. Ellard and Dennison, tenors. Then followed duets by the Misses Robertson, of London. "The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" and the "Venetian Bird Song" (the latter written expressly for these charming vocalists), were rendered with exquisite harmony. The entire party then adjourned to the hotel, where an informal reception was held, and more music thoroughly enjoyed.



1241. COATING TERRACE, HOT SPRINGS.



1242

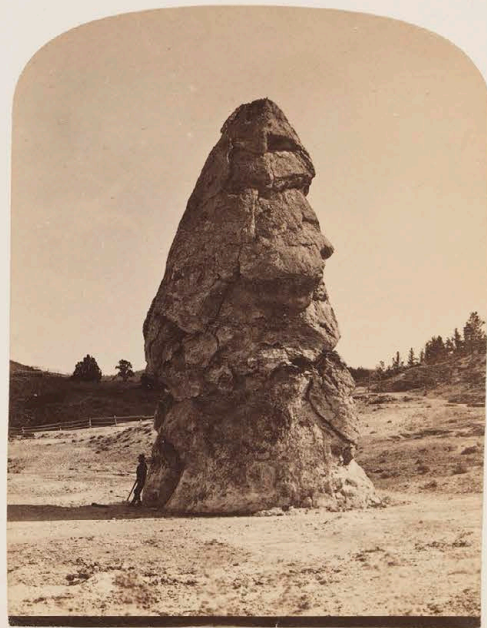
FORMATION AT MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.



1243. OLIVERA'S TERRACE, N.W. SIDE.



1244. CROSBY CANYON, DINKELDEE RIVER.

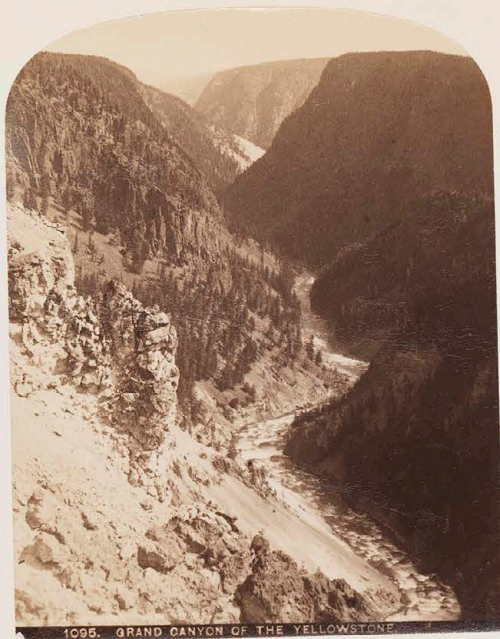


The march of 350 miles is finished. The last camp-fire has been lighted and has burned to ashes, and to-day the party take the train awaiting them seven miles away, and start for Livingston, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway.

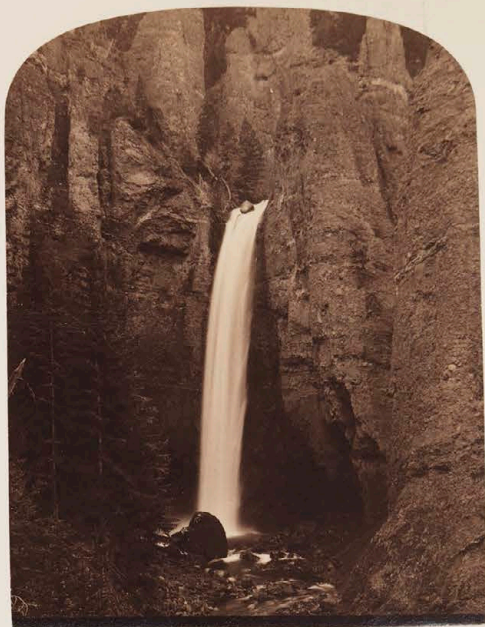
Governor Crosby returns to his post of duty at Helena. Senator Vest begins a journey through Montana and Dakota, visiting various Indian agencies, in pursuance of his duties as a member of the joint committee of Congress of which Senator Dawes is Chairman.

The President and other members of the party proceed to Chicago, where they will arrive Tuesday morning.

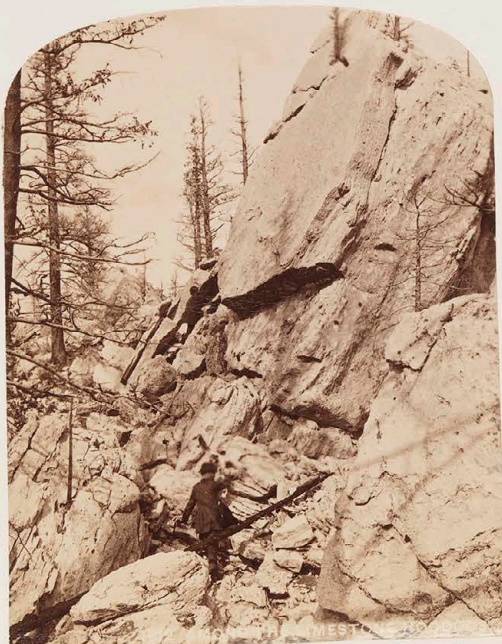
BILLINGS, MONT., *Sept. 1.*—The President and party passed this point at 3 p. m. The special train will arrive at Fort Keogh at midnight, St. Paul Monday evening, and Chicago Tuesday. All are well. This is the last telegram you will receive from the representative of the Associated Press accompanying the Presidential party.



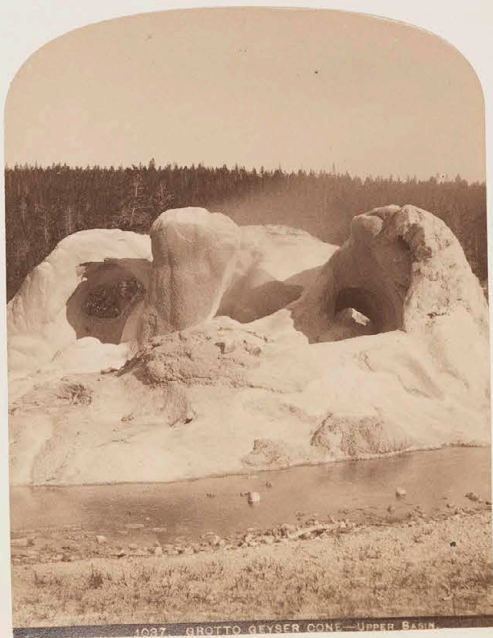
1095. GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE



*Lower Falls*



WEST



1097. GROTTO GEYSER CONE—UPPER BASIN



1096. FALLS OF THE WEST—LOWER, 75 FT.

