

**GOOD WORD.**

There have been many words that have applied for admission to the English language which have failed to secure a foothold, and some of them good and useful words, too. Among these is the word "arbory" or "arbery" used by Sir John Maundeville to designate vegetation of the rank of trees, and also apparently in place of a clumsier word of later manufacture, arboriculture. Sir John for instance says that such and such a potentate "hath plentyfous arberye," or that in such another Countree "is but lytille Arberye, ne Trees that beren Frute, ne othere." It applies to trees collectively, in an aggregate; arbory would be to one tree as shrubbery to one shrub, though the apparent resemblance of the two words is all on the surface, for their etymology is quite diverse.

This week the last number of the first volume of THE CONSERVATIVE is issued. With this number a great many subscriptions expire. From week to week the date of expiration is indicated on the paper opposite the name of the subscriber.

Unless we receive a renewal the expiring subscriptions will be taken from our mailing list after this issue.

**A LOST CAUSE.**

AMONG THE CONSERVATIVE'S collection of antiques, there is nothing of more peculiar interest than a fragmentary file of The Wyoming Telescope for the years 1857 and 1859. Those were the days when prosperity was in the air, in a special sense; men knew that a metropolis, of which their imaginations made a second London at the least, must soon begin to materialize somewhere on the Missouri river, and as sudden and easy wealth was the prize offered to the owner of the fortunate townsite, the eagerness with which they sought to attract the shy fugitive to this and that embryo settlement can easily be understood. Of course, only one could be supremely successful; of the others it was a fortunate community that survived Omaha's victory with even a trace of the breath of life; the greater number have perished utterly from off the map. Wyoming is one of these, for the station on the Missouri Pacific road which now bears that name is several miles distant from the river-landing where once stood a hopeful aspirant for the premiership of the West, and was probably christened only out of respect to the memories of the vicinity.

The Wyoming of 1857 was, however, as promising an infant as any the territory boasted. It

**Old Wyoming.**

was not until the year following that its nearest neighbor, Nebraska City, scored the one point that it gained in the great race by securing the location of the Military Depot,

whence army supplies, brought thus far by steamboat, were forwarded across the plains by the government contractors; the thing that infused vitality into Nebraska City's veins for a brief ten years, when the opening of the Union Pacific railroad snuffed out her little light in the twinkling of an eye. Wyoming, N. T., in 1857 was a lively place; the issue of The Telescope for June 11th contains a half-a-column of "Arrivals at the Port of Wyoming," no less than seven steamboats having passed up in that week; the Regular St. Joseph, Omaha & Council Bluffs Packet "Wattossa" is a steady advertiser, and will positively make weekly trips during the season of 1857; the editor notices with much pleasure the rapidity with which S. F. Nuckolls' large stone Store House progresses; instruction in the use of the Scriptures and the singing of church music are advertised; Wm. J. Hughes, M. D., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Wyoming City; F. S. Haffa respectfully announces to the citizens of Wyoming City and the surrounding country, that he has opened a Coach and waggon manufactory; The Telescope has advertisers in St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis and Sioux City, besides a good number from Nebraska City, Plattsmouth, Florence, Clinton, Cassville, Lewiston and Kanosha, as befits the organ of the "place formed by Nature," as the editor explains, "for the depot of the Weeping Water valley." But who can now tell where Clinton and Lewiston, N. T., and those other places, stood?

Just as two or three could not be gathered together on the prairie in those

**The Railroad.**

days without organizing themselves into a City, so no cluster of shanties was happy without its railroad; for it was foreseen—rightly, as we now know—that where the Pacific road planted itself, there would be the city of the future; so all were ambitious to have "the ferruginous equine quadruped wisk his tail in our midst," as one early editor neatly put it. Probably nothing in the history of Wyoming City, N. T., is more curious reading than the story of the Wyoming, St. Peters and Fort-Kearney Railroad Company, which was organized at a great mass meeting convened in Mahan Hall on the evening of September 15, 1857. A notice, signed "many citizens" had been published a month beforehand, calling on the inhabitants of the surrounding country and of Civil Bend, Iowa, to come out "for an interchange of sentiment;" and in the interval the "Telescope" had contained several interesting articles by Amicus and others pointing out why the railroad should be built from Wyoming and no other point. H. Hurst, Esq., presided over the meeting; a code of rules and regulations, prepared by J. G. Treadway, Esq., was adopted; a committee was appointed to memorialize congress;

"the meeting was then addressed in an eloquent and forcible manner by Charles Van Wyck, Esq., and others," and adjourned.

It was pointed out that railroads were no longer an experiment, as was dem-

**Details.**

onstrated by "the successful operations of the railroads of Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania and other states." These had shown that the "inconveniences of snow and cold" were not insurmountable obstacles, and had also proven that railroading paid, for they were all "declaring largely increased annual dividends." And if this was the case in those effete civilizations, what could not be expected in this favored section, "with a climate peculiarly favorable to the production of the grape, the strawberry, the raspberry, the wild plum and the apple?" Why, the "hardy New Englander" would rush in by train-loads, to a spot where, "in the geographical center of the United States, he may proudly reflect and watch with constantly increasing interest upon the giant growth which as a people, we are so rapidly attaining."

But without waiting for the hardy New Englander to embrace this privilege,

**A Sure Thing.**

just give "the wealthy companies that are not organizing to our West" a railroad outlet to the Atlantic for "the millions of bushels of excellent salt which will be there manufactured (on Salt Creek, no doubt) and you at once perceive, that a sure and never failing source of revenue is immediately secured. The heavy dividends which the stock-holders would realize, would give to this road a character, equal to those which lead from the great coal works of Pennsylvania into the wealthy manufacturing and commercial marts of Philadelphia and Pittsburg." This ought to have been conclusive; but there was yet more behind. Figure up the sums to be earned by hauling coal to the "furnaces of the manufacturers of your city" and other points, "and some idea may be drawn of the value of the stock." Nor was this all; the bold statement is advanced that the country between Wyoming and Fort Kearney is of value for the growing of cereals, "while as a stock-raising country, it is not surpassed by the musquette country of Texas, or the reeds of Michigan."

The Wyoming, St. Peters and Fort Kearney Railroad Company was accordingly organized, with a capital stock of four million dollars, "with power to increase the same to fifty millions;" a committee was appointed to see that subscription books were opened in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Pittsburg "and such other places as said committee may think proper;" and the rest of the story, as Mr. Kipling says in concluding one of his tales, is not worth the telling.