

on the top of this Hill is open prairie." If "Crys Creek" is not the Weeping Water, what is it? The spring ought to identify it to some old-timer. Further, "passed a Creek on the N. (Iowa) Side Called Pigger Creek, the Land is Low, that on the South is High prairie Land, passed Several Bad Sand Bares, Camp on the South Side under a Large Hill." Rock Bluffs, perhaps. There is no Pigeon Creek on the map today.

This takes them out of our district; but the painfully conscientious entries of the honest sergeant continue to be of interest. The next day they "passed the mouth of the Grait River Plate on the South Side, it is much more Rappided than the missorea, it is about from one mile to 3 miles wide, the Sand Roles out and formes Large Sand Bares in the middel of the missorea. Up the Plate 2 nations of Indians lives vic the Souttoes the Ponney." The Otoes and Pawnees, of course. "This river is not navigable for Boats to Go up it."

A few days later they were reposing on the Iowa side, somewhere below Council Bluffs. "We made a Larg and Long fage (flag) Staff and Histed it up, Histed ouer Collars in the morning for the Reseptions of Indians who we expected hear, when the Rain and Wind Came So that we wase forst to take it down."

On the 27th, "Swam ouer Horses over on to the South Side on account of the travilen is better; prossed on under a Jentell Brees from the South Este."

July 31st, "We Lay By for to see the Indianes who we expect Hear to See the Captens. I am verry Sick and Has ben for Sometime but have Recovered my helth again. (He has not seen fit to mention it before.) The Indianes have not Come yet, this place is called Council Bluff." This is, of course, Old Council Bluffs, Nebraska; Fort Calhoun. But this is a very singular statement. It has always been said that Lewis & Clark were the ones who named this place, and that they named it by reason of a council they held there with the Otoes; but one would infer from this saying of Sergeant Floyd's that it bore the name before there was any council held by his commanders.

August 2nd; "to day the Indianes Came whou we had expected, thay fired meney guns when they Came in Site of us and we answered them with the Cannon, thay Came in about 2 hundred Yardes of us, Capt. Lewis and Clark met them, at Shakeing Handes we fired another Cannon. This is the ottoe and the Missauries, the Missouriies is a verry Small nathion, the ottoes is a verry Large nathion, So thay Live in one vilage on the Plate River; after the Council was over we took ouer Leave of them and embarked at 3 oclock P. m under a Jentell Brees from the South Est."

Floyd's testimony concerning the

giving of names is as follows: "passed a Creek on the South Side, as it has no name and the Council was held below it about 7 miles we Call it Council Creek or Pond."

On the 11th they came to Black Bird's hill. "Prosed on, passed a high Bluff whare the Kinge of the Mahas Died about 4 yeares ago, the Hill on which he is berried is about 300 feet High, the nathion Goes 2 or 3 times a year to Crye over him, Capt Lewis and Clark went up on the Hill to See the Grave, they histed a flage on his Grave as noner for him which will pleas the Indianes."

On the 17th they arrived at the Mahas village; "thes Indianes has not Live at the town Sence the Smallpoks was so bad abut 4 years ago, they burnt their town and onley live about it in the Winter and in the Spring Go all of them in the praries after the Buflow and doe not Return untill the fall to meet the french traders, thay Rase no Corn nor aney thing, excep Som times thay Rase Som Corn and then the Ottoe nation Comes and Cuts it Down while they are in the praries." Naughty Otoes!

All this time Floyd was a sick man, though he says nothing of it. His malady must have been growing on him, for his spelling becomes worse, if anything. There were two pleasures in store for him, however; they recovered a vile deserter, which was a great satisfaction to the brave sergeant; and on August 15th "Capt Clark and 10 of his men and my Self went to the Mahas Creek a fishen and Caut 300 and 17 fish of Difernt Coindes." What though on the day following "Capt Lewis and 12 of his men went to the Creek a fishen and Caut 709 fish Difernt Coindes?" One may be sure there was no jealousy; we may hear the shouts of mirth echoing along the river still.

Three days later Floyd was "seized with a bilious colic," writes Captain Clark, and on the day following he died; they buried him on the summit of one of the Sioux City hills, the first soldier of the United States to lay his bones west of the Mississippi. Several landmarks in the vicinity bear his name, and they have lately laid the cornerstone of a goodly monument for him.

A. T. RICHARDSON.

EARLY BOOM TOWNS OF NEBRASKA.

EDITOR CONSERVATIVE:

This morning my daughter brought me No. 31 of Vol. III of your excellent paper, THE CONSERVATIVE, and pointed out to me on page 4, an item headed: "Historical Inquiry." It will do no harm, if I tell you, what I know about the matter in question. The town site of Nebraska Centre, which Mr. Woolworth's map shows, was merely a scheme which never amounted to anything.

The town site was staked out, it appeared, and I have seen stakes there,

which, presumably, were those driven by the parties who interested themselves in this enterprise, but that was the first, as well as the last, of that town. Some-time later on, and nearly at the same time, when we located our colony at Grand Island, another party of four men took possession of nearly the identical spot. I can only give the names of two of them, William Roberts and William (or Billy as he was called) Painter. These men changed the name of Nebraska Centre to that of Mendotte. One of the Mendotte party (Billy Painter) perished in a snowstorm when out on a duck hunt on Prairie Creek in the night from November 6th to 7th in 1857, as related by me in my history of Hall county on page 7. The town of Mendotte never amounted to anything, except on paper, and soon was abandoned. Next Enos Beal took up the land and built a nice two-story frame building, but the speculation in town lots did not materialize.

The location of the above-mentioned town is not at the mouth of Wood river where it empties into the north channel of the Platte river, but is from three-quarters to one mile up stream. Presumably in 1849 to 1851 a massacre of white people on their way to California (twenty-two wagons) by Pawnee Indians took place about one mile west of the above-named old town site, on the right bank of Wood River. The spot where this must have taken place was noticeable by quite a lot of wagon-wheel hoops and other iron parts of wagons, which evidently had been destroyed there by fire. Something more reliable in evidence I was not able to obtain from an old Californian who told me about the massacre. Our blacksmith got a great lot of iron as mentioned, lying scattered about.

Thanks to your influence and work, the old six-pounder cannon is now properly mounted in front of our courthouse in Grand Island, the undisputed property of Hall county for all time to come.

WM. STOLLEY.

Grand Island, Neb., March 21, 1901.

WINGS.

To fly from dull, unsatisfying things,
From stagnant streams that fester in the sun;
From works that never should have been begun;
From noisome dens; fit but for beasts,—wings!
wings!
To fly from fools, and low-bred underlings;
Their sordid ways and vanities to shun:
To breathe pure air when the clear heights are won;
For this my spirit longs, and cries,—wings!
wings!
Strong aspirations for the good and true;
A soaring zeal faith can alone impart;
And buoyant hope which its own rapture brings.
No timid flutter, nor short-sighted view;
But, love's broad pinions serving the full heart.
Thou canst fly far, my soul! with such-like wings!

E. EMERSON

Paris, France, March 10, 1901.