



Mrs. S. C. Chittenden
East River
New Haven Co.
Connecticut

Fort Sanders D. T.
March 2nd 1868

Dear folks at Home

Here I am

out on the frontier about
80 miles beyond Cheyenne,
~~and~~ I wrote you from
Cornucubus yesterday, but
am not at all certain
of your getting the letter,
as I had to send it
to Cheyenne by a pack-
man to be mailed
and had not much
faith in his remembering
it. — Of all risks I
ever heard of, the
risk from the end
of the pack was the
worst, sitting out top

of a wagon load
of baggage in a
mule wagon with
no springs with six
mules to each wagon,
we came about sixty
miles; - the scenery was
splendid most of the
way, the Black Hills
and Rocky Mountains
were in sight. We
are now staying here
in the ~~middle~~^{wickel} of the
Savannah plain. There
is a garrison of six
hundred men here, and
all the buildings belong
to the Government or
the U. P. R. R. nobody
is allowed here, except
by permission of the
Colonel and must do

as he says while
they stay, there is
no snow here but
the wind blows a
small hurricane all
the time, and all
the buildings are
such miserable affairs
that the wind goes
right through them.
We have no good
quarters as there are
in the town but
they are nothing to
wonder of, we have
pretty good board
but no variety we
have butter but it
is quite as variety milk
is never seen, I don't
know how long we
shall remain here

me many some weeks
and may go any
day, I am and
party that goes on
from here about 300
miles and works on
to Salt Lake City, I am
draughtsman and
office clerk, which is
better than I expected,
not so much heavy
work, I may be changed
before the party leaves
here but probably not,
it will be a tough
job to ride over the
mountains in the mule
whegs, but I shall
see the country, we
have an escort of a
company of infantry from
here and shall only
go about 20 or 30 miles in
a day and then camp

out for the night,
I am not at all sick
of enlisting yet and
think I shall have
a good chance to
learn the business,
it is a rough and
dirty life but no
worse than I ex-
pected, we are con-
sidered as gentlemen
and treated so,

I shall get my mail
regularly but it will
be a good while on
the way I presume,

I shall probably have
a chance to see Brigham
and his wife before I
come back,

I hope you will write
often and long I watch
the mails close I assure

you, — don't read this
in the pulpit if you
ever want to get any
more

Love to all
Love

Direct Engineers office
N. P. R. R. Omaha as
I wrote you before

Fort Sanders D.T.
March 2nd, 1868

Dear Folks at Home

Here I am out on the frontier about 80 miles beyond Cheyenne, I wrote you from Carmichaels Friday, but am not at all certain of you getting the letter, as I had to send it to Cheyenne by a baker-man to be mailed and had not much faith in his remembering it. Of all rides I ever heard of, this ride from the end of the track was the worst, sitting on top of a wagon board(?) of baggage on a mule wagon with no springs with six mules to each wagon, we came about sixty miles; the scenery was splendid most of the way, the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains were in sight. We are now staying home in the middle of the Laramie plains this is a garrison of six hundred men here, and all the buildings belong to the government on the U.P.R.R. nobody is allowed here, except by permission of the Colonel and must do as he says while they stay, there is no snow here but the wind blows a small hurricane all the time, and all these buildings are such miserable affairs that the wind goes right through them, The houses are good quarters as there are in the town but they are nothing to boast of, we have pretty good board but no variety we have butter but it is quite a rarity milk is never served, I don't know how long we shall remain here we may some weeks and may go any day, I am in a party that goes on from here about 300 miles and works on to Salt Lake City, I am draughtsman and officer clerk, which is better than I expected, not so much hand work, I may be changed before the party leaves here but probably not, it will be a tough job to ride over the mountains in the mule wagons, but I shall see the country, we have an escort of a company of infantry from here and it shall only go about 20 or 80 miles in a day and then camp out for the night, I am not at all sick of enlisting yet and think I should have a good chance to learn the business, it is a rough and dirty life but no worse than I expected, we are considered as gentlemen and treated so, I shall get my mail regularly but it will be a good while on the way I presume, I shall probably have a chance to see Brigham and his tribe(?) before I come back,

I hope you will write often and long, I watch the mails close I assume you, don't read this in the pulpit if you even want to get any more

Love to all
Sam
Direct engineers' officer
U.P.R.R, Omaha as I wrote you before